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CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. V.

London, November, 1908

No. 1

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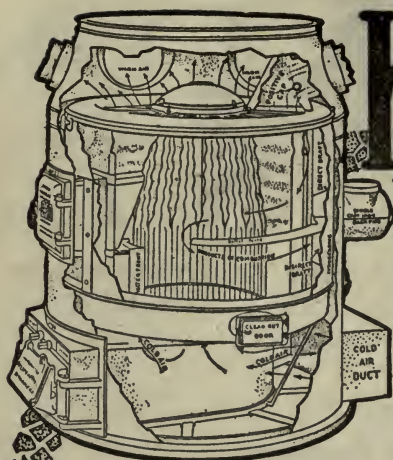
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"ZEE TABAC
IS GONE"

The Rivals—
See page 32



CANADA WEST

VOLUME V.

NOVEMBER

NUMBER 1

INTERVIEWING CANADA

BY WILLIAM HARD

Author of "The Woman's Invasion," "Pensioners of Peace," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

PERHAPS the editor of CANADA-WEST, when he invited us to make our trip through the big new country north of our own, thought an interchange of newspaper and magazine writers between Canada and the United States would create a little additional enlightenment on both sides of the forty-ninth parallel. Perhaps he was right.

There were seven interviewers at the start. Mr. Bruce Barton, associate editor of *World's Events*, drew first blood. On the way from Chicago to Sarnia, during the very first evening of the trip, he accumulated a fact.

He had been talking with Mr. H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk, about the Grand Trunk Pacific. He had learned that in addition to operating a new trans-continental main line, 3,800 miles long, the Grand Trunk Pacific would operate also some 5,000 miles of new branches.

"Here is a fact," said Mr. Barton. "This——"

But first he desired to be apprised of

the total population of Canada. Then: "This one new project," he said, "means a mile and a quarter of new railway track for every 1,000 inhabitants of the Dominion. I conclude that the country to which we are going is a country of considerable energy."

We thought of this water-tight, fire-proof conclusion of Mr. Barton's when we passed a certain spot fifty miles west of Winnipeg. We passed it in the late twilight of an August evening. Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of the Canadian Northern Railway, stood with us on the back platform of a Canadian Northern train. We clattered over a railway crossing.

"That," said Mr. Hawkes, "is the Canadian Pacific."

We clattered over another railway crossing.

"That," said Mr. Hawkes, "is the Grand Trunk Pacific."

"And over there," he continued, "is where the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Pacific cross each other."

That dim curve, veering off over the

prairie, was bearing the trans-continental trains of the Canadian Pacific from Halifax to Vancouver.

That bold tangent, heading straight-away northwest, would soon be bearing the transcontinental trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific from Moncton to

We turned to Mr. Barton and congratulated him. He had been right. This country, per unit of population, was a country of considerable energy.

Portage la Prairie (that is the name of the certain spot fifty miles west of Winnipeg) gave us, without a word, of



THE INTERVIEWERS ON BOARD THE "HURONIC," APPROACHING PORT ARTHUR

Prince Rupert, five hundred miles north of Vancouver.

The track we were travelling on was one of the pieces which Mr. William Mackenzie and Mr. Donald Mann were engaged in sewing together to make a third complete steel belt for the Canadian Empire.

Here, at this spot in featureless space, the three rivals, for no reason apparent to the amateur spectator, were drawing together in their long cross-continent run, were taking one full look at one another and were hastening off again, by divergent paths, to their common goal—the eighteen-hundred-miles-distant ocean.

There were three of them. All bound to run to the Pacific north of the forty-ninth parallel; all bound to run at least 3,600 miles from start to finish; and all bound to run through a country whose total population (men, women and children) is less than 7,000,000!

all interviews we secured in Canada, the most eloquent.

No fault is here found with the eloquence of Captain Nicholson, of the Northern Navigation Company, who talked for us across Lake Huron to the Soo and across Lake Superior to Port Arthur.

He was interviewed in the Pilot House where he explained navigation, in the Ice Chest where he explained Fresh Fish, in the Hold where he explained Wheat, and in the Smoking Room where he explained International Markets.

For intrepid endurance of conversational hardships inflicted by the King's Enemies, he was unanimously raised to the rank of Admiral in the harbor of Port Arthur.

Admiral Nicholson landed us at a dock within eyeshot of the largest grain elevator in the world.

We climbed to the top of it and

dropped handfuls of wheat down into the empty cylindrical brick wells, used for bins. You could count seven, slowly, before you heard the grains rattle like pebbles on the bottom.

At Port Arthur the private car of Mr. Arthur Hawkes was put at our disposal and carried us over the Canadian Northern rails through Winnipeg and a thousand miles of wheatfields to Edmonton. We stopped over one whole day at Winnipeg and would have watched the town grow if the people had been less prodigal of their hospitality and had given us the chance.

We interviewed the most progressive man in North America at a railway construction camp on the spur leading from the Canadian Northern to the Grand Trunk Pacific, west of Saskatoon. Mr. Hawkes discovered him. He was in a box car, sitting on top of his piano. At the forward end of the car were bricks, imported personally from the United States. In the rearward end were bird cages, bags of seed-wheat and other things. All the materials for success in a new country, not forgetting the bricks, were present. When I asked him how soon he was going to reach his destination, this immigrant replied that he expected to get there as soon as the rails had been laid along which his car could be hauled. He was billed for a station not on the map when his car started. Now he was helping the construction gang make the railway which will make his home. He was an incarnation of the genius of the Northwest, that not only keeps pace with its facilities, but out-runs them.

At Edmonton (half way to the Klondike from Chicago), where you have gone as far northwest by rail as

you can and now must begin to turn south again, our main informants were automobiles. They seemed to constitute a large percentage of the local population.

How any city could afford to support in luxury such an extraordinary number of tire-eating pets was beyond our understanding. But there they ramped and scuttled down every street in the place.

We concluded that Edmonton was doing pretty well, thank you, and we left it in the evening quite easy-minded about the state of its financial health.

A few hours later, having travelled southward over the Canadian Pacific, a member of our party was interviewing the Canadian liquor laws at Calgary.

We had struck town five minutes after closing time, and the bar-room of the hotel was closed.

The interviewer, rheumatic and indignant, sought the proprietor.

The proprietor couldn't think of re-opening or even of re-entering the bar-room, but would see if there wasn't some bold man in his employ who would venture to carry a bottle and a glass from the cellar to the third floor.

There wasn't. After an hour's search, the proprietor admitted he had no such dare-devil on his staff. Rheumatism continued unabated till morning.

At Gleichen, the next night, at about half-past-seven, after dinner in our car, we went down the street to see what Saturday night was like in a rough frontier village.

Every hotel bar was tight closed, because it was Saturday night and after seven o'clock.

The next day, Mr. George Richards, associate editor of the *World To-day*, was riding in a buggy with a farmer



THE BRICK HOUSE THAT HOLDS THE WHEAT

from the United States, asking him what he and his fellow-settlers thought of Annexation.

"Nothing to it," said the farmer. "We're satisfied. There isn't a 'bad man' in the district. Life and property are absolutely safe. We don't have any private law-enforcement leagues up here. All we do is obey laws. The people, who are hired to do it, enforce them. It cost me fifty dollars the other day because I was going across the Indian Reservation with a bottle of whiskey in my pocket. I wasn't going to give it to any Indian. But a Mounted Policeman caught me. All the judge said was, 'Fifty dollars! Next!' If any one thinks this country isn't swift, he ought to get arrested."

Canada's genius for law and order is one of the big reasons why she will successfully Canadianize her new citizens from South of the line.

It was at Gleichen that Mr. Robert Jones, managing editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, broke silence.

He had watched farm-land all the way from Winnipeg without expressing an opinion. He had seen sod houses, (living in which were farmers who, in their first year of occupation, had raised enough wheat to pay for their farms), without expressing an opinion. He had seen primitive prairie wagons drawn by cattle (and, beside them, owned by the same men, automobiles of the 1908 model) without expressing an opinion.

Jones is loyal. He was standing pat on the Mississippi valley lands of his ancestors.

At Gleichen we had spent a long day in the fields. We were back in the car, writing our dispatches. Jones looked gloomier than ever. It was such an intense gloom that we looked at him inquiringly. What he said was:

"Well, it's so, after all."

And this is what he wrote:

"Farmers of the Middle West, who have prayed for rain and it came not,

while their crops withered, should come to this wonderland in the Bow River valley, where 45 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of oats and 75 bushels of barley to the acre are not exceptional. To those men who are struggling to make \$125 and \$150 land pay a fair return on its valuation, I would say: 'Sell your quarter sections in Illinois, Indiana or Ohio and come to the Bow River valley and buy a thousand acres, where your sons and daughters will be assured a competence.'"

Like Saint Paul and other persons who have been converted with difficulty, Jones no sooner saw the light than he went all the way over and became not only a convert but a missionary.

I took some credit to myself for Jones' conversion, because I had gone



THE SOD HOUSE OF THE MAN WHO GROWS THE WHEAT

out into a field and had stood up and had looked at a camera in order to show Jones just how high the wheat was.

But most of the credit belonged, after all, to Mr. Dennis, assistant to the Second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific, in whose car we were travelling.

He was in charge of (among other things) the three-million-acre irrigation project of the Canadian Pacific in the Gleichen district.

Years ago he had worked for Canada when Indians were to be subjected. Now he was working for Canada when semi-arid acres were to be subjected. From scouting to irrigating, from warfare to science, he was an epitome of Canadian history. It was Mr. Dennis's irrigated crops that changed Jones from an infidel to an enthusiast. But for every good result of our actions there

is an evil result that balances it. This is a sad fact somewhat slightly noticed by Mr. Emerson in his essay on "Compensation".

Mr. Dennis's crops, while improving Jones, utterly demoralized Mr. Richard Henry Little, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, and President of the Chicago Press Club.

Little, professional humorist, had interviewed a sugar-beet. Returning, he composed a dispatch as follows:

"Five dollars a ton is the price they get up here for sugar-beets. In the United States they get only four dollars and eighteen cents. The crops up here run from sixteen to twenty tons an acre. Factories for handling the product will soon be erected. I advise every beet-sugar grower in the world to ——"



TRANSPORTATION BY CATTLE AND CARBURETERS

"Do you think that's amusing?" we said.

"Amusing? I want to convince them," said Little. "This sugar-beet proposition, with its far-reaching commercial possibilities, should arouse——"

We went to bed.

We woke up in the Rocky Mountains.

At Banff we found not only a View but a Paradox.

Banff, of all the places we visited, was the most remote and the most cosmopolitan, the farthest from Population and the nearest to the Great World.

On the lively, peopling plains the night before, we had thought only of local lands, local products, local prices.

Going up into the recesses of the mountains we encountered the question of Reshad Effendi's claim to the Turkish crown, of Japan's trade-pro-

gress in Corea, of Germany's air-warships.

For the Great World, constantly moving like the tide around the globe, stops off at Banff, the most beautiful spot on the British portage of the North American continent and sits, with its decorations and its experiences thick upon it, in the rotunda of the Canadian Pacific hotel, drinking tea.

"What a scene for a story!" said Hiram Greene, of the American Press Association, an inveterate fiction editor. "Little, loose human units thrown together here from a hundred different social and racial environments and locked up in a dazzlingly beautiful mountain trap till time for the next transcontinental express!"

We put in a Sunday at Banff. Most of the day I listened to a sermon

preached to me across the valley by the silent struggle of the jack pines that try to climb Mount Rundle. They start in close thick regiments, like beginners in the fight of life, at its base. There most of them remain in a massive indistinguishable horde. But from point to point an adventurous company rushes upward.

Upward, from the rank and file at the bottom, little groups of energetic jack pines are seen climbing, with bare spaces between them, toward the distant peaks of success and distinction. It is a sight that duplicates in nature what happens amid the artificialities of New York, of Chicago, of London and Vienna.

The green ranks of the trees thin out as they advance, and soon, even among the best and boldest, the less virile and courageous are left behind. By the time the midheight of the mountain is reached, not more than three out of ten survive. But still, here and there, at the head of its narrow column, a leader among trees struggles onward.

Now, the competition among the leaders themselves begins. They converge, like rival statesmen, toward the

top. The lonely places between them grow rockier and more desolate.

Finally, farther toward the top than any of his competitors, a proud deserted jack pine stands all by himself, the victor in the race. He is stunted by the altitude to which he has climbed. His limbs are blown awry and broken by the storms of hostility to which he is exposed.

Dwarfed and battered in the heights of glory, he looks down upon his fat, contented, unmarred fellows in the valley below, near the nourishing streams of everyday ordinary life.

But then he turns to look above him and to him, with an aching clearness

equality of human fate would be laid bare.

This was the sermon preached to me that Sunday at Banff. Was it a sermon of content by the god of the place, or a sermon of resignation and bitterness by its evil spirit? Who can tell? Either kind of preacher might have been concealed in the scene before me.

For Banff, a symbol of all human life on a superhuman scale, is sublimely ennobling in its sunny-afternoon beauty and over-poweringly infernal in its twilight gloom. It is heaven and hell at once, and its jack pines are the mute types of the human animals of the world.



THE WHEAT CONVINCES MR. HARD

mercifully spared to his brethren in the valley, there appears the blank unsurpassable distance which still separates him from the far-away unattainable summit of Mount Rundle. He is the little corporal of the army of the revolution, the Napoleon of his followers, but he cannot conquer the Russia that lies above him.

So he is the happiest jack pine on the whole slope, and also the most miserable. He has tasted success but he alone sees the height that separates him from his real ambition. If the highest jack pine on the mountain could open his heart to the lowest, the

Banff, however, for all its strength and wild beauty and power of appeal to the imagination, misses, in a way, the significance of the prairie picture.

All the way to Edmonton and Calgary, and back to Medicine Hat and Winnipeg, the ever-stretching plains unrolled to us a wonderful panorama. The artist of Western Canada is the farmer. He is making the prairies more beautiful than God made the mountains. He has a broad, clean canvas of neutral-tinted prairie grass, and on this canvas, with a mighty brush, he is painting the brilliant colors of his crops. At one point, I saw

stretching before me in succession the golden brown of ripened wheat, the milky green of half-ripened oats, the rich purples and chocolates of ground plowed and disced for summer fallow, the intense vivid green of winter wheat just rising from the seed, and then, framing it all, the paler green of the still unturned prairie grass. It was a picture that comes closer to one's heart than the memory of the Rockies, because while man does nothing to the mountains but help to spoil them with his flimsy, puny houses, here on the prairies he paints for himself every year, at his own will, a scene of perpetually changing beauty in which the touch of human hands and the sweat of human labor give to nature a human soul. When one looks at the farms on the prairies and sees how shades and tints and blotches of bright color follow the plow, the drill, and the reaper, one cannot help feeling that this work of human art, spread all along beside the railway tracks, should draw as many tourist-spectators to the car windows as does the cold grandeur of Banff.

In the midst of the prairies, at Medicine Hat, the great American novel lost one more chance of getting written. I had laid to heart Hiram Greene's suggestion about a story with the scene laid in the rotunda of the Canadian Pacific hotel at Banff, and I had transmitted it to Elliott Flower, the fiction writer of the party. I thought it would furnish him with an admirable literary mission in life. But after he had explored Medicine Hat, a mission of a totally different kind was laid upon him by the Hand of Conscience.

Returning, drenched with perspiration, to the car, he announced that he felt it his destiny to correct the foul wrong that had been done Medicine Hat by gentlemen of our profession. Medicine Hat had some reparation coming



A LUCRATIVE CROP OF SCENERY

to it and he was going to see that it got it.

He began at once.

In his despatch that evening, he said: "Medicine Hat has been slandered. It does not consume the brand of weather it sends to us. It grows apples and tomatoes and corn. It supplies all Western Canada with roses. A visitor can perspire more in Medicine Hat than in any other town in Canada. Medicine Hat merely gets the indications of a storm. People who say it gets the storm itself are guilty of malicious misrepresentation. The storm doesn't break until it is far to the south."

Mr. Flower is pledged to continue

this crusade till the fair name of Medicine Hat is restored to it as fair as it used to be before the little board shield behind which the weather experts read their instruments happened to be erected within its boundaries.

At Regina, His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor gave a luncheon for us.

And that makes a good place to speak of the Spirit of Canada.

We had all been greatly impressed by Canada's material development. But we had expected to be impressed by it. Canada's political development however, her development into national self-consciousness into imperial self-consciousness, gave us the tingling shock of a total surprise.

We had known that Canada was patriotic, but we had supposed it was a kind of reflected English patriotism, a kind of glorification of the mother-country by a dependency. We found Canada no dependency at all. We found it a country on its own account, vibrating with the vigor of its own life.

At Regina, at Winnipeg, at Edmonton, at Port Arthur, wherever we saw Canadians rise to toast the King, we always felt that they were holding their allegiance directly to him, and not indirectly, through the medium of any other part of the Empire.

They were not Englishmen away from home. They were Canadians, fellow subjects with Englishmen, of an Empire dear to both.

Personally, I received this impression so strongly, from so many different sources, that when we got back to Chicago (after a trip, which, allowing fifteen miles for our wanderings, through the elevator at Port Arthur, had reached a total mileage of 5,000), I found that Canada's spirit, national and imperial, occupied more space than any other subject in the little, flexible-covered red note-book with which each member of the party had been provided.

And what could be more important to the United States than to know the exact quality of the spirit of its next door neighbor? Many things, commercial as well as political, will be determined by it.

Germany and the United States exchange college professors for mutual enlightenment. The editor of CANADA-WEST in the hospitable experiment of this itinerary, probably had the same principle in mind, as I said in the beginning. Let us again hope he was right. Certainly we for our part received enough enlightenment, so that unless we are poor conductors and absorb it all in transmission, there ought to be millions of volts of it left for distribution among our friends.

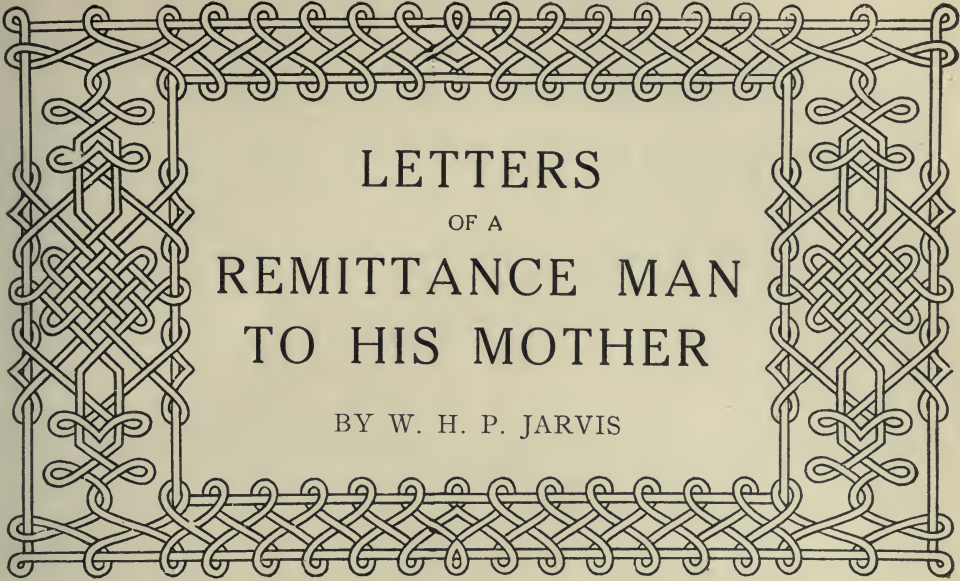
Particularly about Canada's growing National Enthusiasm.

Sentiment is Steam.

As our own George Ade would say: "A man with a Bug goes far. So does a Nation with a Hunch."



BEHIND THAT BOARD OUR WEATHER BEGINS



LETTERS

OF A

REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. WICKSON

WINNIPEG, 18th Aug., 1—
MY DEAR MOTHER:—This is such a beastly, horrid place, this Winnipeg. You will be astounded when you shall have read my experiences since arriving here yesterday—the uncouthness of it all. As you will readily conceive I took full precautions that I might put up at the best hotel, always having in mind the need to maintain appearances, while it is well to save one's feelings from being jarred by coming in contact with people who lack a full appreciation of what is due to a gentleman. My enquiries led me to drive directly to the Cecil Hotel upon my arrival, having gathered that it was the best, besides "Cecil" has an English ring about it. I secured a room, gave the clerk of the office an order for my lunch and then expressed my desire to have a bath.

"No time for a bath," said the fellow, "lunch is off at 2:00." Having heard much about the peculiarities of these people, I mastered my indignation and reasoned with the man. I said, "But my dear fellow, surely you can prolong the luncheon a few minutes whilst I have a wash? What! Eat luncheon coming off the train, without first taking a bath? Couldn't

think of it! Why, no gentleman would dream of doing such a thing. I insist upon it, I must be allowed time to wash."

"No lunch served after 2:00 p.m.," was his calm reply.

This made me angry, and I gave my ultimatum, "Look here, my good fellow, if you do not prolong the luncheon hour, till I shall have washed as a gentleman should, I shall leave your hotel, sir, I shall leave your hotel." After asserting myself so strongly I fully expected an ample apology and compliance with my desires. Picture my surprise when the fellow coolly leaned over the counter and touched a bell, ordered the boy who appeared in answer to look after my luggage and resumed his conversation with some person whom he was entertaining. I was never so astounded in all my life. Here was I, an Englishman, a son of a gentleman, in a country belonging to England, with money to pay for what I needed, practically turned out of an hotel—for what? Simply because I would not permit myself to become a beast. Had any one told me such a thing was possible I would not have believed it. I do not know what most gentlemen would consider the proper course under such

conditions, but I exclaimed—sotto voce—"Extraordinary creature!" and marched out of the place with becoming dignity.

On regaining the street, I called a cab and explained my position to the driver and soon had the satisfaction of sitting down to a nice chop, after a refreshing bath. Here, another peculiar phase of the possible obtaining in this land of incongruities, came within my experience.

I had been watching for some time the bearing and general deportment of the fellow who was waiting upon me and noted that his physiognomy was that of an educated man, when an incident happened which drew us into conversation. As soon as he opened his mouth I knew that he was a man of breeding, and there being no one about at the time, I ventured to ask him a number of questions. From his replies I gathered that he was a Carthusian, who had lost his patrimony in sheep-farming in Australia and had drifted to this country. His telling me his name was Jenkins, a west England name, led me to ask if he was of the Jenkins of Wilks (you must know the Jenkins of Wilks, one of the most distinguished families of that county), and I received a reply in the affirmative. I had a few more words with him at lunch to-day, when he showed great knowledge of the country and its extraordinary inhabitants. The upshot of it all is that I have made an appointment for this evening, at my rooms, with the idea of gaining what knowledge I can from his experience.

I did not do much yesterday afternoon and evening, except unpack my luggage and loiter round until it was time to retire, as I was very tired.

This morning, however, I felt very fit and deciding to see what I could of the town (these people call it "City", if you please), I dressed myself in my riding-breeches and shooting jacket and went for a walk through the business section. I dressed myself in this fashion, as I contemplated calling upon some of the land dealers, with a view of ascertaining particulars as to the price of agricultural land, horses,

etc., and I thought, that if I dressed as I did, those whom I came in contact with would see that I knew country life in England and could judge of a horse, etc., and that I was not likely to prove a fool in such matters, besides; I flatter myself I look rather swagger. You know you always did say, dear Mother, that I had a good figure. I did not make any calls before lunch time as I had much to attract my attention, and this engagement coming about, I postponed it until I should have had a talk with Jenkins.

This town with its ways is so funny and the people all talk with a horrid American accent. Their trams, they call "street cars"; their shops are "stores", and so on, ad lib.

Now my dear Mother, I must close. My next letter, I trust, will be more interesting, but I can hardly as yet collect my wits. With lots of love to the Pater and the rest, believe me,

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Sept. 2nd 1—

My dear Mother:—I can quite understand the Canadian Government putting a tax on farming machinery, but I do think they might allow one's marmalade to come in duty free. Having purchased a farm in a locality somewhat remote from any of the larger towns, though in a very good game country, there being ample prairie chickens and ducks in the vicinity to give one a pleasant hour or so of sport to break the monotony of a day of toil, I set about laying in a store of food. As you can easily believe, marmalade and jam entered largely into my commissariat, and it was when making such necessary purchases I became aware of the unreasonableness in the tariff of which I complain.

I have found Jenkins an invaluable acquisition, in fact I should be lost without him—he knows everybody—he knows everything. As I told you in my last letter, it was my intention to improve my acquaintance with this man, brought about by such extraordinary circumstances, thinking he might be of use to me, and my hopes

have been more than realized. Not only did he tell me where I could buy a farm in close proximity to good shooting and fishing at no very great figure, and he has also told me where I could buy a hunter for the small price of five hundred dollars—only an hundred pounds. An extraordinarily low price for a good animal in this land of high prices. Is it not? I have always so built my hopes on having a hunter, should I ever become a colonist, and now to think they may be realized.

to these two that I have entered into an agreement with them, whereby they they are to come out and work for me on the farm, I, in the meantime, becoming their banker to the extent of a few hundred dollars, they agreeing to pay it back in labour. I think this is a very wise agreement because it is so much nicer associating with those one is conscious are one's own social equals, than to have to put up with the uncouthness of these "horrid" Canadians. I shall always think of Cana-



Drawn by A. M. Wickson

WITH THE GUNS AND RIFLES EASILY ATTAINABLE, SHOULD WE MEET ANY WILD ANIMALS, WE MOVED AHEAD.
I MOUNTED NERO AND TOOK THE LEAD

Possessing a hunter of one's own will make it possible for one to fancy himself a squire at home, and so, utterly apart from these commonplace Canadians. The best of it all is that Jenkins is to come on to the farm with me, (the "Oaks", I call it in honour of the Oaks, the name of the dear old place at home), and also a pal of his, Buckingham.

Buckingham I met the first evening I went out with Jenkins, in fact, Jenkins has a host of friends, all however like himself, stoney broke. Buckingham, however is his closest chum and I have become so attached

dians as being "horrid"—it expresses one's feelings so nicely.

In my last. I promised something by way of a description of this place and its people.

Winnipeg was originally an Hudson's Bay Co. post, which was called Fort Garry. It took its present name sometime in the year 1874 and since then has grown wonderfully. The streets are broad, as are the pavements ("sidewalks" they call them), but the buildings are much scattered. I believe the real reason for this is that real estate interests have caused the town to spread, though I did ask one

man as to the reason of the disintegrated appearance the town presented and he told me that the original settlement had been made by a cyclone (such as I believe they frequently have in the Western States) coming over the border picking up a neighboring town and transporting it through the air till it finally dropped it at the present site. Of course this is an attempt at humor, such as is characteristic of these people. I fail to see the humor (but they say here that an Englishman has no sense of humor) though I must admit the story conveys a very good picture of what the place is really like.

There is an odious familiarity in the manners of all whom I meet, and whenever I ask a question, a smile of amused tolerance appears upon the faces of those whom I question, which is so annoying. In fact one is not treated as respectfully as he would be were he one of themselves, not to mention an English gentleman.

Why, do you know, I once asked a bartender (they do not employ barmaids in this country, and call the men bartenders) to put some soda in my whiskey, and he said, "All right, old chappie." Did you ever hear of such impertinence? Jenkins says this was in keeping with the manners generally obtaining among these people. And only to think, we must recognize them as British!

Now that I am about to leave for the "Oaks" and say goodbye to the haunts of man, I think it would be right if I were to give an account of the thousand pounds, or to put it in this wretched money, the five thousand dollars, the Governor had put to my credit in the bank here.

The account is as follows:

200 acres of land.	\$3000 00
1. Hunter "Nero".	500 00
2. Guns and Ammunition. . . .	400 00
3. Rifles.	300 00
4. Marmalade, Jam, Biscuits, Potted Meats, etc.	200 00
5. Amount advanced Jenkins and B.	200 00
	\$4600 00

You notice that this would leave me

\$400.00 if I had not spent some \$200.00 in personal expenses since arriving here. I have therefore, \$200.00 with which to begin farming, an amount which I consider ample, as I am informed that oxen will do instead of horses for farmwork and are cheaper to purchase and cost less to keep. We are to buy our farming equipment at the nearest town, as we require it, and I believe oxen are easily obtainable in all towns. I may say, the farm I have purchased is described as having house and stable, and of good soil. I bought it on the recommendation of Jenkins, who personally knew the agent who had it on sale. Jenkins was so overjoyed at my having obtained this great bargain that he got in a wretched state of intoxication immediately upon my purchase. This is a failing of his which I trust I may be able to cure.

I must close now, with heaps of love to all. I remain,

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

The Oaks,

Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 15, 1—

My dear Mother:—I am thoroughly convinced that oxen are the most detestable creatures on earth. As I intimated before, I decided to purchase oxen in lieu of working horses as a method of offsetting my extravagance in purchasing a hunter.

When I landed at Winton, the nearest town to the railway to The Oaks, I put my intention into acts, and purchased Moody and Sankey, two sleek, well-fed, guileless appearing bovines, four years old. I immediately took quite a fancy to the animals, the more so, as all with whom I spoke assured me that oxen were preferable to horses* for a beginner because they require less attention and are less particular about what they eat than are horses. I am still persuaded that this argument is sound when it applies to oxen which are trained, or broken, as the expression is here. To make a long story short, I had these wretched oxen which I had bought, brought round to the hotel where we were staying, the morning we

*NOTE:—The custom in Western Canada is to harness oxen in the same manner as horses.

were to leave town, (it is the custom in this country to call the veriest settlement a "town", and I find myself doing even as the Romans). The loafers from the hotels gathered on the street to see us set out, all with idiotic grins upon their faces. To Jenkins—from the fact of saying he had driven oxen in the colonies—I gave the team in charge, and he untied them from the post, and with our belongings safely packed in the wagon, the guns and rifles easily attainable, should we meet any wild animals, we moved ahead. I mounted Nero and took the lead and with my eyes roaming over the boundless prairies I began dreaming of the Indians and bison which once possessed these plains, when I was brought down to the present, by hearing Jenkins exclaim, "Get up, you horrid Canadian ox, or I shall hit you." I turned Nero's head and saw that the team had come to a stop, and that Jenkins was hitting Moody with the whip. The crowd, or some of them, were walking towards the wagon, when I rode Nero back. Moody first put his head in the air, then down to the ground, and then started to back, while Sankey decided to go ahead, and got his leg over the trace. Buckingham caught Moody by the horns and gave him a pull. "Better build a fire under him," shouted one of the crowd. "Get into the scrimmage," called a man to me. (This fellow I believe is an Englishman, who has been "civilized" or imbued with the customs and language of the country.) "Twist his tail," came from another, and on this advice Jenkins acted. I was now off my horse and beside Jenkins to see if I could do anything. I picked up a stick and hit the obstreperous Moody over the flank, when he immediately sprang forward and Sankey with him, and away they went down the road, dragging Jenkins by the reins, who, as they turned off the road to the right shouted, "Gee! gee! No, I beg your pardon, haw! you ugly brutes." But they tore off across the prairie, and the crowd roared with laughter as our goods were scattered along the route, while we did our best to keep up. Across the path lay a wire fence, and they went into this at full speed,

breaking through, but a wheel catching in a post, their mad career was stopped and Moody was thrown on his back, kicking wildly. When we arrived, I could not help laughing at the sight, and Jenkins remarked, "Look at the beastly antics the blooming animal is kicking up."

The men came out from town and immediately suggested that we untangle the oxen, which they finally did for us, and we found that the animals were not injured, further than being badly cut by the barbed wire. We all went back to town, and collected our goods and chattels on the way, and two days later left again for this place.

While in town I visited several of the shops again and in one of them I saw some appliances made of two straps connected together by a chain, which I learned were hobbles used for fastening the feet of horses together that they might not run away. I asked the shop keeper if they could be applied to oxen and was assured they could. As I had been warned about a steep bit of a hill, which lay on the way to this place, and that I should not let the oxen run down it, I conceived that if I should hobble them at the top of the hill there should be no danger of them going too fast.

When we again set out, and when we came to the hill about which I had been forewarned, I stopped Moody and Sankey on the brow and put the hobbles on them. They were at first very reluctant to move and it was only after considerable urging that I induced them to budge. Finally I got them going, by the liberal use of the whip, and away they started. I immediately saw that I had made a mistake in hobbling them, as it made them break into a kind of a canter which they could not maintain, and the first thing I knew was that they had fallen down and the wagon was pushed down on top of them. Fortunately, just then a man, accustomed to oxen, came along and very kindly helped us to extricate poor Moody and Sankey, and I was delighted to find that neither was injured.

Our new friend saw us safely off for this place at which we safely arrived at last.

From a conversation I had, with a very nice chap, whom I met in town during my stay there, I gather that my oxen have had but very little training, and that the names "Moody" and "Sankey" had been given them as satire, on account of the reputation oxen have of inspiring profanity. This may convey a good idea of our experiences with these horrid creatures. Jenkins assures me he has never known any such, and his experience had not embraced Canadian oxen. As he expressed it: "My dear Brown, I have never had to do with horrid Canadian oxen. The oxen I have had to drive are those the poets sing about, the gentle, mild-eyed creatures one heard of in one's nursery days."

We are now fairly well settled at the Oaks, and though the house is nothing more than a "shack" (the western name for a small shanty built of rough boards), we are quite happy.

The game in the vicinity, though small, is abundant, there being no end of prairie chicken (a species of grouse) while the ducks in the autumn are very abundant; and I have a large lake, or slough upon my farm, in which, I am told, they congregate in the autumn.

The prairie, as you know, is a vast level plain almost totally devoid of trees. It is covered with grass and wild flowers, many of which latter are pretty but have no perfume.

The sunsets here are really glorious, and now that the harvesting season is here the sky is lit up at night by countless fires caused by the farmers burning their straw.

Some of my neighbors whom I have seen, tell me that I should plow my land this fall (autumn) so as to be ready for "seeding" in the spring, but others, again, say I can plough it in the spring and then plant my corn.

As I am having a man train Moody and Sankey, and as I lack the implements necessary, I have decided to forego these operations until the spring. As I find myself short of money, and as I feel I shall need some for my expenses this winter and it will be necessary to purchase machinery in the spring, I think I must call upon you for a

hundred pounds or so, to see me through. Please see the Governor on this point. When you have explained matters to him I have no doubt he will send the needful.

Many of the settlers here "swap work" and machinery, that is, one man works so many days with his neighbors, and then his neighbor works so many days with him, and a like trade is made with their machinery. In this way they manage very nicely, but of course, being an Englishman, I cannot become so intimate with my neighbors, but must have a complete set for myself.

By way of getting in training, we three are now digging a well, or rather deepening one which has gone dry. It is already quite deep. One of us works in it for ten minutes at a time, and then the other hoists him out by the windlass. By this method we have deepened it as much as a foot in a day. A visitor one day told me that we were using most of the time "hauling" each other out of the hole, but I believe in fair play, and turn about is fair play.

With kind wishes and hoping you will use your good offices with the Governor, I remain,

Ever your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

The Oaks,

Winton, Manitoba, Oct. 20th, 1—

My dear Mother: I have your letter enclosing £20, for which I thank you. I can not quite understand the Governor's idea of not sending me any more money, with which to buy machinery, until the spring, but perhaps it is because he may consider I would be unable to use it as it should be used, or he has been reading some of the absurd accounts that I hear are being published at home, about the remittance man here. How absurd, all this talk! Why should not a man get a remittance if he has any one who takes a pleasure in giving it to him? (as I know you have pleasure, dear Mother, in giving me this £20 out of your pin money). And it was so very, very opportune. The very day it arrived, Carlisle, a wealthy



Drawn by A. M. Wickson

"I NEVAH DRINK WITH STRANGAHS"

chap who has a large establishment about twenty miles from here, called on me and asked me to attend a meet, which was to take place at his farm, within a few days.

The quarry was to be cayotes, a species of jackal. I was only too delighted to accept, and it was attending this meet that delayed my acknowledging your kindness, which you will believe, I value the more, when I say that, were it not for your money, I would have been unable to accept Carlisle's invitation. For one must have money upon such occasions, though the local shop-keepers readily give me any supplies I desire, I would have been at a loss to know where to seek ready cash on such short notice.

And now I must tell you of the meet. We were booked to be at Carlisle's on the evening before, and by six o'clock a host of fellows had arrived, all ravenously hungry after riding through the invigorating atmosphere of an autumnal afternoon. Carlisle is a bachelor and his whole establishment is looked after by men, and so our dinner was rather of a rough and ready nature. It was good, however, and of a substantial nature, such as an active life on the plains demands. Added to this there was an abundance of wine, so it may be said that we "dined".

On the following morning we gathered in the yard, and looked over the horses. Among the many was a piebald animal, such as I have often seen in pictures, but never before in the flesh. I asked one of Carlisle's fellows concerning the animal, and he said it was of Mexican stock, a pinto. "He's mean," said the fellow. Carlisle and his friends kept looking over the animals, and finally their attention was attracted by the pinto. When this occurred I drew among the group, as I desired to know more about this animal. "He's a peculiar looking beast."

"Yes," answered he, "He's peculiar in his looks, and his ways and means are more so. He's as mean a brute as I ever met."

"What am I to understand by 'mean'?"

"Mean, ugly, bad-tempered, vicious—it's a Western phrase."

"Do you mean to say he will bolt with one?"

"Not bolt, he'll throw you off."

The horse was small, with sleepy languid eyes, and stood with drooping head and reins thrown on the ground before him, in the manner in which these horses are trained to stand. He looked anything but vicious, and as I considered myself a pretty good horse-man in England, I did not relish being chaffed, as I thought, by Carlisle. As I said before, we had "dined" the night before, and I thought the wine still affected Carlisle enough to make him forget what was due to a guest.

"But my dear chap, you don't mean to say that this horse can throw a man, taught to ride by a riding master in England? It's ridiculous! I'll ride him."

"No, you'd better not, he'll throw you," said Carlisle.

The assurance of Carlisle's tone irritated me, while I noticed others were watching me with an expectant grin, and some, who were slightly intoxicated, were making remarks, which made it impossible for me not to insist upon riding the animal.

It appeared very much as if they were trying to "bluff" me. I was satisfied the animal was perfectly harmless, and that sport was being made of me. Just then Bronco Jack, the fellow I had first spoken to regarding the animal, sidled up to me and whispered, "Better steer clear of him, stranger, he bucks." I did not know what "bucks" signified, nor did I care, I walked up to the animal, caught the reins in my hand, and although he was saddled with one of the uncouth saddles commonly used in this country, and which I was unaccustomed to, I put my foot in the stirrup and threw myself on the seat. The horse remained perfectly quiet. I got well seated, tightened the reins, and gave the animal my heels.

Just what happened next I do not know. I felt the horse go several times into the air, and at each descent my head jolted horribly, my jaws came together, and an awful shock ran up my spinal column.

The next thing, Carlisle was lifting me to my feet and brushing the dust from my clothes, while the horrid horse stood with the same vacant, innocent expression in his eyes, though vaguely watching me, and the crowd was convulsed with laughter. I never felt so humiliated in my life.

"All right, old chap," said Carlisle, "this will be part of your education."

He and the others then went on to explain how the wild horses of the plains were given to these tricks, and finally, for my edification, and the entertainment of his guests in general, he asked Bronco Jack to show what bronco-busting really was. Bronco Jack immediately mounted the horse, who, however, seemed to know with whom he had to deal and refused to "buck." The rider gave him his head and dug his heels into his ribs. The sleepy, apparently broken down horse became a veritable demon. His head went between his forelegs, he rounded his back into a bow, and again and again he sprang into the air, to land with his fore feet close together. The jar on the rider must have been tremendous. Then he tried jumping sideways and twisting while in the air—all to no purpose. The man sat tight and finally the horse gave up the game. The same vacant stare came into his eyes, and the wild nature, erstwhile rebellious, was again dormant.

Carlisle's meet was a happy one, and we spent two or three very happy days. Before we left for our homes, the whole party rode into town. With Carlisle I walked into one of the bars to have a whiskey. A roughly dressed fellow was drinking, and the moment we

entered, hailed Carlisle. "Hulloa, Carlisle, come and have a drink. Bring your friend. How the H—— are you?"

"Oh, very well. Just been ridding the country of a few cayotes." He drew up and shook hands with his rough looking friend. I did not like the man's looks, so held back. "Come on," said Carlisle, "and have a drink."

"I never drink with strangers," I replied.

Carlisle then had a drink with the fellow and joined me.

The bar-room was now filled by the other fellows coming in, and Carlisle issued a general invitation, but his new found friend held back.

"Better join us," said Carlisle, but the fellow put his hand in his pocket and drew out a large silver coin, put it in his eye like a monocle, and said in a most affected tone, "I nevah drink with strangahs."

The whole crowd roared with laughter, including the bar-tender, while I blushed crimson. It would only have made things worse to get angry, so I said nothing. In fact, I am learning that the less one says in this country the better.

The man, who was the means of my discomfiture, I learn is quite a good sort. Has been to Oxford, and is one of the successful Englishmen in this country. His reputation is that he is a hard drinker, can ride any horse that runs, and owns more head of cattle than any other rancher in the cattle districts further west. He was in town on a visit only.

This is assuredly a wonderful country.

Affectionately yours,

REGINALD BROWN.

(To be continued)



LITTLE WILD GOOSE

BY CY WARMAN

DECORATIONS BY F. D. SCHWALM

A WILD goose lit in the Lake of Bays,
Lighter than the floating foam;
She swam around for days and days,
Looking for a summer home;
She found a place and she made a nest,
Screened from the wind of the wide Northwest,
And she warmed her eggs with her eider breast,
Cozy little summer home.

The grey goose gave her things to eat,
Gathered from the floating foam;
She gave him love, and life was sweet,
Mating in their summer home.
And there they lived as man and wife,
And nothing knew of care or strife,
'Till beneath her breast she felt new life,
Waking in their summer home.

The baby geese began to swim,
Floating on the fleecy foam,
Just little laps from her to him,
Happy little summer home;
But one of them got up to fly,
And he soared away to the sunny sky,
Till the mother goose began to cry;
"O, little wild goose, come home."

He bathed his back in the summer sun,
Way up in the azure dome,
Above a bad man with a gun—
Little wild goose, come home.

He raised his voice and began to sing,
Such a quaint, crude song, poor little thing,
Then tumbled down with a broken wing,
O, little wild goose, come home.

O little wild goose, what is the use,
What makes you want to roam,
Why do you fly to the far blue sky?
O, little wild goose, come home.

The mother wild goose saw him fall,
Flutt'ring in the fleecy foam,
The wounded wild goose heard her call;
Little wild goose, come home;
He knew which way he ought to go,
And he tried to swim, but he swam so slow
For the wounded wing now pained him so,
O, little wild goose, come home.

The wild goose soared across the lake,
Far above the floating foam,
It seemed to her her heart would break—
Little wild goose, come home;
The baby caught his mother's tail,
And across the lake the two set sail,
Thus towed, he rode with a Gitche gale,
And little wild goose came home.

She folded up his broken wing,
Floating on the fleecy foam,
And said: "Don't cry, poor little thing—
Little wild goose is home."
And when the baby goose could stand
And flap his wings on the shifting sand,
They soared away to a sunny land,
And little wild goose went home.

O, little wild goose, what is the use,
What makes you want to roam,
Why do you fly to the far blue sky?
O, little wild goose, come home.



THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a startling picture of the congested condition of the very poor in the great English cities, especially of those in London, and argues a necessity for reforming those conditions where the people themselves are capable of betterment. His remedy would be to transplant them "back to the land," but in this he protests against their being transplanted only to die. It is "no solution of the troubles of the poor of Europe," he says, "to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the United States. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we are organized mentally, governmentally, physically. Canada offers this opportunity. Yet clean and sane colonization demands that the intending colonists shall be fit and prepared to avail themselves of a fair opportunity when offered." From this he proceeds to recount that until the advent of the cattlemen, Canada had been mainly a hunting and trapping ground; that when its possibilities as the richest wheat-field in the world were discovered, and the railways began to reach out over it, a new and heavy immigration set in. He then takes up a consideration of the kind of immigrants sent in through English church and philanthropic agencies and describes them as being largely drawn from the helpless, city-bred poor, who cumbered the land and often perished. He contends that this policy was dangerous to all concerned; that changes were necessary, whether England liked them or not; that "Canada and England and the United States as well owe it as one of the correctives of civilization that Western Canada shall take only the potentially efficient poor," give them environment co-efficient with opportunity, and guide them to useful citizenship.

CHAPTER VII.

HIT OR MISS PHILANTHROPY.

THE substantial truth and justice of most of the statements in the foregoing pages will be generally admitted by those who read and think. It is agreed alike in England and in Canada that something immediately must be done in the way of relieving the population pressure in England and filling the population want in Canada. Yet of all great questions this seems farthest from answer. Of all answers offered to any question, none were ever more confused, more divergent, and more hotly conflicting than those advanced on both sides of the sea in this debated matter of colonization. For our part, it will serve at the time to assemble some of these theories and mention some of the experiments which have been suggested or attempted.

Well toward the front rank of current

comment is that of the vaguely loyal citizen who finds himself possessed of a residence in Canada and a reverence for England. We may, perhaps, as well as in any other way, phrase such belief in the following words, which have appeared, one believes, both in the Colonial and the British press:

"The ways of tugging the rope from American realism towards British idealism are of like character. They all make for the influence of ideas. They are all concerned with the contact of personality. It is by the spiritual force of personal sympathy that we can keep Canada, even in the plenitude of her independence, a British Canada. Nothing else will suffice. Constant intercourse, an uninterrupted exchange of ideas, a frequent mingling and an open hospitality, will bind the two nations together in the bonds of affection and understanding. On our side, at the present moment, is Canada's dislike of the 'Yankee.' We have only to per-

suade her that the British manner of enjoying and using the gift of life is strong enough to resist the rivalry of America's strenuousness to turn her thoughts away from meeting that rivalry by imitation. That is our task. We have got to convince her that one great righteous-minded statesman in her midst is worth more than many millionaires. We have got to make her feel that she needs poets as well as foreign immigrants, and prophets as well as American capitalists. We have got to persuade her people that, great as may be the conquests in front of them, those triumphs can never transcend in glory the splendour of their inheritance as sons of Magna Charta, the heirs of Shakespeare, and the kin of Latimer, Hampden, Cromwell and Nelson. Never will her banners bear prouder names than Trafalgar and Waterloo. Never will her bookshelf hold sublimer books than the English Bible. There are those in Canada who keep this faith with a passionate enthusiasm. There are those who love England. Shall we strengthen their hands with all our might and with all our main, or stand by and see them borne down by the foreign immigrant and the spirit of America?"

From one point of view, the foregoing is to say much, but from the standpoint of a hardheaded man it is to say very little. It is beautiful, but so beautifully vague that the average business man will with a "passionate enthusiasm" designate it to be no more than mere vamping. It does nothing. It formulates no clean cut policy of action. Canada has not time to deal in vague hopes. There must be *definite* deeds.

Religion and morality come next, with their suggestions in colonization, each as wide of the mark as mere racial sentiment. These forget that on this earth the stomach comes before the soul; that before you can uplift a man you must feed him. They content themselves with such generalizations as the following—with the abstract excellence of whose tone no issue can be taken:

"The two great questions before us as a country are, first that we get, so

far as we may, the right people, and second, but still more important, because more within our right, our duty and our power, that we give the seed sown the right culture. It has been asked whether the generation to come will be Christian or irreligious. The answer depends on whether the present one acts in a Christian manner or not. We are told that the Government is about to apply a much more strict rule to the out-of-works in Toronto than it has hitherto done, and that should it be found that any of them had come to the country without the prescribed amount of money in their pockets, they will be sent back whence they came.

"Is this Christianity? It seems worse than Buddhism or Confucianism. Is this likely to make Christians and loyalists or agnostics and anarchists? It may be that in Toronto, as in Montreal, men of the most loyal and docile nature, men who are a real acquisition to the country, have been fleeced till they are penniless by sharks who have the advantage of speaking their own language, and this for lack of the protection which the new country should have thrown around them."

Following close in the wake of such beneficent indefiniteness as the foregoing, come the well meant endeavors of the charitable associations of England, who have spent many thousands of pounds in the work of sending thousands of emigrants of the poorer classes to Canada. Here there is a great, noble and well meant work, and something which has, as well, the virtue of definite activity; so that it is sad to say that this well meant activity has not been wholly appreciated in Canada.

Indeed, here we come fairly to the heart of our subject; because here there is issue fairly joined between philanthropy and the results of philanthropy—the issue between England and the citizens of Canada. The Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, representing the latter side of the argument, has aroused the most bitter comment by his criticism of the labours of these charitable societies. Yet those labors have been extensive; for in 1907, such societies sent assisted emi-

grants to Canada in the following proportion: East-End Emigration Fund, 6,096; Self-Help Emigration Society, 506; Salvation Army, 406; Church Army, 1,519; Church Emigration Society, 663; Central Unemployed Body, 2,842; Central Emigration Board, 228.

Since the matter is so wholly germane to our subject, we may offer space for debate on this question of the assisted immigrant. Mr. Walker, the Commissioner of Immigration, declares that the work of these societies gives him the gravest anxiety, because they send to him masses of undesirable citizens. He admits that some of these immigrants have been successful in the Dominion, but denies that emigration to Canada is any solution of the problem of the unemployed poor in London. He states that he is in a position to know that the persons who are objects of the care of these associations are not suited to the requirements of Canada, and are not likely to succeed there. He suggests that the Local Government Board would favor inspection of the work of these charitable societies. As to one instance, that of the Church Army, of London, the following quotation may open the debate:

"This is a reformatory and charitable organization connected with, and working under the auspices of the established Church of England. They sent to Canada last year 1,595 persons, of whom 1,519 received assistance from the Church Army Emigration Fund. This organization is of a many-sided character, embracing the reclamation of the drunkard, the reception of the discharged prisoner, the shelter and food of the homeless; and is an asylum for the unemployed. It has a number of cheap night shelters throughout the city and country, and is engaged exclusively in operating amongst the lowest and most degraded classes to be found in England. In pursuance of the reformatory work, they have a farm colony, to which men are sent on probation, and where those who are destined for emigration to Canada are placed for observation and training in actual farming operations; but as these men were originally anything but

farmers or rural citizens, the probation can hardly be called satisfactory; the training is not very practical, and the person still retains his aversion to the country and his love of populous places.

"The Church Army also interests itself in the emigration of persons who can pay their fare; young men who are beyond parental control; young men whose relatives believe that removal from old haunts would afford a new opportunity for starting life afresh, and rehabilitating themselves in the good opinion of their friends; and I am afraid that not a few of the latter are selected, not from any examination, but from the personal influence of those who are desirous of obtaining the emigration of such persons."

Mr. Hamilton, honorary treasurer of the Church Army, London, England, makes a very definite and emphatic protest, and may be quoted in the following terms:

"As Chairman of the Emigration Committee of the Church Army, I protest most emphatically against this sweeping condemnation of the emigrants sent out to Canada by this organization. The great majority of the men whom we emigrated in the year 1907 were persons of the working class who had always been honest and industrious, but who, from no fault of their own, had become destitute through being out of work a long time.

"The emigrants were sent out in batches to Canada under the charge of one of our Church Army officers, and on their arrival in Canada they went to places procured for them by our agents stationed at Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. It is quite true that a small proportion we sent last year were men who had been reclaimed through the agency of our labor homes. We are informed that they are doing well and we have received grateful letters from them enclosing remittances on account of the cost of emigrating them.

"With regard to the emigrants we sent in the year 1906, in an interview with our agent, Sir Wilfred Laurier said:

"Your immigrants have done well for themselves and well for their

employers. There is plenty of work for all you can send out, as the farmers are wanting men and cannot get them. I wish you all success in your work."

"As even more care was taken in 1907 in the selection of emigrants, it must be clear to any unprejudiced mind that Mr. Bruce Walker's report is, as far as it refers to the Church Army, wholly incorrect."

This leaves the floor clear for the Commissioner of Immigration to conclude, although his somewhat hot retort seems not essentially to clear the sky:

"I have nothing to withdraw of what I have said regarding the character of the general body of the immigrants sent to Canada by the Church Army. As a body they are entirely unsuited to the needs of our country, and in proof of this, one has only to look at the number of immigrants stranded in Toronto and Winnipeg, and in many of the smaller towns of Ontario, to prove what I have said.

"I cordially concede to the Church Army the best intentions, and believe it is actuated by good and commendable motives, but unfortunately it is working for the most part with material which, from training and environment, is not the kind of material needed in Canada to-day.

"The residents of the slums of the great city of London, or other great centres of population, are not the kind of people likely to accommodate themselves to our conditions, or to become readily absorbed in our national life.

"I have frequently been at the railway stations in London and seen the Church Army emigrants depart; I have frequently been at Liverpool and seen them embark; I have frequently been brought in contact with them when they arrived in Canada, and I have seen them when they have been deported back to England; and on all of these occasions I was satisfied that, notwithstanding the best intentions of the Church Army, and notwithstanding their best efforts to select suitable emigrants, they were working amongst a people who from training and environment could only hope to succeed in a very modified degree.

"Canada is not calling for skilled tradesmen, yet the Church Army constantly sends them.

"Canada is not calling for men who make a failure of life in the Old Country, yet the Church Army constantly sends them.

"But Canada is calling for men of brawn and muscle, who have tilled and who are desirous of tilling the soil. The Church Army sends this class only in infinitely small proportions."

The consensus of opinion in the Dominion seems to be that immigration for the present year will hold fewer persons who have no objective point in Canada, and no fitting for the calling of the new settler. There remains little doubt that the methods of these societies will in the future be modified or dispensed with.

One ought not to dismiss so important a phase of the immigration question without reference to the splendidly intended, and indeed well-devised work of the Salvation Army. Thus Commissioner Elijah Cadman, of the Salvation Army, recently remarked before a large audience in an American city:

"They tell us we are depopulating England of the cream of its working class. We answer that unless this is done the cream will soon turn sour.

"Our organized effort to supply the manless land with the landless man is a success from every point of view. However, we are being criticized in England and in Canada for reasons diametrically opposite. In Canada they say we are flooding the country with hordes from English slums. We reply that we are not bringing over any of the 'submerged'. We are refusing hundreds of undesirable applicants every day. In England some declare we are draining the country of its best. But under present conditions that 'best' will soon be spoiled if allowed to continue to live in the congested cities.

"Fifteen thousand immigrants will be given a means of making a living in Canada this year. Some day we will bring over fifty thousand."

Here, then, we have it. Canada, the colony, and England, the mother country, both agree that something ought to be done in colonization; both

agree that something ought to be done for the helpless poor; but they do *not* agree upon *what* ought to be done. Meantime, Canada waits, her brow troubled, her calm of two hundred years broken, her mind suddenly oppressed with the truth that a place in the world's history means an assumption of the world's problems. What shall Canada do? Already she has seen the evil of ill-advised unloading on her shores of the helpless and unfit poor. When she resents this, she is accused of "clubbing the head of the swimmer." What may Canada do? What is right that she should do?

In such decided conflict of authority it is necessary that we as students shall seize ourselves at least of certain general truths. Thus we may say that in argument it is not logical to reason from particular to general, or to reason from general to particular. The premises must be of the same denomination, or we shall get no valid conclusion. It is fair preliminary logic, therefore, to ask England if she knows and realizes the actual denomination of the Canadian premise?

On one ground, at least, England and Canada ought to meet, and that is the broad one which for the time leaves politics aside. Both ought to consider the *human* side of the question. Both ought to ponder the greatest good to the greatest number. Both ought to listen to the words of a man high in the Dominion Government, a Canadian born and bred on the western prairies, who takes a lofty but safe ground, which will serve us perfectly as a beginning point for our later argument:

"Back of all the plans, back of all the differences of belief as to methods and means—and of course there will be differences—must be the motive to do good for the world!"

Those are words big enough temporarily at least to shame mere selfishness. They give the student courage to go on with the plan of gathering in later pages the experiences and conclusions of men of widely separated fields of activity. To these opinions, coming from many different angles, Canada should listen with respect, because they voice the beliefs of Canadians. England, also,

should listen with respect, because they give her greater information, and so set her that much the closer to fairness in her logic.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIEW POINT OF A JURIST.

CANADA has always with a certain justice pointed to the difference between her frontier record and that of the Republic to the south of her on the map. It is true that the Yankee "bad man" as a type has never existed in the Canadian West, and likewise true that the Canadian frontiers have never even temporarily paralleled the scenes of violence which for two generations of western progress have marked life in the American Republic. Sometimes this distinction is drawn to the discredit of the American form of government; and indeed, he were not a broad-minded citizen of the United States who would fail to admit that in the latter country reverence for the law does not exist to the extent generally found in Canada, and indeed, in all of England's colonies. There is color for this in the methods of American buccaneer business as well as in the story of American outlawry on the frontier. It is only fair to say that the American character, whether in business, in politics, or in society, has, since the occupation of the territory of the United States, been marked almost as much by self-sufficiency as by self-reliance; and this self-sufficiency has not only in a few but in many instances, served to give that country a reputation for lawlessness which can only be called deserved. No reason for this truth has ever been offered in satisfactory form. It seems unwise to ascribe it to the American form of government itself, for while the government has largely changed in the past century, the phenomena of the country have remained constant. It is very largely, no doubt, attributable to the character of the early population of the United States, to the former remoteness of the western country, to its great natural richness, and to the earlier lack of the cheap and abundant modern transportation. If this lawlessness has handicapped civilization,

it has not sufficed to prevent it. Neither did the equal or greater lawlessness of Australia prevent civilization there.

It cannot too much be borne in mind that times have come to be much changed. Canada's problems in population fall in to-day, the time of cheap and abundant transportation; her methods of settling her new lands are, therefore, entirely different from those once necessary in the United States. None the less, even in these days when full-fledged law and order go westward with the rails, Canada finds that with her new population she is importing new problems in disregard of the law. Crime is increasing in Canada, especially in Canadian cities. The truth is forcing itself into observation that with the well-meaning and ambitious poor are mingled large numbers of those who have no wish or intent to constitute themselves useful units of society. This truth enters into the law-and-order problems of England's cities. Philanthropy east of the Atlantic has sometimes been ostrich-like enough to fail to see that in transplanting masses of London's poor, it also transplanted many of London's problems west of the sea. For the last two years the courts of Canada have been full of men out of work, arrested for one or the other infraction of Canada's stern ideas of the law. Many of these were simply helpless and inefficient paupers, but with them were mingled many who did not want to work. The city of Toronto, for instance, has been driven almost to the use of deportation, so much has she been afflicted with persons out of work, out of money, and either unable, unfit or unwilling to support themselves. Here again we have the battle scene of philanthropy and common sense.

In these circumstances of increasing criminal dockets, increasing poor lists, and increasing problems in local charity and local remedial measures, it is pleasant to see the broad-minded fairness of the Canadian spirit in regard to these unwonted phenomena. The law courts of Canada, without exception, have been lenient with such unfortunates as have for one reason or another come before them from the masses of

those who find themselves bewildered and discouraged in scenes wholly unfamiliar to them. Many a pathetic story, many a tragedy is hid in the dusty records of the law, and never finds its way to print. We shall take space to offer here comment of but one jurist, Chief Justice Howells, of Manitoba. The Justice, in an address to the Grand Jury at Winnipeg, was obliged to refer to some of these questions, and said:

"You may be led to conclude that we would be much better without these foreigners, that they are a menace to our country. . . . Well, they are here, gentlemen; shall we drive them out of the country, or hang them, or teach them? They have not had a fair chance, it seems to me, in the race of life. In the country they came from the sidewalks of the town were not made for them, the roads were good enough for them, amongst the horses and swine. If the landlord came along they got down on their knees and bowed their faces to the ground. They could not go from their native village to another without a passport without being arrested. They came to this country, and here the sidewalks are for them. They can go as they please, and liberty becomes license. By all means punish them when they do wrong, but punish them justly and kindly."

Let us gather the import of this last remark. Let us carry the flavor of it forward with us in our later study of these matters. Let us, on *either* side of the sea, approach this pathetic figure of the poor man, the man cast away out of reach of good environment, only with *justice and kindness*. In that way we are far more apt to arrive at the truth.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VIEW POINT OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

THERE is no more picturesque, albeit no more pathetic spectacle in the world than that afforded by the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Winnipeg, where most of the European immigrants make the first stop in their long journey to their chosen land. Marylebone Station in England may offer as

much of pathos, for home is home, no matter how humble and hopeless, and it is hard even for the poor to leave their native country—perhaps hardest of all for the poor to do so. But England's assembly ground represents but one nation, whereas Winnipeg shows the outpourings of many. There are to be seen Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, fresh from the old country, or perhaps somewhat seasoned by residence in the States. Fewer come from South Europe to Canada than to the United States, but numbers of Hungarians, Galicians, and others, are to be seen, their striking and bright-colored costumes of silks and skins, their strange embroidered boots and bright head coverings, contrasting with the quieter garb of the sober-faced Mennonites, the sheepskin clad Russians, the high-cheeked Polanders, or the squat Laps and Finns. At the long counter of the immigration rooms—where the commodity handled is that of human fortunes—one may see blue-eyed Scots puzzling over strange maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or stolid folk in cap and neck scarf, the uniform of London's poor. A babel of tongues arises, and although the Government interpreters are polyglot, sometimes they find a language strange even to them. Here wanders a helpless soul, with no record of any recent meal visible on his gaunt form or features, no discoverable means upon his person, and no understandable human speech by which he may set himself right with the world. The author has found here men who had lost the cards which told the addresses of friends they wished to meet, and who were all at sea as to what they ought to do. It is not infrequent for men to turn up here who started for Minnesota or the Dakotas in the States.

Among all these are scores of newcomers unmistakably from the cities of England. In the rooms provided as temporary quarters by the Immigration Office, one may see thin-faced, stony-eyed women of a morning wiping a scant circle of semi-cleanliness on the faces of weary and dirty children that scream aloud at the insult to their custom. Teapots and stewpans cumber the unaccustomed stove, and meals

go forward at all hours in one corner or another. On floors still higher up, are other rooms, lofts with little platforms where newcomers spread down their scanty bedding on the floor. Meager enough is the usual bundle which represents the total worldly goods of a family here. Without this pitiful object lesson, their past could be read in the apathetic face, the shuffling walk, the hopeless look which distinguishes so many of these helpless poor, thrust, at the argument of the foot, out of their home country to mend their fortunes as best they may.

Each nationality will show young men and women rejoicing in the best of all wealth, strong and hardy bodies— young men who soon will be land owners, young women who will soon have discarded this gaudy shawl for the flowered bonnet of their new neighbors. Two or three years will work a wondrous change with these younger persons. Perhaps less hope exists for this wrinkled woman who sits in against the fence, in the brilliant sunlight, nursing her child, her head beturbaned, her garb a mass of rags, her face long a stranger to water, her coarse feet encased in heavy high boots thrust out at full length before her on the ground, modesty and womanliness stranger to her soul throughout her life, and still strangers here. Opportunity may have come too late for her. For this child in her lap there may, however, be some sort of hope and happiness in later years. Neither was possible for it had it remained at the old home.

All the time, one great train after another pulls in from the east and discharges its motley population—its freight—picturesque, pathetic, pitiful. The parti-colored crowds condense, flow together, break apart, a kaleidoscope of humanity, a human picture whose human interest cannot be surpassed for any man who thinks. And in these crowds automatically, if not apathetically, labor ticket sellers, gate men and interpreters, who have their work well cut out for them. Beyond their preliminary service comes the more inquiring and more human ministrations of the Immigration Office, where all these folk

are sorted, analyzed, classified and distributed.

Supervising this classification and distribution, there must be some accepted head, just as there must be in the assembling of these multitudes on the eastern side of the ocean. As much depends upon the judgment and the wisdom of the one official as upon the other. Certainly very much rests with the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. His must be sympathy and resource as well. He must see to it that these strangers are not robbed, that they shall have decent food and immediate opportunity for work, so far as that may be. It is he who must devise comfort for weary and heavy-laden, who must stand for the idea of his Government with them. He may not be arbiter immediate, and must report to his superior what he has done and what he thinks might better be done. Regarding him, at least this much may be said, that he, perhaps more than any other man, is prepared to pass on the qualifications as citizens of those who pass before him day by day. The world's problem in immigration lies before him every hour. It is not theory with him, but practice. He knows what Canada *gets*, and he ought to know what Canada *needs*.

Most of the discussions of the current year on the immigration problem are based on the report of Mr. Bruce Walker, Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. We have given some of these discussions in earlier pages, but as the fairest way to report a man is in his own words, it is thought proper to give space to much of the text of the report in question. Mr. Walker speaks directly and much to the point, having to aid him a thoroughly practical acquaintance with the questions involved. He takes up first the question of those unfortunates who are paid to leave their own country, his comment taking the following terms:

"With regard to the State Aided and Rate Aided. These are the products of the distress committees and of the workhouses. The distress committees usually operate through some recognized booking agency, providing the

fares for the transportation, and leaving such booking agency to provide the employment on the Canadian side. There is no supervision of an official character exercised over these emigrants. The Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior is neither advised of their numbers, their character, nor the date of their sailing.

"With reference to the Rate Aided emigration, that is the emigration provided by the Poor Law Guardians, there is a certain measure of control. When, for any reason, the Guardians of the district are satisfied that the inmate of a workhouse is capable of working his way in Canada, or elsewhere, under new conditions, and with a fair start, they apply to the President of the Local Government Board for permission to appropriate from the public rates under the Poor Law a sum necessary for the emigration to Canada, say, of such person, or persons."

The first thought which comes to mind is that if Canada must close the workhouses for her future citizens, she necessarily is rather in a bad way in the matter of her citizenship. Persons do not go to the workhouse ordinarily so long as they are fit and able to make a living for themselves in their own country. This is not in the least to entertain a harsh or callous frame of mind toward these unfortunates; nor does the Commissioner himself entertain any such feeling. On the contrary, bad as we would be disposed to call this source of immigration, he declares it to be better than many others, and goes on to say:

"Emigration of this class is less in quantity than that of any other to which I have referred, and I think enquiry will bear me out in saying that, notwithstanding its source, it is perhaps a little more satisfactory than either that emigrated by the Unemployed Workmen's Act, or the operations of charitable organizations.

"The trouble, however, of a State Aided emigration is that it is dealing with a class of persons whose position is either due to their own intemperance or incompetence, and who, for the most part, lack that self-confidence and self-

reliance that is necessary for success in a new country, and under new conditions.

"I am satisfied that an extremely large proportion of the non-successes in English emigration is due to the unreasonable proportion of that class of emigration sent to Canada. In Scotland, where the proportion of emigrants to the population is more than double what it is in England, there are no such Philanthropic Societies and no such Charitable organizations engaged in emigration work, and you cannot but have observed how few cases of non-success there are amongst the Scottish emigrants.*

"In my humble judgment, the time has now come when the Department should devise rigorous and effective measures, to first discourage, and, secondly, to supervise such charitably-aided emigration."

It is yet early for Canada to check up the results of all the different descriptions of immigrants, so that one turns naturally to the experience of an older country in these matters—the United States. The experience of that country seems to warrant the conclusion of the Commissioner. It is not known precisely how many assisted immigrants come into the United States; but so far as material for future farmers is concerned, the experience there tallies completely with the assertions of Mr. Walker. The best farming citizens do not come from the cities, but from countries where there is a hardy farming population already established. They may be poor, but poverty in world's goods does not make the same handicap as poverty in physical stamina and mental self-reliance. Now, quite aside from the workhouse poor—if we may use a term meant to be descriptive and not contemptuous—there are all manners of other poor who are offered to Canada as citizens. Of these the Commissioner states:

"The total number of persons sent to Canada during the year 1907 by London Charitable Societies alone reaches the important figure of 12,336. These figures do not include all who have been sent to Canada financially assisted out

of the Rates. Another 500 perhaps might be added as covering the operations of the various distress committees throughout England, who have booked emigrants in numbers of from ten to fifty by private booking agencies.

"The East End Emigration Society is a purely charitable organization, operating exclusively in the poorest and most crowded part of London—the East End. It is constantly making appeals to the generosity of the wealthy and benevolent through the medium of the public press, and by private appeals for money to emigrate deserving cases.

"It may be conceded at once that this organization is working at what it believes to be a good cause, but unfortunately it is working in a territory where the environment and conditions are all against their obtaining a class of persons suitable for Canada; the vastly populated and greatly congested East End of London cannot be considered a favorable field for obtaining that class of emigrants which Canada needs, and that class of men who are at all likely to accommodate themselves to the conditions obtaining in Canada, and through their own energy and determination build up homes for themselves. The conditions under which they had lived, and in which in all probability their parents for several generations have lived, do not produce the kind of men who are fit for labor which Canadian farmers have to offer, and I cannot but feel that while I accord the very best intentions to this organization, it is working in an area that cannot possibly afford us satisfactory results. This organization books its own passengers, and in common with similar organizations has a private arrangement for a preferential rate in favor of itself as compared with the charge for transportation exacted from the ordinary self-paying emigrant. During the year this organization, *without the slightest control*, either by the Government in this country or by the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior in this country, sent to Canada 6,096 persons, recruited from the East End of London, paying, it may be presumed, in every case the total cost of such transportation."

*"The Unemployed in Canada."

THE RIVALS

BY PAUL CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FOREST SCHOOK

FAR to the north of the North Saskatchewan, in two log cabins, lived the strapping Pierre Lebou and Jacques Roule, two Frenchmen who worked and sang as they worked. Through the hot summer months when their wheat was heading and ripening in the fields the two men would sit and smoke and talk in the soft French which seemed in tune with the mellow summer days. But when the grain had been harvested and thrashed by the Samon boys and their machine, the summer truce between the two neighbors would suddenly die out, and in its stead there would spring up a fresh rivalry—a fierce rivalry which lasted until the money for the wheat reposed safely in the respective cabins of Lebou and Roule. Each year saw this programme of alternate friend and rival enforced; and each year, with lashing whips and struggling horses, the two men strove each to market his grain before the other.

Then, after friendship had once more been effected, the marketing over and the chill of winter in the air, the men would don their quilted sacs and draw from their store chests the beaver caps, and each, shouldering his pack, would take a trail which led to the land of the beaver, the otter and the mink. So, silently plodding through the white snow coated days of winter, through the woods and over the broad valley lands, the men would hunt and trap, each on his own favorite ground. Slowly, but surely, would grow the pack of furs upon Lebou's back, and a hundred miles away, Roule would curse the weight of pelts and moan the emptiness of his provision sack as he plunged through the snow toward the village.

"Ze tabac is gone," muttered Pierre one winter day: "Ze skin is plenty and zee sun ees warm. Time to pack and back trail! Roule will not have so large a plenty of furs."

He chuckled gleefully to himself as he broke the ice in the little creek before him and the thin blue smoke of his tiny camp-fire 'rose, ribbon-like, into the wintry air.

And Roule, many miles away, his cap lying on the snow, his shaggy hair flying in the fast warming breeze, chuckled knowingly to himself as he viewed two piles of stiff brown and black furs, the curing salt sparkling brightly in the sun.

"Not so bad, Jacques!" he cried, as he threw back his head and drank in the smell of thawing snows: "not so bad, eh? Plenty furs Pierre will have. But, sacre! will he have trapped, too, zee fine mademoiselle, a gran' girl for hees little cabine? Not so! Pierre ees zee work harrd, but he ees not for to capture zee belle of Canada. Heigh-ho, zee belle de la Canada ees one fine gran' lady!" and he stirred with his trap-scarred hand the pourie in the frying-pan, while in low soft tones floated from his lips a simple French love song, the ballad of a cavalier to his lady.

"You are happy, my brave?" said a soft French voice in his ear, and the tune from the trapper's lips rose gaily to the crescendo as Roule caught the small, shapely, leather-clad girl in his arms and burst into a voluble tangle of French which caused her to blush like maple leaves in autumn.

"It is well, Jacques, that you love me so—is it not?" she asked.

"Oui, ma belle, did not the priest who married us say even so?" he answered gaily.

"Even so," she answered. "But the cabin; I must see it. Let us pack and go. The spring thaw is in the air and soon, Monsieur, it will be time for the plowing."

"Zee tabac is gone," answered Jacques. "It ees time for sure." The furs were gathered into a pack and, hand in hand, they took the trail for the valley cabin, beyond the forest and towards the sunset.

* * * *

"For two seasons now I beat Roule to market," said Pierre to himself, as he dropped his pack on the floor of his cabin and gazed at the smoke slowly drifting upward from the chimney of Roule's cabin. "But dees year, Roule he bring zee hunt in first. It ees well. He get hees first—I bring ze mos'. I win! I eat with Roule to-day. I'm glad he ees good man for to eat with."

He stamped out of his cabin and slashed through the snow toward the cabin of his friend.

"Enter, my neighbor," called Roule from within, and Pierre checked the strong French word of greeting that rose to his lips as he gazed at the figure by Roule's side.

"Come, Pierre," cried Roule: "Eet ees ma belle of Canada, she ees ma wife." And Pierre looked and looked, and tried to smile, for surely the pile of furs on the floor was larger than his, and the woman—the wife—it was plain that Jacques Roule had trapped this winter with the success of a cavalier.

"La Belle de Canada," he muttered. "Even so she ees. Roule, you are one lucky man. I say I wish you have one big gran' time. I go home. You win, Roule. But the wheat? I win the wheat again," he left abruptly with a final solemn stare at the French girl.

The spring came, and Pierre watched with satisfaction the early preparations of Jacques Roule.

"Sow the grain early this year, my brave cavalier," had Jacques' wife said and Jacques had planted early—so early that Lebou had laughed to himself over his lonely pipe and muttered:

"Jacques, you one big fool. You lose all ze wheat if ze cold come back,

and she sure will. I win this year again, Jacques, my once frien'. Your 'ma belle' ees not so know it well zat she change zee program of ze year. I will win, Jacques, and you and your crop will be zee fros' bitten for ze worse."

And so, a month later, he put in his crop and lashed his horses to town after the harvest only to find that Roule had marketed his grain sooner than before.

"Zee belle of Jacques ees one loup garou. She change zee year," declared Pierre angrily to himself. The next season Pierre sowed his wheat earlier and laughed when he saw Roule sow his a month later.

"I have heem zis time," he cried, "like las' year Roule take hees woman's word. She cannot win two times so I win zis time for sure." But again did the advice of the Belle of Canada win and Pierre's wrath rose to fever pitch. Soon Christmas came and Pierre Lebou saw Jacques wave a farewell to his wife as she took the trail to the village for her yearly visit to the priest.

"She ees a she loup garou," cried Pierre, pacing angrily about in his narrow cabin. "Roule, you have win all time since she came. I win now. Zee wolf call zee hunter an' hees blood boil!"

And in the twilight Pierre Lebou slipped from his lighted cabin and took long, swift strides over the hard winter snows towards the town, beyond the forest, where the Christmas sun was setting blood red.

Roule sat alone in his cabin softly singing his French love song as he polished the gleaming length of his gun barrel. "She ees ma belle de la Canada," he muttered as he hung the gun above the fireplace. Suddenly the thong which held the gun in place broke with a snap, and swinging in a big arc, the heavy stock of the firearm crashed upon his head, striking his temple. Silently he dropped to the floor. He seemed engulfed in blackness, and yet, through the blackness, he saw a shining red sun. Then the sun itself dimmed for a moment and the face of his young wife, big-eyed and frightened, loomed before him. Then



Drawn by F. D. Forest Schook.

"YOU ARE ZE SNAKE, LEBOU, AND NOW EET EES TIME FOR YOU TO DO ZEE WRIGGLE."

that, too, passed and the blackness was pierced by a whisper, an ugly whisper close to his ear, which said:

"I win, Roule! the loup garou is gone—the hunter has heard the call and has killed the wolf."

There was a singing noise in his head as Roule returned to consciousness, arose from the floor and stupidly wiped the blood from his face. Then, after gazing blankly around the room, he grabbed up the gun which lay on the floor and went out into the night.

The lights of Lebou's cabin were bright, and throwing his weight against the door, Roule burst into the room. "Lebou," he cried, sharply, and the shaggy figure of his former friend rose stealthily from the chair. For a moment Roule gazed at Pierre, then with the gun safely under his arm, he waved his hand to the door.

"Come," he said: "You are ze snake, Lebou, and now eet ees time for you to do zee wriggle." And then, as if fearful of Roule's blood-shot eyes, Pierre Lebou stumbled ahead into the darkness. The big, lonesome night was starless and the snow under foot crackled and squeaked almost despairingly. With shut teeth and clenched hands Lebou plodded ahead, little realizing where he was going or even conscious that he was leading the way.

Over a long trail through a thick wood he went, and Roule, intent upon every movement of the slinking figure before him, handled his gun restlessly and shivered as the distant howl of a wolf rang weirdly through the night. Suddenly, without a word, Lebou stopped and folded his arms.

"Ze loup garou ees dead," he said, quietly. "Ze hunter hear ze call and killed."

And Roule, gazing at what he expected to see, noticed that the snow around the dark little figure before him was not tinged with red.

"It ees well," said Jacques Roule. "It ees well that you, too, Pierre Lebou, should be killed by ze hunter like ze snake that you are. It ees well—eh, Pierre?" The soft French tones were almost seductive in their inflections,

and the big figure of Lebou shook as if in a cutting wind. The gun slipped to the snow and the two knives flashed for an instant above the whiteness of the snow under foot. Then with swift strokes, parried and countered, the big men of the forest slashed and stabbed at each other.

With a satisfied smile Roule met the charges, seeming almost willing to be struck. Once, when the panting breaths of the men rose like small steam clouds against the forest trees, Roule stepped forward and bared his breast for the stroke and cried:

"I care not, Pierre, you win! Ze snake has killed ma belle of Canada and now I, too, will go."

He smiled as he watched the blood-shot eyes of Lebou, who was gathering for a final spring, and then glanced at the girl lying in the snow. The long hunting knife flashed upward against the sky and began the downward descent. Suddenly there was a moan from the form below, and Roule's eyes flashed fire as he cried: "Ma belle! Ma belle! You live and ze snake shall die."

He gathered together and plunged his knife forward toward the fast coming stroke of Pierre's, but the stroke did not carry; the moan from the girl in the snow had unnerved the crazed Lebou and the cruel light had gone out of his face as he dropped the raised knife. Then, with a wild scream, he turned and plunged into the forest, shrieking as he went. Roule watched for an instant, then crouching over the body of the girl in the snow he picked her up in his arms and hurriedly took the trail for the cabin, sobbing piteously to her as he went. Through the long night he nursed her back to life. Just before the sunrise she murmured:

"My brave, you win, and the snake is gone! Is it not so?"

"Even so," Jacques Roule answered. "Even so. And ze snake—ze snake ees gone forever. Yes, forever! Ma belle," he added, as through the far-off forest there rang a faint shriek for a moment, followed by the howls of hungry wolves. Then all was still—and the Belle of Canada slept sweetly in Jacques' arms.

PLACER MINING ON NORTHERN RIVERS

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Director Dominion of Canada Educational Association

TO work placers one must have access to water, wood and quicksilver. In California mines water was very scarce, in New Zealand the early miners were hampered by the lack of wood for structural purposes. British Columbia has wood and water galore. Arrived in the auriferous region the miner must first locate a scene of operations. This pursuit is called "prospecting". Armed with a pan and some quicksilver the prospector proceeds to test his bar or bench. Bars are accumulations of detritus upon the ancient channels of some river. They constitute often the present banks of the river; benches are the gold-bearing banks when rising in the form of terraces. Filling his pan with earth the miner dips it gently in the stream and by a rotary motion precipitates the black sand with pebbles to the bottom, the lighter earth being allowed to escape over the edge of the pan. The pan is then placed by a fire to dry, and the lighter particles of sand are blown away, leaving the fine gold at the bottom. If the gold be exceedingly fine it must be amalgamated with quicksilver. Estimating the value of the gold produced by one pan, the prospector readily calculates whether it will pay him to take up a claim there. In this rough method of testing the superior specific gravity of gold over every other metal except platinum is the basis of operations—the gold will always wash to the bottom.

Next to the individual "pan" comes as a primitive contrivance for gold-washing, the "rocker". This is constructed like a child's cradle with rockers beneath, and is four feet long, two feet wide, one and one-half feet deep, the top and one end being open. A perforated sheet iron bottom allows

the larger pebbles to pass through, and riffles or cleets arranged like the slats of a Venetian blind and charged with quicksilver arrest the gold. The rocker takes two men to work. One pours in the earth and the sluicing water, the other rocks.

On a still larger scale is sluicing, which is really the same principle exactly as the pan and the rocker adapted to a powerful series of flumes or wooden aqueducts, down which some mountain torrent is deflected, the gold-bearing earth being shovelled in from the sides. By means of an immense hose called a "giant", whole mountain sides of rich sand are broken down and subsequently treated.

Quartz-mining ultimately becomes the permanent method of extracting gold after the alluvial placers have been worked out. In the early days of gold mining in British Columbia, the quartz industry was only in its infancy, requiring as it does money, machinery and concerted action to crush the imbedded gold from out the encircling quartz. Placer mining is poor man's mining and has a charm, a glamour of expectancy which yields to no elaborately planned-out campaign of imported machinery, consolidated companies and the selling of shares. The free prospector singly or in partnership works off his own bat, makes his own discoveries and locations and hugs to his soul each night the delirious hope of millions on the morrow. Gold-fever is a disease that the doctors cannot cure, and if its fiery stream courses through a man's blood for two or three successive years, no conservative position in the world without, with a certain salary fixed and limited, will have power to hold him.

The Fort Hope Diggings first at-

tracted the miners of the gold-rush of 1858, the best paying bars being the Victoria Bar, French Bar and Marinulle. The official returns of this region give a minimum average of between \$5 and \$10 per man per day here. Two miners realized \$1,350 in six weeks.

The Yale Diggings embraced the river banks between Hope and Yale and for some distance beyond Yale again, Hill's, Emery's, and Boston Bars being the most noted diggings. The enormous rush of miners reaching first the Hope, Yale and the Lower Fraser, although by no means exhausting these grounds, did take the cream of the big gettings from these deposits, and now the cry for richer and more removed grounds went up.

In California was gold not more plentiful near the *source* of the streams and are not the rivers of British Columbia greater than those of California? Further back towards the frozen ocean the fortune-hunters will go. And so the peaceful settlers on Vancouver Island, on the Cowlitz, and from the valley of the Columbia, leave ox and plow and steading, the bound servants of the monopoly break their contracts and throw off their allegiance, the saw-mills of the Sound are silent, and the northern trek begins again. By sea and by land the Argonauts pour in, from Oregon they come and from California, from Canada and Europe, from Australia and these isles of the sea, and the world sees enacted the third great devil dance of the nations.

Governor Douglas was a diplomat, he looked ahead and he knew how to manage men. When the first gold benches on the Fraser were worked out, and the miners would fain push on and break new ground, it became imperative that a more practical and less hazardous route to the front must be opened up. The Indians knew of a way from Lillooet, through the Harrison Lake and River and over the Douglas portages. In Victoria 500 miners had their faces turned towards the new diggings. Douglas would try the virtues of co-operation. His proposition to the miners was this: each man as an evidence of good faith would

deposit \$25 in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sign an agreement to work upon the trail until it was completed; the Hudson's Bay Company in return agreed to carry the miners to the point of commencement on the Harrison River, feed them all the time they worked, and give them back their \$25 at the expiry of the contract. The length of proposed trail (including water way) was seventy miles. The scheme worked well, it was an object lesson in economics, the miners were well pleased with their bargain, and the Hudson's Bay Company found itself in possession of a money making toll-road. Miles were money in those days; beans that could be bought in Victoria for a cent and a half a pound were worth five cents at Port Douglas where the trail began, and at the end of the communistic highway had increased to the value of a dollar and a half a pound.

Every monopoly dies in time, having performed its work and even the Hudson's Bay Company, with its giant agrarian grasp, must pass under the law. On August 2d, 1858, the Imperial Parliament passed an Act to provide for the Government of British Columbia, the new name given to that Pacific Province of the Mother Land stretching from the 49th parallel north to the Naas and the Finlay and including the territory from the crest of the Rockies westward to the sea with the Island of Queen Charlotte and adjacent isles. With the expiration of the Company's exclusive license to trade with the Mainland Indians, the Imperial Government re-purchased the Company's rights to Vancouver Island for the sum of \$57,500. In the year 1863, the Hudson's Bay Company stations in British Columbia were reduced to thirteen, Fort Simpson, Langley, Hope, Yale, Thompson River, Alexandria, George, St. James, McLeod, Connelly Lake, Fraser Lake, Sheppard, and Babine.

In 1860 the Cariboo rush began. The Cariboo country may be roughly described as lying between the headwaters of the Fraser and the Thompson in latitude 52° to 54° north. The chief river of the region was the Quesnel,

well-known to the old Hudson's Bay traders, and the old Fort Alexandria lay but 40 miles distant. Previous to 1860 the Fraser mining had been almost exclusively by rocker and sluice, and with the more or less satisfactory scratching of the surface, operations had ceased, but in the new Cariboo country shafts and drifts and pumping-machines are to penetrate the mysteries of deep placers. The 1,500 miners of Cariboo shipped to Victoria before the end of next year (1861) two million of dollars in coarse nuggets, and the name Cariboo became as well known throughout the world as either Sacramento or Balarat.

Each Creek had a history of its own, Quesnel Forks being the first to develop into a permanent camp and early assuming the dignity of a small town. Here a party of five with two rockers took out in one week a hundred ounces of gold. On the south branch of the Quesnel below the outlet of Quesnel Lake mining operations persisted until the year 1872 at which time a gang of Chinamen were still making ten dollars a day to the man.

In Cedar Creek exceptionally rich diggings developed, here the Aurora claim with sluices, flumes and working plant costing \$8,000, yielded in the year 1866 \$20,000 and in August of the next year it was paying one hundred ounces a week. Among the right branch tributaries of the Quesnel was the famous Keithley Creek at whose mouth in 1861 grew up the town of Keithley. On this creek in this year five men in a single day laid bare \$1,200 in good-sized nuggets, and their daily output for a time was sixteen ounces of gold per man. In the autumn several companies turned out a hundred dollars a day to the man; the diggings continued on Keithley Creek until 1875, the conservative Chinese continuing for a decade afterwards to scrape these auriferous sands. In 1864 Cunningham Creek "made good", here a party of four white men unearthed an old river channel and in one day took out \$460 apiece.

The Antler Creek roused the interest of two continents. The London "Times" declared the bed of Antler Creek to be,

like the heavenly streets, paved with gold, rockers yielded easily fifty ounces in an hour or two, a shovelful sometimes realized \$50, and good-sized nuggets could be picked out by hand. The inevitable stampede followed, and by June, 1860, houses, saloons and saw-mills were in evidence. Individuals at Antler made as high as \$1,000 a day, much of the ground yielding \$1,000 to the square foot, the creek easily produced a gross output of \$10,000 a day for the entire summer.

Grouse Creek evolved the famed Heron claim which had a wonderful history. An original outlay of \$150,000 put this claim in running order. It immediately yielded \$300,000 and, on the assumption that it was then worked out, the locators sold it for \$4,000. The new-comers cut an outlet 18 miles deeper than the previous one with the result that for the whole of that season eighty ounces a week were produced. The Heron claim remained quiescent until the year 1866, when in conjunction with discovery and other claims a yield of \$15,000 to \$20,000 per share was realized.

Then Williams Creek looms large on the horizon. In 1865 Barkerville on Williams Creek became the distributing point for the whole Cariboo country; the aggregate output of which in seven years reached the total of no less than twenty-five millions of dollars. The gold here was found on a deposit of blue clay, the figures of individual earnings being astounding. The Steele party picked out of the clay 796 ounces in two days, their aggregate for two months being \$105,000, while prospects of \$600 to the pan are authenticated.

The year 1862 eclipsed the year 1861, and 1863 was better than 1862, and from 1863 to 1867 the deep ground diggings of this Creek were the main producers of all Cariboo.

Cariboo is a sea of mountains and pine covered hills rising to the height of 8,000 feet above the sea level. Everywhere are evidences of volcanic eruption, strata are uptilted and the beds of old streams are heaved to the hill-tops. Round this centre of wealth the main artery of the Fraser wraps its semi-circular course and to the main

stream the gold-bearing branches pour their tribute. Lightning, Antler, Keithley and Williams Creek take their rise in the Bald Mountains, radiating directly from a peak in this range known as the Snow-Shoe Mountain. In this mountain is supposed to lie the matrix of the Cariboo gold supply. The great draw-backs which confront the miner are the denseness of the encircling forests, the rugged formation of every foot of the land and the consequent arduous and expensive nature of all transportation work. Added to this is the shortness of the season for work, the severe winter precluding all

operations between the months of October and June.

The extraordinary yield of the Cariboo mines appears in the facts that in 1861 the whole of Vancouver Island and British Columbia were supported by the gold gotten from Antler Creek alone, and for four years Williams Creek supported a population of 16,000, many of whom left the country with large fortunes. And yet Williams Creek is only a narrow gully worked for less than two miles of its length in the roughest manner, the mining being practically a scratching of the surface unaided by costly machinery and destitute of steam or electric power.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GRAIN OUTLET

BY W. J. HEALY

SOME time ago the Chamber of Commerce of New York City awoke to the fact that Montreal, and not Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, is diverting the export grain trade from the former line of movement to Atlantic ports. When once attention had been directed to the extent of grain exports by the way of Montreal, the underlying reasons for such deflection soon became apparent. A very large portion of the wheat-growing area of this continent lies in the region of those great internal seas that extend for more than a thousand miles along the International boundary. Wheat from the lake region is finding a cheaper outlet to Northern Europe by water route to the port on the St. Lawrence, where transfers are made to ocean ships. It has been discovered that from Buffalo eastward Montreal is getting a two cent differential over New York and nearly as much as that over Baltimore. Such an immense advantage in rates has already worked to the diverting of lake grain to the St. Lawrence outlet.

The statistics of wheat exports from

the United States and Canada for the two months beginning with June and ending with July indicate the extent of the diversion. During those two months there went out from the Canadian ports for various European points 7,901,262 bushels of wheat, while the combined shipments from the five leading Atlantic ports of the United States amounted to 7,585,381 bushels. Well may the Baltimore American say: "That is surely capturing the export wheat traffic with a vengeance. The discouraging phase of the situation consists in the fact that grain can be carried by the all-water haul at a figure which would be ruinous to the railroads delivering to United States ports if they dropped to it."

Continuing, the journal quoted draws some consolation from the fact that the figures indicate that Baltimore has sustained a less proportionate loss in the export wheat trade than New York. The reason for this it finds in the fact that Baltimore taps a wheat zone that lies far enough south of the lake region to render the water route seaward less easily available. Kansas and Mis-

souri each grow an annual big wheat surplus, and Baltimore is in better geographical position, relative to the more southerly wheat area, than any more northerly Atlantic port.

But let us consider the case of New York and Boston. Says the New York Commercial in a recent issue: "For nearly a whole month prior to last week not one bushel of grain was shipped from Boston to a foreign port, and the limited shipments in the closing days of July were due directly to the overflow of grain receipts at Montreal for foreign shipment. Every Atlantic city heretofore and commonly accounted a 'grain port' is suffering in its export trade as Boston is and from the same cause—the lower rail rates to Montreal from the grain centres of the West. 'There has not been a bushel of grain shipped from New York to London in four months,' said P. A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the International Mercantile Marine, in commenting on the local situation yesterday."

This condition has induced most of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies maintaining a freight service from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore to appeal a second time to the Trunk Line Association for relief. "Steamships have been withdrawn from all the ports named," says the appeal, which is signed by forty-odd steamship companies, "on account of their not being able to get cargoes, while Montreal is not only leading the regular tonnage, but the favorable grain rates to that port are also attracting tramp steamers in addition to the regular line." The complaining companies do not ask that the lower Montreal rail rate be exactly equalled for the United States seaports, but that some moderate concessions be made which will en-

able the United States ports, by means of the expert use of banking and other facilities, to get at least a share of the business.

But, of course, as the New York Commercial points out, "the trouble is not all with the railroad charges from the interior grain centres to the seaboard." The other "trouble" is indicated by the action of an important conference of prominent business men of New York, at which resolutions were passed declaring that action should be taken to cause the reopening of the closed canals in the State of New York, to push the completion of the new barge canal and all other waterways, to improve the terminal facilities at New York City, for the cheap and convenient handling, storage and transshipment of freight, to reduce port charges to a minimum, remove exactions and annoyances and generally "to put the city and State in a position where they may be on a parity with other communities in the competition for the world's commerce."

In a word, it is beginning to be fully realized that they must bestir themselves in the United States if they are to compete with our grain route, that they must compete largely through canals, and that our route has the great advantage, in addition to all others of shortening the distance to be traversed across the Atlantic. And this says nothing of the Hudson's Bay outlet, or of the Georgian Bay Canal project, or the project of a new Welland Canal, by which it is estimated that at a cost of \$30,000,000 as against the \$100,000,000 which it is estimated the Georgian Bay Canal would cost, a saving of three cents per bushel could be made in the transportation of grain from Fort William to Montreal, without transshipment.

THAT MIDAS TOUCH

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

Author of "Sonnets of An Office Boy," "Ballads of the Busy Days."

ONCE upon a time there was a prominent citizen who had a foolish son. The boy's name was Arthur. The prominent citizen who was also a solid business man, was much concerned over the foolishness of his child. He had tried his best to make Arthur see how fine a thing it would be for him to develop the business instinct and grow up to be a millionaire and a man of consequence in the community.

But Arthur, being weak-minded, had no taste for business. Instead of racing with the rest of the family to gain possession of the morning paper, so that he might study the financial page, he would read books of poetry, and he even made some rhymes himself. Another indication of his weakness of intellect lay in the fact that he would rather study a Whistler etching than the front elevation of a factory one hundred and sixty by seven hundred feet, designed by Root, Mims and Burbick for J. W. Higgins & Co.

Arthur's father tried to reason with him, but this seemed to be useless. The old gentleman could not induce his boy to sit up nights trying to figure out how he might go into business with a working capital of \$25,000 and pay dividends amounting to ninety-four per cent. per annum. Arthur tried it many times, but always became so interested in the mystery of the stars that he forgot other things.

Instead of entering his father's establishment as a mere clerk and gradually working his way up he would go out into the fields and feast his eyes upon the beauties of nature. He could sit for hours under a greenwood tree, and imagine that the little live things which peeped and squeaked in the grass at his feet were beings that had a serious purpose and might, if he were able to understand their language, tell him

things which would be of importance to the human race. This was very distressing to Arthur's father. He would have given much to anyone who could have cured the boy of his infirmity.

Once Arthur picked up the petal of a rose, and said it was more wonderful than the great establishment of Charjum and Sendit, who employed more than a thousand clerks. Up to that time Arthur's father had hoped; but when the boy gave utterance to such folly the saddened old man bowed his head and said to himself that it was no use. Still he did not give up. He was a man who possessed bull dog tenacity. It had often been said that his sticktoitiveness was largely responsible for the success he had achieved, and it made him proud to think that this was so. He had started in life as a poor boy, and his fortune had become so great that he had to pay taxes on more than \$60,000 worth of personal property, which was almost as great a trial to him as the feeble-mindedness of his son.

So in spite of the hopelessness of the case he kept on urging Arthur to quit reading poetry and studying nature, and to turn his attention to business. He gave the boy lectures daily on the importance of getting money.

"The man who can take one dollar and make it earn five," he would say, "is greater than all the poets that have ever lived since Shakespeare wrote 'Paradise Lost.' If you can learn how to run a department of my business and make it show net earnings of fifteen per cent. a year you will be doing a far greater thing than the man did who discovered that the sun was nine times as big as the earth."

Arthur's father talked and thought so much about money that the wrinkles at the corner of his eyes had taken the

form of dollar marks. He estimated every man's worth by the size of his bank account, and to him the word Success had only one meaning, which was Wealth.

But all his talk was wasted upon Arthur. His intellect was too weak to make it possible for him to understand that God had put man on earth for the sole purpose of getting rich. Arthur's wisdom did not increase with his years. He could not get interested in stock quotations or the grain market, and the jobbing business remained a mystery which he had no wish to solve.

One day when he lay beneath the spreading branches of a tree, gazing up at the little spots of blue sky that showed between the fluttering leaves, he heard a sweet voice calling to him. He looked all about him, and at length saw near his left foot a small green object, which he at first supposed to be an insect, but which presently assumed the form of a beautiful fairy. As he gazed at her she became larger and larger until she was as tall as a maiden in her 'teens. Presently she sat down beside him, and for a long time they conversed.

"Arthur," she said in the sweetest tones he had ever heard, "your father is greatly worried about you. He has tried his best to get you to take an interest in business and your failure to do so is the hardest trial he has to bear."

"I know," replied Arthur. "I have tried to understand business, but I can't get it through my head. If I could only discover some way to make money my father would be the happiest man in the world. If I could go to him to-night and tell him I had made a thousand dollars his pride would be greater than if I had been the discoverer of the law of gravity. But, alas, it cannot be. I have never earned a hundred dollars in my life."

"Be of good cheer, Arthur," the fairy said, smiling sweetly upon him, "I have long known all about your trouble, and it is to aid you that I have made myself visible to you to-day. After I have kissed you upon the brow

everything you touch will turn to money."

With a glad cry Arthur bent forward and the fairy's lips were pressed upon his forehead. Then she became invisible, and as it was becoming late Arthur started for home. On his way he plucked a leaf from a branch that swayed above him, and it at once became a bank note. He plucked other leaves, and they turned to money. When he had a handful of bills he went on, thinking of the joy his father would have when the cash was counted out before him. A little dog ran out of a yard, as Arthur was hurrying homeward, to greet him. Arthur bent down and patted the dog on the head, and was astonished to see the little animal immediately turn into a heap of silver coins. Without stopping to pick up the money Arthur rushed on and reached home just as his father, after a strenuous day's business, was going up the steps.

"Father! Father!" cried Arthur, "I have glad news for you. A wonderful thing has happened. My eyes have been opened. I am at last able to see how splendid a thing it is to get money."

"My boy!" exclaimed the old man, "my boy!"

He was too full for further utterance, but turning he grasped his son's outstretched hand, and was immediately transformed into a bright, new nickel and a ten cent piece.

When Arthur saw what he had done he was overwhelmed with grief. His first thought was of the fairy, and, dropping the fifteen cents which represented all that was left of his father, he started back toward the tree under which the fatal kiss had been pressed upon his brow. When he reached it he looked around eagerly for the fairy, and in a little while he saw her blithely approaching.

"You seem to be in trouble, Arthur," she said. "Tell me what is the matter. Perhaps I can help you."

In trembling tones he related all that had happened, and the fairy, after a silvery laugh, said:

"Don't be so distressed. I can by

pressing another kiss upon your brow make everything as it was before. The leaves which you plucked will wave upon the branches again, the dog that you patted will be restored to his former condition, and your father will be himself, and never know that anything happened."

Arthur begged her to kiss him at once, and she did so. Then he noticed that the bills which he had carried in his left hand were gone, and with a long sigh of relief he pictured to himself his father going up the front steps, weary after a day of ceaseless activity in the world of commerce.

"Good-by," said the fairy, "it is growing late. I must be off."

"Wait a moment, please," Arthur implored, "there is a question I want you to answer. I noticed that the leaves I plucked were all turned into bills of large denominations. When I patted the little dog's head the coins

into which he was transformed must have amounted to several hundred dollars. Why was it, then, that when I grasped my father's hand he became only fifteen cents?"

The fairy looked gravely into Arthur's eyes for a moment, and then replied:

"In your world men place values upon things with no reference to the value they may have in the sight of God, and without considering what their importance may be in the scheme of nature. When you became possessed of power to turn into money everything you touched it was provided that the universal value of the things so transformed was to be shown by the standard of measurement which men have chosen for themselves."

"Do you mean to say," Arthur demanded, "that my father, a prominent citizen, and a man who has made millions of dollars, is of less real——"

But the fairy had vanished.

REMIMISCENCE

BY JANE ROTHWELL

THE racing wind and the soaring skies
Conspired with the magician sea
To enchant—or was it her dark, dark eyes?

I kept this flower you see,
Fragile, faded, waxen pale,
Frail token of a love more frail.

Treasured awhile, forgotten soon,
My romance of an afternoon

Is withered now and dead.
These ashes of its phosphor flame
In ghostly words proclaim

That one more dream is fled
To Maya, whence it came.

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M. A., D. D.

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order."

SEVENTH PAPER

IN THE course of these articles it has repeatedly appeared that, as preached by the earliest Apostles, the Gospel was not a philosophy or a way of living, but precise and definite information concerning the Christ and His kingdom. Approached from any point in the circle of their thought, the centre of the apostolic message will be found at the point where the age in which they lived ended and the new age in which death should be overcome and the righteous should live as they knew their Christ to be already living, began. In fact, the Gospel is apocalyptic and eschatological in both form and content. Now matters of this sort modern man is increasingly inclined to make incidental. He has little interest in the eschatology and much in the life that now is. And when unphilosophical literalists undertake to shape the precise words of the New Testament into a system of doctrine, he at once loses interest. Is his indifference warranted?

I.

We have already sufficiently emphasized the fact that the early Christian's thought converged to the day of judgment. After that awful event human lives were expected to follow two ways. There was to be both the Age-life and the Age-death. Both alike were to be endless, but endlessness was not their predominant characteristic. Just because the Age was to be new, everything pertaining to it was to have new values. Death and life were, though literal, but generic terms. The bad man was to

suffer punishment, the living good man was to enjoy bliss; the bad dead man went to the lake of fire or to some other horrible place of punishment, the risen believer in Christ went just as certainly to heaven and the companionship of his Lord.

It was as far from the thought of the early Christian as from that of the Pharisee to conceive of the death of the wicked as absolute annihilation. Neither even so much as approaches this metaphysical thought. The early Christian, like his Pharisaic contemporaries, distinguished between the resurrection and immortality. Although it is possible to plead one or two passages to show something to the contrary, the general trend of the New Testament as a whole, and of Paulinism in particular, is towards the position described by Josephus as held by the Pharisees, that the wicked continued to exist, but had no new body given them at the time that the souls of the righteous were given such bodies. Conditional immortality is foreign both to the Christian and to the Jewish eschatological conceptions properly interpreted. The righteous were certainly to be raised from the dead; the wicked had no such hope.

It is a little difficult to find precise statements in the New Testament as to just when the new Age would be inaugurated and the destinies of individuals be irrevocably fixed. For themselves they were living in the "last days". Beyond this fact, speaking generally, their programme is not unlike that of Pharisaism. The Christ was to appear to establish His kingdom; the dead were to be raised, the living

were to be changed into the glorified life which belonged to those who entered the kingdom, the judgment throne was to be set and the sentences given.

It does not appear that the early Christians believed in absolute equality in the heavenly kingdom. Men would be saved but their works might perish. Some men had built houses of gold, and others houses of stubble. The judgment would declare the relative standing of all those who were saved. For the wicked there was reserved fire and no share in the resurrection. With the complete establishment of the Messianic kingdom and the complete conquest over death—in a word, when the Messianic work of the Christ had been completed and the members of His kingdom had received their promised inheritance, the Christ would give over His kingdom to the Father, that God might be all in all. Then would begin the endless Age of bliss and joy for the believer who was to be like His Lord in the possession of a spiritual body and freed from the power of sin, which laid hold of the flesh.

These seem to be the common elements of the New Testament eschatology wherever they can be distinctly seen. Besides them, however, each writer has his own peculiar views, all, practically without exception, to be paralleled in the literature of Judaism. How far these views were held by the church as a whole, it is impossible to say. There is, for instance, no evidence that the Christians as a whole were either pre-millenarians or post-millenarians, though the whole tendency of the New Testament teaching would seem to indicate that the inauguration of the kingdom would be at the second coming of Jesus. Here, as in the general Messianic hope of the Pharisee, so in that of the Christian there was great latitude for individual belief. If a man believed that Jesus was presently to come as Christ to establish His kingdom, that there was to be final judgment in which the future of the whole race was to be fixed, that the righteous were to share in the resurrection and in the heavenly bliss,

evidence of which they already had in the presence of the Holy Spirit, he seems to have been free to accept or reject an intermediate period of quiet or of struggle, two resurrections, two judgments, and two deaths. The common belief was the characteristic belief.

II.

Remote as the details of this forecast of the future seem to men of to-day, the world would be poorer and morality much less imperative if they were treated simply as matters of antiquarian interest. It is very true that the modern man finds it impossible to believe in a Jerusalem literally coming down out of the skies, or of a Christ literally enthroned in the clouds, or of a lake of fire in which men and women literally burn forever and ever. Yet he would be a blind student of life as we know it who would say that these interpretations of nature contained nothing more than pictures inherited from Pharisaism.

To begin with, there is the resurrection of Jesus himself. The man who believes in this simply must have an eschatology. He has facts that must be interpreted. He cannot push questions dealing with life after death to one side. It will not do to stop with the bare belief of the Apostles that they had seen Jesus, and to say that they were mistaken and that their experiences were visions. The Apostles knew what visions were, for they had them, but their sight of Jesus they treat as something different from visions. The facts that led them to modify their inherited views compel men of to-day to face the question of the next age into which humanity will go. We may practice the agnostic attitude as regards the future life, but each advance in such agnosticism is a step away from the Gospel.

Then, in the second place, there is the resurrection of the body. The New Testament writers make it plain that what this phrase means is not the reanimation of the physical body, but the possession of something which will do for the soul in its new environment what the physical body does in the present. The data at our disposal do

not enable us to present the apostolic thought at this point with any fullness, but as has been so often said in these papers, it is clear that the early Christian expected that a Christian would be like his risen Lord. At first glance this seems very difficult for the modern man to take seriously, but second thought will be pretty apt to convince him that in the light of physiological psychology, the question of immortality rises and falls with the question of the existence of some sort of meditating organism corresponding to our nervous system. In fact, one would be led to say frankly, that in view of the new facts at our disposal, it is a question between no immortality at all and the sort of immortality expected by the writer of the fifteenth chapter of I. Corinthians.

Then, in the third place, there is the certainty that the divinely regulated and inspired cosmic process which has given us humanity with Jesus at its head, will not stop with human beings as they find themselves at death. There is an age before the scientist as truly as before the apostle. If life exists only that it may cease we should perhaps have less confidence at this point, but life always looks to life beyond itself. Jesus, as Paul suggests, summarizes humanity as it has risen in the past, but he also transcends humanity by his anticipation of its future. Into the metaphysical questions which this statement must suggest, we cannot now enter. It is enough to say that the Jewish belief in the consummation of an imperfect age and the coming of a better one is but another illustration of how fundamental facts were reached in pre-scientific days by methods that are to-day outgrown and disused.

Nor can we say that the day of judgment is a mere figure of speech. It is true that we do not think of the fixing of our futures in terms of the law court. It is also true that it is impossible for the modern man to picture all the men who have lived since the beginning of the race brought together at one place before a judgment throne where great books are opened and their records are read, and each

man is individually given an individual sentence based upon written records. Yet this, after all, is but the imagery of the idea of a very real day of judgment. We know the future well enough to say that there must come a time when there shall be infinite readjustment in human lives. Such readjustment will not be due to our own determinations, but will be fixed by God's own influence. We know of critical moments in our physical development. Why should there not be similar ones in our spiritual development? At all events, no one would be likely to deny that a personality without a body of flesh would be under utterly new conditions.

It would be unsafe to say that Jesus will have no personal share in this coming age. If any one is to have personal immortality it must certainly be he. Whatever he is to living men of any age he will certainly be to men who share with him the new. So to generalize judgment as to omit him as a feature is unjustifiable. Better a plea of ignorance than that.

Thus, although each one of us may have his own private philosophy of the future, we are very likely to agree on points which are precisely the equivalents of those on which the early Christians agreed. For those who hold the words of the Apostles literally and seek to base upon them a complete forecast of the future, as well as for those who treat them as inherited forms of thought in which were expressed great facts—for both alike there rises the certainty that life gets its meaning in this continuance after death; that, as the course of human conduct is fixed by motives and acts working under the great law of cause and effect this side of death, so will it be after. The lake of fire may be a figure, but the terrible consequences of sin are a fact. The heavenly Jerusalem with golden streets which descends from heaven may be a dream, but the association of good men with each other and with Jesus Christ hereafter is a fact. Let us grasp the problem of the future firmly. We should be happier if we were sure of immortality and a better age to come. The Gospel is the

news of such a future. Why not treat its contents seriously?

It has not been my intention in these articles to attempt a defense of Christianity, but rather to set forth as plainly as possible the fundamental elements of the Gospel as they were preached by the Apostles and then to show how, despite the difference in our way of thinking, these essential elements have their expression in to-day's forms of thought and vocabularies. We cannot outgrow facts. We simply have to re-classify and redescribe them. If the Gospel we and millions have followed

be cunningly devised fables, we want to know it. But if, as I believe, an unbiased criticism shows that the records of the life and death and resurrection of Jesus are on the whole trustworthy, there is no excuse for our neglecting them. Theories as to the origin of religion, formulation of the results of the comparative study of religions, infinitely less the emphasizing of admitted difficulties in our records, will never replace the simple story of our Lord, or the magnificent promises that are contained in His resurrection.

THE SHADOW

BY ELIZABETH MUNGER

A POET woke from troubled dreams, and said
To that great mother of all sleepers, Night,
Whose dusky dress hung softly 'round his bed,
"Is it the world between us and the Light?"

Then he arose and at his window stood,
Until the dim night faded fast away,
Till Night deserted with her silent brood,
And left him gazing in the eyes of Day.

And all at once the birds began to sing,
And men stood up to buy and sell—to fight,
To kill—to love and hate—in short, to wring
From out the world their portion of delight.

While still the sun hung high aloft the skies,
The poet, watching, listening, from his height,
Repeated softly, half in sad surprise,
"It is the world between us and the Light."

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

BY HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Mordecai Jones

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in upon the best new play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, is to perform this pleasant service, and will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production.—THE EDITOR.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE," is a modern comedy in the best sense of the word, although at times it touches tragic significance. It deals with the fundamental problem of all religions, as also with the most far-reaching sociological problem of the day. By suggestion, in the text of the surface story, the author presents a symbolic, or internal story which conveys his appeal to the spiritual sympathies of every class and creed.

The external story is replete with human interest. Three brothers have drifted far apart on the sea of life. One becomes a vicar in the high church of England; the other turns scavenger; the third disappears in India. The vicar marries above his social station and gains fame as a profound student and an eloquent preacher. The scavenger marries and has a child, his wife dies of typhoid, and he turns for comfort to drink. The vicar and his wife step in and take away his baby

daughter. On the morning that the play begins, the baby has become a fifteen year old girl. Since the day she was taken into the vicar's home her foster parents have not seen her father. Neither has the family of the vicar's wife become reconciled with her for marrying beneath her social rank.

The curtain rises upon the breakfast room of the vicar's house. A rich oak panelling and beamed ceiling provide a handsome background for numerous, large religious paintings. One, a modern interpretation of the Divine Author of our religion, is particularly lifelike and sympathetic. Without the paintings the room might belong to a wealthy nobleman. Their presence suggests a tone of asceticism which emphasizes the comfortable luxury surrounding them.

The man who aids Rogers the page-boy to lay the cloth for breakfast is the new butler who has arrived only that morning from India. He calls himself Manson, but there is something start-

lingly familiar in the straight, graceful Eastern garments, the sweet, strong face, and gentle voice.

"I cawn't get it out of my 'ead as I've knowed you somewhere before, Mr. Manson. Perhaps it's this reincarnation the Daily Mail has been writing about," concludes Rogers as he arranges the silver. "Think, Mr. Manson, perhaps we wos lords once in ancient Babylon!"

When the vicar enters he shows no interest in Manson's past. He questions him only in regard to his religion—the formula of which is so important in a clergyman's family. Manson's creed is simple. "I love God and my brothers—all of them."

The words twinge sharply a cord that the vicar is endeavoring to ease. He has been most successful in loving God, but—all his brothers, particularly his brother Robert whom he banished from his life with shame and dislike fifteen years before. What of Robert? Yesterday when Robert wrote to him for the first time in fifteen years and asked to see his daughter, what had the vicar replied? Hastily he had telegraphed him not to come. The fact that the house was in disorder because of the plumbing and drains furnished a plausible excuse.

This freshly-excited consciousness about Robert is sufficient to agitate the vicar. When, however, he conducts the morning service in the church next door and not a person attends, his soul is in revolt against itself. For some time a defect in the drains has filled the vicar's study and the church with noxious sewer gases so powerful that the congregation prefers the market-place speeches of old Bletchly the atheist to the vicar's sermons. The entire plumbing beneath the church is evidently impaired and the vicar has not been able to raise money to have it restored to a sanitary condition.

In contrast with the vicar's gloomy state of mind, Mary, his little niece, is filled with the gladness of the spring morning. She is bursting with news. "A wonderful thing will happen to-day," she confides to Manson, with

whom she at once makes friends. "Yesterday uncle received a letter from his brother Joshua who disappeared in India so many years ago. And weren't we surprised—isn't it just like a fairy-tale—Uncle Joshua is the Bishop of Benares—the bishop whose name is on everybody's lips. Why, he's the very biggest person you ever heard of in this world. And he wrote: 'I shall be with you during to-morrow morning. If anyone will help me, I will restore your church.'

"To think that before the day is out he will be sitting down here, perhaps in this very place, just like——" Mary breaks off suddenly, gazing at Manson, for his eyes have taken a strange fire.

"Just as I am now," Manson completes her thought softly.

"Yes!" falters Mary. The sudden realization comes to her that Manson is the Bishop of Benares. It is so strange and wonderful that she is dumb.

He appeals to her to keep the secret and "help him spin the fairy tale." "I am the servant in this house. I have my work to do."

* * * *

While the vicar and his wife are at breakfast the doorbell rings violently and long—a bishop at the very least. "But the Bishop of Benares generally comes very quietly," says Manson, serving the toast.

"We shall have *two* bishops to lunch," states the vicar's wife, with apparent calm. "Quick Manson, the door—that must be my brother, the Bishop of Lancashire. With two bishops, we shall have quite a church congress."

There is a silence. Then the vicar speaks in a low, intense tone of bitter contempt. "Your brother James is coming here to-day? You have brought him here to help my brother Joshua! Him!"

"Why not? He is rich! He can do it!"

"So, he can recognize me at last now that I'm related to the great and wealthy Bishop of Benares."

"He's as much a bishop as your brother is!"

"Yes, he's a bishop! A bishop of stocks and shares. A bishop of Mam-

mon!" The vicar is tense with passion.

His wife rises. The vicar must not meet her brother in this spirit or her ambitious plans for yet wider fame for her husband will go awry. She smooths his arm, saying rapidly, "God knows I did it for the best. I love you, my dear, I love you. I wouldn't have vexed you for the world. I thought of all your hopes of rebuilding the church; and James was the only rich man I thought might be induced—under the circumstance . . ."

The vicar is irresolute. For fifteen years he has yielded to his wife's initiative. "I am in the darkness. I don't know what to do."

She grasps her advantage. "Try and treat him like——"

"How? Like a brother?"

She averts his irony with sweet dignity. "I was going to say, like a priest and a Christian, William."

"Like a Christian, then."

With a hurried reconciling kiss on the vicar's lips, she leaves to change her elaborate lace morning gown for one more seemly to welcome a church dignitary.

Manson opens the door and ushers in—not the Bishop of Lancashire but Bob, the vicar's scavenger brother.

At sight of his coarse and ragged workman's clothes and huge, unshaven head, the vicar backs weakly against the door. In outward appearance at least, Robert has not prospered during these years.

"Yus, it's me, my 'oly brother!"

"Didn't you—didn't you get my wire? Robert, what have you come here for?"

"You ask me that? Why to see my little gal, o' course—Gawd curse you! . . . Now go and tell your ole woman. Did you 'ear me speak? Tell 'er!"

The vicar wavers a moment and then staggers out silently. Robert watches him with a look of iron. Then to Manson:

"See that blighter? That's the bloke as was born with no bowels! 'E might a-made a man o' me once, if e'd tried; but 'e didn't—'im and 'is like."

The savory odor of "sossingers"

tempts Bob to breakfast. He calmly sits down, insisting that Manson, the butler, take the opposite place at table. Manson's silent sympathy stimulates his confidence.

"Wouldn't think as I was 'is brother—not to look at me," Robert says between onslaughts upon the sausages. "But there's a lot o' brothers knockin' abaht as people don't know on. See wot I mean?" His knife emphasizes the point. "I 'adn't a bad nature to begin with. But when *she* took an'—an' died, some 'ow I couldn't 'old up the same, I lost my 'eart and that's 'ow I come to lose my kid, my little kid——" He conquers his sobs savagely. "Mind you, that was fifteen years ago. Do you know what's come over me since then? I *work* and work well. And I don't get much money for it either. Fifteen years ago me an' my like 'adn't got a religion! By Gawd, we 'av' one now! Like to 'ear wot it is?"

"Yes."

"Socialism! Funny, ain't it?"

"I don't think so. It's mine, too."

The scavenger eyes him with quick friendliness. "I believe in fighting with my class."

"Oh, against whom?"

"Why agin all the other clarrsses—curse 'em!" Robert's fist jars the heavy table.

"Isn't that a bit of the old Robert left, comrade?" Manson has risen, and his hands press gently Robert's shoulder.

The unwonted kindness of a human touch routs Robert's bitterness. "Oh, leave me alone. I cawn't be allus pickin' and choosin' my words."

"All the same I'm right, eh, comrade? comrade . . ."

"Well, yus!" Robert admits grudgingly.

At this moment Rogers the page boy ushers in the Bishop of Lancashire. The bishop is extremely near sighted and almost deaf. He mistakes Robert for the vicar and Manson for the Bishop of Benares and joins them at breakfast to the utter horror of Rogers who then and there resolves to give notice in a house where "middle-class people don't know 'ow to be'ave before their betters."

The English bishop, who is the epitome of hypocrisy and avariciousness, plunges at once into the details of repairing the church. He tells Manson, thinking he is addressing the Bishop of Benares, that he desires to couple a money-making scheme of his own with the restoration of the church, and frankly admits that it is his intention to "give as little and grab as much as he can." He asks Manson to describe the church he has built in India, reports of whose wonder and costliness have awed all England.

"I'm afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern," Manson says simply. "It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never *see* it at all. You must understand that this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber. *It is a living thing.* When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work of no ordinary builder."

The deaf old bishop does not grasp the revelation of his words. Indeed he turns down his ear trumpet and makes no further attempt to listen. On the other hand Robert, at first apathetic, gradually awakens to the keenest interest in what Manson says.

As Manson continues, his simple dignity becomes majestic. "The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath

the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."

There is a short silence, broken only by the champing jaws of the bishop who has resumed his sausages.

Robert speaks first. "I think I begin to understand you, comride; especially that bit abaht," his eyes stray upward, "the 'ammerins' an' the—the harches—an' . . . Humph! I'm only an' og!" His shaggy head goes down upon his hands and he quivers with great sobs. Suddenly he raises his face wistfully. "S'pose there's no drain'ands wanted in that there church o' yours?"

"Drains are a very important question there at present, comrade."

Robert rises with quick inspiration. No more will he have to be corrected on the right turn to the definition of socialism and brotherhood. *Some one* has to see to the drains, *some one* has to clear up the muck of the world. He's the one. He had come to the house to claim his daughter—"a job a bit above his head." Manson's words have brought him back to his own job. He tightens the string about his knees. "I'll go and have a look at our Bill's drains."

As he leaves by one door, the vicar and his wife enter by another. When the Bishop of Lanchashire learns to his horror that he has breakfasted with workmen—a butler and a scavenger—his self-respect is so shaken that he can scarcely repeat his plans to the vicar for restoring the church.

The vicar listens to his discussion of the financial possibilities of the scheme with gathering aversion and despair. The vicar is to contribute his eloquence, his gift of words; the Bishop of Benares, his name and reputation; the Bishop of Lanchashire his patronage, influence and time. The *profits* should be enormous.

The vicar's wife does not care to probe the significance of her brother's proposition. She thinks only that at



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

EDITH WYNNE MATHISON

Who created the role of the Vicar's Wife in "The Servant in the House"

last her husband will have the beautiful church of his dreams, because *she* has willed it.

Yet Manson's silent influence and his words of the morning have been working in the vicar's heart. When the bishop, with this scheme explained, retires to put it in writing, the vicar resolves that for once there shall be plain speaking between himself and his wife.

She is elated. "Look at the opportunities James' plan creates for you. No more worry, none of the wretched frets and fancies that have troubled you this morning. My beloved will be happy again."

Happy? Not with Robert's face burned into his soul; Robert's face seamed with drink, starvation, and hard work and a bitter, lonely life.

"Suppose you try and forget me for a moment. Do you think you can?"

"William, that's unkind! Of course I can't."

"It might mean the salvation of my soul. What is the building of this church to you? Are you so mightily interested in clerical usefulness, in the furtherance of God's work?"

"I am interested in your work, William. Do you take me for an atheist?"

"No; far worse—for an idolater. What else but idolatry is this precious husband-worship you have set up in your heart—you and all the women of your kind? You barter away your own souls in the service of it; you build up your idols in the fashion of your own respectable desires. You struggle silently amongst yourselves, one against another, to push your own god foremost. . . . And what have you made of me? You have plucked me down from whatever native godhead I had by gift of heaven. By God, it shall go on no longer! I am resolved to be a free man from this hour—free of lies, free of love if needs be, free even of you, free of everything that clogs and hinders me in the work I have to do! . . . Haven't I babbled in the pulpit long enough about fatherhood and brotherhood? So now for my work."

"What are you going to do?"

"Tell Mary everything; send for my brother Robert; and then—answer that monster in there."

"William this is some madness of sin that has seized you. But I will save you—yes, I will—in spite of yourself. I am stronger than you." She moves swiftly to the bell. "Do you think I am going to stand by and see your life wrecked—your's and the child's?"

When Manson enters, there is a subtle change in his manner, a look in his eye, as of the servant merging in the master. "You rang."

"Yes, Manson. I want to have a little confidential talk with you."

"There is no need. I know everything already." He has the air of a judge. "Now let me tell you exactly why you have sent for me here. There is a strange and wretched turmoil in your soul. You have done wrong and you know it. You would keep what miserable little right you have by bolstering it up with further wrong. And you have sent for me to help you in that wrong!"

Her usual control deserts her in the face of this insolence from a servant. "How dare you say that?"

"Haven't you sent for me to help in your plans about his brother Robert—the plan of banishing him further from your lives than ever? . . . I know *you* . . . What, do you think that these things can be done in darkness without crying aloud to Heaven for light?"

"I am thinking only of my husband's happiness."

Manson turns ironically to the bowed vicar. "Behold the happiness you have already brought him."

"But Robert must see the impossibility of letting him see the child; the impossibility of him and his brother ever meeting again Would you have me welcome him with open arms?"

"Yes, and heart, too! Have him here, entertain him, treat him as an honored guest. Seek out and cleanse the hidden corners of the house, make it fair and ready to lodge him royally as a brother!"

The vicar's wife replies desperately: "I won't do it. I can't! I can't!"

The vicar rises to the need of decision. For the first time he is stronger than his wife. "By heaven, yes!"

The vicar's wife falters a few moments. Then, utterly broken down, she whispers feebly, "Yes."

* * * *

The first thing to do is to cleanse the place of its abominations, and Manson orders the Bishop of Lancashire from the house. The outer door has barely slammed upon his outraged person, when Robert returns from the church, covered with mud and filth. He announces that he has discovered the trouble with the plumbing. It is not the drains; it is worse than that. He has found a cess-pool under the church itself, in which mouldering coffins and decayed bones are floating about in a sea of muck. He vividly describes his explorations of the drain that led to the cess-pool; how he had fought his way through the stifling gases and an army of rats that had bitten him almost to the bone. He says that the man who cleans out that drain will have to face typhoid, and possibly death, but it's a pretty little job and he intends to tackle it. "I've found *my place* or I don't know a good thing when I see it!"

The vicar forbids him to go; reminds him what it will mean to work down there in the stench, the horror and the darkness.

"What's it matter, if the comrides up above 'av' light an' joy an' a breath of 'olesome air to sing by——?"

"No, ten thousand times, no! The sacrifice is too much. I had rather see the church itself——."

"What," says the scavenger in astonishment, "you call yourself a clergyman!"

"I call myself nothing," the vicar replies. "I am nothing—less than nothing in all this living world."

"By God, but I call myself summat," Bob replies. "I'm the DRAIN MAN, that's wot I am."

The vicar makes a last attempt to stop him, but seeing that he is determined to go and fired by the scavenger's splendid enthusiasm, he forms a swift decision. Throwing off his clerical costume and tearing the parson's collar from his throat he steps forward

announcing in ringing tones that the drainman shall not go alone. The brothers clasp hands, and as they do so, Mary cries out that now she knows Bob is her father, because "he is brave, he is beautiful and he is very good." At the climax of this tableau Manson enters and lays the table for lunch. When he has finished he turns to the vicar and tells him that the Bishop of Benares has arrived.

"What, already!" says the vicar. "Let's have him in at once!"

"He is here," Manson quietly replies.

"What do you mean? Where is he?" asks the vicar.

Manson looks at him across the table. "Here," he repeats.

The vicar steps back, gazing at him in astonishment. "In God's name, who are you?" he gasps.

"In God's name," Manson answers, stretching forth his hand—"your brother."

* * * *

So much for the surface story. Followed closely, the lines of the play and the interpretation of the players reveal an internal story through which may be traced constantly recurring symbols that give Charles Rann Kennedy's drama a two-fold charm. It is not an allegory in the full sense of the word, nor is it constructed like a morality play, which it is sometimes erroneously called by critics. In an allegory, lay figures pose as persons. Symbolism is much more subtle. The characters are accurately drawn and unconsciously, as it were, convey the ideas, in a Platonic sense, for which the author stands. Symbolism suggests; allegory definitely states.

The so-called allegory of the play has been defined by the author as "Christ as the touchstone of life and the solution of all human difficulties, religious, social and personal; not merely by the inspiration of sentimental fancies about Him but by the impelling to deeds that carry out His will." The most important symbols of the play are to be found in the personality of Manson and the Bishop of Lancashire, and the story of the drain. The great cosmic symbol is the

spirit of unrest which is evidenced in the growth of class distinction, and "man's inhumanity to man." Manson is, of course, a reincarnation of Christ. The name, itself, is an inversion, and sufficient proof of the author's meaning. The Bishop of Lancashire represents Mammon. The symbolism of the drain, according to Mr. Kennedy, is not an attack upon the foundations of religion or established churches, but means that religion is fettered by the moldering coffins and decayed bones of the past; that we are not worshipping a dead Christ that once was, but a living Christ, eternally present.

In this, his first serious play, Mr. Kennedy has shown himself a master of stage craft and construction. He has followed the form of the old Greek dramatists in preserving the unities of time, place and action. But he does not scorn the mechanical devices of his profession. For example, at the very beginning of the play, he utilizes a clever trick to convey a psychological subtlety. Rogers, the "buttons", surreptitiously appropriates some jam while Manson has his back to him. The butler, without turning his head, gently reproves him, thereby startling the youngster who cannot understand how the petty theft was detected. This

catches the attention of the audience and creates the atmosphere of mysticism for which the author is striving.

It is interesting to notice how the author avoids the pitfalls that yawn before the dramatist who is developing a big theme. As an instance, it may be well to consider his central character, Manson. The Man of Mystery is the only person in the play who does not change. All the others develop in one direction or another. The vicar shakes off his false and narrow ecclesiasticism; Nob becomes bigger, in the spiritual sense, and learns the meaning of true socialism; the vicar's wife, who has loved her husband in a worldly way, ultimately gives him up to God, influenced to the sacrifice by the highest and purest form of love; the Bishop of Lancashire gets harder and harder and shows deeper cynicism until he is ultimately thrown out; Mary grows, and even Rogers shows development. Only Manson remains static. Here, then, is danger of monotony. But Mr. Kennedy maintains interest by varying Manson's moods. At first he surrounds him with mystery; then comes his gradual revelation of himself; later, the Servant becomes Master; in the end the Master reveals Himself perfectly as the brother of us all—"In God's Name, your brother."

TO G. M. B.

BY AUSTIN ADDISON BRIGGS

AT MORN the tide rushed out to sea,
 At eve, by ebb, swept back to me:—
 The sun by night had ceased to shine;
 His lustrous rays, at morn, were mine.
 By day a star did not appear,
 By dark a host were there to cheer;
 Dame Bird flew out from nest and care,
 And Duty grim found her back there;
 A seed was blown from mother pod,
 Returned a flower fresh from the sod;
 Mute beast forsook its master's door,
 Limped home by faith with love the more—
 But Oh! the grief that saps my heart;
 Where shall I find thy counterpart?



THE NEW UNION STATION OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN AND THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAYS

THE OLD FORT GARRY AND THE NEW

BY W. D. EATON

Author of "A Soldier of Navarre", Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

CLOSE to the centre of the city of Winnipeg, on a block of some seventy acres, with Water street on the north, Main street on the west, the Assiniboin river on the south, and the Red river on the east, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railways are about to place a titanic union station and system of terminal yards. On this identical ground, within the memory of people yet alive, stood old Fort Garry.

"Old" Fort Garry! Alms for oblivion! The shock of some such announcement is required to bring a realization that it is not so very long since Old Fort Garry was new. In the rush and whirl of these giddy-paced times, with the resistless push of a great new country at its back, here has grown up a city so big that the seventy acres of the old fort are only a spot in the middle of it—growing so fast even now that a warning sense of what is to come will make this new station large enough to take care of at least a part of the future, having regard to the other new station built only three years ago by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and already overtaxed by an increase of traffic brought about through the tremendous development of the prairie provinces. It is a country that waxes

populous overnight, and forces an intensified growth on the town.

Fort Garry was founded in 1812 and had about forty years of lone guardianship over the Hudson's Bay Company stations scattered at wide intervals for hundreds of miles all around. Lord Selkirk's little colony of Scotch farmers came and dozed in the shelter of its stockade. It dominated a long and lazy day, punctuated only now and then by trouble of any kind.

That old life died gently. The change at first was slow, and when acceleration came, it was not with clamor, but earnestly, with honest work. Greatness was potential here ages before it began to blossom forth. Its burgeoning was by insensible even though swift degrees. The stream of life is running full and strong enough to-day where the old fort stood and the city stands. Of all that used to be, nothing remains as it was save St. Boniface, across the river,—the old mission, quiet now, as it was before the fort was built and the soldiers came. The spirit of the open plain broods there still, as it did when all these people, with their tumult and strivings, were less than phantoms, poltergeists so deep below the horizon that no first note of their far approach disturbed the idle air. You may go over there

whenever you like, and let them all fade again to nothingness, for you will find it as Whittier sang of it—in

“—the time when the smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-wrack joins—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins.”

The wild Assiniboins! They too were of no more than yesterday. Their lodges might be standing beside the mission, congruously enough, at this hour. But over here are the cars and the automobiles, and the warehouses, and one of the greatest railway stations on the globe is going to rear its dome at the place where the two rivers join—where the loamy banks and the brown grass and the wonderful sky were all that showed to the *voyageur* as his boat drew home, and he heard “the vesper ringing” of the St. Boniface bells. As the *voyageur* heard them, so may we, in faint, sweet tones, through the cacophony of many new church bells. So the British soldiers heard them, exiled in the wilderness. They look a long way off to us, those red-coated men, a splotch of civilization and the might of nascent empire, set where empire had not yet been dreamed of—a long way off, yet our fathers saw them. Anywhere else, such a change would have taken centuries. It has been a change from emptiness to permanence; for this is no city of fairy gold, but all is set in firm foundations. We wonder at it, but it is only a beginning. Our children may very likely look back to us as we look back to Old Fort Garry and the wild Assiniboins—ancients, ancients! Remote, and hoary with the eld of concentrated time, when years are cycles and centuries aeons, and future flashes into past ere one can say, “it lightens.”

* * * *

The new station will be the latest word in its kind. Messrs. Warren and Wetmore, who designed and planned it, are the architects who did similar service to the New York Central and Hudson River railway in creating the splendid Union station on 42d street, New York. It will be of native Tyndall Manitoba stone, and will have a length of 350 feet along Main street, and a depth of 140 feet from Main street to the tracks. It will be three

stories high, with a monumental central portion and a dome one hundred feet above the street level. The main entrance will be in Main street, directly opposite Broadway. The main floor at this level, having an area of 36,000 square feet, will be devoted wholly to station purposes.

The main floor plan represents the highest type of modern passenger station. The passenger arrives at the main entrance through a marble vestibule into the ticket lobby or rotunda. Here tickets are sold, and baggage checked. Here also are the telephone and telegraph booths, the newspaper, books and cigar booths, and all the public activities of the station. The circular floor of mosaic, ninety feet in diameter, is free of seats or other furniture, and forms the main access and exit to and from the trains. The height is equal to the diameter. All the walls are of stone and marble, capped by a stone vault beneath the dome. It is all exceptionally well lighted, the supporting arches of the vaulted ceiling being filled on all sides with glass in ornamental iron frames. This will undoubtedly be one of the most impressive interiors in Canada.

The waiting room is so located that passengers going to and from trains will not be obliged to pass through it, so that the confusion incident to having both moving and waiting passengers in the same room is avoided. The area of the waiting room will be about 10,000 square feet.

The walls of this room will be embellished with the arms of each of the various Provinces of the Dominion, executed in gold leaf and colors. The seats will be movable benches of heavy oak. The interior of the waiting room, like the main rotunda, will have the effect of stone construction throughout, the bases and wainscoting being of marble.

Adjoining the waiting room on the west side, and facing on Main street, will be the restaurant and lunch rooms.

On the opposite side of the waiting room will be the men's smoking room and the women's waiting room. At

the north end of the building there is to be provided a fifty foot street on private property, which will be used exclusively for carriages. This entrance leads directly to the waiting room. Passengers going to trains will pass through the ticket lobby into a subway fifty feet wide, with staircases on either side leading up to the different platforms. This subway will be so arranged, by means of railings and gates, that there will be no interference between arriving and departing passengers. The elevation of tracks over the subway will be ten feet above the main floor of the station.

The entire south wing of the basement will be devoted to immigrants. Here will be a waiting room, having a lunch counter, laundry, and bath room. Immigrants will be conducted to and from the waiting room and trains by means of a stairway at the rear of the building leading directly from the basement to the passenger subway. A separate entrance from Main street will be provided, leading from the street to the basement. Immigrants will thus be well provided for and brought to and from both trains and the street without coming into contact with other passengers.

In the south wing of the basement there will be a barber-shop, which will be reached by stairways from Main street, and from the main vestibule of building. The remainder of this wing will be occupied by the kitchens in connection with the restaurants above, and the boiler and engine rooms.

The second and third floors will be occupied entirely by the local and general Western offices of the two roads—the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. These offices will be on either side of a corridor, the interior row of offices in each wing facing on the open court. There will be an available office space of 25,000 square feet on each floor. Provision has been made in the design of the foundations and steel structures for the future addition of six office floors.

* * * *

The track layout for both passenger and freight yards was developed after much study by the engineers and

officials of the railway companies, in co-operation with the architects. It was finally decided that a layout of the through station type, with approaching tracks elevated over the intersecting streets, and with tracks raised sufficiently above the main floor of the station to allow a passenger entrance subway beneath, was the most desirable, giving the greatest efficiency for the present and prospective traffic to be handled at Winnipeg.

It is intended to have eight through passenger tracks, with an adjacent platform, and two separate open running tracks at the rear, for through freight trains. The platforms will be twenty feet wide, and 1,650 feet long. By means of this great length each track will be capable of handling two trains of eleven cars each during periods of heavy traffic. The total capacity of the platforms will be 200 seventy-foot cars. The platforms are to be of reinforced concrete construction.

In carrying the baggage to and from the trains, a fifteen-foot trucking subway will be used, from which the platforms will be reached by a row of elevators. This arrangement avoids trucking of any kind on the train platform. This system of handling baggage, express and mail is in successful operation in some of the largest and most modern passenger terminals in the United States, notably the Union Station at St. Louis, the Rock Island Station at Chicago, the Union Station at Washington, D. C., and the Pennsylvania Railway Station at Pittsburg. Similar systems of baggage and express handling are also successfully used in many of the large railway terminals in Europe.

* * * *

The team yard will contain forty-two tracks, with a total capacity of 830 freight cars.

As each railway company will have its own cartage company to handle trucking from the freight sheds and team yard, there will be provided two stable buildings, each to accommodate two hundred horses.

Each of the railways will use its own passenger coach yards, locomotive houses and shops, in conjunction with

these terminals. Those for the Canadian Northern have been recently constructed about a mile west of the new station, and those for the Grand Trunk Pacific are now being constructed about three miles east of it. The general receiving, distribution and forwarding freight yards of each road will also be located at these points. The layout of team and supporting tracks and freight houses comprises one of the largest local freight delivery yards in the world. A connection under the east approach of the tracks under Lombard Avenue will be maintained with the present Winnipeg transfer railway track, along which are located many industrial sidings, and over which cars for transfer with the Canadian Pacific are handled.

* * * *

The present main track crosses the Assiniboin river on a wooden draw-bridge. This will be replaced in the new scheme by a steel four-track rolling lift bridge, having two separately operated leaves. The Red river is crossed by the present main track on a comparatively new steel truss bridge, which will be retained. At the north end of the Assiniboin river bridge, and at each end of the passenger tracks will be a signal tower, from which all signals and switches will be controlled. The electro-pneumatic system of interlocking will be used.

* * * *

The full meaning of this superb im-

provement does not present itself until it is remembered that the real rise of Winnipeg to towering importance is a matter covering only some fifteen years. It followed upon the discovery of the wheat-producing power of the farther western prairies, and the consequent influx of farmers from the British Islands and the United States. Concurrently and as a matter of course came the birth of innumerable towns, the establishment of industries, and a commercial system equal in its working order with any in America. For the awakening of Canada was accomplished by a kind of people such as never before opened a new country. They had all the experience of the past to draw upon. Generally speaking, the railway was there first, so that all was done and is being done without the hardships usually associated with settlement and early growth. Money followed the farmer, who very soon became himself a producer of money. Canadian railway construction and extension presents some new and marvellous phases. It has been and is rapid, energetic, economical, efficient, and free from the "watery" element that swamped and embogged the earlier railway history south of the International boundary, and it has conferred as well as earned prosperity. The site of Old Fort Garry is to be crowned by a monument to the genius that has produced and guides the Canada of to-day.

TEARS

BY PRESTON M. WILLIS

AH, what are tears?
 Penance for harsh words spoken,
 Solace for sad hearts broken,
 Emblems of bitter sorrow,
 Balm of the coming morrow
 And future years.

THE RIGHT ANGLE



THE REMITTANCE MAN

IT is by special advance arrangement with Murrays of London, Musson of Toronto, and W. H. P. Jarvis, the author, that CANADA-WEST is enabled this month to introduce Mr. Reginald Brown to the Canadian public.

Mr. Reginald Brown, or more properly Reginald Brown, Esquire, is the designation given the Man by Mr. Jarvis in the "Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother," which begins as a serial in this present number. Mr. Jarvis is one of the best known, most keenly observant, and deftly felicitous character-writers in the creditable and growing list of Canadian authors. His book will be published early this season by the Murrays in London. The Messrs. Musson will at the same time issue the Canadian edition. But the parts that appear in CANADA-WEST are the first to be printed.

The house of Murrays has a foremost place among the old and famous English firms of publishers. Everyone knows the high standing of the Mussons of Toronto. CANADA-WEST modestly admits a deserved credit with the people of Canada. Mr. Jarvis' name carries its own force. Thus, with these four names, Reginald Brown, Esquire, comes forward remarkably well commended to general attention.

He is an exile from "home", but he

will make his own way good by sheer unconscious candor concerning himself and the strangers among whom he is thrown, here in our newer England. Bred in the traditions and the ripened beauty of life in the old country, incapable of measuring anything by other than old country standards, he shows us what all of us have seen before, but something that few of us have really understood—the mental workings and the distresses of a gentleman involuntarily resident in wide places, where the things that made his former world are either held of little account, or else not known at all. The revelation has the intimacy of private correspondence, and is not without its element of pathos.

It is time the remittance man had his turn. He is all too commonly taken for what he seems to be rather than for what he is. With the brief affluence that recurs to him at stated intervals, he enjoys a certain deference, because people respect and desire his money. Between whiles, he enjoys nothing of the sort. His efforts to adjust himself to the new environment are not always received in the spirit of sincerity that prompts them. Jettisoned from a social order in which a leisure class is a fixed constituent, he strikes a jarring note in the system of work that governs all around him. His habits are rooted. To change them involves their being

torn up by the roots, and the process is almost like a change of nature itself, and it is not always helped by his new neighbors. Where he succeeds, his pluck is to be thanked, and his success is thorough. Where he fails, the result is sad. Yet in either event, he



Photo by Fraser Bryce, Toronto

W. H. P. JARVIS

Author of "Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother."

holds always to the things of himself. It is not that he takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, but that he is of those spirits who, "as they support the most contrary destinies with equal ease, are always, without taking thought, on the same high level of prosperity." At heart he is neither a wastrel nor a fool, save as antecedents may have made him so; and in the operation of that exception, why, he is God's fool, and therefore ought to be immune, though that immunity is not always conceded.

Mr. Jarvis has neither extenuated nor maligned this character in the "Letters." He has made a composite film, and lets it show for itself, with its anachronisms, its absurdities, its faith, its sense of self, its honor, and its weaknesses. More than that, he shows us our own faults in dealing with this type, and the lesson ought to sink deep.

The picture is often funny, though the laugh it draws may be touched with sympathy—or impatience. Sometimes, unaware, it is deeply serious. Always it is very human, and once familiarly seen, it is not like to be forgotten. It is as world-wide as the language, but until Mr. Jarvis took it in hand, it had never been made concrete, a type, and shown in its real relation to the life of which it is a part.

AN APPRECIATION OF MR. WHYTE.

THROUGHOUT Canada and the United States very wide attention has been given Mr. William Whyte's able paper on "Regulating the Common Carrier" in the August number of CANADA-WEST. It has been editorially discussed at length by such papers as the Toronto Globe and the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and reprinted wholly or in part by the London Advertiser, the News, of Nelson, B. C.; The Tara Leader; the Echo, of London, Ontario, and many other newspapers.

The importance of Canadian Railway interests and all that relates to them can scarce be overstated, since with them is bound up the prosperity of our country and every unit of the population. More than any other, they affect the commercial and industrial relations between Canada, the States, and the rest of the world. Their history is anomalous in that it has been clean from the very beginning. The soundest judgment and the most far-seeing policies have directed their growth and management. Government itself has been at one with their essential plans and purposes, and the laws under which they operate and by which they are at once assisted and restrained were either originated or approved by the interests themselves. Few men have been or are more closely familiar with these subjects than Mr. Whyte. Concerning the story of Canadian railways it may be said with truth that "all of it he saw, and much of it he was." His present position as a vice-president of one of the great rail-systems implies that fullness of knowledge which confers authority. The prompt interest awakened by his article in the August

CANADA-WEST was as much a recognition of this authority as its freedom from a controversial spirit was a compliment to his clarity and fairness.

A sense of this is well expressed by the *Toronto Globe*, which, in concluding its comprehensive editorial, says: "Although quite naturally regarding the Commission from the railway standpoint, Mr. Whyte is of those railway men who can take a broader view and really appreciate the dependence of railways for success on the continuous success of the territory they serve. It seems unusual to anyone familiar with the attitude of the American railways and railway journals to find the vice-president of a great railway corporation favoring legislation giving to a Board of Commissioners absolute control over all matters pertaining to construction, operation, and maintenance of railways. Like every creation of despotic authority, success or failure depends on the choice of despots, and this attitude shows that the extraordinary powers necessarily entrusted to the Commission have been used with wisdom and discretion. The tribute to the Commission shows also that Mr. Whyte appreciates the duties and responsibilities as well as the authority of his office, and possesses qualities that are not invariably found with the men in control of great transportation systems."

BRITISH COLUMBIA IRRIGATION

THE irrigation convention held in August at Vernon, B. C., passed resolutions addressed to the provincial parliament which will undoubtedly

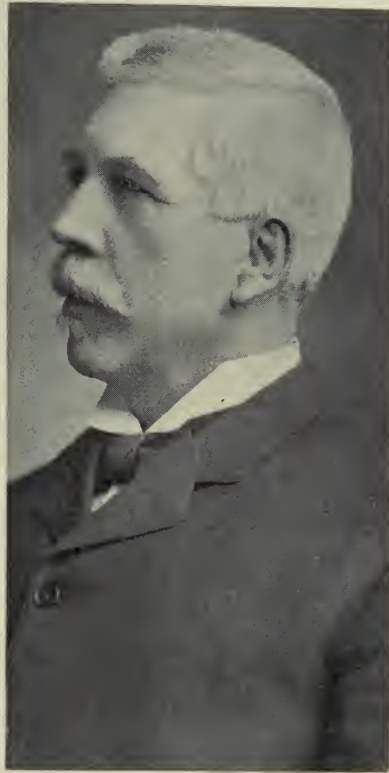
engage the attention of that body early in the session. The water-question has large and always growing importance all over Western Canada, but in the British Columbia fruit country it has become pressing, because of the increase in fruit-tree culture, and the light and undependable rainfall. The present water law in British Columbia leaves much to be desired. The resolutions were explicit enough, but the discussion at the convention brought out more than they were made to include.

Among other things, a correction of the unused records is a primary necessity. Many of the streams are over-recorded, some of them extravagantly. A general house cleaning of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation works. The discontinuance of the "miner's inch" measurement is favor-

ed, as well as the specific declaration of the duty water shall perform. Title to the water itself being vested in the crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go appears to need clearing up.

The soil and the heats are ideal for fruit-growing. A sound plan of irrigation that would put the fruit-growers beyond the caprices of rainfall would insure heavy and unfailing yields. The Northwest market being strong enough to take all the fruit that can be grown, the question is only one of bringing water to the orchard lands.

During the proceedings a comparison



MR. WILLIAM WHYTE

Whose article in the August CANADA-WEST on
Regulating the Common Carrier' has
attracted wide attention.

of the British Columbia Water Clauses Consolidation Act with the Northwest Irrigation Act, pointed clearly to the manner in which the first named required amendment. The Northwest Irrigation Act is simple and perfectly clear. It has been in force about fifteen years, without so much as a single dispute over water rights—a striking contrast with irrigation acts in the States, where there has in some cases been more litigation than irrigation. Its practical value as a working power is being very well shown in the great irrigated block of 3,000,000 acres near Calgary. This enterprise, one of the largest in the world, and based wholly upon the use of water, has moved thus far without a single hitch; and is in every way a complete and easy success.

One thing to which attention was called is the extreme importance of preserving the timber along the water sheds. The time is sharply here for adequate protection to the timber growths at the headwaters and along the course of streams. Irrigation has entered vitally into the affairs of the province, and without this protection any irrigation system may find itself inoperative through failure of the water supply. The history of water courses in the States reads that lesson plainly enough to any country now about to make active use of this most important of all natural resources.

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

SINCE Mrs. French-Sheldon penetrated Africa as far as the then strange country surrounding Killimanjaro, no woman has undertaken a journey like that upon which Miss Agnes Deans Cameron set out last spring. Miss Cameron, whose account of placer mining on the rivers of the north appears in this issue of CANADA-WEST, left Chicago last May for the mouth of the Mackenzie, with a woman companion, and has had no other company save the guides necessary to so hazardous an adventure. In September Father Giroux met her at Fort Providence on the Great Slave Lake, and found her in good health and spirits. The good



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Who contributes "Placer Mining on Northern Rivers" to this issue of CANADA-WEST.

father was then on his way to Rome after a stay in the Arctic circle so prolonged that he found a city at Edmonton, where he had left only a fur-trading post.

The region about the mouth of the Mackenzie is not wholly unknown. Tyrrell and other scientific explorers have been there, and have given to the world the results of their observations. But from Miss Cameron we shall have reports of a less scientific nature, maybe, but of more general interest; and the story of such an enterprise, undertaken by two maiden women, will have a quality of novelty that cannot fail to give them a value all their own.

EDMONTON'S NEW DOORYARD

IT is not very long since "Rails to the Peace" had a sound of something possible but remote. Now comes a report of a committee of the Edmonton Board of Trade giving transportation routes and facilities through the country stretching north of Edmonton for two thousand miles, and from Hudson Bay and the Arctic ocean to the Pacific. The report is published with maps, distance in miles, passenger tariffs, freight rates, and timetables from Edmonton to no less than twenty other points, with something about the great forests, the coal measures, tarbeds, saltbeds, immense rivers, big lakes, and other potential riches of the country. The Edmonton Board of Trade is sending the book to anyone who asks or writes for it.

MR. HARD AND HIS IMPRESSIONS

WILLIAM HARD, who has the leading article in *CANADA-WEST* this month, has enjoyed a peculiarly wide experience of life. As grandson of a surgeon-general in the British army in India, he passed his boyhood among the scenes with which Kipling first fascinated the world. His schooling began in India, was continued in England, and completed in the United States, where he was Fellow in History at the Northwestern University. Mr. Hard has made sociology his special study. His first practical experience came while he was head resident at the University Settlement in Chicago. These experiences led to Mr. Hard's appearance as a writer for the public prints, and by these means his metier became fixed. His powers of keen and accurate observation very soon attracted the attention of the great magazines of England and the United States, with the result that he became a regular contributor to several of the largest of them. His name has of late grown familiar to the reading public through the frequency of its appearance in their pages, more especially perhaps in the pages of "Everybody's" and "Collier's".

Mr. Hard's recent trip through Canada as a member of a party of journalists from the States, guests of *CANADA-WEST*, furnished the material



WILLIAM HARD

Sociologist and contributor to *Everybody's*, *Collier's*, etc., recently made a trip through western Canada. He gives his "impressions" to readers of *CANADA-WEST* in this issue.

for the excellent article he contributes to the present number.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THROUGH THE MACKENZIE
BASIN

"THROUGH the Mackenzie Basin", published by William Briggs of Toronto, suggests, rather than expounds, the romance of the north country that is yet to be the home of millions of flourishing people. It is two books in one—the first, by Charles Mair, is a narrative of the Athabasca and Peace River Treaty Expedition of 1899, and the second describes the mammals and birds of the Northern Mackenzie District, as observed and collected by Roderick MacFarlane, now of Winnipeg, who was in the

service of the Hudson's Bay Company for about half a century and whose own explorations in the Far North began in 1857. The Treaty Expedition was in charge of the Hon. David Laird, who was the first Lieut.-Governor of the North West Territories and who secured from the Indians the final cession of the Mackenzie Basin from the Athabasca River to Great Slave Lake. The treaty was the direct result of the overland rush to the Yukon, which put the Indians, not, in law, protected by the Dominion Government, at the mercy of lawless bands of whites. Mr. Mair was secretary of the commission and his

record of its travels and negotiations with the Indians gives just enough glimpses of the elemental splendour of an imperfectly known region to stir the latent impulse of the pioneer that is in the depths of all of us. The range of photographs is good. The display of them would have been improved if two, instead of three, had been put on some pages.

There is much more than a "natural history" interest in Mr. MacFarlane's end of the book; for it has the rare quality of making the reader wish for more knowledge of Mr. MacFarlane's experiences. He tells something of his contact with the fascinating toils of the explorer; and in statistics about the harvests of fur gathered by "The Company" provokes the reader to constant wonderment as to the wealth of adventure that belongs to the woods and waters of the Real Northwest. To the scientific, methodical student of Canada's North Land, the Mair-MacFarlane book is extremely valuable. For the multitude the information of the government or commercial officer may be beneficently grouped and revived by the skilled journalist, who knows how to plant things in the public memory, that will have their fruition in public support of the plans that are made from time to time to open up vast territories whose resources are only beginning to be understood.

SOUR SONNETS OF A SORE-HEAD

WITH the triple imprimatur of McLeod & Allen, the Hunter-Rose Company of Toronto, and H. M. Caldwell and Company of Boston, a little volume of verse by James P. Haverson

comes grouchily forward and asks for notice. It is called "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead, and Other Songs of the Street," and suggests two things: a memory of the "Tough" rhymes of a New York newspaper man not many years ago; and a wonder how a Toronto newspaper man (for such indeed is Mr. Haverson), came by the vernacular of Manhattan borough, East. The title is well borne out in sixty-odd handsomely printed pages of protests and pessimisms that are not half so hopeless as they say they are. All of us grumble once in a while, some of us all the time, but few of us with the quaint reasons why and the lurking grin of the "Sorehead" in this case. The pictures by Fergus Kyle remind one of those in the original edition of "The Bab Ballads", which is saying more than a little by way of praise.

MR. TYRRELL'S NEW BOOK

WILLIAM BRIGGS has in the press a new and enlarged edition of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's book "In the Sub-Arctics of Canada," which is mainly a record of the first of the two expeditions conducted by his brother Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, in 1893 and 1894, via Chesterfield Inlet and the Ferguson River, and the coast of Hudson Bay, to Fort Churchill and Winnipeg. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell has recently been in northwestern Manitoba for the first time since he surveyed it for the Geological survey in 1887-8-9; and some of his interesting observations in the changes he has noticed, particularly in the Swan River Valley, will shortly be available for readers of CANADA-WEST



CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE



FOUND OUT

CUSTOMER (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his check)—“Is that my name in Chinese?”

Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—“No; 'scliption. Means 'li'l ole man; closs eyed; no teet'.”

Customer—“Er—thank you.”

GLIMPSES OF CURRENT AUTHORS

SOME writers are famous for the books they *have* written; others for the books they *ought not* to have written. These quotations are from the former:

“I don't know how men propose,” remarked the ever-delightful Dooley in his recently published Dissertations. “I niver thried it but wanst, an' th' hired girl said th' lady was not at home. No man will iver tell ye. Most married men give ye th' impression that their wives stole thim fr'm their agonized parents.”

George Bernard Shaw says: “People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and if they can't find them, make them.”

One of the characters created by Kate Douglas Wiggen complains: “I asked her if she wasn't ashamed to get up so late, and she said she waś—but

that she had rather be ashamed than get up.”

SMILAGE

NERVOUS Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling?

Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way)—About a smile a minute.

LADIES MUST NOT READ

Now, I'll wager ten cents to a farthing, if she had to stand on her head, We knew she'd get at it somehow, This poem she has already read.

But you bet she'll find it out somehow if she gets the least kind of show. know,

IF there's anything worries a woman, It's something she ought not to

CAUSTIC

WHEN a woman-confides her private affairs to another woman, she gives her friend credit for having more discretion than she has.

There is no excuse for a man's making the same mistake twice, when there are so many other mistakes to make.

Money talks—but all it ever said to a woman was “Good-bye.”

She calls it pin-money because she sticks you for it.

Only the wise man is uncertain; ignorance never doubts.

WISDOM FROM THE WISE

TEACHER—"Harry, a mother has five children and but four potatoes. How can she divide the potatoes so that each will receive an equal portion?"

Harry (quickly)—"Mash 'em."

Mrs. Toronto has a pretty bronze inkstand which represents Cupid forging arrows. Leaving her house in the care of servants during the summer, she missed on her return, among other things, a tiny bronze arrow which had formed part of Cupid's paraphernalia, and which had been held in his left hand on the anvil as he knelt with the other arm uplifted to strike a blow. An unavailing search for the arrow ensued.

"I have an idea, mamma," said little Katy. "Until we find the arrow, I am

married, so his name wasn't changed. He is really more your uncle than your brother."

SCIENTIFIC WILLIE

SISTER JANE sat with a caller Who was trying to enthrall her. Willy with the incandescent (Willy's scientist incessant) Turned the light on (on the quiet) Said, "I only wish to try it, And I think from that commotion, I have proved that light is motion."

THE WANTS OF THE ARMY

THE Duke of Connaught is telling an amusing story of his recent tour of inspection to Egypt. While he was in Cairo he went for a stroll one morning,



AT THE SAVINGS BANK

going to put a match in its place. It fits right in, and it will do about as well, because, you know, Cupid is a great match-maker."

"Is that your brother?" asked Rudolph, seven years old, of Walter, whom we will surname Smith, as they entered Mrs. Smith's sitting room one morning, where young Mr. Brown, Walter's half brother, was reading.

"Yes, he's my brother," said Walter.

"No, he isn't," declared Rudolph; "he isn't your brother."

"I am his half-brother," said the young gentleman; "we had the same mother, but not the same father."

"There!" cried Rudolph, triumphantly. "I knew he wasn't your whole brother. You see, Walter," Rudolph went on to explain, "your mother's name was first Mrs. Brown, and then she got married, so her name was changed to Smith, but he didn't get

and on his way back to his quarters he came face to face with an old Englishman wearing the ribbon of the Indian mutiny on his breast. The Duke stopped and spoke to the man about his military service for some little time.

Presently the man said, not knowing of course, to whom he was speaking: "Are you in the army yourself, then, sir?"

The Duke smiled and admitted that he was.

"Getting on all right?" was the next question.

The Duke smiled again and said that he had not very much to grumble at on the whole, though perhaps he was not doing quite so well as he could wish.

"No, and you never will, my boy," was the surprising retort of the veteran. "What you want in the army to-day is either brains or a tremendous amount of influence behind you. You take my tip, old chap, and chuck it!"



EMERSON HOUGH

HOUGH AND HIS JUDGES

AN OPEN FORUM

Since the first announcement of Mr. Hough's serial, "The Sowing," the mails have been bringing letters of remonstrance or approval, many of them showing fine thought and grasp of the subject. As a mass, they constitute a discussion too important to withhold. Since the magazine presents Mr. Hough's work without endorsement but as a stimulus to discussion, space will be given each month to such letters as seem to us most pertinent or representative.—THE EDITOR.

MAKING PEOPLE THINK.

To the Editor,—Will you kindly send me five copies of the September CANADA-WEST? The serial from the pen of Emerson Hough is GREAT. "The Sowing" is just what the people need to read to make them think. I congratulate you on securing such a contribution from so eminent a writer and such a leader of thought.

FANNY CLARK CLENCH
Ninette, Man., Sept. 11, 1908.

THE EXAMPLE OF TISDALE COLONY.

TO THE EDITOR:—While it is early in the series for a judgment of "The Sowing," enough has been already published to disclose Mr. Hough's friendly attitude toward Canada, his opinion of our methods, and the remedy he would propose for what he assumes to be the evils still flowing from an uncorrected immigration system. In respect of all these, the situation is still far from what it should be, but it is better than what Mr. Hough's information has led him to believe.

There is no longer an indiscriminate immigration of fit and unfit, with the unfit prevailing. The agitation of self-preservation has brought into action a set of restrictive regulations under which in the first half of this calendar year the immigration was less than half the total for the corresponding half of last year, the decrease being almost wholly in the numbers from Asia and

Continental Europe. The immigration department at Ottawa reports this inflow to be the best in years, nearly all the new arrivals having comfortable sums of money, and being of the class and kind best adapted to agricultural pursuits.

Thus, while there still remains much that is ill-judged and unfortunate, there has been a change for the better, and this change is certain to spread and become general. The colony as a distinct feature is bound to take the place of loose and unsystematic pioneering and individual homesteading. Reform was needed, is needed still; but by selection and restriction the quality of our newcomers is already being raised, and by example instead of theory, colonization is showing its merit as a sound procedure in "sowing the seeds of Empire."

If the word "colony" has come to leave a bad taste in the mouth, the reason lies in the things that have been done in that name, not in any meaning or principle for which it legitimately stands.

Here is a great domain to be peopled, its resources not only to be developed but husbanded, because the centuries shall inherit them; and in any order of events possible under our civilization, it can only be peopled rightly in this way.

In the swift movement of the last few years the large-hearted but small-headed benevolence of England has made itself busy in an honest effort to

ease the overcrowded cities south of the Humber and the Mersey by pouring their human waste-products into Canada and calling them colonists. This has been done with organization and in good order up to the point where the products reached the plains, and there the "system" stopped, leaving the transferred masses to live or die as might please Providence. Most of them lived—on the charity of the people near whom they had been dumped. Many drifted into pesthood on the plains, and many have given perplexed occupation to the police of Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg.

The beginning of error lay in the failure to distinguish between the unemployed and the unemployable when the so-called colonists were selected at their sedimentary place of origin. Philanthropy saw on the one hand pitiful overcrowding in the home backwaters, and on the other, great open spaces awaiting occupation, and said: "Very well. We will take these who are too many and put them where there are too few, and there you are!" It seemed enough to change from a count of men per yard to a count of acres per man. The rest would be sure to take care of itself—and it did, most grimly.

That sort of thing is always bound to work out its own correction. It has, invariably, in the whole history of British colonization, especially in North America; but in these later days it has begun to react earlier than it used to do in the older times and farther to the south. Governmental policies, looking to relief at home rather than to benefit in outlying appanages, have done little to this end in our case, but private and corporate enterprise, guided less by benevolence than by common sense, has done and is doing much. Protest here has aroused severe remonstrance and criticism in England, but changes have been made, restrictions upon immigration have been enforced, and colonies sanely planned have been taking the place of schemes not planned at all. In one case, the Barr Colony has been rescued from perishing failure by the intervention of a Canadian home policy that forced a healthful leaven into a sodden lump and brought

forth life and health. In another, at what is known as the Salvation Army Colony near Tisdale, on the north Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern Railway in Saskatchewan, success was instant, and permanence is assured. This case is worth considering by itself as an instance of the new method out of which shall come a final correction of the old. As a matter of fact, it anticipates Mr. Hough in the utterance of his "master note."

The Tisdale Colony was planted in 1906, on land originally bought by the Independent Order of Foresters, with a view to occupancy by members who had not made a success of life in the cities. The Salvation Army selected several quarter-sections of it for settlement, and the Foresters having arranged with the Union Trust Company to administer the whole tract, that corporation concluded the matter with the Army Commissioners by selling them a few thousand acres in separate parcels, reserving the intervening parcels for future disposition. On the land thus bought, the Army at once settled a number of families, nearly every one of them being strange to farm life, and all but a few having come directly from England.

Now see what followed: In among these city folk they placed a few farmers from England and the Eastern Dominions. Nobody was given anything for nothing, but those who needed help were allowed to pay for it in work or in crop-sharing. The inexperienced looked at once to the example and advice of their neighbors who knew, and every last one of them went at the task before him with all the energy he had. This year more than two thousand acres have been cropped, eighty families have been housed and firmly established, all of them have horses, cattle, pigs and poultry, and not one wants to go "back home." Next year there will be more families and more farms. Already the colonists have a churches and schools and associations for mutual benefit, and all the framework of social life is firmly in place.

While this colony bears the Salvation Army name, it has no tinge of religious dominance in any form. The church

building is used in turn by members of several denominations, and the Anglicans, who are most numerous, are about to build one for themselves.

It is a part of the uplift work of the Salvation Army to help the self-helpful as well as the helpless, each in the manner and according to its capability of being helped. In this case, it was strong people who were helped. The hopeless are dealt with in other ways.

Only three per cent. of the Salvation Army immigrants last year were state-aided. While the Central Unemployed Body of London sent to Canada 2,842 of all sorts and the East End Emigration Fund 6,096, the Salvation Army sent only 406, and these were selected with a view of fitness, and have made good. Col. D. C. Lamb, head of the Emigration Department of the Army, implied a working principle when he said not long ago on this subject that in his opinion "the reason for the present outcry is that there is not enough mixing of the people with a little money with those who have none at all." Every desirable immigrant is reckoned to be worth five thousand dollars to his community as a working mechanism merely, and the question is not so much whether they all have means to establish themselves as whether they have means enough among them to make a start, and a disposition to work out their own independence when they get here. That would seem to be the governing thought of this especial organization. Its soundness cannot be doubted.

In the Tisdale Colony there are men of many callings and widely differing antecedents. One was a member of the London Stock Exchange, who wanted to make a free future for his three boys. Another was a shoemaker, who follows his trade while his son conducts the farm. Another was a machinist, another a locomotive engineer, another an English farm servant, another a missionary to India, and so on. About a half dozen were farmers before they joined the colony, and these are the leaders to whom the others look, from whom they have learned and are learning the ways of the new country.

As for the Trust Company, wisdom

in them is justified of her children, who reached out able hands over these broad prairies and caused them to bloom prodigiously—in alternate sections. Here is an instance of the beauty and ease wherewith Mr. Sifton's "unearned increment" yields itself. The intervening lands withheld from sale two years ago are to-day worth many times what they were then, and this growth in value has not cost a dollar or an hour's work to the owners. Every touch of the disk, every stroke of a hoe, every act of labor performed by any one of these colonists, has put an increased cash value into the unsold lands lying between him and his next neighbor, and this has been going on ceaselessly.

What will the harvest be in land profits alone? Mr. E. W. Hodson, of the Trust Company, says there are some three million acres of unbroken land now in their hands for administration, and that the success of the Tisdale Colony has determined a similar line of sale and reservation for all of it. This would probably mean that half would be sold, and half reserved for sale a few years later. If at the end of these few years the reserved lands have appreciated ten dollars an acre, which is not an unreasonable estimate, the unearned — absolutely unearned — increment would amount to \$15,000,000, all to the good; the other half having brought its own price and paid for the whole in the very beginning.

Should not this concrete example appeal to Mr. Hough as showing a way out of the difficulties he pictures Canada as floundering through? Isn't it really good business and "sound humanitarianism" combined? Wouldn't it lay the troublesome phantom of the human derelict and the swamp man? What better answer can he frame to the problem he presents?

WILLIAM DUNSEITH EATON.

Banff, 5th September, 1908.

A PRESS QUOTATION

TO THE EDITOR:—Current information on immigration would seem to show that the deleterious quantities complained of by Mr. Hough in your pages is being cut out by the Canadian

authorities. The following paragraph appeared in the Canadian and United States press in a dispatch dated at Ottawa, the 22nd of August:

The figures just issued relating to emigration to Canada from Great Britain go to show that the restrictions recently imposed by the Canadian government on those who seek to come and settle in this country are becoming increasingly effective as the season progresses. For the six months ending June 30 last, there were 42,102 persons of the immigrant class to enter Canada, as against 92,423 during the corresponding period of last year. It is only recently that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad Company asked permission to bring 1,500 laborers into the country for railway construction work, but the request was turned down by the government on the ground that the supply of labor was equal to the demand. There is no doubt that Canada has now reached such a stage in her national development that there is practically only room for such new settlers as are willing to follow agricultural pursuits.

I take it no such dispatch as the above could have been sent out from Ottawa without information from the authorities, and therefore that it is reliable. That being the case, the evils objected to would seem to be in course of correction.

I like and am much interested in Mr. Hough's work, but I take the liberty of addressing you on this one feature of it.

ARTHUR BROWN.

Edmonton, 15th October, 1908.

FROM A NEW YORK JOURNALIST

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read the first part of Emerson Hough's "The Sowing" with much interest. It has impressed me so much that I am going to send a number of subscriptions to start with the issue containing the first installment of the story. One of these is to go to an English author, and I hope that it will give him some ideas and be of help. Thank you for having purchased "The Sowing" and given it to the world.

Very truly yours,

G. HERBERT POTTER,

Of the Executive—The Crowell Publishing Co.

11 East 14th Street, New York,

Sept. 28, 1908.

A NEW PLAN

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read all that has been said by Mr. Hough in CANADA-WEST, and much that has been said about him and his subject in other publications, but I have not yet seen any reference to a new move in immigration work made last summer in the States, that it seems to me might be considered in dealing with the same thing here.

There has been more criticism of the worst class of immigrants sent from England than of the kind we have been getting from Central and Eastern Europe, though this class is the most open to objection. Pennsylvania has been taking in several thousands of these foreigners every year, and having trouble with them. The cities of Erie, Connellsville, Scranton, Warren and Uniontown, through the Young Men's Christian Association, have subscribed a fund and sent over Professor Edward A. Steiner of the University of Iowa, and ten young assistants, to study those people in their home countries. They are to learn their languages, habits, social conditions, and so forth. The members of the party will then return to Pennsylvania and settle among the immigrants as social workers and interpreters. They will teach them the responsibilities of citizenship, the nature of the institutions among which they have come to live, and the error of keeping alive in the new world the feuds and prejudices of the old. In short, try to make Americans of them, just as we ought to make Canadians of such as come to Canada without knowing our language or appreciating the advantages of a free country.

I am not saying this is the best way to go about the matter. Yet I do say it should be gone about somehow, and I would wish to put a question to the Young Men's Christian Association in Canada whether a similar move might not be a good one.

S. C. ARMROYD.

Saskatoon, 4th September, 1908.

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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ous coal is composed of combustible gases which when not thoroughly consumed will accumulate in the combustion chamber often causing explosions and puffing out of the doors; accumulation of gas in the "Manitoba" is impossible as it is entirely burned in the Furnace, and furthermore owing to this complete combustion of gas and smoke, the Furnace pipe or chimney will never fill up with soot. On account of the construction of the Fire Pot and the Unobstructable heated draft the cheapest Souris Coal Screenings can be successfully burned and fire kept going for twenty-four hours without replenishing. The fire pot cannot be burned out as no ashes can accumulate behind it, therefore making it practically indestructible. There are many other good points in the "Manitoba" not found in other furnaces. Write to us or call on your dealer to satisfy yourselves as to the merits or demerits of the "Manitoba." A Furnace of quality scientifically designed and built by furnace experts the superior of any furnace made by the old cast furnace makers in Canada.

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THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Translated from the Latin

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling,
Mother sits beside thee smiling,

Sleep, my darling, tenderly !
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth;
Singing, as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily.





Drawn by F. De Forest Schook

The Exiles—see page 101

MAN-OF-THE-PURPLE-SUN THEY CALLED HIM, FROM THE HOUR IN WHICH
THEY HAD SUDDENLY SEEN HIM STANDING UPON THE
BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V.

DECEMBER

NUMBER 2

CHRISTMAS REDIVIVUS

BY JAMES FISHER, K. C.

Illustrated with Photographs of Paintings



CHRISTMAS is not what it used to be. It is better. Bridging the centuries and their confusion of "isms," the teaching of Jesus is to-day once more a truly active principle in our common life. The Sermon on the Mount, standing uninterpreted and in its own simple speech, means more to us as a plain law to live by than it meant to the people of no more than thirty years ago, when creed and form bound the minds of men more closely to outward things than now.

Tacitly or openly, there is a tendency away from "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," and toward a practice of that kind of charity embodied in the gentle ordinance, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The Christmas of our time has lost much of its old significance as a religious festival merely. Even its historical aspect has been growing dim. But its animating quality is if anything the more alive, and penetrates more deeply the annual observance. It has come to be a time of genuine kindliness, of the renewal or strengthening of family and social ties, of a larger generosity toward those who walk in darkness, or sit apart under the blight of misfortune.

A trait in men's minds that is neither a sign of the times nor in any way a result of either the higher criticism or the uneasy drift away from old beliefs, is that any man one meets on terms that open confidence, is certain to admit an interest in spiritual things. Not the things that fill their days, but that lie farther within, and exert power upon the outward life.



Painting by Fritz Von Uhde

Collection of J. P. Lenox

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT IS TO-DAY A PLAIN LAW TO LIVE BY

One day a young friend said to me: "There is a man I have known a long time as a good fellow in a clean way, a raconteur, and a remarkably successful business operator, from whom I had never heard a word bearing upon religion, or anything like it. During an evening of leisure, passed together in quiet and alone, I asked this man (he had no heirs) what he meant to do with the vast fortune he had built up.

" 'I mean to use it in founding a college in Saskatchewan,' said he, 'where essential Christianity shall be taught. I want to do what I can to assure Western Canada of a class of business men who shall *live* Christianity, not merely profess it. It won't be a church school, nor a religious school in any way. It will be simply a common-sense school of applied Christianity. In doing that, I hope I will have justified my having lived at all.' "

I think this man's purpose instances what I mean when I speak of the immanence of Jesus and the actuality of His influence. It is



Painting by W. Diez

"SON OF THE CARPENTER, RECEIVE THIS GIFT OF MINE"

at work all around us, not only in the beauty and bounty of Christmastide, but everywhere, and at all times, though not always in open view, and never by loud profession. It is pervading more minds than we wot of, is reaching more hearts.

It is not of the kind that bids you, "let your light so shine before



Painting by O. W. Roderstein.

Collection of J. P. Lenox

THE TEACHING OF JESUS IS AN ACTIVE PRINCIPLE IN LIFE

men that they shall *see* your good works," but that moves you to *do* good works for their own sake.

It is a softener of pride, a touchstone no wrong can withstand, a prime mover to brotherly helpfulness and breadth of human sympathy. It is the spirit that vaunteth not itself, but in the Christmas time may stretch its hands toward the light, not empty, but bearing in their palms a record of good deeds done unselfishly, and say not only "Glory to God in the Highest," but with glad humility, "Son of the Carpenter, receive this gift of mine."

AN EXPERIMENT IN GOVERNMENT CO-OPERATION

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

Author of "Stories of Father Lacombe," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALBERTA, but lately emerged from the role of a frontier territory with picturesque accompaniment of fur trade flotilla and cowboy riders, has become a veritable Land of Promise for the farmer.

There is a story worth the telling in this.

It is scarcely three years since this youngest of Canadian Provinces—"the pick of the basket"—became a political entity with power to direct its own development. Since then wonderful progress has been made in farming; the acreage under cultivation has been more than doubled, while the various branches of mixed farming have been taken up with striking success.

In 1905, at the period of Provincial inauguration, Alberta was still a young Titan with natural forces surging strongly, almost recklessly, and its administration at such a period was a serious responsibility. Its size, its resources, its needs, were immense, as Alberta has the area of an inland empire within its own boundaries. Its possibilities—particularly its agricultural possibilities—are beyond forecast; for while whole regions of the Province are underlaid with coal, while the eastern ridge of the mountains is rich in minerals, and the northern water system teems with fish, farming is bound to be always the dominant industry of the country.

The men at the helm realized this in 1905, and that is why they agreed that one striking feature of their administrative policy should be the maintenance of a thoroughly efficient department of agriculture. Hon. W. T.

Finlay, a prominent rancher and farmer of Southern Alberta, was selected to administer this portfolio in the cabinet of Premier Rutherford, and George Harcourt, *B. Sc.*, was chosen to be his deputy. As a practical farmer, as a student and later professor at Canada's leading Agricultural College, and again as editor of the *Northwest Farmer* and field-deputy of the agriculture department in the old Territorial Government, Mr. Harcourt had acquired a wealth of experience and knowledge invaluable to him in the duties of his new office.

After inauguration, the deputy was sent from Regina to Edmonton to organize his department. He took a couple of clerks with him. Within a year the office staff of twenty-six were all busily employed, with men of practical experience at the head of each section. Still others were actively engaged in the field-work of the department, while the whole system ran as smoothly as one of many years' standing. It possessed, however, a strong individuality of its own, and lack of precedent was more than compensated for by free scope for ideas. Some conception of the work before this department may be had from a study of conditions in Alberta.

It is a matter of actual knowledge that the Province contains more than 100,000,000 acres of undeniably fine farm land. Of this only 1,000,000 acres, or one per cent., has yet been broken by the plough. In other words, over 99,000,000 acres of excellent farming land lie still unbroken in virgin richness in Alberta. And each year brings in increasing numbers farmers

eager to try their luck in this land of many lures. From Eastern Canada, the Western States, the British Islands and Continental Europe these people come—none of them acquainted with the exact conditions of farming in Alberta, many of them unused to farming anywhere.

Broken fortunes, the potent cry of "Back to the Land," the lure of the trail into the wilderness, and farms to be had for the asking: these, with other less general influences, are responsible for the large percentage of uninstructed farmers in the West.

To the newly-organized Department of Agriculture in Alberta in 1905 the first question that presented itself was: "How can we best teach the men coming in here who have not yet had actual experience in farming? How can we most effectively assist and encourage the farmer coming here from other countries where the rainfall is greater or the soil different, for even the best of newcomers have to unlearn under new conditions much that they learned before."

The answer has been written since then in luminous deeds; in capably-managed creameries, owned by the farmers and operated by the Government creamery staff, which also undertakes to market all the butter produced; in travelling dairy outfits to teach correct butter-making; in the appointment of a Live Stock Commissioner, the only official of the kind in Canada, perhaps in America, and whose duties are to secure better markets for Alberta stock, as will be detailed later; in poultry-fattening stations which are ever-present object lessons in various districts; and in a



INTERIOR OF A PRAIRIE HOME IN ALBERTA

perfectly organized system of weed-inspection, aiming at weed-destruction.

Then, in addition, there are stock-judging schools, grain-judging schools; Farmers' Institute work for the winter months and at summer fairs; seven fruit-stations; "best farm" competitions; liberal distribution of bounties on coyotes and timber-wolves; a system of hail-insurance and state-aided fairs, conducted annually by the Agricultural Associations. These fairs, it may be added, are all converted into centres of education in which the Department's field-workers, all of them farmer's sons and experts in their various branches, mingle freely with the people, study conditions and devise new plans of work. In every district through which these men pass they possess themselves of all the information to be had, and they will tell Mr. So-and-So just why this yield was deficient and that one splendid; why this flock of poultry failed or that bunch of cattle brought such unsatisfactory prices.

This brief enumeration of a big programme outlines the work of the



IT BELONGS TO A SUCCESSFUL FARMER

Alberta Government in the interests of Agriculture, a work upon which over \$320,000 were spent last year, and \$470,675, it is estimated, will be spent this year.

Along with this work and supplementing it, there has been a most active campaign of road-making and bridge-building, which is of direct and primary importance to the farmers of the Province. In addition to the work of the Provincial Government, two large experimental farms are maintained in southern and central Alberta. As instituted by Mr. Harcourt at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, there will be farmers' excursions yearly to these points to see at first hand the results of the experiments.

The Government of the Province has promised that an agricultural college will be built as soon as possible. In the meantime, farmers' sons desirous of attending such an institution may be furnished with transportation to either of the two big Colleges in the East or to Manitoba. The farmers are also asking for a pork-packing plant to encourage the hog-raising industry, and for a

system of state-owned elevators.

Considering that with the extensive work of the Agriculture Department, the Government furnishes its own system of rural telephones, and has an exceedingly active programme of education the Alberta farmers making these further demands upon their representatives would seem not easily satisfied. So naturally and confidently do they look for the State's intervention in smoothing away all their obstacles, that they are practically advocates of legislative socialism without realizing it.

As for the Department sympathetically directed by the Honorable Mr. Finlay, and propelled by Mr. Harcourt, their work is not only a vast undertaking at present, but each year sees its inevitable expansion. As yet, Edmonton is practically the "jumping-off place" of civilization in Alberta, but already the field-workers are looking ahead into the wilderness. This summer, by boat and stage and pony-train, two field-workers of the Department made a first excursion several hundred miles distant into the North. They went in as far as Peace River Country, studied vegetable conditions and soil all along the route, and at each mission and trading-post addressed the scattered white and half-breed farmers, who have been settled there for several years.

These men were only the advance guard, the heralds of the army of settlers who will push into that country in the next five years, their movement being carefully watched, their efforts encouraged by the vigilant Department at Edmonton.

The farmers settling in Alberta are

found by the Department field-workers and office staff to be very intelligent, quite open-minded and ready to adopt new ideas. The Western Americans are the most adaptable, and when they start with \$1,000 or so on a homestead or a purchased farm, they are practically sure to succeed. Next in measure of success is the farmer from Eastern Canada, and then follows a long line of settlers from the British Islands, from Germany, France, Belgium, Russia and Austria. The Germans and Scandinavians are as elsewhere thrifty, industrious and successful; the settlements of the latter along the Canadian Northern Railway line evidences the national taste for dairying.

The Gallician farmers are making good in an admirable way. Last year a travelling dairy was sent through their settlements, teaching the correct method of collecting cream and making butter. Now dairying is not one of the strong points of this race, but their location in central Alberta was particularly well adapted to the industry. Hence the dairy-outfit. The idea attracted them at once. They saw why their own very inferior butter was selling at six and eight cents a pound instead of twenty-five or thirty. The result is that they want two or three creameries, which eventually they will get, and their butter will then bring them in handsome returns.

The dairy branch is one of the outstanding features of the Departments' work. It is superintended by Dairy Commissioner Marker, a Danish expert. In the creameries operated by the Government for the farmers, 653,208 pounds of butter were produced last year. It was sold at an average of 23.16 cents per pound. In order not to compete with private dairies, the butter is all sold and shipped out of the Province by the Department's workers. It is marketed principally in British Columbia, Yukon and the Orient. What is sent to the Orient is packed in hermetically sealed tins. A greatly improved standard in butter-making, higher prices and cash payments are the benefits directly accruing to the farmer from these creameries. Each

year a large-sized amount is voted in the Legislature for advance monthly payments to the farmers supplying the cream.

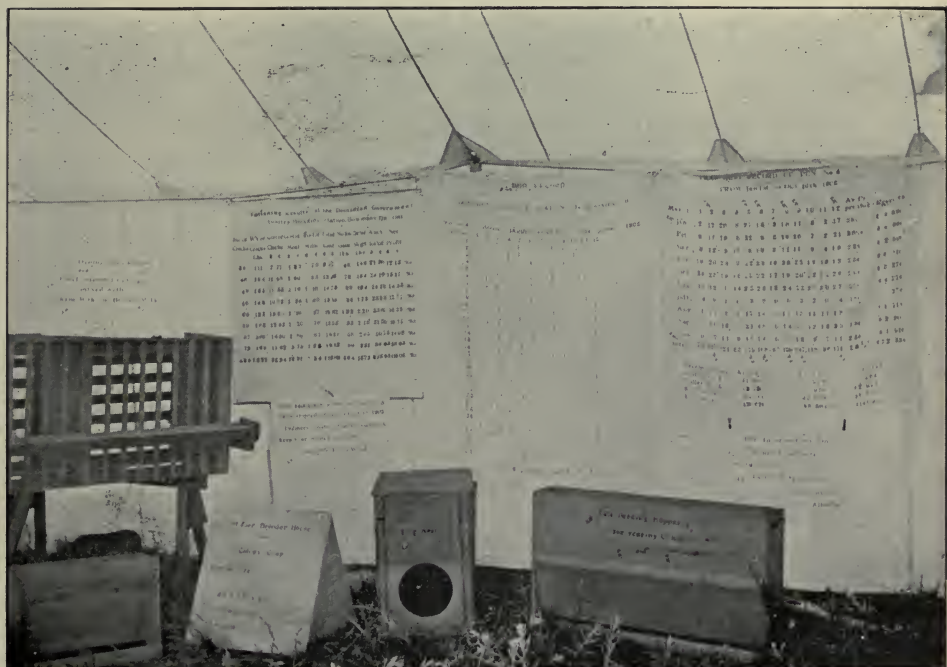
Another of the good features of the Department's policy is the poultry branch. The dry, steady climate of Alberta is particularly suited to poultry raising, but on all the earlier farms the industry was greatly neglected. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of eggs and poultry are yearly imported into the Province. The Department hopes to alter these conditions soon. Already in two years of its policy regarding poultry, such progress has been made that now there is an appreciable local supply. A few days ago the general manager of the biggest importing company stated that he had to figure now on a goodly-sized home supply before ordering from the East. Three years ago, Alberta's poultry products never entered his calculations.

Five demonstration poultry-fattening stations have been established by the Government. Thousands of birds are fattened here yearly and marketed. The poultry superintendent attends all the poultry shows and has a tent at the summer and autumn fairs. His work there is strictly educational. For, with fattening-crates, brooder houses and other up-to-date models on view he is always accessible to the visiting farmers. So many enquiries were made at these fairs for fuller instruction that A. W. Foley, the Superintendent, has issued a bulletin on the subject—one of such excellence it proved to be that the Ames Agricultural College of Iowa has ordered some scores of copies to be studied in the classes of that institution.

The educational work of the Department at the summer fairs is as expansive as the Farmers' Institute meetings in winter. Besides the tent for demonstration work in poultry-raising, there are the travelling dairy and the weed inspector's tents, at which the Chief Inspector has an instructive exhibit of weeds for the farmers and also meets with the local inspectors. Sessions in domestic science along the lines of Women's Institute meetings were intro-



FERRY BANK CREAMERY
Owned by farmers of Ferry Bank district, and operated by the Alberta Government



INTERIOR OF POULTRY BRANCH TENT IN WHICH CLASSES ARE HELD AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.
FATTENING CRATES, TRAP-NESTS, CHARTS, BROODER HOUSES, ETC., ARE EXHIBITED

duced last year and met with such approval that they will likely be continued this autumn.

Agricultural Societies are aided by the Government with membership grants and a provision of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of the prize money, up to \$3,000, awarded at their fairs. At the seven fruit stations in the Province, experiments are being made in large and small fruits of the varieties best adapted to each section. Like the poultry-fattening stations these test-places are, under special arrangement, economically located on the farm of some intelligent and industrious farmer.

Recognizing that the quality of each year's crop depends largely upon the seed sown, grain-judging classes are conducted throughout the Province each winter. A railway car is fitted up to display all the varieties of grain and most of the weeds known to the West. This car is side-tracked at each station and visited by large numbers of farmers, who are there instructed by experts in the quality of the grain and the system of grading it.

After diligently comparing fifteen or sixteen grades of grain they know more of the varieties and are less prone to feel they are being cheated by the buyer. Likewise they are more particular in procuring seed. This plan took well with the farmers from its inception, and one result was apparent last autumn in the better understanding of the grading system and the lessening of complaints among the farmers.

No reference to the Government's encouragement of grain-growing in the Province would be adequate without mention of the active onslaught which is made on weeds. There is a Chief

Weed Inspector—the name sounds odd, but this officer's duties are quite practical and important. Under his supervision are more than fifty local weed inspectors, who vigilantly watch over their districts and warn farmers of the presence of noxious weeds which, according to the statute, he must destroy or be fined.

The statute against noxious weeds is carried out vigilantly, yet with a minimum of hardship to the farmer, particularly the new settler. There are four methods of dealing with weeds ordered by the Department, according

to the measure of their growth. They may be pulled if in small quantities, or certain fields are ordered to be threshed separately and the straw burned; if very bad with weeds the field must be plowed down early, or when the crop is taken off, the land must lie in summer fallow during the following year. These rules seem rigorous, but they are always enforced with consideration for the farmer.

Stock-judging schools form another branch of the educational work which in the absence of an ag-

ricultural college is considered the most practical method of spreading knowledge. This system has the real advantage over a college in that it reaches the older people directly. To the stock-judging schools thousands of dollars' worth of fine stock are brought from various sections, and hundreds of farmers flock to the classes, at which the qualities and conformation of the animals displayed are pointed out and criticized. The classes last from three to four days, and prizes are awarded to the farmers making the most accurate judgments. These schools, as well as the encouragement given to the importation of thorough-



HONORABLE W. T. FINLAY

breeds, are doing much to raise the standard of stock in the Province.

Official live stock judges, who are in their way educators too, are supplied by the Department for all fairs, for, although the range is passing in Alberta the system of winter feeding is coming in with increased settlement, and it will eventually result in more stock being raised than formerly. This is a decided benefit, as the farmers will maintain a supply the year round instead of rushing shipments in the autumn when prices are low.

Other work undertaken by the Alberta Government is in holding sessions of investigation for the present Pork Commission throughout the Province, to decide what may be done to improve prices and conditions in marketing hogs. The Beef Commission of last year, appointed to enquire into the meat industry, could not find proof of any combine in restraint of trade, but they established without doubt that the industry suffered from lack of competition and limited number of buyers. The Commission recommended the appointment of a Live Stock Commissioner to assist farmers in marketing their stock.

This appointment has since been made, a prominent and successful farmer, Mr. W. F. Stevens, of Clover Bar, being selected for the difficult position. The new Commissioner will study the chances of markets and buyers at a distance, arrange for several farmers to unite small shipments in order to secure better arrangements, and he will confer with the railway authorities in the interests of farmers individually or in the aggregate.

Nature has provided Alberta with the opportunities for successful stock-raising. The Agriculture Department

directs the industry toward a higher standard, and finally the Government appoints a man whose sole work is to secure satisfactory markets and proper transportation for the stock. Nothing would seem to be neglected by this young and active Department, which is run without red tape, with liberal encouragement of good ideas from any source whatever, *and without regard to politics* or suspicion of graft. It is a case of a "bunch" of farmers, educated, expert and practical farmers, with an enthusiastic appreciation of the dignity and value of farming, who administer

this branch of the civil service in the best interests of the Alberta farmers. They are selected for their fitness and appointed by the Provincial Government, supplied by it with the necessary funds, and then given practically a free hand to develop their ideas.

They allow no side of farm life to escape their attention. Grain-growing, stock-raising and poultry-farming stand out most prominently in their work, but each detail of mixed farming comes in for its share of thought. The latest innovation, supervised by A. A.

Craig, B. S. A., Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes, is the "Best Farms" Competition." This will introduce into each district a friendly rivalry in the general maintenance of the farm. It has already been productive of good in a couple of sections. Judgment is given upon the following points and prizes awarded:

SCORE.	POINTS.
Approach from road to buildings.	2
State of repair of buildings and fences (quality not considered)	5
Internal arrangement of buildings suited to purposes intended.	4
General order and cleanliness of barn-yard.	5
General order and cleanliness of house and yard	5



GEORGE HARCOURT, B. SC.

SCORE:	POINTS.
Effort to produce shelter by arboriculture	5
Facilities for watering stock	3
Condition of all stock.	14
Evidences of grading-up stock.	15
Variety and quality of crops.	14
Cultivation of land	10
Freedom of farm from noxious weeds. .	18

Points. 100

Still another service is asked of the Alberta Government by the farmers of the Province—assistance to establish some system of exporting chilled meat. This industry, which will certainly come before long in Alberta by private or public enterprise, will be a logical sequence to the passing of the range and the spread of stock-raising on smaller holdings. It will make the long-denounced British embargo on Canadian cattle a dead letter, and will enable Canadian dressed meat to compete fairly in British markets with that of New Zealand and other countries. It is but one of the many good things in the future to which the farmers of Alberta are looking forward.

* * * *

With over 100,000,000 acres of excellent farming land in Alberta—all of it within the grain belt—and 99,000,000 acres of this still unbroken, the veriest onlooker will recognize the imperative need of providing there now a solid basis for farmwork, because the keystone of future success and development in Alberta is its agriculture. The Government has fully recognized this.

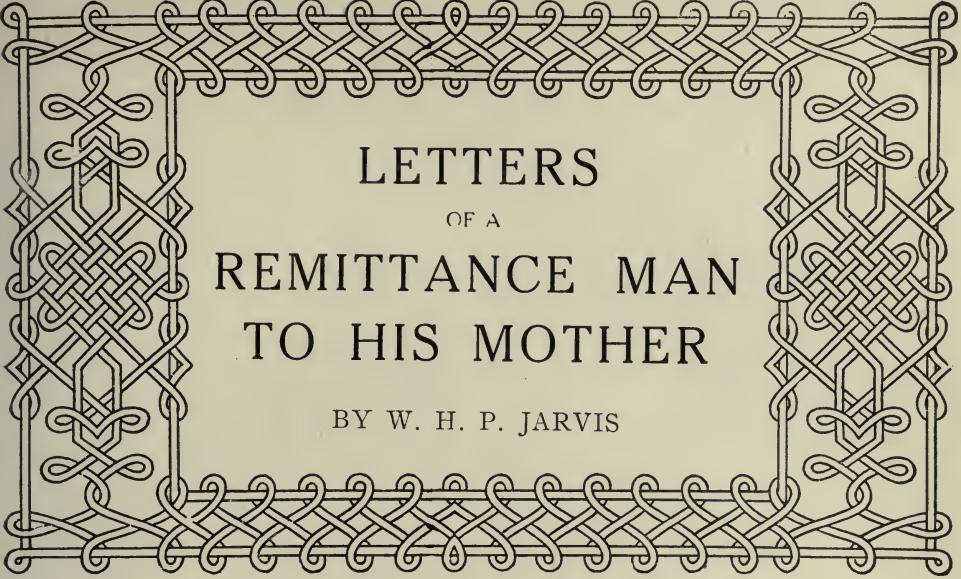
If Virgil lived in Alberta in this twentieth century he would surely be inclined to write another "Georgic," and this would sing the virtues of a system which exemplifies in a notable way state-direction and encouragement of agriculture. Nowhere in the civilized world is there more practical recognition of the dominant importance of the farm in nation-building, and nowhere naturally is the farmer, organized or unorganized, a stronger factor in the community.

The main items in the estimated expenditure of vote for the Department of Agriculture in the present year are:

Advance Payment, Expense of Operating and Loans to Creameries.	\$ 286,411
Advance Payments, Etc., Poultry Stations	10,000
Destruction of Weeds.	10,000
Stock Inspection	3,000
Brands and Official Brand Book ..	2,900
Promotion of Dairy Work.	14,000
Promotion of Sugar Beet Industry. .	21,464
Vital, Agricultural Etc., Statistics. .	4,600
Experiments and Investigations, re Crops.	2,000
Expenditure Under Agricultural Society Ordinance.	19,300
Scholarships to Agricultural Colleges	1,000
Promotion Poultry Industry.	4,500
Grant to Dominion Fair, Calgary. .	25,000
Investigation into Meat Industry. .	5,000
Immigration and Colonization. . .	9,000
Provincial Laboratory.	9,000
Game Protection.	5,000
Various Grants to Fairs.	12,000
Extension of Markets.	500
Fruit Experimental Stations.	500
Grant to Stock Associations.	2,400



TROPHY WON BY J. G. VOSBURGH IN COMPETITION FOR BEST BUSHEL OF SPRING WHEAT.



LETTERS

OF A

REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. WICKSON

The Oaks,
Winton, Manitoba, Jan. 10th, 1—

MY DEAR MOTHER:—The winter is now on the prairie. The Christmas holidays are over, and we have settled down in our "shack," determined to make the best of our environments until Spring.

The hamper you sent out from home did noble service and I can assure you we all appreciated it.

Christmas day with us was fine and cold; the great unbroken surface of the prairie seemed weird and desolate and highly calculated to fill one with moodiness and homesickness. Looking through the window, one's eye would seek the horizon and thoughts would come of all at home and what you were doing there. This prairie fairly enchants one, and in its dreamy whiteness there is the look of death; but again it has its power over one, so I'll seek diversion by telling you of our Christmas.

We did not rise until eleven, or rather at that time Jenkins rose and cooked our breakfast. By twelve we all sat down and after our meal we opened your hamper. It was quite exciting. I, of course, undid the fastenings, while Jenkins and Buckingham stood near and speculated on what it would contain, making jokes,

etc. We all knew it would be generous, but the half dozen of Burgundy was more than we expected, while the three bottles of Scotch whiskey were just what we wanted to entertain any of our friends who might call.

In this country one's taste naturally runs to the more ardent spirits, and increases with residence. A man seldom drinks wine in the West. Jenkins immediately sampled the whiskey, and pronounced it good and took charge of the bottles. We all drank your health, and the health of all our friends. After that we went to the stable to visit Nero and Moody and Sankey.

I should mention here that the villainous Moody has died since, and fearing a like fate would overtake Nero, I have sold him for £10, keeping Sankey to work the farm in the Spring. A neighboring farmer told me I had starved the poor beast to death, but I cannot believe this, for while we never rose very early in the morning, we used to give all the animals quantities of hay every evening, and they certainly had enough to eat. I must admit that during several very cold days we neglected to water them, but surely the lack of water for one day would not kill a big strong ox.

After giving the animals all they could eat of hay and oats, we went

back to the house and drank a few more toasts after which we read for a bit, and then I began to get dinner. Fancy your humble servant cooking a Christmas dinner. Our utensils are at present limited, so I was forced to make the soup in a frying pan—you just boil a tin of oysters in a little water and throw in some butter, pepper and salt. After dinner, some of the neighboring fellows from home came round and the Scotch was again produced. Some of our friends were our guests till morning.

From Xmas until now existence has been a dreary monotony, with nothing much to do except smoke, sleep and eat. By way of amusing myself not long ago I wrote some verses which, while not altogether poetry, I forwarded to a Winnipeg paper for publication, more to see if the editor would have the hardihood to publish them, than for any other motive. He mutilated them, put them in a dialect, as he termed it and prefaced them with the following:

"The verses following are evidently the outpourings of the soul of some Englishman, who has not yet been assimilated. We have ventured to add the effect of dialect, thinking that with this flavoring they will appeal more strongly to our readers."

Here are the first two stanzas:

"A PROTEST."

This is a "blawsted" country,
It's awful, don't you know,
So very hot 'tis scorching,
When not o'er lain with snow,
Colonials are such "boundahs,"
One's nerves they irritate.
They should be taught their places,
Our ways to imitate.

Their names for things are fiendish,
They call our cotton "thread,"
And "wheat" they keep on naming,
The corn to make one's bread,
Disdaining our enlight'ment,
They say, "what's in a name?"
And "custom makes the language,"
Whilst we should rule the same.

I do not exactly know the idea of the "dialect," but I can fancy the editor doctoring up my poor tribute to the muse and smiling, as these people do when talking to an Englishman. It's this long-suffering, patronizing smile

that irritates one most in this country. It conveys such an air of fancied superiority on their part and is particularly out of place when one considers the light in which we hold them, but the worst of it is, that our opinion of them does not seem to trouble them a bit. Of course I never show my irritation to them, as I express it to you, but you can understand one's feelings.

The long-drawn wail of the coyotes coming across the prairies is putting me out of humor for writing, so I will close. Again thanking you, and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours affectionately,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 2nd, 1—

My dear Mother:—The farmer's life is not for me; of this I am thoroughly convinced. I have sold the Oaks and put all the proceeds over and above my indebtedness, some £100, into the purchase of some land in the neighborhood of the new finds of petroleum, made recently in this country, and I am sure that I shall do well in my investment. I did not decide upon this course without giving the matter due deliberation, and I have the assurance of both Jenkins and the agent handling the property, that immense fortunes have been made in other countries, by those who bought early—"Got in on the ground floor," as they express it here, in the oil fields, and I see no good reason why oil should not exist in this country as well as in any other.

From the accounts I see in the papers, there is certain to be a duplicate of the Pennsylvania or the Balkan fields here in Western Canada, and I have decided to gain a portion of the money to be made by shrewd investment.

My essay at farming has not been successful. The hundred pounds the Governor sent me to buy machinery with, was nearly all absorbed to pay my debts contracted during the winter, and nothing was left to buy the necessary implements, so I engaged a neighbor to plough some ten acres for me. I found one ox insufficient for



I CAUGHT ONE OF THEM BY THE TAIL.

the work, and sowed the corn by hand, the old fashioned way.

The chap who ploughed the land for me, told me I should do it by machinery, but I reasoned that the way they did it in the olden days, (I remembered well the pictures, of the husbandman sowing corn, in my schoolbooks) should be good enough for a beginner here. I find that by machinery, the seed is sunk three or four inches into the ground in "drills" and covered to this depth. Although I harrowed the land so thoroughly that there was not a seed left in sight, the seeds were soon exposed and eaten by the gophers (a small animal like a ground squirrel), and the birds, for the weather subsequent to my planting was hot and dry, and the high winds which prevail on the prairies, swept away the loose soil.

This would probably not have happened to such an extent, had I ploughed my land last Autumn, as the time lost by ploughing this spring, permitted the escape of the moisture resulting from the melting of the winter's snows, which is depended upon for the

germination of the seed when the spring weather is "dry." I am further informed that by deeper planting of the seed by machinery, greater moisture is gained as there is a clay subsoil impervious to water which retains that resulting from the melting snow, and, in a general way, the deeper the seed is planted, the more benefit it will receive from the same.

All this is what one must learn by experience, and I am now strongly of the opinion that a young fellow coming out to this country, a stranger, to take up farming, should engage himself to work with one who has made a success of the business and thus acquire the necessary experience. That's why I say farming is not for me, for I could never bring myself, unless prompted by dire necessity, to enter the employ of one of those uncouth creatures one finds the most successful, in this country. When I came to realize that I would have practically no returns from my land in the fall, I visited the chap who ploughed the land for me. He was working in his garden, and a very nice garden it was.

When I told him of my trouble, without looking up from his work, he replied, "Yes, you fellows come out here, thinking that you know it all. You won't do as you see others doing, and then you curse the country and all that is in it." This, demonstrating the humor the boor was in, I did not prolong my call, but spared his churlish temper the questions I had intended to ask him, and returned home determined to sell out and have done with it.

When I offered my land for sale, I found that the lake on the farm, of which I was so proud, was everywhere considered a detriment, which goes to show that these people have no soul for sport, nor yet for the picturesque, hence the small price I was able to realize for my property.

I would be very distressed over all this, did I not feel assured that I shall do well with my petroleum lands. Trusting that you will approve of my action, and knowing that I have your best wishes for my good fortune, I remain,

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Rankin's Farm.

Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 15th, 1—

Dear Mother:—Jenkins is a scoundrel and I am an ass. Had anyone told me before I learnt to know this man, that an English gentleman could be so thoroughly unprincipled as Jenkins has been in his treatment of me, I should not have believed it. I am now convinced that he persuaded me to pay twice the market value of my farm to the end that he might share in the profits of the agent selling; and that he refrained from telling me the better course in the cultivation of the same as its proper working would entail efforts on us all, and that finally, still unsatisfied, he betrayed me still further into the purchase, from a rascally agent, of land such as any man may have for the asking in this country. It fairly staggers one's trust in humanity. Here I am without a sou, robbed and deserted by him I trusted as a friend.

Nor do I gain a word of sympathy. Rankin, the man for whom I am now working, and to whom I told my

troubles, on hearing the tale, spoke as others too have spoken. "You fellows, when you come out first, at once seek out an Englishman with whom to deal. You will not trust Canadians. It may be natural but it's unwise and the result is, you fall a prey to the first Englishman who catches hold of you. I've heard your story a hundred times."

I asked him if he could give me employment, to which he replied that he did not suppose I was much good, "but I guess you have to eat, and harvest will soon be on. I'll see if you are any good."

It was hard not to resent this patronizing speech notwithstanding its spice of kindness. However, it was Hobson's choice, so here I am one of the "hired men" though in all other respects one of the family. There is no social distinction between the employer and the employee on the prairie farm. We all work equally hard, and all dine together and submit to each other's pleasantries. Half past four each morning we are aroused, and a considerable part of the routine is gone through before breakfast, at half past six. The work agrees with me. I am thoroughly tired out each evening, and when not quite exhausted, feel wonderfully fit and well.

I have had great attention attracted to myself recently, through my being the victim of an accident which afforded a great deal of amusement to all save myself. I may say that my distress was caused by my not understanding the meaning of the word "corn" as used in Canada. Corn is the name these people give to maize.

In my thirst for knowledge last winter I asked whence the fur which the great-coats, almost universally worn in that season, are made, and was informed that it was "coon-skin," or racoon—to speak correctly, an animal which lives in the vicinity of "corn" fields.

Three or four of us were working on some "scrub" land, that is land on which there were small bushes or scrub, when I saw a number of small animals, which I thought were coons. They were moving along slowly and

paid no attention to me. I shouted out, "Look at the coons! What pretty little creatures."

"Catch them," shouted one of the fellows in reply, and I immediately gave chase.

They quickened their pace but little, and I had no trouble in catching them up. I caught one of them by the tail, when—oh, horrors! I was nearly suffocated with the most horrid odor. The little beast was a pole-cat—a skunk—and now I hear nothing but, "What pretty little animals," etc., as these fellows chaff me unmercifully. I had an awful time; everybody avoided me, and even the dogs would bristle and growl at my approach. I was given a complete change and a tub of water in the stable, but though it is now ten days ago, I am not yet rid of the feeling that I smell unpleasantly, and have been unable to regain the friendship of the dogs.

I do not blame the animals! It is the only way they have of protecting themselves, but I do think that something should be done to secure a uniformity in the application of terms throughout the Empire. I really think I shall write a letter to the "Times", pointing out the dangers arising from present conditions.

Do not worry because I have been compelled to enter the service of a farmer. He is a decent enough chap, and not unsusceptible to the humorous sallies of my fellows, though when I attempt any pleasantries, he fails to comprehend, and looks at me in a vague sort of way as if he did not understand. Nor do I believe he does. I try to explain; he mutters and seems suspicious. With best love to all,

I remain,

Your affectionate son,

REGINALD BROWN.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

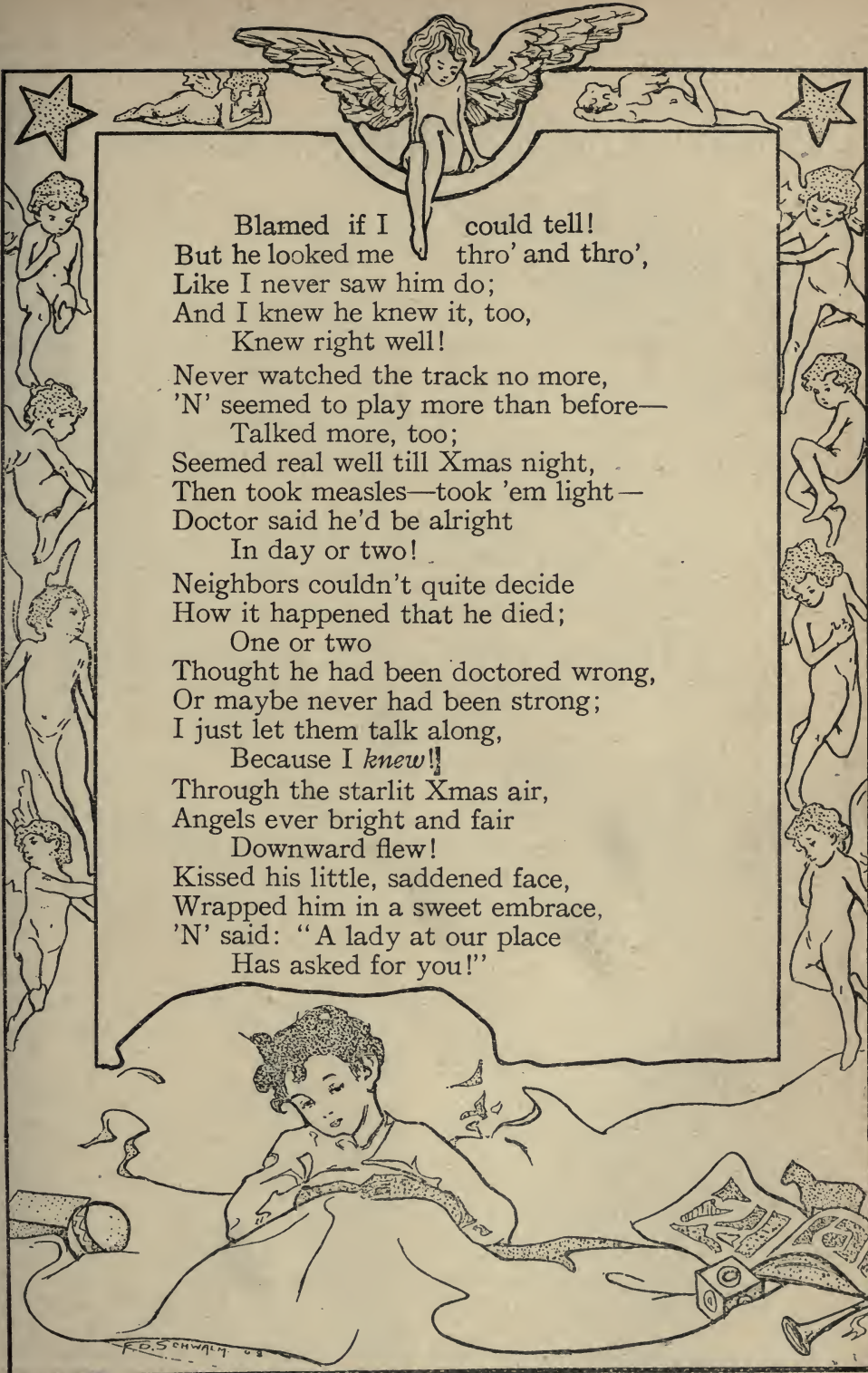
BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

A MERRY Christmas!—how old the phrase,
 What millions of times 'tis sung;
 Yet where is the man who would erase
 The message from any tongue?
 Where is the heart that does not respond
 With quick'ning throb to this world-wide bond?

A bond it is, that from zone to zone
 Engirdeth the earth with cheer;
 And never a heart can be alone,
 With the Christmas spirit near:
 And never a cloud that will not flit,
 When touched by the soft sweet breath of it.

A Merry Christmas!—the same refrain,
 Re-sung to the same old theme,
 Re-echoes a-down the years again,
 To whisper of love supreme:
 And to bid the world be glad and gay,
 Because it has got its Christmas-day.





Blamed if I could tell!
But he looked me thro' and thro',
Like I never saw him do;
And I knew he knew it, too,
Knew right well!
Never watched the track no more,
'N' seemed to play more than before—
Talked more, too;
Seemed real well till Xmas night,
Then took measles—took 'em light—
Doctor said he'd be alright
In day or two!
Neighbors couldn't quite decide
How it happened that he died;
One or two
Thought he had been doctored wrong,
Or maybe never had been strong;
I just let them talk along,
Because I *knew*!
Through the starlit Xmas air,
Angels ever bright and fair
Downward flew!
Kissed his little, saddened face,
Wrapped him in a sweet embrace,
'N' said: "A lady at our place
Has asked for you!"

R.D. SCHWALTZ '08

MORE ABOUT CANADA FAKERS

BY

ARTHUR STRINGER

W. A. FRASER
ARTHUR HEMING
J. B. TYRRELL

DR. WILLIAM J. LONG
ARTHUR HAWKES
CY WARMAN

ARTHUR STRINGER—The man of the frontier would be only too glad to see the spirit of his great and youthful country fittingly represented in literary effort. But the All-Red route for which he clamors is not that all-red route which lies between the London of Glen Ellen and the Beach of Nome.

DR. WILLIAM J. LONG—I *do* know Canada and love it; and for years it has pained me to see a glorious country so utterly misrepresented by the melodramatic writers of northern fiction.

W. A. FRASER—Some of the melanges of these Fakers have left an acrid taste in my soul, such as one gets from a morsel of chicken liver from which the bile-duct has not been properly removed.

CY WARMAN—Those hardy novelists who fight their way through the rye (and Scotch) of the Manitoba Club in Winnipeg, do not suffer so acutely in person—or in spirits—as they do in print.

ARTHUR HAWKES—Probably nothing that has ever been published will do so much to help writers about Canada to be accurate.

J. B. TYRRELL—When the readers are persuaded that as comfortable homes can be had in Canada as anywhere else, then these sensational story fakers will be squeezed out of decent company.

ARTHUR HEMING—It (the article on "Canada Fakers") is certain to kick up a dust. The best of it is that it is all true. I don't see how they can hit back.

IN CURRENT fiction the real Canada is little known. More than enough is written in the name of Canada, but the country shown is strange to Canadians. A little corner away up toward the Arctic circle is made to stand for the whole, and even that is out of focus and untrue. The writers of popular Canada-romance get most of their facts from their own imaginations. Their accuracy may be said to begin and end with their grammar and spelling.

"I hope," says the player to Hamlet, "*we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.*"

"O, reform it altogether," Hamlet replies.

While these romancers flout the common intelligence of the English-speaking world, they cannot hurt the country in any serious way. It would be a puny country that could be crippled by such means. But the sin is there, just the same. It is a sin of reverberating ignorance, which is the most absurd kind of sin. The Canada of popular fiction is a literary farce—"a pickle-herring farce to weep at, which is the very worst kind of a farce." It is an irritating and continuing tender of noise as knowledge, and a petty

slander. It needs reforming—not indifferently, but altogether.

The Canada of reality is a broad and beautiful land, a land of handsome cities, fertile farms, great and efficient railway systems. It has every condition of modern civilization, even to the complexities. It has the electric car, the automobile, cultivated society, Paris gowns, churches, theatres, libraries, and all the comforts and adornments that brighten existence in any country. Its people are as well-to-do and as much in the van of progress as the people of the United States or England. And it has a perfect, purely livable, healthful climate, with cold but settled winters, and long summer days of incomparable beauty.

Yet this Canada is covered by the romancers with the Cold Shadow of the Frozen North, through whose half lights move strange figures, playing with elemental passion an epic of savagery, in "antres vast and deserts idle." The Canada romance, whether in short or long story, *stretches the Arctic wilderness down to the international boundary line.*

Not always in detail—but always in the mass. There is romance in the Canadian cities, just as there is wherever many people are gathered. The interplay of mind and emotion is liveliest wherever there is a country of farms and towns. But the romancists who have been romancing longest, never touch it. They have created and maintain a fearsome domain, a Canada of their own, which they display to all the world—and get it accepted abroad at their own valuation, even in England. This is singular, but it is so.

The response to Mr. Stringer's first paper, published in the October number of CANADA - WEST, and protesting against this state of affairs, was both wide and immediate. His article was taken up and copied and recopied and commented upon by leading newspapers and periodicals all over Canada and the United States. It was not merely his citation of eminent names that roused attention in the *Canadian Courier*, *Current Literature*, *The Literary Digest*, *The Montreal Herald*, *The*

Toronto Saturday Night, *The New York Herald*, *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, *The New York Times*, *The Toronto Globe*, and other important publications that need not be mentioned here. It was the self-obvious truth of his general indictment. Mr. Stringer had declared an astonishing state of things, and forcibly sent it home to some of the most widely known of living writers.

The commotion that followed was stormy. Criticism there has been in plenty, both printed and by mail. Some of it is clever, and touches Mr. Stringer's own accuracy of detail, though never the soundness of his main attack. Much of it is too good to be withheld.

Mr. Stringer himself has been moved to further utterance. In a letter to the editor of CANADA-WEST, he reaffirms his position and widens it by additional specifications.

THE ARCTICS AND THE INK- WELLS

"Life, as seen in vaudeville," writes Mr. Stringer, "is usually amusing. It is often striking. But it is seldom truthful.

"We all know the stage Irishman who wears a red wig and falls on his face to the nicely-timed thump of the bass-drum. He can scarcely be called a true or comprehensive representative of the Celtic spirit, with all its wistfulness of outlook and its witcheries of wayward imagination. It would be equally hard to accept the Horror-Hounded Adventurer of the Frost-Belt, so industriously perpetuated by the 'Eye Socket' school of fiction, as representative of the actual inhabitant of Canada. Yet he promises to become as conventionalized and accepted a figure as the Hibernian of the putted nose and red wig.

"He has steadily grown into one of the pillars of the popular magazine. He is the worn-jointed puppet of that 'escape' literature which brings a vicarious breath of the open to urban cliff-dwellers in their five-roomed flats. He is so primal and brute-like that he makes the stoop-shouldered commuter forget the 5.15 train, and causes college boys to call for their roast extra rare

and nail moose-heads up in their rooms. He carries novels into the realms of the Six Best Sellers, on a tide of carnage and intrigue that would dwarf the Mackenzie itself. In plain English, he always makes you sit up and take notice.

"And therein lies the Canada Faker's most pretentious weapon of defence. He stubbornly asserts that he is a creative artist, seeing deeper into the hidden drama of the North than do other men. He claims to comprehend tragic situations and movements which the humdrum mind of his opponent can never hope to detect."

"The Northwest frontiersman, he argues, has never sufficiently fathomed those involutions of neurasthenic terror which should ensue from a sub-zero reading of his shack door thermometer. The sorrowing Siwash has never found his Voice; he is pathetically inarticulate, just as the Cree half-breed has never adequately thrilled over the peril of thawing out a jack-fish. The Esquimau has woefully neglected the psychological moment of final surrender to frost-bite, just as the Northwest Mounted Police officer has never expatiated enough on the psychopathology of hunger-madness, or dipped into the deductive processes of subarctic wild animals.

"These things have to be pointed out to the man of the frontier by the ink-well artist. He has to be shaken out of his self-satisfaction. He accepts too placidly the conditions under which he labors and lives and loves. He has to be shocked into an appreciation of his own perils. He has to be given an elbow-nudge, every now and then, and told how epical he really is, how epical everything really is, once you strike the upper side of the Canadian Northern Railway. In other words, the sensational novelist has to give him goose-flesh a few times before he 'knows where he is at.'

"But the man of the frontier, I have found, does not take altogether kindly to the sensational novelist. A good deal of his time, nowadays, is taken up with railway construction and bridge-building and road-making, to say nothing of the struggle to get his crop in

and his garden hoed and his fence-posts cut and his timber hauled. He is more interested in the making of a nation than the making of a novel. But he is still willing enough to have his own life interpreted for him. He has no hatred for the hard facts of life. He knows he must adapt himself to his surroundings or be eliminated. He is ready to respond to everything that is legitimately picturesque about him, but he confesses to being a little short on the more mastodonic emotions. He would be only too glad to see the spirit of his great and youthful country fittingly represented in literary effort. But the All-Red route for which he clamors is not that all-red route which lies between the Beach of Nome and the London of Glen Ellen. He knows that life, North or South, is not all blood and hate and hunger and empty eye-sockets. He can take his share of calamity, when it comes along, but he can't stand it forever. He has a natural aversion to seeing everything north of the Sixtieth Parallel turned into crimson-tinted vaudeville.

"So he doesn't take kindly to the tenderfoot of the ink-pot who visits him for a week or two, and then Upton-Sinclairs him into serialized fiction. Not being much of a stickler for convention, he might even be coerced into accepting the melodrama of the ink-pot, instead of requesting the deeper drama of actuality, if he could only be persuaded that these so-called imaginative artists had a speaking acquaintance with the country which they used as a convenient back-drop for their ceaseless gyrations of Hugo-like primordialities.

"It is not the wide movement of such romance, but the sheer folly of such romance, that the man of the North, and the man who knows, object to. The normal Canadian is not averse to the story of action. Like any full-blooded person, he demands action. He does not ask for the emasculate fiction of half-draped pornography, just as his youthful and rugged nature revolts at the old-world novel of introspective morbidity.

"But he gets tired of seeing his country advertised by a shelf-full of Londonized

Iliads of calamity-chasing, of heroes with frozen lungs, and icicle-draped Iagos, and fur-clad villains with the soul of a timber-wolf gone bad, and miners with meningitis, and camps with scurvy, and Adamitic monstrosities cowering under the curse of the Eternal Cold. He gets as tired of that as he once got tired of seeing the Montreal Ice Palace adorning foreign prints.

"He begins to hunger for balance, perspective, sanity. He vaguely wonders if some New World Zola will ever take his northern wheatlands and from the width and the wealth of such material construct a second 'Fecundité'. He asks for fiction which will deal with the truer and greater movements of this great country of his, and deal with them honestly and honorably. He wants a national art, in stone or paint or printer's type, that is founded on truth and conceived in sincerity. He demands that it be executed with that respect which the true artist feels for his material, with that reverence which is born of love and knowledge and not of the passion of the vaudeville actor playing for his 'hand.'

"Ramsey Benson, in that gentle and Vicar-of-Wakefield-like book, *A Lord of Lands*, (and the world is beginning to realize that simplicity touched with gentleness can be as 'strong' as the weirdest pipe-dream of 'Eye Socket' melodrama) says, in his humble picture of farm life in the Canadian West: 'Too many people, when they start out to make their poultry comfortable, consult their own feelings as to what constitutes comfort, overlooking the fact that a hen's point of view is not a man's.' The North, it seems to me, has been the hen of the over-solicitous space-writer. He has kept her in a hot-house of febrile invention, daily asking that she lay the golden egg of sensation. He has pampered and peppered her into over-production.

"The result of it all is that the Northland romancer can exist now only through his own excesses. His manuscripts come to the light only through their misrepresentations. We all but insist on the Irishman with the red wig. And we feel that we are being cheated if we don't get our fricassees of North-

ern Canada with a nervous chill on the side.

"*The New York American*, in discussing the question of the Canada Fakers and their failings the other day, declared that all such mistakes and misrepresentations need really elicit no more concern than the spelling of Canada with a 'K.' In obvious pursuance of this attitude, on the same editorial page of the same publication, it is stated that: '*Alaska has her Nome, her Dawson, and her thousands of camps*'. Yet we used to dream, when we still spelt Canada with a 'C,' that Dawson was in Yukon District. We were even foolish enough to regard it as a Canadian city. But the faker of the ink-well promptly shows us the folly of all this. Dawson lies in Alaska and is owned by the United States—just as Toronto is in New York State. Why trouble over details? Facts are silly things.

"It is the claim of the Eye Socket School, as I have already intimated, that the Northern Canada which they exploit is singularly well known to them and scrupulously reproduced on their pages. They are realistic or nothing: they photograph in words. The metropolitan editor can not always be a woodsman, or an ethnologist, or an authority on Indian life and custom. He accepts the solemn realism that is brought to him, for he at least sees embalmed in it much strenuousness of movement. Quite innocently he disseminates and perpetuates a tradition which does not exist. He falsifies a country without knowing of his fault. He scatters enough fallacies of Northland life through his pages to paper the Dirt Hills.

"Life is far too short to go hay-raking up and down the trails of the Eye Socket School for specimens of these fallacies. Such a vocation could keep the most active man reasonably occupied, and would result in nothing but that saddened wonder which leads to melancholia. Nor is it interesting, in itself.

"Even when Mr. Rex Beach, in one of his realistic studies of northern life, has his hero leap into a Peterborough canoe, seize the oars, and row for mile

after mile to rescue the imperiled heroine, we are not so much interested in where Mr. Beach ever came across a Peterborough canoe that was propelled by oars as we are in the broader question as to how such obviously superficial knowledge of local condition and fact was ever accepted as respectable portraiture.

"Nor is it any more important that Mr. Laurence Mott, in one of his Northwest Mounted Police stories, should describe his hero, in frenzied pursuit of a fleeing desperado, as *making a one day's horseback journey which covered some six hundred miles of rather broken country*, that is, from Fort Graham to Hazelton, British Columbia. This is certainly 'going some,' as they put it in the vernacular; but it is of importance and significance only when one remembers that Mr. Mott bases his heated plea for the outraged Canada Faker on the contention that his knowledge of the North is absolute and his fidelity to detail unimpeachable. (But, in passing, I *would* like to know just where that policeman picked up his six-hundred-mile-a-day cayuse!)

"Indeed, it never was the romance of the Canada Faker that was and is objected to. It was the misuse and abuse of this romance, constituting as it did such unpardonable affronts to intelligence. It was not the over-bold sweep of his story that discredited him; it was the repeated and almost unbelievable misrepresentations of normal life, even in the North.

"If the reader of this article will turn to page fifty-one (as I remember it) of Julian Ralph's 'On Canada's Frontier,' he will discover a drawing of an Indian throwing what is called a 'snow snake.' The drawing is by an accomplished, spirited and uncommonly well-known artist, Mr. Frederic Remington. The Indian, it will be observed, is drawn in the nude. He makes an effective figure, not without drama in his posture.

"But surely that naked Indian throwing a 'snow snake' should be nailed in effigy over the door of every Canada Faker. For, when it is borne in mind that the Indians indulge in this pastime of 'snow snake' throwing only

in the dead of winter when the snow is deepest, the appropriateness and the reasonableness of his nudity, however it may have helped out the artist's 'composition,' can be fully and promptly realized. Yet, accepting even this, it might be pointed out that the Indian does not throw the 'snow snake' *overhead*, as Mr. Remington so dramatically shows, but throws it (it is a slender piece of wood, some nine feet long, and tipped or headed with lead) underhand, and from as low down as possible in order to send it over and not into the snow, very much the same as a boy will throw a skipping stone along the surface of the water. But the main issue is that this game is played *not only on the coldest of Northern winter days, but also involves much standing and loitering about in the snow* as the different contestants await their turns. In actual fact, the Indian so engaged, instead of so picturesquely disrobing, puts on extra clothing to keep warm.

"But the whole thing, after all, is not so important as it is amusing. Naked Truth, it may be claimed, will always be uncomfortable in the Far North. There are times, though, when I dreamily speculate as to whether a fig-leaved Ojibway on a sub-zero upland or a disrobed Cree indulging in the mid-winter 'snow-snake' throwing could experience more actual physical discomfort than that police officer who ambled over his six-hundred miles in a day! Yet—*boni pastoris esse, tondere pecus, non deglubere!*"

THE REAL NORTHERN WINTER

Dr. William J. Long, the naturalist, whose studies afield have familiarized him with Northern Canada, has views concerning the climate there which diverge widely from the realm of fiction and rest in a knowledge of fact. It was Dr. Long's fortune to have part in a discussion on "Nature Fakers," started not long ago by no less a personage than Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, in which it was *not* Dr. Long who came out second-best. When the Canada Fakers were haled into the light Dr. Long was prompt to signify which side he could be found on. Here

is the letter which he wrote the editor from his home in Stamford, Connecticut:

"Long before your marked copy of Mr. Stringer's wholesome article reached me, I had read it with interest and appreciation in my own copy of CANADA-WEST. For your magazine comes to me regularly and (by way of parenthesis) I always read it and like it. It takes me out doors and rests me. I don't know Mr. Stringer personally—I wish I did—but I *do* know Canada and love it; and for years it has pained me to see a glorious country so utterly misrepresented by the melodramatic writers of Northern fiction. With one possible exception, all Mr. Stringer's criticisms are well founded, and no more severe than the case demands. For most of these writers, under pretence of knowing the far North and of painting realistic pictures, have been giving us stories which for sensational misrepresentation and pure ignorance are unrivalled. The truth would be far more interesting; but their aim seems to be to give us the goose-flesh, and, incidentally, to make us think what adventurous, devil-may-care fellows they themselves are for having endured such alleged privations. They are like a small boy who spits and swears and talks big, and thinks it is manly so to do.

"Mr. Stringer is also right when he intimates that *the Northern winter, far from being a time of terror and suffering and promiscuous primeval passions, is even more tonic and inspiring than the Northern summer*. Personally, whenever I can take my own time for a vacation, I invariably choose mid-winter and go into Canada, as far north as I can get, for a happy camp in the snow."

And these snows, up in the woods and Barrens, are the Beds of Terror on which the romancists freeze all Canada!

" 'T WAS MINE, 'T IS HIS "

From his home in Georgetown, W. A. Fraser reaches out for a hold upon the scalp of Jack London, who should by this time have become accustomed to losing wisps of hair in similar attacks by other writers whose material, they

protest, he has freely appropriated and worked over as his own.

"Just a note of commendation for Stringer's brochure on the Canada Fakers," writes Mr. Fraser. "They well deserve all he gave them, and more. Some of their melanges have left an acrid taste in my soul, such as one gets from a morsel of chicken-liver from which the bile-duct has not been properly removed.

"I read a story of Lawrence Mott's in the *Century Magazine* once upon a time, that almost made me despondent of the chances for an appreciation of the real thing in out-door fiction. If the editors could give space and expressed appreciation to such melodramatic rot, what hope for a sane receptivity in their minds for a realism which must necessarily be at variance?

"If London comes back at Stringer, tell him that London stole the whole idea of his much-discussed story, 'Love of Life.' And in London's latest, 'Flower Gold,' a story of the Klondike, he has taken the strong dramatic incident of a man's corpse tumbling from the coffin from a story I wrote years ago called 'The Way of a Half-Breed,' which I think was published in *McClure's*."

AS COMFORTABLE HOMES AS ANYWHERE

J. B. Tyrrell has employed many of the years of his useful life in Canadian surveys and exploration, from ocean to ocean, and from the boundary line to the Arctic. If any living man knows Canada thoroughly, most assuredly Mr. Tyrrell is that man. He was for a long time in advance of the maps, to say nothing of population. He found and reported upon places that now are the homes of thriving communities, but were then unknown. He is a geologist, a geographer and an engineer, known in Europe as well as at home, and a primary authority upon most of the natural conditions and resources of the Canadian dominion.

Mr. Tyrrell had just come in from a fortnight's stay at Sturgeon Lake when the October number of CANADA-WEST reached him, at Fort William, Ontario,

and "Canada Fakers" was the first article he read.

"I want to congratulate you and Mr. Stringer on the article," he writes. "*Canada, not only Northern Canada but practically the whole of Canada*" (and this is where the offence is blackest) "with the possible exception of a few of the frontier cities, *has served as an incubator for stories of badly managed journeys and misdirected energy, constituting 'frightful hardships'*

. . . . They (the writers) are away from home, with no mama to feed them and to tuck them in their little beds at night.

"But when the readers are persuaded that as comfortable homes can be had in Canada as anywhere else, then these sensational story fakers will be squeezed out of all decent company. Any man who does not know any more about the Plains than to talk of 'waving cedars on the Plains' (Parker in 'Chief Factor') should not write about the Plains."

Mr. Tyrrell's point that all of Canada is included in the misrepresentation of the north country is the one that sticks up sharpest in the whole curriculum of the offending "Eye Socket" School.

"IT IS ALL TRUE!"

Arthur Heming is an artist as well as an author, and of excellent repute in both these departments. "I notice," writes Mr. Heming, "a review of your article in the Book Reviews of the *New York Times*, and the full article reprinted in the *New York Herald*. It is certainly going to kick up a dust, but the best of it is that it is all true! I don't see how they can hit back."

It has only "kicked up" the first dust cloud as yet, but it is large enough already to be seen farther away than from Avignon to Pampeluna.

"AN' FAITH, HE'LL PRENT IT"

In a letter written at Toronto in November, Arthur Hawkes pokes a hole in Arthur Stringer's first paper. It is curious, but a fact, that the weak spot where the poke goes through is an old story, currently accepted this long time past, and never before detected, or at least not so neatly as by Mr. Hawkes.

"I read with intense appreciation," he writes, "Mr. Stringer's article on 'Canada Fakers,' in the October CANADA-WEST. Probably nothing that has ever been published will do so much to help writers about Canada to be accurate. After the amazing array of 'howlers' of which Mr. Stringer convicts Canadians and Americans, who should know something about north country conditions, the travelling Briton who occasionally affects to write omnisciently about Canada, after a flying tour through half her Provinces, may hold up his diminished head. For accuracy in statement of fact is, I think, more carefully cultivated on the other side of the Atlantic than on this.

"It is a dangerous exercise to point out the blunders of other writers, for there is none perfect, no, not one—not even Mr. Stringer. Before daring to question the accuracy of one of his statements, I will plead guilty in advance, to any and every offence against strict reliability that may be charged against me.

"Mr. Stringer says: 'But I learned to be lenient after coming into personal contact with a band of British gold-seekers, in the early days of the Klondike rush, who were importing several tons of baled hay from Liverpool, as food for their horses on the overland trip from Edmonton to the Yukon. By the time this carefully treasured hay reached Alberta it was worth just eighty-four dollars a ton: in the Edmonton district, of course, were countless acres of the same commodity, which could be picked up, cut and dried, for four dollars a ton. Being prairie grown and cured, it was obviously worth twice its weight in coarse-stalked English hay—for fodder, like fiction, is always best when cut and dried at home.'

"In my presence this story was told to some distinguished Englishmen last summer, by a leading citizen of Edmonton, who believed it as thoroughly as Mr. Stringer does. Doubt was thrown upon it by the Englishmen, who, while willing to believe that their countrymen are capable of doing all sorts of foolish things when they touch 'the colonies,' could not think that men of wealth and

education would actually ship hay from Liverpool to Edmonton.

"Just then there was no means of verifying or correcting the story, but a week later I was in Edmonton again, and my friend who had told us the story, introduced me to Major O'Brien, who acted as the agent for the party about whom the story was circulated. The Major said that no hay was brought to Edmonton from England, but *he received a cable asking whether hay should be brought*, to which, of course, he immediately replied 'No.' The truth is entertaining enough. Mr. Stringer, like my friend, the leading citizen, has been victimized by some bad fictionist."

Mr. Hawkes is quite right when he says no writer is perfectly safe. This is true even so far as the dictum that "history is fiction agreed upon." At the same time, the point criticized does not go to anything essential in Mr. Stringer's position.

CLUB-WINDOW ADVENTURERS

Cy Warman writes that he is "glad there is one man in America with the nerve, knowledge and ability to tell the truth about Canada fiction."

"This contagion of misplaced invention," he adds, "is becoming tiresome.

Travelers who fight their way through the rye (and Scotch) of the Manitoba Club in Winnipeg, do not suffer so acutely in person (or in spirits) as they do in print. Neither do those hardy adventurers who voyage down the *stormy* Saskatchewan through hair-raising perils, where as a matter of fact the Saskatchewan is a big, well-mannered stream flowing between a thousand miles of wheat-fields. I need not specify names. 'The trail of the serpent is over them all.'

"Or nearly all. There are Canadian writers who know their Canada, and write of it as it is. Mr. Stringer is one of these, and there are others, whose veracity and power to interest are undoubted. For those who get their 'local color' in the cities and from the wine when it is red, or who spread an ice-field all over a country that has borne no ice-burden since the recession of the last glacier, in geologic time, it can be said that some of them write stories which are admirable save for the trifling defect of being totally untrue. That sort of stuff is literosity rather than literature. As to motive—well, possibly these writers need the money, and they certainly would seem to have educated a good many publishers to eat from their hands whatever they offer, without question."



THE NEW CONFEDERATION

BY W. P. HINTON

THERE is a new confederation of all the Canadas, not noted in the books, but by its very nature stronger than any political union. It is the federation of a common interest, racial, social, industrial and commercial. It rests in the absolutely mutual interdependence of all the parts upon each other.

A Montreal merchant visiting Kansas City happened to say that this was his first trip to the West. The rejoinder came promptly that Kansas City was East, and that to find the West he would have to cross the Pacific coast ranges. And this was the truth. The same thing is, if anything, more true of Canada than of the United States. A Canadian can measure east or west only from the point where he happens for the moment to stand. From Halifax he can speak of the west. From Victoria or Prince Rupert, he can say "east." All between is simply Canada. All beyond is simply ocean.

The forests of North Ontario once constituted a western frontier, stretching from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, and cutting Canada in two. Settlement stopped a long time at the eastern edge of that rugged region. Then the earlier push of westward emigration evaded the hills to the north, and went south in a long arc of travel through the States to reach the prairies beyond. Of course there was the Dawson route, but this was the path only of voyageurs and fur-traders. For many years, emigration was largely carried on by this roundabout southern route, and by wagon, much as described by Mrs. Fanny Clark Clench in "Going West in '79," recently published in CANADA-WEST.

The first travel by an all-Canadian route came with the completion of the Canadian Pacific, which skirted and crossed the difficult territory. Re-

cently the call of the new lands became so insistent that all interests united in demanding that a fresh channel be opened all the way across Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with branches converging from the north and south. The call was as loud as it was insistent, and the answer came in the Grand Trunk Pacific, a national transcontinental railway constituting, when completed, a second broad band binding together in one solid system the whole and every part of British North America.

Canada was not alone in having rugged barriers to subjugate. The Alleghenies presented a similar obstacle in the States until the middle of the last century. After it had been surmounted, and after the first line from the Missouri to the Pacific had been opened, there was a flow across and back that in less than thirty years spread civilization over the western plains and the mountains. That line, too, was government-aided, but it stopped short midway, and to this day there has not been created in the States any singly-governed and singly-operated unit of rail from sea to sea.

Canada has gone beyond her neighbor in the development of complete transcontinental roads. Therefore, what is true of the States in the interflow of commerce is becoming much more true of Canada, not through community of government so much as by a close inter-relation of interests. These open roads are raising Greater Canada to the supreme position of a country containing all the elements of a complete national life, able to feed and house and clothe itself, in comfort and abundance.

New England and the East, where raw material is at hand and skilled labor is plentiful, supply the Western States with manufactured goods, and look to the West for food. The West,

in return, sends flour and beef. The Farther West, taking the products of both, sends fruit and sea-products and toll of the mines.

The divisional line of commerce and interchange is not on any map, but may be drawn east and west about five hundred miles south of Winnipeg. At about that distance, trade begins to feel the drawing power of the ports on the Gulf of Mexico. This will grow when the Panama Canal is completed, because it will then mean a water-route through the Gulf to Asia. In that southward pull Canada has no present nor prospective interest, since her own Pacific ports, from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, will furnish a nearer outlet to the ocean, and a shorter route across it.

The trade-shed, the line of diverted interests, will not cut Canada into East and West, but leave her intact, with one consolidated commercial system and roads in common on her own side of the Great Lakes, through the region in one small section of which immense deposits of silver, nickel, copper, iron and cobalt have already been discovered.

In manufactures, the Eastern Provinces of Canada possess all that is requisite to the economical discharge of her obligations to the Provinces of the West, not only now, but when the West shall have filled up with the great population it is capable of bearing. The occupations and pursuits of the West are already determined by that natural provision whereby it is destined to become not only the granary but the grazing-ground of the Empire. It will have neither inclination nor need, for a long time to come, if ever, for the more immured industries, the works and factories where machinery and the bulkier articles of common use are made, nor for turning out the articles of luxury and taste which it can better afford to buy. The Eastern Provinces have not the ground to produce their own food economically, but have many of the things that constitute the materials of manufacture.

Already the system of interchange has established itself. If you leave a railway station in any of the Western Provinces and drive into the country,

you will find the wagon that carries you was made in Ontario. The traction engines in the field, the separator at work beside the road, the horserake, the plow, the binder and twine, the dairy machinery, the household furnishings, and the clothes the people wear, all come from there.

Eastern Canada has sent her sons by thousands to the prairies, the mountains, the mines and the forests of the West—for the most part, to the prairies, with their golden enticement of wheat. The ties these young men have with the homes they left make a guaranty that friendship will be kept alive between the new homes and the old. They will foster a sentiment that will expand until it embraces business and trading by a preference, not political, but none the less powerful in building the foundations of interior commerce, independent of the world outside.

As the prairie and mountain Provinces call people from the East, and engage their labor and money in agriculture or its allied pursuits, the Eastern Provinces are steadily drawing more and more on Great Britain (where their farming resources have long been exploited), for the skill and labor necessary to mechanical pursuits. Through the ever-increasing tide of immigration they will become a filter for further population in the West.

Mr. Emerson Hough in "The Sowing" has taken the right view of the work of peopling the prairies, and much of the remedial measure he believes to be necessary would naturally result from this filtering process. The East will try out the newcomers and their families in the factories, the shops, mines, and constructions that are local there, and even in the first stages of farm work, dairying, fruit culture and grazing. It is inevitable that a large proportion of them shall be drawn to the prairies, and equally sure that with this elementary education intervening, they will make good. The prairies need the products of such a filtering process. It will find its way in the natural course of things, and while helping fulfill the manifest purpose of the West, will save the Eastern Provinces

from what might easily come to be a violent indigestion in the endeavor to absorb and retain a mixed and heavy immigration.

Europe has hundreds of thousands who cannot much longer remain there. The surplus peoples of Great Britain and the northern countries must look to Canada for new homes, if they are to find anything like better conditions of living in a land and among neighbors congenial to themselves, and not racially repugnant. The Eastern Provinces, being nearest, and having the industrial opportunities most needed by the larger numbers, will get those who are not already arranged for and passed through to the prairies. From those who after a time have become habituated to their new surroundings and feel the call to larger spaces, the Western Provinces will certainly derive a large and valuable accession. Meanwhile they will have learned to be Canadians.

All this tends to show the unescapable community and interdependence of the Eastern and Western Provinces, but probably the strongest motives and the surest means for its continuance will be found in the development of the transportation routes of the Dominion.

It will be many years before the United States will consume all its own grain, and have none for export. Until that comes about, Canada will not find there much of a market for her crops. Local sales must be largely confined to the Eastern Provinces, which even now are not fed from their own products. The export movement must find, in ever-increasing volume, the cheapest route to Europe. The routes to the Gulf of Mexico, as above noted, have no attraction for the products of the Canadian West.

Water lines through the Great Lakes provide a highway for a large part of the grain-movement to seaboard, or to elevators convenient for winter transshipment in ocean vessels, when the volume must be sustained as in summer—the distribution being throughout the entire year. The cost of “carrying” grain in these eastern elevators for months must be provided for and has a direct influence on the price paid

for the grain to the grower, who realizes in September, October and November. Any means whereby grain may be moved from the western fields to the seaboard in winter will, therefore, be a great boon to the West, and aid most materially in its development. Added to the present summer facilities, it will be a further solidifier of the interchange between Eastern and Western Canada.

From the railway view-point, it has not been easy heretofore to transport grain profitably from the fields of the West to the ports of the East, under normal conditions, by all-rail routes. There is no sentiment in transportation. Expediency sometimes is a consideration, but economy always rules. By the extension of transcontinental lines and their branches, covering the whole Dominion, western grain may be profitably transported in the winter at marketable rates that would mean a better price to the grower. This will render the Canadian West independent of any and all routes through the United States, and at the same time will conserve and help build up Canadian ports, channels and population.

Our leading minds realize that the new confederation is practically an accomplished thing, but every citizen should do his share to erase the remains of sectionalism or prejudice. Let us go ahead with our nation-building, without impediment. This is one of the most important considerations now before the people of Canada, especially if we are to successfully absorb, educate and make genuine Canadians of the immense tide of foreign immigrants who will come to us within the next few years. Canada must work out her own destiny, and be ready to become a nation when nationhood is thrust upon her. Our people are of the right stuff to manage this, but it will be more sure and accomplished earlier if they act as one people, with the same characteristics, thoughts and interests, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There is and will be a certain amount of prejudice held by “little Canadians,” both in the East and West. Possibly a limited number may hold the view on the one hand that the West makes

too much noise over its growing-pains, and on the other that the East is spending too much of its surplus wealth in luxurious pursuits and wild-cat plunging, instead of using it where it would do the most good—in the West, of course.

But this must disappear. The respective interests are blending rapidly. No prominent mercantile house of the East is without strong representation in the metropolis and chief cities of the West. Many warehouses have been erected, often rivaling the parent houses in the East. The great banking institutions are establishing branches wherever trains will regularly stop on the prairie and there is wheat to be bought. The railways of Canada, which are perhaps nearer to the pulse of the nation than any other commer-

cial interests, are officered by men who are aware that the difference between prosperity and poverty lies in the thoroughness with which this commercial unity of the country at large may be attained in the life of the people.

The foundations of the New Confederation are laid broad and true for a structure that will enjoy all the characteristics of this young giant among the nations. This newest nation—destined through the vast extent of her natural resources, the basis of all wealth, to be (if her inhabitants as one people with one common interest shall will it so) the richest, healthiest, most intelligent and happiest on earth. Let each patriot, and all should be patriots, be not only a prophet of the New Confederation, but its militant preacher.

THE EXILES

BY MAE HARRIS ANSON

Author of "Lady Jane of Kamloops," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FOREST SCHOOK—SEE FRONTISPIECE

EXILES four they were. And two went north to the land of winter night. And two went south to the land of summer sun. And some found hours of peace, and none felt hours of want, yet to all came the madness of heimweh, long days when life was an agony of regret for the home and friends that never could be enjoyed again. And though one has found the Last Peace, and only one now suffers the endless banishment, the wheel of life still plays havoc with feckless humans, and drops many a hapless exile at our doors.

* * *

Speak of the "gold days in Yale" to almost any middle-aged man in western Canada to-day, and he will "young up" as if he had been touched with the magic wand of youth. For Yale, in 1858, was another California in '49, with an added fillip of spice and out-of-

the-world deviltry born of the north and the fascination of the beautiful, ever-changing mountains combined with the torrent of the river, which still tears at the unyielding granite walls that confine its racing green waters.

When winter closed in on the Fraser, that season of 1858, it found the mining camp at Yale with a population of 5,000 people who might literally have been called an army of the devil. Not even the Californian days of the Roaring Fifties ever saw such a mixture of dangerous derelicts from all over the world, as dwelt within the tents and shacks of the town.

Every race, every color, and both sexes were represented in the people who made the camp one of the most lawless on the continent. There were French, Germans, English, Canadians, Americans, Australians, Spaniards, Japanese, Chinese and Negroes. There

were good women and bad,—and then there was Johanna Maguire.

Never had the coast seen such a woman—brilliant, beautiful even in decay, with a dash, a fascination and a conquering charm, combined with a magnificent recklessness that made her easily the queen of the lawless place. For every man of every nation, of every grade of intellect, of every walk in life, she had her own peculiar magnetism.

When winter approached each steamer bound outside took down a hilarious load bent on spending the Christmas holidays amid the more civilized environments of Victoria. But Johanna Maguire, more reckless, more erratic than her wont, steadfastly refused to join her boon companions in the trip outside, and when the last boat went down, she was almost the only woman left in the camp.

Among the forlorn creatures who had drifted into Yale was a man named Harland Overbeck—a wreck especially pitiful, in that to him clung his daughter, a flower of a child, who for four years had followed him from camp to camp, sharing his poverty, with a patience that was sublime and a love that was superhuman, bearing humiliations and, at times, ill treatment that would have crushed anyone less purely steadfast.

Yet Fate at last claimed her own, and on Christmas Eve, little Ellen Overbeck lay upon what even the untrained eyes of the Gold Commissioner knew to be her deathbed. Doctor there was none in the camp. There never had been any. The Gold Commissioner, with a "Family Doctor" book, and a supply of simple drugs, represented all the medical lore between Yale and Victoria.

Only those serene in faith, or of unconquerable courage, can face the Great Change undaunted. Harland Overbeck possessed neither, and while his child lay ministered to only by the big but tender hands of the Gold Commissioner, he sat in the garish surroundings of the worst saloon in town, drinking to kill his abject fear of death. When at last he reeled back to his shack, he was so maudlin, so

clumsy, so heedlessly brutal in voice and movements, that the Gold Commissioner throttled him into quiet, and forcing him out of the shack, pushed him along the street by main strength to a saloon, into which he thrust him with the plain Anglo-Saxon injunction to "stay there, damn you!"

When the Gold Commissioner returned to the shack, he stopped thunderstruck upon the threshold. Behind the curtain which screened the child's couch from the rest of the room, he heard a woman's voice speaking in soothing accents. It was a voice he had never before heard in camp; the voice of a refined and cultured woman, using language and expressing thoughts he had never expected to hear in Yale.

"Do not be afraid, little one," it said. "It is light, all light where you are going. There will be no more suffering for you, no more hunger, nor cold, nor unkindness, nor misunderstanding. Everything is love there, everything is pure and good. Many of us would like to be there, many of us who can never hope to go there. It is only a little longer for you here, dearie, and then the wonderful change. Do not fear. It is all light. Now, say after me, dearie, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth.'"

There was the sound of the child's voice repeating faintly, "I know that my Redeemer—" and then, mingled with her gasping breaths, the sound of a woman's sobs came to his ear.

With the sound of his first step upon the rickety floor, there came a rustle of skirts, and before he could cross to the curtain, it was flung back, and to his utter astonishment, Johanna Maguire stood before him!

But it was a Johanna Maguire whom he had never seen—a Johanna Maguire warm and human, palpitating with sympathy and with never a trace of the hard, brilliant recklessness which made her the delight and the exasperation of the camp by turns. And then, there came a fusilade of shots outside, the sound of stumbling feet, a burst of ribald laughter and oaths and drunken lyells, mingled with cries of "Merry Christmas."

"God!" said Johanna Maguire. "God?" she repeated, as if in wonder at hearing the word from her own lips. "*Merry Christmas—God!*" And then, as the noise of the rioters continued, a look that one crucified might wear passed over her face, and when it had gone, the old Johanna Maguire in her most reckless mood stood before him. "God! God! God!" she shrieked in crescendo, and then, throwing up both hands, she flung out of the shack, crying, "There is no God! Nothing in all the world but devil."

That night, the white soul of little Ellen Overbeck passed over the broad and shining trail to the glories of the Beyond. And that night, too, Johanna Maguire led the very maddest revel that Yale had ever known, and when the pale light of a northern winter morning brought Christmas Day to the camp, she was nothing but a battered bit of faintly breathing humanity. How it had happened no one could tell. But it was very patent that Johanna Maguire would never lead another revel. Before the infernal pressure Nature gave way, and the gates of death swung darkly open.

Just at the end, she opened her eyes wide, and then with a murmured "Yes, God, the exile is over," she smiled, and even before it passed from her lips, Johanna Maguire had ceased to be.

Not until long years afterward did the Gold Commissioner piece together the scattered fragments of this misspent life,—fragments that connected the so-called Johanna Maguire, queen of a frontier mining camp, with one of the proudest families of England, a woman famous at one time as a leader in the vice-regal set at Dublin, and later a figure in the social life of Montreal and Quebec.

* * * *

Man-of-the-Purple-Sun they called him, from the hour in which they had suddenly seen him standing upon the brink of the precipice, looking off into the west at the spectacle which filled them with awe. For in generations of life in the heart of the Arizona desert which fairly pulsates with color, where the sky is a royal blue that is almost

sapphire, and the sands of the desert show all the tints of the spectrum, and from hour to hour the iridescence plays, never had a dweller in the village of Hualpai seen the eerie color of the sunset on a certain day of August in the early nineties.

The adobe walls of the village stood out deeply purple in the waning light; the sandy wastes of the desert stretched out to the horizon, each rounded hill, each sharply cut mountain a different shade of purple; even the sentinel spikes of the ocalilla cactus and the oases of the irrigated fields of corn took on the unearthly hue, while the copper-colored faces of the Mesa Indians became little less than demoniacal.

"The Trues have spread their mantles over the world," said the medicine men—and then suddenly some one discovered the stranger standing upon the precipice that abutted half way up the steep, winding path from the desert below to the village above. How came he there? It was their first sight of him. To their minds, deeply touched with awe at the spectacle of a land bathed in deepest purple, he was something more than human, garbed though he was in the chapps of the Arizona cowboy.

The stranger himself, when he first came down to them, confirmed this first impression. For he was sombre-faced, with eyes behind whose kindly glance lay an infinite sadness. He was chary of speech, with an aloofness which yet allured, and drew to him, without touch of fear, the love and abject devotion of every creature in all Hualpai. So the man from an unknown world and the men of a nation which still prays the pagan prayers and follows the mystic rites of ancestors long vanished, were drawn together in a common brotherhood that took no note of time, or creed, or differing civilizations.

Time wore on, days passed into weeks, and yet the stranger's sadness seemed to grow. He took to long walks that carried him far into the desert, braving alike the heat of day and the chill of night with the utter indifference of misery.

And then, one morning, it happened,

as Bartolo Jojola, chief medicine man, knew it must happen. When the maiden Moya pushed back the door-hanging of twisted rabbitskin, she found the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun lying with blank, unseeing eyes upon his bed of fragrant boughs. Her shrill cry rang out that the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun was ill unto death. And soon all over the village, the sound of Indian drums and chanting voices rose, as with one accord Hualpai practiced its ancient incantations, beseeching The Trues for his life, while at his bedside stood Bartolo Jojola in fullest panoply of the most sacred rites of the Great Medicine.

Yet, when hours later, he lay weak and moist but sentient, Bartolo Jojola still frowned, for the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun was as one who lives under protest and without hope. Then to the medicine man there came an inspiration direct from The Trues. From his own house where reposed the insignia of his office, he brought a great bowl of exquisite workmanship, and filling it with the sacred water, and holding it high above his head, made his way back to where the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun lay, possessed of but one desire—that he might speedily pass to the Great Oblivion.

Clearing a space upon the hard, earthen floor, Bartolo Jojola set the bowl in the centre, and then lighting a richly carved pipe, he chanted over it a subdued invocation to The Trues. This done, he sank upon his knees beside the sacred water, and peered intently into its mirror-like surface.

"Oh, son," he began, "you may trust in the power of The Trues. Before me lies the picture that burns its way into your brain. The ground is white; the trees are bare; and it is cold, oh, colder than the coldest night that falls in the desert, and yet a cold that sets the blood a-tingle and makes life a joy with every breath.

"I follow you along a road lined on either side with trees, the pointed firs of a far-off land to the north. There is the sound of bells in the air, soft silver bells, and the road seems sweet to you; the cold stirs your blood, and your heart leaps within you toward the goal

of your journey—the house which holds the greatest thing in the world—the heart of a loving woman, who forgives much, even because in that measure is her love for you.

"Oh, son, son! great was your transgression! Great has been the price that you have paid. And great is yet to be your forgiveness. For through the sacred smoke, which I thus breathe upon the mirror, The Trues reveal the good that life still has in store for you. Once more shall you bask in the indoor warmth of December in the north. Once more shall you see the little fir tree aglow with points of light, the tree with which your people celebrate the holiday of your Trues. Once more shall you rest in the haven of home and a woman's love. Doubt not the voice of The Trues," he repeated earnestly, as the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun stirred upon his couch of fragrant boughs. "Even now, when it seems as though forgiveness were impossible, it is already yours, in fullest measure. For the greatest thing in the world is yours long since—the forgiveness of an injured, but loving woman. Oh, son, trust the voice of The Trues."

The voice ceased, and within the gray walls was the silence in which big things are born. Then, as the deep drawn breaths of a strong man fell upon the air, Bartolo Jojola rose and bearing aloft the sacred mirror, he took his measured way out into the waning sunlight.

Now whatever the magic is among these famous medicine men of the pueblo Indians, strange it is that to them seems given the power of prophesy. For to-day in a growing metropolis of Canada, he who once bore the name "Man-of-the-Purple-Sun," lives an honored life, every hour of which adds to the broad beam of light which little by little obscures the stain of the deed that years ago made him a weary seeker of death in the sandy wastes of a desert.

* * * *

On a day in early June, when the spring freshets had brought down the boats on the North Saskatchewan, a young man, blonde, as only a Teuton can be blonde, swung up the trail from

the river to the door of the Company's post, and asked for work. And within an hour, Wilhelm Miller, with his carefully manicured, though muscular hands, was working like a magnificent machine, helping to stow away the tons and tons of freight that had come down with the opening of navigation, and altogether, showing a perfect lust for work that made him seem, as Francois Lavoisier phrased it, a "very devil of a man."

The Factor smiled as the day wore on, but he said nothing nor did he ask the newcomer to join the circle of clerks in the dining room. And still again he smiled to himself, when after the late twilight had fallen, the stranger sang. Voyageur songs alternated with German lieds, and these gave way to songs in French, Italian and English, rolled out in a rich baritone. Such a man, who could both work like a devil and sing like a polyglot angel was cut exactly after the pattern of the north.

All through the summer, he was the joy of the post, and of every visitor who entered its gates, and when snow came, bringing the swish-swish of snow-shoes and the jangle of bells on dog sledges, Wilhelm Miller seemed the Spirit of the North incarnate.

Until December came in, Wilhelm Miller sipped to the full the joys of the northern outdoors. Then with the first hint of Christmas in the air, a change came over him. Day by day his smiling joyousness grew less, day by day his songs grew fewer.

On Christmas Eve, the long, low room of the trading post was filled with a joyous company. An old time Yule log snapped and crackled in the fireplace, and a lordly fir tree, twinkling with candles, its topmost bough crowned with a white-winged Christmas angel, quivered and swayed with every joyous step upon the floor. The scent of Christmas greens was mingled with that of popcorn and roasting apples, of nuts and steaming spices. There was a babel of voices—a mixture of French and English and Indian patois—but high above them all rose the voices of the children who clustered

in a clamoring throng about the tall figure of Wilhelm Miller. All the old joy of living seemed to have returned to him. In him the keen instinct of childhood recognized the perfect flower of the Christmas spirit, and to it they responded as all things in creation respond to light and love. Game after game he taught them; song after song he sang them; and then like another Pied Piper of Hamelin, he led them in a merry dance until they stopped exhausted, but still hilarious.

"Oh, cher homme! cher homme!" cried Julie Blanche, the daughter of Francois Lavoisier, her childish treble ringing out in a sudden silence, that sometimes falls upon a reveling throng. "Oh, dear man! dear man! how they must miss you at home!"

Wilhelm Miller stopped short, as if suddenly turned to stone.

"Wilhelm, man!" the Factor exclaimed, starting toward him with outstretched hand. But Wilhelm Miller threw up both arms, and without a sound, his great frame swayed and fell like a log upon the pinestrewn floor.

In the bitter hours that followed, the confidence so long withheld was given. The Factor's eyes opened when he heard the name to which Wilhelm Miller had answered in the world where he was born. One of the proudest in all Europe it was, as the Factor well knew, one long borne by a brilliant German ambassador to the court of St. James. Life, even for a younger son in such a family, offers more than one primrose path, and Wilhelm Miller went the pace with a thoroughness that made Berlin and London gasp, and had touched deeply the vast revenues of the family.

While his father lived, Wilhelm Miller felt no material check, but later when his elder brother was firmly fixed in the father's place as head of the family, Wilhelm Miller found himself "cabined, cribbed, confined," so he slipped away from it all one day, leaving no trace behind him, and only the message that he had gone where he would be treated as a man.

Four more years rolled by for Wilhelm Miller in the Saskatchewan country, and then, one day, a

messenger arrived bringing word that the elder brother of the man who called himself Wilhelm Miller had died long months before, and that he was the head of his house, and heir not only to the title, but to unlimited control of the estates. And to-day, one of the ablest men in the German diplomatic service in the orient, is the man who for almost four years acted as clerk of the Great Company in a post on the North Saskatchewan.

* * * *

Eleven months of the year, Paramaribo drones out its Dutch tropical existence, content in the happy indolence of evening cool and morning freshness with the long siesta of the lotus-eater between; its chief concern cocoa and sugar and the latest "affair" of this, that or the other Paramariban white, yellow, red or black.

For three hundred and thirty-four days, this lotus-eating life goes on with hardly a break, but with the dawn of the three hundred and thirty-fifth day, Paramaribo, white and black, young and old, awakes with a tingling sense of the expectedly unexpected. For the first day of December has come to mean throughout Paramaribo and most of Dutch Guiana, the breaking out of madness with the "mad American."

It matters not that he came from the other side of the international boundary line, and is, to those who know the signs, a Canadian of the Canadians. Paramaribo to a man has never been convinced that he is not a Yankee by birth.

Many years it is now since John Granger landed from a small sailing vessel and walked up the broad avenue to Government House. He dropped into the life of the tropics with a completeness that to the experienced eye of the governor meant the burning of every bridge that connected him in any way with the land from which he had come. For eleven months he was a good citizen, taking his place as a favorite in the limited circle of the white population, a welcome guest at Government House, and an ally of unusual resources and

courage in the troubled days that followed the emancipation of the slaves.

Yet his mulatto wife could have told the world that never a night was there that a loaded revolver did not lie under his pillow, and another ready for instant use, beside his bed. And yet again, his dusky-skinned wife and children could tell a tale of kindness and indulgence that in the last month of the year changes to thirty days and nights of terror, when all hours see John Granger mad with drink.

No one in all Paramaribo knows the reason of the madness. Probably but one person in the world knows to-day the secret, and he learned it when, a mere slip of a boy, scarcely past his majority, he first came to Paramaribo and met John Granger.

On a certain day in December, and at an hour when all Paramaribo was promenading up and down the broad sea-wall, or sitting on the banks of the canals, everybody was suddenly galvanized into action by a fusilade near Government House. The toilers sought escape with a fluttering of white skirts and a showing of black heels that bespoke a very keen understanding of the situation.

Only one person in all Paramaribo, apparently, had any curiosity. And that was the slender, blue-eyed boy who had landed from the Jamaica boat not half an hour before. Looking out of a window at Government House, he saw a tall man in white duck, whose arms and legs were moving in a way that betokened one who had looked at wine when it was red, and lingered long after looking.

There were three things that made the lad go down to the avenue. First, he had seen at a glance, as he thought, that the man was an American. Next, in his heart burned the purest fire of patriotism, and he could not bear to see a fellow countryman setting such a pattern for Americanism, even in the ends of the earth. And last, he knew full well that a small sober man can always down a large drunken man, if he goes about it right.

As calmly as if he were sauntering down Broadway or Piccadilly, he ap-

proached the yelling, staggering, shooting white man, and just as calmly, when he came within speaking distance, he said, as he held out a hand that never trembled.

"Better give me that gun, and act like a decent American."

As if suddenly stricken dumb—and sober—John Granger stood still in his tracks, his glazed eyes widening in what was a peculiar mixture of joy and terror, as they gazed into the unflinching blue eyes.

"Come along, old chap, and we'll have it out," said the boy.

"God!" exclaimed John Granger. "A man from home!"

And then as he fell into a fit of trembling, the boy quietly took the gun from his relaxed fingers and grasping John Granger firmly by the arm, piloted him down the avenue and off through a street embowered in low-hanging trees, into the seclusion of the house where he himself was domiciled.

"It's worse than purgatory, man. It's hell," said John Granger a few hours later. "I can stand it eleven months in the year, but when Christmas gets in the air, I begin to think and think and think—and then the madness grows with each day of remembering.

"There are holidays and holidays here—Dutch holidays, church holidays and Caribbean black people's holidays, and Christmas is the least of all—yet never a December comes in but I begin

to see pictures of every Christmas I ever spent in God's country up north. I'm free here. There I wouldn't be. But, God, man! I'd give this whole life with all its palm trees and gorgeous flowers and jungles of green things, just for a sight of a stunted little fir aglow with dinky little candles and with the family and the family-in-laws, big and little, gathered 'round, with every heart beating to the tune of Christmas.

"You think you're lonesome when you have to spend a holiday away from home, because you can't get there, business or lack of money, preventing you. You think you know how dear the home folks are, and what happiness it would be to have them all around you. But man alive, if you never again could earn money enough for a pair of shoes to walk home from the other side of the world, *you* would not know what I feel—nor a lot of other poor devils of exiles, victims of a moment's weakness, and the barrier it raised up which men have created and called Law. . ."

John Granger is a man gray-haired and portly of figure to-day, and so far as indications go, has long forgotten the very word "sentiment," yet still as regularly as the month of the Christmas holidays rolls 'round, the old madness of heimweh takes possession of him, and Paramaribo still holds itself ready to scuttle away to shelter at the first sound of a shot.



THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a startling picture of the congested condition of the very poor in the great English cities, especially of those in London, and argues a necessity for reforming those conditions where the people themselves are capable of betterment. His remedy would be to transplant them "back to the land", but in this he protests against their being transplanted only to die. It is "no solution of the troubles of the poor of Europe," he says, "to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the United States. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we are organized mentally, governmentally, physically. Canada offers this opportunity. Yet clean and sane colonization demands that the intending colonists shall be fit and prepared to avail themselves of a fair opportunity when offered." He then takes up a consideration of the kind of immigrants sent in through English church and philanthropic agencies, and describes them as being largely drawn from the helpless, city-bred poor, who cumbered the land and often perished. He contends that this policy was dangerous to all concerned; that changes were necessary, whether England liked them or not. In sustaining this view, he quotes from various authorities and lays stress on a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, dealing with state-aid to immigrants, and pointing out that London charitable organizations in one year sent in many thousands from the East End of London, "without the slightest control, either by the Government or the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior of this country," paying, "it may be presumed, in every case, the total cost of such transportation."

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

In short, no matter how sad that conclusion may be, nor how sad the premises warranting it, it seems only just to conclude that many of the emigrants offered to Canada are exported thither either through the somewhat selfish wish to relieve local conditions, or that vague pity for immediate scenes of suffering which prompt the average mind just to "do something"—most frequently without much consideration of what is to be done. In this case there is humanity on both sides of the sea to be considered. There is a future for Canada, as well as a future for England, to be considered. This is not to say that the selfish interests of either country are to be subserved to the detriment of the other. It is only to say that those unfortunate poor who make the reason for the argument ought to be considered alongside of the problems of either country. Let us read more about them from Mr. Walker's report:

"The Church Emigration Society was not formed with the definite object of advancing the passage money of the emigrants, but a certain number of those sent out by the Society have been assisted in this way. Their method of operation is to assist those who assist themselves; in other words to pay a portion of their transportation, but to encourage only husbands and wives with small families. I am free to confess that this organization exercises a good deal of care in the selection of their emigrants, and insists upon the guarantee of the respectability of the family in the form of a good contribution to the cost of the transportation, and also insists upon an agreement for the repayment of the proportion advanced. Last year they sent altogether 663 persons to Canada. This society is first and foremost a religious society, and exists mainly for the purpose of binding together members of the Church of England in all parts of the world.

"The Central Unemployed Body is a purely London organization, operating under the Workmen's Unemployed Act, confining its operations to the unemployed of the City of London, without regard to any particular locality in the Metropolis. I am not prepared to deny but what they take a great deal of care, and go to a great deal of trouble in sifting, selecting, and finally approving of the emigrants. The objection to their organization, however, is that they work exclusively amongst a class of people for whom there is no demand in Canada, i.e., unemployed tradesmen, artisans, mechanics, and other skilled persons, as well as general laborers. The proportion of persons with farm training coming under their care is infinitesimal, and, as I have said, it is difficult to draw the line between the unemployed and the unemployable; and yet it is amongst just such classes that the Central Unemployed Body conducts its work. During the year the Central Unemployed Body emigrated to Canada, 2,842 persons. The great majority of these, I am afraid, are not at all likely to readily assimilate and adapt themselves to Canadian conditions."

On this side of the water there is, perhaps, no charitable or semi-charitable organization so well known as the Salvation Army. Practically every one in Canada and the United States is familiar with the methods of this body and acquainted with the noble work which it does, principally among the city poor. The Commissioner tells us something more about a less known labor of this great organization, and gives the figures of the immigration which it has directly fostered or brought about.

"During the year 1907 the Salvation Army emigrated 406 persons whose fares were either wholly or partially advanced. These form a proportion of the 15,000, which is about the aggregate of the Salvation Army's emigration during that year.

"With reference to the emigrants of Distress Committees handed to the care of the Army, they are open to the same objection as such emigrants when in the care of any other society. They

are, for the most part, tradesmen, townsmen, and generally very incompetent and inferior ones at that. It is worth noticing, however, that out of the total of 15,000 persons claimed by the Salvation Army as having been sent to Canada in 1907, only 406 had their fares wholly or partially advanced."

There are yet other societies of which perhaps many west of the Atlantic have not heard. Of yet another of these the Commissioner has the following comment to make:

"The Central Emigration Board, an executive body, not at all of a philanthropic or charitable character was brought into existence for the purpose of providing a machine for booking and emigrating the products of the Provincial Distress Committees. During the year it sent to Canada 228 persons, the unemployed products either of certain charitable societies or distress committees. I do not know what special provision it has for obtaining work on the other side, but I am afraid the organization, if any, must be of a very restricted character."

Summing up in a general review the work of the societies above mentioned, and that as well of the Church Army, mentioned in a preceding chapter, Mr. Walker has the following conclusion which he presents in plain terms and without any hesitation:

"In my opinion, it will be an unfortunate condition of affairs if such organizations are permitted, unrestricted and unrestrained, to pour upon the shores of Canada large numbers of persons, few of whom are at all fitted for our conditions, and most of whom are morally and physically quite unfitted."

Mr. Walker touches here the origin of the whole series of evils—the importation of the city poor, the waste humanity of London, picked up bodily in all its helplessness, brought to Canada, passage-paid, and then deposited upon the land, every man to fend for his miserable self.

"As most of these organizations," he says, "carry on their operations in large centres of population, they seldom reach persons of agricultural experience

and consequently have, in proportion to their numbers sent to Canada, very few claims for the bonus given by the Department to persons bent upon agricultural pursuits in Canada, and I think, therefore, it would be judicious to withhold the bonus in the case of any person obtaining either a free or an assisted passage, ability to pay the necessary transportation charge being one of the most satisfactory proofs of thrift and industry."

The state of facts disclosed by the report caused general surprise and discussion throughout the country. The Government adopted the recommendation touching the bonus, knowing that it would check English immigration in numbers, for a time at least, but that it would operate for a better, cleaner, abler quality of settlers.

All this may be dry bureau work, or matter throbbing with human interest, whichever way you choose to look at it. To the writer it offers rather the latter phase. The average citizen of the American continent has given little actual study to the problems of future citizenship as affected by future immigration. Least of all has he studied the question from the viewpoint of the man most vitally concerned. Sometimes it is the rawest immigrant who believes in putting up the bars and allowing no more raw immigrants to come. Beyond his own immediate family or friends, this problem does not customarily affect him seriously. Neither does it come within the purview of the careless and indifferent citizen already in, whether of this generation or one earlier to arrive here, and rather busy with making his own living. But the total area of Canada cannot be increased by one foot. The stature of its citizenship can be increased by many a cubit foot. The time is coming when we, who are ignorant or indifferent, must face this inexorable situation. We cannot alter our acreage, but we can alter our citizenship, perhaps can improve it, perhaps, on the other hand, can assist it in deteriorating. The question is every day up to the desk, up to the mind, and up to the heart of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. He knows

well enough that it is a problem, and knows well enough that it must be solved.

From Winnipeg station you may see the world and the world's problem. Students of all sorts have gazed on these scenes. Among these have been many Socialists, who have been prompt to comment on what they believe these scenes mean for the future. Indeed, it is difficult to see these hordes of hopeless poor, and to reflect that they come from that portion of the world boasting the proudest aristocracies, the greatest wealth, the most advanced thought, and not see how easy is the thought of Socialism.

From Winnipeg one may look southward to the great Republic, and see, if one likes, an army reputed to represent nine million Socialists—who have been driven to their creed by the same causes which brought hither these helpless poor. Socialism in the United States now declares that national, state and municipal governments are mere adjuncts of the merciless industrial machinery. The economic resources of the great Republic have been so operated for private profit that there remains little actual authority to question those who now control the government, or their ability to right, enforce or defy the laws. Industrialism run wild has put the Republic's politics where it is to-day. It has put the hopeless poor man where he is to-day, in the United States and in England. To change all this, Socialism declares we must have an entirely new philosophy of government. We need not agree with Socialism to this extent. Yet we may perhaps none the less be allowed to say that we need a new theory of life.

CHAPTER X.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A BUSINESS MAN.

THE history of warlike deeds concerned with Canada, the school book story of Wolfe and his troops—for long years that was England's choicest offering to her youth by way of information regarding her choicest province. English ignorance was dense regarding England's opportunities, which for

centuries here lay waste and wasted. But now it is not a question of Trafalgar or Waterloo. It is not even a question of Quebec. It is late in the day to rest on the glory of Crecy or Agincourt. In these days other and different battles must be fought by England—battles harder than those earlier ones.

Over a century ago the United Colonies gave Canada to England, when they helped her to take Quebec from the French. Not ten years ago the United States gave Canada again to England, when again it sent a scout and guide to show England why, and where, and how!

Let us be quite fair upon both sides. Sir Gilbert Parker's Yankee who found the way to the Heights of Abraham was very likely English born. Colonel A. D. Davidson, handler of the largest transaction in raw lands the world ever saw, was Canadian born, although he spent most of his life in the United States and got his education in land-selling in the northwestern States of that country. Western Canada waited for him, a stage ready set for Hamlet when the latter should appear. Davidson was not a melancholy Dane, but an optimistic Canadian Yankee; and he made no bad sort of Hamlet at the time!

The story of his discovery is one of the greatest industrial stories of the world. Indeed, it seems a thing of fate, and Davidson himself a man appointed. He had large experience. He knew all about the soils. He was a hard-headed unspectacular sort of man, with few personal frills and a general habit of getting results.

In the year 1900 the wheat horizon in Western Canada was very narrow. Farming had been tried for thirty years, and all that could be called safe wheat country was a part of Manitoba, a little of eastern Saskatchewan, and a strip near Edmonton. There had been hard years. Lower Saskatchewan had lost almost all its settlers. Family after family, who had come out with the old foolish English idea of becoming "landed proprietors," had failed in the fight, lost all they had, and been reduced to penury. The "course of

empire" seemed to end just west of Winnipeg.

The first railway did not bring success at once, because it could not bring wheat out of a wheatless empire, which lay hopeless and almost abandoned. All the world, backed by thirty years of experience, said that wheat could not be raised farther west than a little distance beyond Winnipeg. "Is that true?" asked Davidson. "I do not believe it!"

It is a singular thing how, when the world needs a skeptic and a revolutionist, a scout in industry, that man, sometimes with small pomp and circumstance, usually appears. Colonel Davidson, fortified by his long experience in settling Minnesota and Dakota, made a journey for himself west into Alberta, north to Edmonton, then back, and all over Saskatchewan. He went out into the country, far from railways, and took with him a spade. As he travelled, continually he dug and tested and examined the soil. Presently there was issued to the world the singular statement—all heresy, of course!—that the soil of the Saskatchewan valley and Western Canada generally was as rich in wheat-growing elements as any in the world. He backed up this bold declaration with another to the effect that if any considerable body of land were for sale, he stood ready to buy, and, moreover, he would settle it with men who knew how to farm. He even had the assurance to predict that if he did what he was planning to do, his settlers and those who would follow them into Western Canada, would shortly be producing wheat to the tune of many millions of bushels each year.

"Of course this cannot be possible!" said the wise men of England and Eastern Canada. "It is impossible, or we should have known it two hundred and fifty years ago! Moreover, it is impossible, because we ourselves have proved it so for thirty years!"

No one would admit that an empire had lain hidden for two centuries. No one would believe that a plain man could in twenty minutes add a hundred million pounds to the wealth of England and the world. But in time this

revolutionary truth no longer could be denied.

Even after the Canadian Pacific had laid rails across the continent, almost anybody might have land who was fool enough to ask the Canadian Government for it; as may be seen from one historic incident. The railroad bee buzzed idly here and there, and the Government was ever ready to erect its ears at the suggestion of railroads. One fully inadequate railroad concern got a land grant of a million and a half acres of land, stipulated in the terms of the grant to be "land fairly fit for settlement." Years passed, and the directors of this concern still claimed that they could not find in all Saskatchewan so much land fit for any kind of settlement—a statement which the Government *did not dare deny!*

This railroad languidly built a brief mileage, and then languidly went broke; but it was adjudged to have earned its land grant, so that in 1894 it could pass title of these lands to a real estate concern, which took over the entire grant as attached to the original charter. The bondholders got for their share the railroad itself, a languid and rather purposeless sort of affair. Which were the worse discontented, the bondholders or the land-holders, it were hard to say; but certainly neither one of them cared much for the land. It was not until many years later that land was proved to be land in Western Canada. In 1906 the bondholders sold their railroad within six hours after the time it was offered on the market. Times had changed by then.

The railroad company sued the Government of Canada, meantime, and demanded that they be allowed several million acres additional land from which to make their justly celebrated choice of land "fairly fit for settlement." They brought abundance of experts to show that all this country was practically barren—in short, they proved this to be true for a country over hundreds of miles of which there is to-day growing wheat as thick as it can stand! Even the culled lands of Saskatchewan now bring four times as much as the best selections were considered worth ten years ago.

Other experts were brought by the Government to show that this soil really *would* grow wheat. Upon the testimony of these latter, the Dominion Government finally declined to amend the original grant. This suit hung fire in the court for a long time. The Liberal party wished it settled, and allowed judgment to be taken against the Government. It paid cash for this land to the final holders of the land grant, and so it got back into the possession of Canada what the earlier holders had treated as a gift horse with a very bad mouth.

It was just at this time that the Canadian-Yankee Davidson arrived, with a conviction of his own. With his own spade he had been digging the foundations for an empire. Large capital promptly went behind him. From that time on there went forward one of the swiftest and most romantic business dramas ever played in any time or region of the world. Then it was that the question of proper colonization clamored imperatively for consideration. He were but a narrow man who would seek to narrow the Davidson credit or restrict his creed. After all, bluff Davidson was a business man. He worked on commercial lines, asked financial backing and had mighty little to do with stars and dreams. He would probably have snorted with resentment had anyone called him an idealist. Yet he was a man with a vision, else he would not have digged and could not have believed. Here, now, he was, tied to a promise to put actual settlers on these new lands. It was easy to test the soil, easy to buy it and select it;—but to *settle it*, that was another question.

These new acres must find settlers, or they would be worth no more now than they had been before. Davidson and all his associates knew this perfectly well. The companies formed by them retailed more land than has ever been handled in the same time in any time or region of the world. What was their theory, and where did they get their settlers? It is perfectly obvious that the opinion of so large an operator is of the greatest interest and value. A man who can find an empire ought to be

listened to when he expresses his opinion as to the sort of human beings most desirable to settle that new empire.

Colonel Davidson, who has sent thousands of settlers into the new lands of two countries, who has seen thousands of men win and lose in their fight for homes, paints a picture of the men with whom he had most of his business dealings before he came to Canada—the frontiersmen who went out from Iowa and Illinois to Minnesota and the Dakotas. Briefly, he says, "Make your new Canadian like that."

Colonel Davidson refers only to a type—the type which answers to-day to the name American. Not in all cases was this man product of the United States, although he may have come from that country. He might be Englishman, native American, Mennonite or Swede. Certainly he was not often slum dweller from any city of the world. He was strong of body, stronger yet of purpose. Colonel Davidson ought to know, and it is the Davidson theory that, no matter what the derivation of this *type*, no matter from under what flag it comes, this *type* will win. This theory does not embrace race, origin, geography or environment. In short, it is nothing but the theory of the survival of the fit and strong; and with charity, with religion, with politics it has nothing whatever to do. This theory is wholly in tune with the times. With it, England and all the rest of the world must reckon.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VIEWPOINT OF AN IDEALIST.

LET us choose for our speaker now not some well-known figure of the political or economic world. Let us rather hear the beliefs of a man who has put his theories into practice, and out of practice brought success. The experience of William Pearson, of

Winnipeg, a Canadian now, though once an Englishman, city bred, has the vital quality of the human document, since what he has learned of Canada has been from the ground up, first as a settler on the land himself, and afterward as a dealer in land, settling other farmers on the soil in the great colonization enterprise of which he is the head. A man in that work must use men as he finds them, and he finds many ignorant, many weak and many ready to despair. It is somewhat surprising to find a "land man" who is not a cynic; but here we may offer the strange product—an altruistic business man, whose creed of life is that before you can uplift a man, you first must feed him; that is to say, help him to feed himself. This seems worth elaboration in the believer's own words:

"I once heard a Yukon missionary who, in describing his journeys in the Yukon country, told of two little mice he once found in the sledge tracks of the icy way. Neither of these mice could free itself from the deep groove in which it found itself. One he picked up, warmed and saved. For the other aid came too late. It had frozen and died in the groove before help reached it. I'm a land man, but that little story got home to me.

"Sometimes in my work I stand and look out over the undulations of the prairie, league after league of grass, with only the suggestion of habitation afforded by the homesteaders' shacks, miles apart. Perhaps in the distance there may be the silver thread of some distant lake, the glory of a sunset across it, or the grey of the prairie twilight. At any time it is beautiful; and at no time do I fail to contrast such a scene with those offered by the squalid delimitations of brick in which humanity must swarm in the cities. There is something uplifting in this spaciousness. Here there is opportunity, while back yonder men and women in millions are workless, hopeless, foodless."

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

BY HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Mordecai Jones

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in upon the best play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, is to perform this pleasant service, and will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production.—THE EDITOR.

A DOLL'S HOUSE

NORA HELMER'S husband—and her father before him—had never allowed her to entertain a serious thought. Then—suddenly—one day their judgment was not available; both were ill, dangerously so. For the first time in her merry, petted existence she was thrust into a practical difficulty. She solved it as best she could alone. The problem and her solution she hid in her heart for eight years.

* * * *

It is the day before Christmas. A more cheerful place than the Helmers' flat would be difficult to find in Christiania. Nora has just returned from a shopping expedition, her arms heavy with bundles. A porter follows her with a Christmas tree. Torwald's gift she conceals under the table. Then, humming gaily, she peers slyly around to see that no one is near, draws a bag of macaroons from her muff and pops one into her mouth. She goes on tip-toe to her husband's door and listens.

From within comes a deep, affection-

ate voice: "Is that my lark twittering there? Is it the squirrel frisking around?"

"Yes; I just got home this minute." Nora hides the bag of macaroons in her muff. Torwald has forbidden them, and on no account must he find her doing that of which he disapproves.

Helmer opens the door and looks in, pen in hand. He is a large-framed man, with an important forehead. "What! All that! Has my little spendthrift been making the money fly again?"

Nora pouts. "Why, Torwald, surely we can afford to launch out a little now. It's the first Christmas we haven't had to pinch. You know you'll soon be earning heaps of money. We can borrow in the meantime."

Helmer tweaks her ear playfully. "Nora, Nora, what a woman you are. But seriously, you know my principles on this point. Home life ceases to be free and beautiful as soon as it is founded on borrowing and debt. We two have held out bravely until now and we're not going to give in at the

last. There's a whole quarter before my first salary is due."

At the thought of the advance in their fortune with her husband's new position as manager of the Joint Stock Bank, Nora's spirit revives. "Oh, it's glorious to have *heaps* of money!"

These conjugal rejoicings are ended by a ring at the door, and the maid's announcement of a caller for Mrs. Helmer and that Dr. Rank waits for Mr. Helmer in the study.

At first Nora does not recognize the woman in black standing embarrassed and hesitating in the doorway. Then, from her timid greeting, Nora remembers that the years since they were schoolmates together have brought poverty, widowhood and loneliness to Christina. She runs to her, flinging her arms fondly about her shoulders.

"Do take your things off. There, now we'll sit cozily by the fire." Nora forces her tenderly into a low rocking chair near the porcelain stove. "You must tell me everything about yourself. Now tell me, is it really true that you didn't love your husband? What made you marry him then?"

"My mother was helpless; and I had my two younger brothers to think of. I didn't think it would be right to refuse him. But his business fell to pieces at his death, and there was nothing left." Mrs. Linden pushes back her hair wearily. A faint, vague hope that she will somehow meet the lover she gave up for duty's sake has drawn her to Christiania.

Nora hugs her in quick sympathy. In her radiantly happy mood she wishes everyone to be happy. Torwald shall find a place for her friend in the bank. "Oh, I should so love to help you. And I will. Just you leave it all to me."

"How good of you, Nora, to stand by me so warmly. Doubly good in you who know so little of the troubles and burdens of life."

Nora tosses her head. "Oh, come, you mustn't be so patronizing. You're like the rest. You all think I'm fit for nothing really serious. You are proud of having worked so hard and so long for your mother and your brothers. But now let me tell you, Christina—I,

too, have something to be proud and glad of."

She draws Christina's head close to hers. "Hush! Torwald mustn't hear—not for worlds. You know, Torwald overworked himself terribly, the first year of our marriage, and fell dangerously ill. Then the doctors declared he must go South. But it cost a frightful lot of money, Christina. Four thousand, eight hundred crowns."

Mrs. Linden smiles. "Well, and your father gave you the money."

Nora responds mysteriously: "Yes, so Torwald and everyone believe. But—papa didn't give us one penny. He was very ill at the time and died a month later. It was *I* that found the money."

"And you have never confessed to your husband?"

"Good heavens! What can you be thinking of? Tell him, when he has such a loathing of debt? And besides—how painful and humiliating it would be for Torwald with his manly self-respect to know that he owed anything to me! It would utterly upset the relation between us. You may believe it has cost me a lot of anxiety. You must know, Christina, that in business there are things called installments and quarterly interest, that are terribly hard to provide for. But now, my troubles are over." She springs up in a whirlwind of glee. "Oh, how glorious it is to think of. Free from all anxiety! Oh! what a wonderful thing it is to live and be happy."

In her joyous abandon she runs into the arms of her husband who is just entering with Dr. Rank. Both men have their overcoats over their arms.

Nora recovers her balance, draws them forward and introduces them to Christina with a quaint, stiff gesture like a ten-year-old girl. "And only think, Torwald," Nora adds eagerly. "Christina has taken this long journey on purpose to speak to you. You see, she is tremendously clever at office work, and she's so anxious to work under a first-rate man of business in order to learn still more, and ——— Torwald, dear, for my sake you must do something for Christina. Now, can't you?"

Helmer looks down into her coaxing, pretty face. He thinks of the man Krogstad who holds a small place in the bank. He has always disliked him, partly because of Krogstad's unsavory reputation and more because of the familiarity with which Krogstad approaches him, presuming on a school-boy acquaintance. This is an excellent opportunity to rid himself of an unpleasant subordinate and to gratify Nora.

"You have come at a fortunate moment, Mrs. Linden," he says cordially, while he and Rank put on their overcoats. "It's very likely I may be able to find a place for you."

The three leave the house together, as Mrs. Linden must set out to find lodgings.

* * * *

On Christmas afternoon Nora is playing a hilarious game of hide-and-go-seek with her children, when, unannounced by the maid, a quiet figure stands in their midst. With alarm Nora recognizes Krogstad. What can he want? It is not the first of the month. She is not ready with her installment. She leads the children into the nursery and shuts the door. "It is to me you wish to speak, Mr. Krogstad?"

"Yes, to you." He advances boldly. "Mrs. Helmer, will you have the kindness to employ your influence on my behalf? Will you be so good as to see that I retain my subordinate position in the bank?"

"Mr. Krogstad," she replies indifferently, "I have no influence, absolutely none."

Krogstad controls his anger. He has resolved to fight to keep his little place in the bank. His motherless sons are growing up, and for their sake he must recover his character from the ugly smirch left by his forgery many years ago. "Listen, Mrs. Helmer: either your memory is defective or you don't know much about business. . . .

When your husband was ill, and you came to me to borrow four thousand, eight hundred crowns, I promised to find you the amount in exchange for a note of hand, making your father security for the debt. Within five or six days you

brought back the document with your own and your father's signature. Tell me, Mrs. Helmer, do you happen to recollect the day of his death?"

Nora's small head droops like a bird's as she answers, "Father died on the 29th of September."

"Quite correct." Krogstad produces a paper from his coat pocket. "And here comes in the remarkable point, madam—the remarkable point that your father signed this paper three days after his death. Was—it—really—your—father—*himself*—who wrote his name here?"

After a short silence, in which she eyes him, first defiantly, then piteously, with sudden tears she murmurs, "I wrote father's name."

Krogstad's shrewd glance searches her soul. "Mrs. Helmer, you evidently do not realize what you have been guilty of. But I can assure you it was nothing more and nothing worse that made me an outcast from society."

Nora looks at him in horror. Then Krogstad's plan flashes to her consciousness. Either she must insure his permanence in the bank and pay him the money she owes him, or he will reveal her secret to her husband and the world. And Torwald, noble, brave Torwald, who never allows her to bear a serious burden, Torwald will step forward and claim the guilt as his own. No; rather than that terrible thing should happen she will —

"Put all that out of your head," sneers Krogstad. "Most of us think of that at first. . . . Under the ice perhaps? Down into the cold, black water? And next spring to come up again, ugly, hairless, unrecognizable . . .

. . . You haven't the courage for it—a sensitive, petted creature like you. And, after all, what would be the use of it. Your reputation remains in my hands. . . . I have a letter in my pocket for your husband —"

"Telling him everything?"

"Sparing you as much as possible."

Nora replies desperately: "He must never read that letter. I will manage to get the money somehow."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Helmer. I believe I told you I wish to regain my footing in the world. I must get into

the bank again, in a higher position than before. Your husband shall create a place on purpose for me. Good-bye, Mrs. Helmer."

He goes out through the hall. Nora hurries to the door and listens. She hears him pause on the stairs. A letter falls into the box. Krogstad's footsteps gradually recede down the stairs.

Nora rushes forward. Through the glass side of the box she sees the letter. She utters a suppressed shriek, "Torwald, Torwald—now we are lost."

* * * *

It is to Christina that Nora turns in her distraction. When Christina learns that it is to Krogstad (Christina's former lover) that Nora owes the money, and that Nora has been guilty of forgery, she urges her to confess all to her husband. Christina's pleadings are useless. Then she resolves to go to Krogstad herself. Once he would have done anything for her. But that was long ago, before she gave him up for the marriage that assured comfort to her mother and brothers. However, Nora needs her aid sorely. She sets out for Krogstad's lodgings immediately. Krogstad must demand his letter back unread.

Until Christina shall return, Nora must prevent Torwald from emptying the letter-box as is his custom immediately before dinner.

As he rests himself at the fire, she adroitly introduces the subject of Krogstad and begs Helmer to retain him in the bank. Helmer, who thinks that any request from Nora is only a whim, refuses to indulge her.

"My sweet little Nora must promise not to plead his cause. Just think how a man with a crime of that sort on his conscience must be always lying and canting and shamming. In such an atmosphere of lies home life is poisoned and contaminated in every fibre. Think of the effect on the children—that's the most terrible part of it, Nora. Every breath the children draw contains some germ of evil."

Although Nora's despair and the distrust in herself increase every moment, the determination grows keener to keep the letter from Helmer if it is only for a day—an hour. She coaxes him to assist

her in the tarantella she is preparing to dance at the masquerade ball the next evening. She has half-forgotten the steps. She takes the tambourine to prove it. She dances recklessly, as if the strain of the tarantella were in her blood. The violence of her movements gives relief to her despair.

At last Helmer can endure the passion of her dance no longer. "This is merest madness, Nora. Stop! You've forgotten all I taught you."

She comes to a sudden standstill. "You see for yourself how I need teaching. You must practice with me up to the last moment. Will you promise me, Torwald?" As his arms close about her, she nestles nervously to him. "Neither to-day nor to-morrow must you think of anything but me. You mustn't open a single letter—mustn't look at the letter-box."

He looks down into her excited face tenderly. He will humor her babyish anxiety. After all, these whims prove her entire reliance upon his manly strength. "The child shall have her own way. But to-morrow night, when the dance is over ——"

"When the dance is over—then you shall be free." That is thirty-one hours in the future. She has thirty-one hours to *live*.

* * * *

Nora is radiantly lovely at the masquerade ball. She dances the tarantella with tremendous success. The guests applaud her wildly. Torwald's love for his wife has never been more vital. He wishes that some danger might threaten her that he might risk body, soul, everything for her dear sake.

Mrs. Linden is waiting for them when they return home. Helmer has almost to drag Nora into the house, so loath has she been to leave the ball.

Mrs. Linden has had the promised interview with Krogstad. It reached an unexpected climax for both of them. These two shipwrecked lives, widowed and lonely, decided to join together. He forgave her for breaking their troth; she took him with full knowledge of the forgery he had committed and was trying to live down.

At first, Mrs. Linden expected to ask Krogstad to demand back his letter,

unread. Then suddenly, with the insight born of her own love for Krogstad and their mutual forgiveness for mistakes similar to those in Nora's and Helmer's relation, she tells Krogstad that he must leave the letter for Helmer to read. There must be an end to this unhappy secret; to Nora's shifts and subterfuges. Nora and Helmer must come to a full understanding at once.

Therefore, when Nora and Helmer return from the ball, Mrs. Linden remains only long enough to whisper to her that the letter still lies in the letter-box waiting to reveal all to Helmer.

Now Nora knows what there is left for her to do. When Torwald retires to his study to read the letters which he has deferred according to his promise, she swiftly wraps a shawl about her shoulders. She goes to the nursery door, touching it blindly in farewell to her children, not daring to look in upon them.

She rushes toward the hall.

At the same moment Helmer flings open his door. She shrieks. He seizes her roughly and will not let her go. "Wretched woman," he cries, harshly, "do you know what is in this letter? Is what he writes true?"

His words and not his tone penetrate her consciousness. She raises her face to his with a look of exaltation. Now he has proved the strength of her love. "It is true. I have loved you beyond all else in the world. Let me go—you shall not save me! You shall not take my guilt upon yourself!"

Helmer locks the outer door. "I don't want any melodramatic airs. Oh, what an awful awakening. During all these eight years—she whom I have done nothing but pet and spoil—a hypocrite, a liar—worse, worse—a criminal. Oh, the unfathomable hideousness of it all. Ugh!" He shudders as if from physical aversion.

Nora looks at him fixedly. Suddenly she has lost her fear and the fine frenzy in which she was ready to take her own life.

"You have destroyed my whole happiness," he continues, bitterly. Oh, it's frightful to think of! People will think I was at the bottom of it all and egged you on. The matter must be

hushed up, cost what it may. As for you and me—henceforth there can be no question of happiness between us. My love for you must be a thing of the past."

Nora watches him with a stiffening expression. She begins to understand fully. For the first time in their eight years of married life his sentiments of protection for her helplessness have been put to the test.

There is a ring at the bell. Helmer starts. Probably this is more ill news; maybe Krogstad himself. Helmer opens the door, seizes a letter which is handed to him by a messenger, and returns, hastily tearing it open. In his fear he trembles and mutters like a drunken man. He reads a few lines and then, with a cry of joy: "I am saved! Nora, I am saved! Krogstad sends you back your promissory note. He says that a happy turn in his life"

Her motionless silence rouses him for the first time in the evening to a consideration of her feelings. "Don't you hear, Nora? What is this set look on your face? I have forgiven you, Nora—I swear I have forgiven you."

Now that his terror is over, not for what threatens her but for himself—it seems to him as though nothing has happened. Nora is again his lark, his doll, of whom he must take twice as much care in the future because she is so weak and fragile.

She turns toward her own room suddenly.

He calls after her. "What are you going to do?"

"To take off my—doll's dress," she replies.

In a few minutes she returns, dressed for the street. He stares at her in bewildered surprise. Her face is cold and set. She motions him to a seat. "Sit down, Torwald; you and I have much to say to each other."

She regards him with the quiet determination of a woman who has analyzed the situation deeply and sees clearly what is to be done. "Doesn't it strike you that to-night is the first time during eight years and more, that we two, man and wife, have exchanged one serious word about serious things?"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALLA NAZIMOVA

The Russian Actress, who has acquired an international reputation for her interpretations of Henrik Ibsen's plays. One of her present successes is the part of "Nora" in "A Doll's House," which is considered Ibsen's most charming play.

"Why, my dearest Nora, what have you to do with serious things?"

"There we have it! I have had great injustice done me, Torwald, first by father, and then by you. It is your fault that my life has come to nothing. Father used to call me his doll-child, and played with me as I played with my dolls. Then I passed from father's hands into yours. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torwald. But you would have it so. Our house has been nothing but a play room."

He acknowledges that there is some truth in what she says, exaggerated though it be. Henceforth it shall be different. Playtime is over; now comes the time for education, Nora's and the children's.

She shakes her head sadly. "I must try to educate myself. I must think things out for myself and try to get clear about them. I must stand quite alone if I am ever to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you."

"Nora, you are ill; you are feverish; I almost think you are out of your senses." What are Nora's duties to herself as a human being compared with her duties to him and her children?

"I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night."

"Then there is only one explanation possible. You no longer love me."

"No; that is just it. Oh, I'm so sorry, Torwald; for you have always been so kind to me. But I do not love you any longer. It was this evening when the miracle did not happen. Then I saw you were not the man I had imagined. In that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had *borne him three children!*" Her voice breaks in anguish. "Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could—tear—myself—to pieces!"

After a moment she continues: "Up to this evening it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him: 'Make it known to all the world,' and

that then you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, 'I am the guilty one.' That was the *miracle* I waited for and dreaded."

"You think and talk like a silly child."

"You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No; certainly not. It was to hinder that that I wanted to die."

Suddenly he realizes how empty his life will be without her. He implores her to wait until the morrow.

For answer she lays her servant's keys on the table, and her wedding ring. "I release you from all duties now. When a wife leaves her husband's house as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties toward her."

"I must help you if you need it."

"No, I say." With quick indignation, "I take nothing from *strangers*."

There is an abyss between them which he must endeavor to fill up.

"Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you? I have strength to become another man."

She looks at him unbelievably. "Oh, Torwald, then the *miracle of miracles* would have to happen—both of us would have to change so that—that communion between us shall be a marriage." Sadly, "Ah, Torwald, I no longer believe in miracles."

"*But I will believe!*"

She looks at him earnestly. Perhaps an understanding of her present purpose in its ultimate good to both of them has come to him. Maybe, when his doll is taken away he will have strength to become another man.

She takes her travelling bag. She lingers a moment in the doorway. She will often think of him, and the children and this house.

"Good-bye, Torwald!"

She is gone.

He hears the reverberation of the heavy outer door closing. He sinks into a chair with his face in his hands.

Then he raises his face. Hope and courage for action shine there. "Ah! the miracle of miracles!"

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET KENNA

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. DILLON



MARVEL had been disappointed in love. He had laid his worship at the feet of a girl who was about to be married. Sometimes such an affair is like a soft white cocoon, whence an exquisite butterfly goes forth to the sun. Sometimes it is quite otherwise.

Dorothy Clemence had been married more than a year, and Marvel had grown quite used to meeting her. Across a crowd-

ed room he frequently recognized the rosebuds in her bonnet. He smiled to think that there could be distinguishing rosebuds; but when he made his way to them, Mrs. Cherrington was always there, and Mrs. Cherrington's placid mouth always broke into a smile of welcome. His heart no longer fluttered to his lips, and he had even been brave enough to dine twice with the Cherringtons.

Those who loved him least said at the club that Marvel's career had finished with the unrequited tenderness for Dorothy Clemence. Those nearest his heart said that this had been but the beginning of his life.

"Mr. Marvel needs a little rest and adventure, don't you think?" Dorothy had asked her husband, as the gentleman in question stood at their carriage one afternoon.

"I think it is only that he is standing under a bar of strong yellow sunlight," Cherrington gently replied.

"I am about to have a little adventure," said Marvel. "There is a promising little boy out in Manitoba, and I am thinking of bringing him here to Ottawa. He is one of the Cranberry twins, Mrs. Cherrington. If anything happens to me, will you and your husband look after him?"

"We will indeed—joyfully," promised Dorothy, as her carriage swept away.

So one day in springtime, Marvel and Bobby Flax paddled over the Red River to take the express to Ottawa. Marvel lit his pipe and smoked it, watching the paddle swing in Bobby's small hands. He thought the boy's jeans fitted him rather sparingly, but he also thought Bobby's mother must be a very dexterous young woman to turn out such neat homespun.

When they got into the train, Marvel's protégé took off his hat and crossed his feet. Taking off his hat



MARVEL AND BOBBY PADDED OVER THE RED RIVER

was a dramatic performance with Bobby, for he had a superb young head, with an ethereal lot of curls twisted bewilderingly about it. They were the soft, flaxen curls which the French dolls have in the windows on Main street, and they were strange upon this brown boy. They gave Marvel twinges of reproach, too; Bobby's mother had the same curls.

"Do you think you will like it, Bobby?" he asked.

"Yes," he murmured, and a smile wrinkled his shy mouth.

Marvel reflected that hitherto the lines had not fallen in happy places for Robin Cranberry. That was his real name; "Bobby Flax" had come with the curls. His father was a disconsolate farmer. Misfortune which other farmers did not know trailed after him everywhere. The crowning disaster had come one night, when his house burned to the earth, and left him and his wife and children a naked group at the mercy of the winds. Bobby's mother had caught cold that night. She was a very young mother, and Bobby was the first in a long flight of steps.

From the time he was able to toddle, he had sold baskets, which his mother made, to the ladies in the hotel. Marvel first saw the boy when his father leased a farm near the Springs, which was part of the Marvel property. The young man liked his fine brown face and his pathetic little energies, and resolved to give him a career. He wrote to Ottawa, and succeeded in getting him a place as page in the Senate. It had been a keen and delicate affair, kidnapping Bobby, but Marvel's diplomacy was equal to the occasion, and at last they were on their way to Ottawa together.

"It's very pretty in here, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," Bobby rejoined. "I've often sold baskets for mother in these trains, but I never sat down in one before. You can see yourself in the looking-glass, too. I wish mother could see herself in a good looking-glass," he added radiantly.

"Your mother is a beautiful woman,"

Marvel said softly. "I know only two women whose faces compare with hers. One is a dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Earle, and the other a Mrs. Cherrington."

"Will I see them?" Bobby breathed.

"Perhaps," Marvel said. "I have adopted you, Bobby; and if anything should happen to me, Mrs. Cherrington has promised to take care of you."

He bought a lot of illustrated papers for the boy, and then strolled into the other car to smoke. The vivid figures in *Life* and *Pictorial Canada* were quite old friends to Bobby. The dining room at the farm was papered with them. He looked at them all, and then curled up on the velvet seat and went to sleep.

The journey was long and a little wearisome to the boy, but when they stepped off the car in Ottawa, deep flushes rose in Bobby's cheeks, and he trod fast upon Marvel's heels. It was raining, and a cab carried them away. The dome of the Parliament Building was very white against the quiet sky, and the green wilderness about it sharpened the picture to Bobby's enchanted eyes.

Marvel was thinking too deeply to speak. He took out Mrs. Cherrington's letter.

"If, in case anything should happen to you," he read, "little Bobby Flax is to be an inheritance to me, let me offer a few suggestions. Do not fit him out anew to take him to Ottawa. Let him travel there in the modest clothes which came from his mother's fingers. Make him feel that his career is within his grasp. Take him to a modest apartment to live. Wait until he is very much older to give him glimpses into the sumptuous life of the club. Train his hands to toil, and talk to him at night about God and his mother. It would be much easier to indulge so sweet a boy, but you have his body and soul in your keeping."

And Marvel had obeyed her orders. The cab stopped at a white frame house near Parliament Buildings. The pillars along the porch were wrapped in ivy. Swiss curtains fluttered in the windows, and a pot of primroses stood

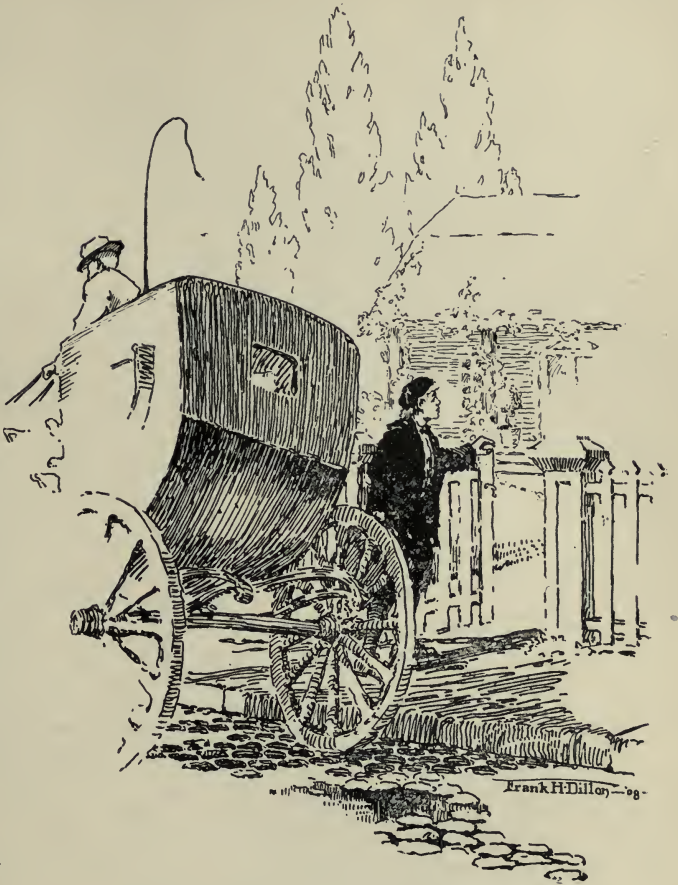
on the steps. Bobby's home was to be as simple as Mrs. Cherrington could wish.

"Bobby," said Marvel after breakfast, "I want to tell you why I brought you to Ottawa in a suit of your mother's home-spun, instead of ordering clothes for you from my tailor. There are handsomer clothes in the world than those of your mother's weaving, but there are none so good for you to wear. Your mother is very young and frail, Bobby—very young and frail indeed. and very pretty. She will be a beauty in the gowns you can buy for her here. Your father's health is broken; his spirit is broken too. You must take his burdens upon your back. You will have your salary every month, and I will help you.

"The boys smoke cigarettes about Parliament Buildings. You will wish to smoke them, too. You must think always that the money that you would put into a package of cigarettes would buy a bunch of ribbon to nestle at your mother's throat; and when you walk those stone floors, do not forget that one day she is coming up to sit in her calico dress among those gorgeous women in the gallery, and to claim you as her own. And there is another—the beautiful woman who has promised to take care of you if I should die or go away. She told me to say these things to you. She knows your mother. She used to give her ribbons and candy when you were a baby."

Bobby had dropped his eyes. His black lashes were wet. Marvel affected not to see this as he turned up his trousers, and took his umbrella.

"We will walk over to Government Buildings now," he said. "It is a



THE CAB STOPPED AT A WHITE FRAME HOUSE

quarter to nine, and you were to report for duty at nine o'clock."

Bobby did report. He answered the questions quietly, with dignity, and without embarrassment, and Marvel watched him make his fluttering signature.

He was soon as deft as any other page. He flashed through the narrow aisles, carrying books and letters. He listened to the speeches, treasuring the humorous parts. Marvel came in to lunch with him sometimes.

"My mother has so many little children," Bobby said wistfully one evening, "and at night she is so tired. I can just feel how tired she is; and she looks so pretty in her nightcap, by the log fire. Did you ever see her in her nightcap, Mr. Marvel?"

"No," said Marvel, with sparks in his dark eyes.

"I can buy her a lot of pretty night-caps, and when she comes to visit me"—Bobby rose and walked the floor—"when she comes to visit me, I will have the nightcaps and a pair of soft slippers on the foot of her bed. I used to take off her shoes and stockings, and her feet are as pink as roses. You'd never think she'd been up and down the hill to the spring three times a day ever since I was born. She's only twenty-eight, and she's never been in a train or on a boat."

The summer deepened, and the session lasted. Bobby gave up the hope of going home to bring his mother back for a visit. She wrote him that she had a very bad cold, and alarm filled his little soul. It was a silent alarm. The issues in Bobby's young existence were all silent ones.

One day a young woman strayed into the Senate chamber. She was a very slight creature, and she had slipped past the door-keeper. He called to her that women were not permitted entrance there. Two or three men told her so, too, as she passed them on the way in.

A white haired old Senator was just rising to the supreme sentence in his speech. He was near the door, and she tremulously touched his arm. She had come through the rain in a white muslin dress. Her sun-bonnet fell to her shoulder, and her flaxen hair fell with it in damp curls about her face.

"Take this young girl out," said the Senator to a doorkeeper.

"I am not a young girl," she said. "I am looking for my little boy. I wrote to him to meet me at the train. I guess he didn't get the letter. Do you know him?"

"My dear young lady, he is not here, and you are transgressing the law. No woman is admitted to this floor."

"He must be here," she said, and her eyes traveled everywhere. They were large, strong eyes, and they seemed to baffle even the sunshine as they searched the faces that were turned to her.

"Where can I find him?" she cried.

The women in the galleries bent their glasses. The Senators strolled down the aisles. In her anguish and em-

barassment she was like a piece of marble. The sergeant-at-arms spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear. Then he laid his hand upon her, pushing her gently toward the door. It swung open, and Bobby Flax ran in. His forehead wrinkled roughly, his soft eyes seeming to have caught fire. He looked like a very young avenging angel.

"Do not touch her," he cried, pointing with his brown finger. "She is my mother!"

He ran to her then, and flung himself into her arms. He tore away the wet bonnet from her shoulders, and shook the rain from her hair. Her merry laughter went through the white chamber.

"I am very sorry," she said simply, turning to the Senators. "It was a pity to trouble you, but"—and her eyes flew blithely around the room—"I had been looking for Bobby all day in the rain"; and taking Bobby's hand she vanished.

The white haired old Senator rose. "I move that we adjourn," he said, with deep resonance, "out of respect for Bobby and his mother."

Mrs. Cranberry paid Bobby a long visit. Marvel spent the afternoons with them, and they went everywhere. She was very picturesque in her print dress, and her white bonnet, with the flaxen curls beneath. Sometimes, in the dimness of a great church, Marvel found himself wondering how he could ever have thought that her beauty lacked fibre. Under the purple and crimson tints of the stained glass, there was something almost mystical in her fairness. The hardness of her lot had wrought little hollows in her pink cheeks, and left shadows about her eyes, but the curls made her look wonderfully like a child, and big, bright smiles kept slipping over her delicate mouth.

At last the train rolled away that carried her to the West. Bobby consoled himself with the thought that winter would soon be over, and he and Mr. Marvel would go back to the farm for the summer. At Christmas, he sent his mother a lavender shawl, to wear to church, with the hope that her cold was well. He told her the pretty

things people said of her, finishing with the warm assurance, "I love you. And I am not the only one. Mr. Marvel loves you too."

It was the coldest Christmas Bobby had ever known. The mails were late, and the wires were frozen. Among Marvel's belated letters, there came a note to Bobby:

My dear Son:—Your mother died yesterday—Thursday. It wasn't no use to telegraph. We shall bury her to-morrow. Don't come home; there's nothing you can do, Bobby.

Your father,

DICK CRANBERRY.

Marvel was at the window looking out into the street, as Bobby read his letter.

"Some little boys are snow-balling each other on the avenue," he observed, turning around. "In the name of God, Bobby, what is the matter?"

"My mother is dead, Mr. Marvel," he said softly. "She has been dead a long time. She died Thursday—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday"—he counted on his fingers—"Mr. Marvel, my mother has been dead six days."

Marvel took his pipe from his lips, and the sparks in it rolled out and burned his scarlet dressing gown. He sat down quietly in a big arm chair.

"Come here, Bobby."

Bobby rose and walked to him.

"Your mother is dead, Bobby," he began, with a deep tremor in his tones. "My mother is dead, too, and I know what you feel. I know all the things which you cannot possibly tell me." He ran his fingers through Bobby's hair, and played with one of his curls. "My mother was not so young as your mother, when she died. I was not as young as you, either, but I needed her then as much as you need your beauti-



SHE TREMULOUSLY TOUCHED HIS ARM

ful mother now. I was not good like you, Bobby. I was a man of the world. I cost my mother heartaches. It seems to me that she died that I might learn to live. At her grave, I gave my energies to my living, in remembrance of the dead. She loved churches, like your mother, and I built a church to her memory—a little chapel where the Ragtags and the Bobtails could come in their torn trousers and pinafores.

"You are going to build a church like that now, Bobby—I will write the check in a moment—a little gray stone church among the trees. The doors will be wide enough to let in the biggest sinner, and the windows will be open, that the birds may flash in if they will. The bell in the steeple will offer its blithe invitation, and the gold cross will lift its arms bravely to heaven. Your little sisters shall trim the marble altar with flowers, and in summer Mrs. Cherrington and Mrs. Earle will sing there. Who knows?" he murmured, dreamily. "The organ's soft tones

may break up the storm in some forlorn heart."

As Marvel talked, tears came to Bobby's eyes. His own tears trickled down, and were salt in his mouth.

"You made your mother's death easy and sweet, Bobby. Isn't it something for you to feel that from the first breath you drew, you were a pleasant thought in her young life? And when you begin to bear it, and to live again, you will feel that it is better to have her up there——"

Bobby's eyes closed. Marvel laid him down, and pulling his scarlet dressinggown together, dropped on his knees,



AS MARVEL TALKED, TEARS CAME TO BOBBY'S EYES

THE MAGICIAN

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE show is ended and the swarm
Of children gather to implore
The way of cooking cakes in hats,
Or growing fifty flags from four.

The wise magician only smiles,
And puts them off as best he may,
For well he knows that all the spell
Will vanish if he tells the way.

O Master Conjurer of All,
Perhaps it would be better fun
To sit and simply watch the show
And never bother how it's done.

—Wander Songs.



THE GOOSE LAKE COUNTRY WHERE THE FARMERS ARE TROUBLED BY OVERMUCH WHEAT

INTERBRAIDING PATHS

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IF YOU walk down the Strand often enough, you will meet everybody you know in the civilized world—so it is said. My experience has proven the saying to be truer than most entertaining generalities are. But the coincidences of the Strand are commonplaces alongside the happenings of the plains, the meetings of the forest, the passings on the distant river. Let me recount a few of them that happened on one trip between Port Arthur and Edmonton.

We pulled out of Port Arthur on the Alberta Express of the Canadian Northern—seven literary geniuses from Chicago and the Middle West: Richard Grigg, His Majesty's Trade Commissioner for Canada; John Lewis, editor of the *Toronto Star*; J. B. Tyrrell, who has lived half a generation on northwestern plains, in northwestern woods, and on northwestern waters; Herbert Vanderhoof, the editor of *CANADA-WEST*; and myself, whose only title to notice is that I am less than the least of all saints.

When you go out to see the country, to imbibe facts and sense conditions, you forget to look for the unexpected, and only half recognize it when it comes. And yet paths of long-sundered acquaintances cross in the unlikely places. Which sug-

gests another idea—if so many friends meet in unlookedfor places, how many just fail to touch hands because they do not know who is in their neighborhood? Perhaps behind that bluff, or over that ridge, or across that creek, there is somebody you know, but will not chance to meet. How big a world this is, and how small a place.

* * *

We were collected from many places. Coming up from Sarnia someone had said it was curious we carried nobody from New York; and that we were an insufficient apology for even a small cosmopolis, without some New York ingredient. Chicago men heard this in a silence that was not distantly related to scorn. Who wanted New York, or anything like New York? Well, at Port Arthur, New York came and was received with all the geniality to which it was entitled—perhaps because it was a New York edition of Chicago, and before that, a Chicago edition of Winnipeg.

Nobody thought of meeting Harstone at Port Arthur. He went to New York years ago from the *Inter-Ocean*. And Vanderhoof and Jones, Little and Green, who had worked with him in the old days, thought he was in New York still. So he was, except that he was holidaying in Port Arthur,

and blew in on the bunch like a flower on the lap of early May. He went as far as Fort Frances with us.

* * *

In Winnipeg, while Little was giving out statements to local reporters, there was brought to the group the associate of a Winnipeg business man, newly friended that morning.

"Mr. Little, let me introduce my partner, Mr. Latham."

"You will do nothing of the sort, sir," said Little, with a miserable attempt at severity. "I have known your Mr. Latham ever since I began to know myself down in Bloomington, Illinois; and I haven't seen him since he began to shave, have I, you son of a gun of a Latham—and how in thunder are you?"

Here was an introduction that wasn't, with the baffled introducer delighted to be baffled.

* * *

"Dick" Little, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, has really travelled—Cuba, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Manchuria. He has seen a running Russian, and been in mortal danger of being arrested by Japanese soldiers. The day after the meeting with Latham we were at Saskatoon, city of resistless growth, centre of the greatest unbroken wheat-growing area in the world; and home of dare-devil, unbroken automobiles. Four turned out to whirl us over admirable trails to the Goose Lake country, wherein the Canadian Northern was already laying steel for the comfort of five thousand farmers, troubled by overmuch wheat.

Little tucked his long legs—the legs that have secured for their owner the firm name of Little and Long—around the rear seat of an automobile, and, now talking, now singing, was halfway to Delisle before he noticed something familiar about the head of the driver, the owner of the machine. Then he reached his lanky arm, not quite as long as his carefully-bestowed legs, forward to the front of the driver's face, and tweaked his unoffending nose, whispering the while, "Charlie, me boy, this is a long way from Manilla and our friend Aguinaldo."

"Charlie, me boy" was not fright-

ened—only astonished, and stopped the machine.

"My good garden stuff," said he, "I thought I knew that damned voice when it began to sing 'Bury me not on the Lone Pra-air-ie.' Dick, you villain, get out o' here so's we can shake hands. You're just as sassy as you used to be."

"Even so," said Dick, with profound meekness, and for the moment, forgot the field of wheat, and Saskatoon, and Goose Lake, and the town of Delisle, born happy with three elevators as its christening gift,—in talk of the war time that made them acquainted on the other side of the world. Wentz had ceased to be a military character, and had found more content in selling lumber to Saskatchewan Valley farmers than in scattering lead among the Filipinos. The automobile was not a possibility for him in the southern seas. On the western plains it was inevitable as to convenience, and negligible as to cost.

* * *

We did not stop between Saskatoon and Edmonton, so there was only the briefest opportunity for the Chicago man to discover the quality of the newer citizen who hasn't yet acquired an automobile. An exploration of what the sage of the party called "the heartiest city of Western Canada", plus a trip through opulent farms to the Sturgeon River, left them scarcely time enough for lunch and one or two purchases.

Hiram Greene, walking with me down Jasper avenue, ran plumb against a Fremonter (Fremont, Ohio, gave Hiram his first peep of the world he is still conquering with the mightiest weapon known to man), beside whom he had dangled heels in the public school, and whom he had not seen since their adolescent days.

The Fremonter's story was brief, bright and brotherly. "Have I made any money?" replied he to Hiram. "I should say so. Come round and see my place—ten thousand dollars' worth of it, and all paid for. Jake is with me; and say, I wish you'd see brother Bob when you go back, and tell him to come here, right away. He thinks I'm kiddin' him when I write about this

country; but he'll believe you when you tell him that you've seen me and Jake and the place. Will you go see him, now?"

"You remind me of Dives—with a difference," said Hiram.

"Who in helter-skelter is Dives?" asked the Fremonter. "Does he come from around home?"

"Dives is dead," ventured Hiram.

"Oh, is he? Then I guess he never got away from Ohio. That's the difference between him and me. Say, Hiram, you were always pretty good at riddles. What's the difference between a Fremonter in Edmonton and Dives in—where do you say that fellow is?"

"Frank," said Hiram, "Frank, I'm sorry to see that much money-making has made you forget some of your American education. Dives was dead before you came to Edmonton. He found himself in a hot, hot country, and he begged a former acquaintance whom he chanced to see while in that country for pity's sake to see his brothers, and tell them to make sure of going to a cooler climate. The difference between you and Dives is that you want your brother to join you in the cooler climate."



J.P. TYRRELL AND FATHER GIROUX

"You bet I do," said Frank, "I suppose Dives thought Canada was freezin' like hell all the time, and so went too far south because he didn't know the first good thing about the north. The north for mine. Tell 'em that in Ohio, and warn 'em about Dives. But first come around to my place."

* * *

While the Chicago boys were journeying south, there was a small dinner-party on the car they had left. Tyrrell had been out to Morinville to see the coal mines which have begun to pour their exhaustless beneficence into thousands of homes. During the day there had joined us Mr. Mackinder, former

Director of the London School of Economics, who was touring Canada on half a dozen important missions, one of which is the preparation of lectures on Canada for use in schools throughout the United Kingdom—a blessed piece of Imperialism mothered by the Princess of Wales. Mr. Mackinder was in Canada for the first time. That day he had already unexpectedly met His Majesty's Trade Commissioner for Canada—whom he had hoped to meet in London a month earlier; and was not looking for more surprises.

"Mr. Mackinder, Mr. Tyrrell," said I, and proposed to tell each



FATHER GIROUX TAKING HIS FIRST RAILWAY JOURNEY IN TWENTY YEARS

something about the other. There was no need.

Mackinder looked at Tyrrell, and Tyrrell, through his glasses, looked hard at Mackinder.

"The last time I saw you," said Tyrrell, "I heard you lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London, on your ascent of Mount Kenia."

Mackinder was all smiles and cordiality.

"The week before that lecture I heard you, before the Royal Geographical Society, telling of your northern explorations. Why, that must be about ten years ago—not long after my return from a rather troublesome journey in equatorial East Africa. How very odd that we should meet again—here."

* * *

And so to dinner and its talk, ancient and modern—ancient because Mayor McDougall, of Edmonton, took us back to the days when railroads were hundreds of miles away from the Saskatchewan; and modern because His Majesty's Commissioner discussed the prospects of locating a correspondent of the Imperial Board of Trade in Edmonton.

Indeed, till Tyrrell and I pulled out for Winnipeg, by way of North Battleford and Dauphin, seven sons of the Empire were in session; one Scotch Canadian, born on the Red River; one Irish Canadian, born on Lake Ontario; one Welsh Canadian, born in Toronto; one imported Scotsman, and three Englishmen, partially imported.

At the preceding meal in the car, eight native republicans had blessed us with their wit and wisdom. Things change with fascinating rapidity in this Western country.

If only we had known, this love-feast of the seven sons might have been perfected by the addition of another of whom Tyrrell and I did not learn till next day, when, on the train we found Father Giroux, newly come to the prairies, on his way to Rome after twenty-one years in the North—eighteen between the mouth of the Arctic Red River and Herschel Island, to which the whalers from San Francisco annually resort, and three at Fort Pro-

vidence, fifty miles from where Great Slave Lake empties itself into the Mackenzie. Tyrrell has explored the Barren Lands west of Hudson Bay, going to Chesterfield Inlet, up the unknown Dubawnt River; meeting Eskimos, photographing thousands of caribou, living for months on raw meat, starving on the coast of the Bay, and walking from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg in the depth of winter.

Father Giroux's experience was of another kind—for two decades he was two thousand miles from the fringe of Western Canadian civilization, holding aloft the Cross in terrible loneliness. When conducting the mission at Fort Providence, with its seventy-two Indian school children, his chief yearly anxiety was lest the fish, coming out of the lake to spawn, would not stay in the river long enough to allow the Mission men to catch the thirty-six thousand that were necessary to keep his flock alive.

When Father Giroux went north, Edmonton was a frontier post, two hundred miles from a railway station. He returned to find it a famous city, a converging point of three great railways, the noble capital of a Province already webbed with telephone wires. The peace and solitude of the North had produced in him a voice of singular quietness. But he was abreast of what had been going on in the world, and he was on the way to Rome to vote in the election of a new General Superieur of the Oblates, of whom he is one of the noblest. He was also able to give us news of friends.

"Did you meet Stefansson?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes. I saw him on—let me see—yes, it was the sixth of July, at Providence. You know Mr. Stefansson?"

"Mr. Tyrrell and I saw him off at Toronto early in May. I didn't expect to hear of him again for eighteen months. Was he well?"

"Quite, and looking forward to a winter's study of the Eskimos he hopes to meet three hundred miles east of the mouth of the Mackenzie."—A pause.—"I hope he will come back. You have no doubt of it?"

I said I didn't know. The good Father had also seen Miss Cameron and her companion, whom I met in Chicago last May when they were ready for their trip to the mouth of the Mackenzie. He knew also some of Tyrrell's old Yukon acquaintances.

* * *

Tyrrell left me at Warman to go to Prince Albert and come down to Dauphin over the Canadian Northern, which traverses country he had not been in since he explored it for the Dominion Geological Survey in 1887, 1888 and 1889. That evening, Father Giroux having returned to the sleeper, I was sitting in Number Fifteen, musing over the meetings of this trip, and telling myself that the journey east would give me a spell of rest from the excitement that belongs to trying to tell people who other people are, only to learn that they met long before they ever thought of you, when Clarke, who had joined me at Warman—Clarke is the encyclopædic photographer of Western Canada—offered me one of the rare interrup-



HIRAM GREENE

tions that affect the constancy of his smoking.

"Curious thing in Saskatoon last night. I went to a moving picture show, and when my eyes got accustomed to the dim light, I recognized the man sitting next to me. It was Jackie Spendlove, for whom his family have been hunting high and low for seven years. His father wrote me from Bristol last spring, saying they had tried hard to locate him in Australia, and had lost the trail. And here was Jackie in Saskatoon last night. Too bad about Jackie."

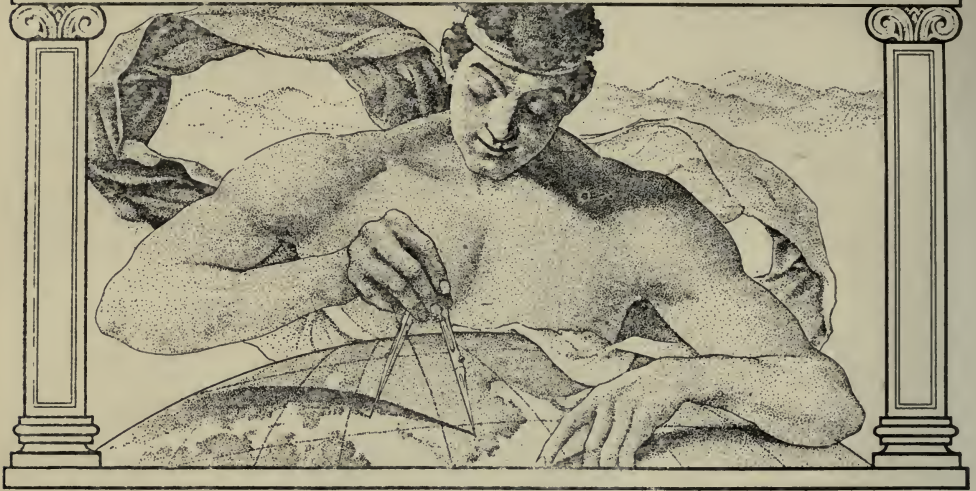
"Ne'er-do-well?" said I. "No, indeed. He's doing very well. He made a fool of a marriage. Some actress set her cap at him for the sake of what she thought was coming to him later. There was every kind of trouble, and Jackie, knowing his people in England thought he was in Australia, came to Saskatoon, where he thought he would never be discovered. Did you ever come across anybody like that?" I told him what had happened since I left Port Arthur.

"Print it," said Clarke. I have.



THE TOWN OF DELISLE, BORN HAPPY WITH THREE ELEVATORS AS ITS CHRISTENING GIFT

THE RIGHT ANGLE



GREETINGS

MERRY CHRISTMAS, and in the year to come may nothing you dismay.

Above all, it is what we do that counts, not what we say, or believe, or dream. The Christmas wish is a graceful thing, but to have honest value it should live, and find translation into acts. Christmas comes but once a year, but its spirit should live the twelve month through. If it does not, with each of us, then is our wish vain.

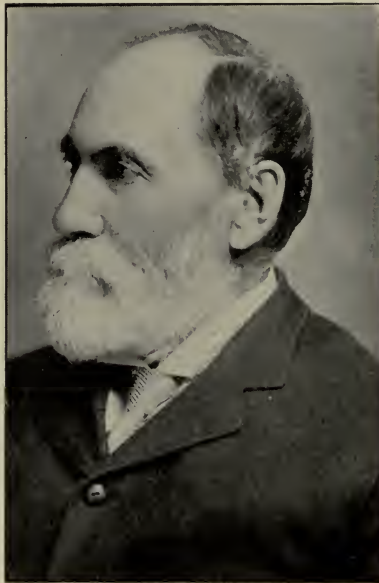
With this in mind, let us wish each other heartily "A Merry Christmas" once again, and "God bless us, one and all."

THE OFFICE BOY

IT WAS not the author's personal experience. This refers to Mr. Kiser's "Sonnets of An Office Boy," and is a reply at large to a good many inquiries from various and sundry. The inquiry should flatter Mr. Kiser, because it is a com-

pliment not to his "experience," but to his power to transmit and transmute his observation. Mr. Charles H. Webster, of the Board of Trade of Calgary, is one of the latest to want to know; and he adds: "The sonnets are very true to life," as indeed they are.

"Can you inform me if 'More Sonnets of an Office Boy' is yet in book form, and if so what is the price of the publication and the style of binding?" asks R. A. Culder, of Arcola, Saskatchewan. Mr. W. H. Gregory, of Mitchell, Ontario, asks: "Will you kindly advise me if you have yet published in book form Mr. Kiser's 'Sonnets of an Office Boy,' which have been running in CANADA-WEST, and if so, the price of same, post-paid. The 'Sonnets' are a treasury of light comedy." To both of these and the rest of the many others who have asked the same thing, the information is here imparted that "More Sonnets of an Office



JAMER FISHER, K.C.

The distinguished Canadian who contributes the humanly Christian article, "Christmas Redivivus", to this number of CANADA-WEST

Boy" have not yet been issued in book form, but on account of a general demand from everywhere they will be, in time for the Christmas season. Publication will be made by Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, of Winnipeg.

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

MR. W. P. HINTON, whose illuminating paper on "The New Confederation" appears in this number of CANADA-WEST, is one of the most widely known railway men in Canada. As Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Hinton has travelled the country repeatedly, collecting the information upon which his present article is based. His knowledge is accurate and complete, and his conclusions therefore have the soundest value.

STOP THE LIBEL

CANADA is too big and too rich and under too much momentum to be held back or badly hurt by any man or group of men. Her place in the vital affairs of enlightened nations is too clearly defined for that. But a libel running unchecked for a dozen years grows tiresome. No country can sit under continuous misrepresentation without being irritated, any more than an individual could. That is why Arthur Stringer's first paper on "Canada Fakers" has drawn so much hearty applause at home, and caused such a stir abroad.

Mr. Stringer is a Canadian, whose years in active life thus far have been devoted to literature. Stories and articles, essentially Canadian in setting and sentiment, have appeared under his name in *Harper's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Everybody's*, *Putnam's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Red Book*, *Town and Country*, *Ainslee's*, *The Canadian Magazine*, *The National Monthly*, *The Metropolitan*, and many other periodicals. His first book, "The Loom of Destiny," was written while he was engaged in newspaper work at Montreal, and is largely laid in Canadian scenes. His "Lonely O'Malley" is a



W. P. HINTON

study of Canadian boy-life. The "Chamboro" of that story has been identified and "written up" as a faithful picture of Chatham (Kent County), Ontario. Another of his novels, "The Silver Poppy," is part Canadian, and has been published in Canada, the United States, England and Australia. (In the States it has already gone through five editions.) His "Canada Fakers," first published exclusively in CANADA-WEST, has aroused keener interest and been reprinted more widely than anything else on any one Canadian topic these many years.

Some of Mr. Stringer's work has been translated and republished in Europe, especially in Sweden and Denmark. Only an author of real power and fidelity can possibly transcend the boundaries of his own language and find publication in another. This might be an axiom, for it is primary in the knowledge of all who have any

familiarity with literature at large. Mr. Stringer clearly comes within its scope, and his status would be thereby fixed even if it were not already in other ways. Such an attack as that he has made upon the blood-raw Canadian romance called for such a man. He has raised a breeze that will leave a cleaner state of things when it shall have passed. He has "fluttered their Volsces in Corioli," for that they have not writ their annals true.

TO THE EARNEST INQUIRER

A FEW very earnest readers have asked why a certain explanatory foot-note appeared in the "Letters of a Remittance Man" in the November CANADA-WEST. In that note the Remittance Man undertook to inform his mother that oxen and horses are used alike for plowing in Canada. The Lady mother in England might have required some light on this agrarian circumstance, and it was to her innocently insular mind the explanation

was addressed. It looked like a joke, but if it was one it would seem to have transferred its point to the shoulders of the inquirers.



MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY

PEARL WATSON was Danny's sister.

She went out to service with a farmer for three months, in expiation of a ten-dollar debt incurred by her father. During this exile, the events happened that make up Mrs. Nellie L. McClung's beautiful story, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," recently published by Doubleday Page and Company, of New York.

Whoever loves children will find joy in Mrs. McClung's book. There is nothing mawkish about it, and the grown-ups are as real as the little ones, though they are in small part as funny, as touching or as frank. The life and people of a small town in the older part of Manitoba form its background, but the real events are caused by and seen through the eyes of this twelve-year girl. Pearl Watson is a wonder of resourceful shrewdness, affection, industry, terrifying candor, and dis-

regard of non-essentials. She is the deputy-mother of a very poor and very Irish family of nine, of whom Danny is the youngest. The actual mother is absent and professionally immersed in suds during daylight hours. Her management at home and her contact with the small but vivid outside are an energetic whirl, with herself at the centre.

There has been no such child-story since John Habberton wrote "Helen's Babies." There has been no other writer who knows children and can talk of them so well since the benign poet who told us that:

"What leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
E'er the young and tender branches
Have hardened into wood,

"That to the world are children.
Through them we feel the glow
Of a warmer, brighter climate
Than greets our world below."



MRS. MCCLUNG AND HER CHILDREN

Only one who has carried forward into mature years enough of childhood's faith, impressibility and unconscious wisdom could have written such a true and sympathetic tale. It brings back to the most worldly the best thing in life—the pleading thought of the time when everything was all alive, and

all the world was young. Mrs. McClung has that temperament, evidently. Before her marriage she was a schoolteacher. Then and afterward, when she had a family of her own to love and enjoy, she has had an environment of children, which explains the keen fidelity of her writing.



"DANNY," OUT FOR AN AIRING

POOR MR. PENGRAVE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Author of "The Gentleman Ragman," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LANGABAUGH

"**P**OOR Mr. Pengrave!" Mrs. Granthum sighed, crossing her hands tenderly on her lap. "He is such a nice young man—nice, and nice-looking. He must have a mother somewhere."

When the mothers of marriageable daughters begin to realize that a handsome young man, who has a good position and draws a good salary and does not seem to have any bad habits, has a mother somewhere, it shows that that young man is attracting attention, if not consideration. It might very well be a matter of general acceptance that all strange young men have mothers somewhere, but you have noticed that not all of them are credited with such a possession.

"What of it, mother?" Miss Ella Granthum asked, calmly. Miss Ella was not an old maid. Oh, no, gentle reader! But her nature was such as to make her ask that of her mother, after hearing her mother say that Mr. Pengrave was such a nice young man and must have a mother somewhere. I do not need to go on and describe Ella to you, do I? Is it necessary for me to set down the facts that she had



ELLA

pensive eyes, and a backward disposition? But do not gather from this that she was homely. Bless you, no! All that Ella needed was to go to a modiste who called herself Madame So-and-So and had a sign in gold letters on brass, and give that modiste three hundred dollars, and tell her to get busy. After that Ella might have strolled into a hair-dresser's and had her hair puffed and coiled and rolled over artificial things and otherwise adjusted until it would look like a show-girl's coiffure. Then some high-heeled shoes, and the result of the modiste's hustling, and a Charlotte Corday hat to top it off—and you

wouldn't have known Ella.

"What of it?" her mother asked, resentfully. It was as though she were intimating to Ella that if she (mama) had asked herself "What of it?" about twenty-five years ago, John Granthum would never have rejoiced in the gentle, helpful, far-seeing helpmeet he had secured.

"What of it? Nothing at all, Ella. I was merely thinking that, as Mr. Pengrave is all alone in the world—or at least all alone here—it would only be thoughtful if some one should try

to brighten up his Christmas day for him. I think that Christmas is a time when we should not stand so much upon formality, but should endeavor to scatter cheer and sunshine into the hearts of the sad and lonely."

"Mr. Pengrave isn't sad and lonely. He is always smiling or whistling."

"Maybe so, but what good is smiling and whistling going to do a body on Christmas day if he sees all the rest of the world getting remembrances from those who hold him in their kind thoughts?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you don't, Ella. I declare, you never would think of anything if it wasn't for me. You take after your poor, dear father in that respect. He seemed to always wait for me to think for him."

Ella did not say anything to this. She had heard a great many observations concerning her poor, dear father's absence of thought.

"Mr. Pengrave has been here fully six months, hasn't he?" Mrs. Granthum asked.

"Six months on the nineteenth of last month, mother," Ella answered, with the precise exactness of one who has been trained by precept and example to note and remember times, people and places.

"He hasn't paid any attention to any particular girl, has he?"

"Not that I know of. He never has called anywhere, and the only times he has gone out in society have been to church socials."

"That's the trouble with our young folks—especially the girls here. They are so afraid they will seem to be encouraging a young man that they won't even treat him with ordinary courtesy. When I was a girl it was different."

"Yes, mother."

"Well, anyway, I think it would be a Christian act on the part of somebody to give Mr. Pengrave some small remembrance—say a sofa pillow, or an embroidered necktie, or something like that on Christmas. His position in the bank certainly gives him social standing here, but what a stranger likes is to be made to feel that he is regarded as one of our own people."

"Who's going to give it to him?"

"Why can't you?"

"Why, mother, I hardly know him."

"That hasn't anything to do with the case, Ella. It's a matter of kindness and neighborliness and respect. You'd hate to have lived in a town six months and then be overlooked entirely on Christmas, wouldn't you?"

Ella agreed that she would, and at that her mother discussed in a running monologue the question of what Ella ought to give Mr. Pengrave. A nice penwiper, now, would be something he could keep right on his desk all the time and use every day, and every time he used it he would think of the giver. Again, a sofa pillow would be something that he would have in his room at the boarding house, where he spent his evenings, and every time his eyes fell upon it he would feel that after all it took a woman's touch to make a home out of a mere house. Oh, there were any number of things that could be given to a man, and any one of them would in time grow of itself to have a sentimental value to him. In the end Mrs. Granthum decided upon the pen wiper, however, because that showed that the giver wanted to lighten his daily toil. Ella agreed with her mother that a pen wiper was the thing.

"It will be so nice," Mrs. Granthum said. "It will show Mr. Pengrave that although he is a stranger in a strange land there are those who have sympathy for him in his loneliness."

She was perfectly satisfied now that Mr. Pengrave was lonely. The fact that in all the six months he had lived here he had not asked any girl if he might call on her was absolute proof that a bleak pall of loneliness was spread over his soul. It was somebody's duty to lift that pall, and when Mrs. Granthum saw a duty she usually tried to find some one to do it. The late Mr. Granthum might have given us a lot of information on this subject, but unfortunately he left no memoirs; just a comfortable lot of life insurance and a farm and the town residence.

Mrs. Granthum did not say to Ella that this flash of inspiration on her part—this idea of giving some gracious

little token to poor Mr. Pengrave—was to be a secret. Consequently when Ella came home next afternoon from a luncheon she had attended she nearly threw her mother in a collapse by saying:

"The girls think that's a good idea about Mr. Pengrave."

"The girls! What girls? What idea?" Mrs. Granthum inquired.

"Why, Florence Marion and Jessie Lynch, and Edith Tallett and Mary French. I told them what you had planned about giving some presents to Mr. Pengrave, and they said they thought it was just lovely, and they are willing to join in and give him something, too."

"Ella! Ella! Did you tell?"

Mrs. Granthum leaned back in her chair and rocked agitatedly back and forth while she allowed the fullness of Ella's tactical mistake to creep into her understanding. Ella sat calmly and watched her mother with just a shade of wonderment on her face.

"Yes, I told," she said, quietly. "You said you thought it would be fine to show him that we all had a fellow feeling and a respect for him, and——"

"And they're willing to help, are they? Of course they are! The minxes! I suppose Florence Marion was only too glad to get a chance to throw her cap at Mr. Pengrave! The forward thing! She's always going into the bank to get him to change money for her. And Jessie Lynch and Edith Tallett and Mary French—to be sure they were just crazy to give him something! Ella, you *have* mixed things up!"

"But, mother, it's all right, isn't it, to ask them to help us make Mr. Pengrave have a merry Christmas? You said——"

"Oh, I said! I said! And I said! And you *did*!"

"Did what?"

"Did nothing! Do you suppose I want to think up something nice and clever and then have those girls slip in and take all the credit away from me? Ella, if I hadn't had any more sense than you when I was young, I'd never have married your poor, dear father."

"I don't see what that has to do with this."

Mrs. Granthum pushed back a loose strand of hair and looked at Ella fixedly for a moment.

"Well," she said, "there's no use crying over spilled milk. I know those girls will try to outdo us, and we'll—No! We'll *let* them outdo us. Mr. Pengrave is a young man of refinement and delicacy of sentiment, I know, and it won't help those girls any when he sees how they've gone and made up a lot of expensive things for him. We'll give him the pen wiper, Ella, and we'll not scallop the edges, either."

Mrs. Granthum was all smiles and graciousness when, later in the week, the other four girls came to see Ella to discuss the making of their presents for Mr. Pengrave. Mrs. Granthum had recovered her equilibrium by that time, and she was delighted with the way the girls were entering upon this gentle, generous act. Poor Mr. Pengrave! He was such a nice young man, and he worked so hard and took so few social pleasures, and he must have a mother somewhere, and when these utterly unexpected presents were given him on Christmas day he would realize that he had made no mistake in choosing Winnie as his field of effort. It was most commendable in the girls, she said, to be willing to abandon for a time the frivolousness of their ordinary amusements and engage upon such worthy work.

"It's just as praiseworthy," she told them, "as sewing things for the heathen."

Florence Marion had selected a sofa pillow, worked in blue forget-me-nots, as her token of respect and esteem and sympathy in Mr. Pengrave's loneliness; Edith Tallett was doing a pair of house slippers for him; Jessie Lynch was making him a photograph frame, and Mary French was going to finish a hand-painted ash tray for him.

"Ella isn't as handy with her needle or with brush and paint as you girls are," Mrs. Granthum apologized, "and she is just making a simple little pen wiper. Just a plain, ordinary one, not even scalloped on the edges."

Now, poor Mr. Pengrave knew nothing of all this solicitude for his loneliness, of course. So far as he was

concerned, the whole world was going right along as it always had, and nobody had him in mind with regard to a Christmas gift—that is, nobody in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Grantham found business that took her to the bank several times before Christmas came around. Once it was to ask Mr. Pengrave to tell her how she should have her fire insurance renewed, again it was to consult him as to the best way of investing some interest money she had received. The mere fact that she had been renewing that fire insurance through the same agency for fifteen years did not make any difference; she wanted Mr. Pengrave's advice, and she got it. That interest money had been coming to her regularly every six months since the late lamented Mr. Grantham was gathered to his fathers and had been as regularly put into her savings balance that was drawing four per cent. interest.

"I'll do as you say, Mr. Pengrave," she told him. "I'll just keep the interest money in my savings. You think that's as good a way as any for a woman to invest her money?"

"It is a simple way, Mrs. Grantham."

"That's what Ella said. You and Ella do think alike, Mr. Pengrave."

And she has lots of confidence in you. Just this morning she said to me that I'd better just go by what you said about this interest money."

"That was very kind of her, Mrs. Grantham."

Business affairs being thus disposed of, Mrs. Grantham made so bold as to say, smilingly.

"You don't get around in society much, Mr. Pengrave."

"No. I've been so busy getting acquainted with my work here that I haven't had the time, Mrs. Grantham, but after the first of the year I'll be situated so that I can go more."

On her way home Mrs. Grantham wished Ella had made the sofa pillow, then she wished she had chosen the slippers, and again she wished she had thought of the photograph frame. A nice satin photo holder, say, with whatever Mr. Pengrave's favorite flowers might be worked upon it—and, sooner or later, Ella's picture in it! Oh, well, there would be time for that. How would that artful Jessie Lynch feel when she learned, after the first of the year, that Ella Grantham's picture was in the frame she gave Mr. Pengrave? Yes, after all, Ella should give him the pen wiper. Pen wipers are not so artistic, perhaps, as sofa pillows,

and slippers and picture frames and ash trays—but even in the most rushed of business hours there is time for romantic meditation. But perhaps Ella would better scallop the edges!

The day before Christmas the other girls brought their presents to Ella's home to show them. The sofa pillow was as fat and soft as it could be, and Florence had worked a garland of roses upon it, and had ruffled the edges and slipped pink ribbon through them. The photograph frame had been beautifully done, the satin, embroidered with blue forget-me-nots, was stretched tightly and smoothly over the cardboard, without a wrinkle or a pucker even where it was



MR. PENGRAVE

pulled in about the oval opening, which gaped expectantly. The slippers were restful enough and easy enough to have soothed the sole of a minister of a congregation whose collections were slim and whose attend-

"It is simply grand," said the others in chorus.

And then they all admired each other's gifts, and renewed their assurances that it was a grand and good inspiration that had led them to scatter sunshine along the gloomy path of poor Mr. Pengrave.

"How will we send them to him?" asked Jessie Lynch.

"Yes, that's the problem," observed Mary French.

"Send them?" exclaimed Mrs. Granthum.

"I think it would take half the pleasure out of it if you did that. It'd be just like as if you was to say to Mr. Pengrave: 'Here, take this. You're all alone, and haven't got a friend in all this town that will come and wish you Merry Christmas to your face, but here's something for you. I haven't got enough kindness in my heart to bring it my self.' Send them? No. I think it would be real nice and appropriate if we were all to go together and call on him at his boarding house and give



"ANYWAY, I DIDN'T GIVE HIM YOUR PENWIPER, ELLA!"

ance was light, while the ash tray, daintily decorated with a dove holding something green in its bill, was all ready for its baptism of cremated Havana.

Ella brought out her pen wiper.

"It's a simple little thing," Mrs. Granthum explained, diffidently. "Ella is so bashful and backward that she didn't want to give him anything so fine as what you are giving him, no matter how noble the impulse that actuates you all. But it's a good pen wiper—four inches across in the wide part, with six separate pieces of velvet—red, blue, pink, green, yellow and brown. And if I do say it as shouldn't, the edges is scalloped lovely and the herring-bone stitch for a border is cute."

him the presents and have a pleasant talk with him. The other boarders will all be away for Christmas, most likely, and poor Mr. Pengrave will be there all alone. It's a sad thing to be alone in a strange city among strangers on Christmas day. We really ought to have asked him to come here for dinner."

So it was agreed that this would be the kindest way of delivering the presents, and on Christmas morning, chaperoned and piloted by Mrs. Granthum, who carried the pen wiper, neatly done up in tissue paper, in her hand, and marshalled the diffident Ella on her other side, the procession of dispellers of gloom and loneliness rang the boardinghouse bell. A weary-looking maid opened the door.

"Is Mr. Pengrave at home?" Mrs. Granthum asked.

"Yes'm. He's in the parlor."

"We'll go in," Mrs. Granthum decreed, and led the way to the parlor.

Mr. Pengrave was sitting on the sofa, talking with a bewitching young woman—a beauteous creature, with radiant eyes and pink cheeks, whom none of them ever had seen before. Some new boarder, doubtless, into whose society poor Mr. Pengrave had been thrown, perforce, by his loneliness.

"Why, Mrs. Granthum!" Mr. Pengrave said, rising. "Merry Christmas! I want you to——"

"Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Pengrave," Mrs. Granthum interrupted. "You know all these young ladies, I believe? My daughter Ella, and Miss Lynch, and Miss Marion, and Miss Tallett and Miss French?"

"Indeed, yes, and I am particularly glad to see you all this morning, for I——"

"You were lonesome, and we knew it, so we thought the least we could do would be to bring you some little trifles to show you that we people in Winnipeg believe in passing our Christmas cheer around. Miss Marion has brought you this sofa pillow, Miss Tallett these house slippers, Miss Lynch this picture frame and Miss French this ash tray. And——"

"But one moment, Mrs. Granthum. I thank you deeply for this generous evidence of friendship, and I want you to meet some one who is just as glad of it as I am. You must know——"

The beauteous creature who had been sitting beside him had arisen and was smiling and dimpling and eagerly awaiting the introduction. Mr. Pengrave blushed a rosy red and stammered helplessly, and the young lady helped him out with:

"I'm Mr. Pengrave's Christmas present, you know."

"His Christmas present?" Mrs. Granthum gasped, while the gift-bringers she had captained fell back in some disorder.

"Yes," Mr. Pengrave said, happily. "Allow me to introduce my wife. We were married this morning. We had to wait, you know, until I was sure that I was going to make a go of it here, and Mrs. Granthum, you have helped me wonderfully."

"Yes, indeed," chirped Mrs. Pengrave. "Almost every letter he wrote me had something it in about the way you were—were boosting him, he called it—by telling everybody how well he was managing the bank and how much confidence you had in him. And we are so glad to get all these lovely things. This sweet frame will just fit my photo, and Harold can never lay his head on this dear pillow and soil it, and the slippers and ash tray will make him so comfy when we get our own little nest furnished. Thank you so much for this!"

Mrs. Granthum rallied nobly, and felicitated the bride and groom, and her charges did as well as they could along the same line. Then they retired in good order and at the door Jessie Lynch said coldly that she believed she must hurry home. Mary French said she would go with her, and Florence Marion remembered a call she must make, while Edith Tallett had to go to the postoffice to mail a letter.

Mrs. Granthum and Ella walked home in silence. When they were indoors Mrs. Granthum laid a tissue-paper parcel on the table and said heartfully:

"Anyway, I didn't give him your pen wiper, Ella!"



CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE



PILGRIMS ALL

JUST a little laughter,
Just a little woe,
Just a flash of summertime
Till the roses go,
Just a little handclasp:
That's the toll you pay
If you go a-traveling
The Heart's Highway.

Through the sunny weather,
Under cloudless skies,
Oh, how fair the road is!
Oh, how bright Her eyes!
Sure there's not a danger
Could your soul dismay
When you start a-traveling
The Heart's Highway.

Nay, but not forever
Is the sun at noon;
Creeping shadows gather
Far too swift and soon:
Hold her hand the tighter
When the skies grow gray;
Only that brings morning on
The Heart's Highway!

OUR UNPROTECTED GAME

"FROST has written a treatise on
bachelors."
"What does he call it?"
" 'Lives of the Hunted.' "

CLEANED OUT

WALKER—I wonder if there were
any tramps in old Rome?

James—No fear. There were too
many baths in that town.

THAT MAID

MAGGIE (calling upstairs)—The gas
stove went out, mum.

Mistress—Well—light it!

Maggie—It went out through the
roof, mum.

McSlush—Come up to the house to-
morrow night; we're going to have a
blow-out.

O'Shine—What's up?

McSlush—First anniversary.

O'Shine—Of what?

McSlush—The cook has been with
us a year.

"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that
you wish to leave and become an at-
tendant at a lunatic asylum—of all
places. Why, what experience have
you had?"

"Well, sir, I've been here three
years."

Mistress—Now remember, Bridget,
the Joneses are coming for dinner.

Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do
me worst! They'll never trouble yez
again!



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EMERSON HOUGH

HOUGH AND HIS JUDGES

AN OPEN FORUM

Since the first announcement of Mr. Hough's serial, "The Sowing," the mails have been bringing letters of remonstrance or approval, many of them showing fine thought and grasp of the subject. As a mass, they constitute a discussion too important to withhold. Since the magazine presents Mr. Hough's work without endorsement but as a stimulus to discussion, space will be given each month to such letters as seem to us most pertinent or representative.—THE EDITOR.

VERY POOR "LOYALTY."

TO THE EDITOR:—Mr. Hough is right in his protest against our taking in the hopeless failures of London, and I have no patience with those who take lower ground and want anything England may send, bad as well as good. That many do this in the guise of loyalty does not entitle it to respect. It is a poor form of loyalty that would hurt one part of the Empire without helping another. "The Sowing" has been freely discussed here, and I have heard several—Englishmen, I am sorry to say—criticize it because it discriminates against the kind of refuse England herself does not want to keep. Why should we want it? The criticism is narrow, and unworthy a subject that is vital to England as well as to Canada.

It is nothing against a Londoner that he is poor, or uneducated. It is everything against any man if he is degenerate or degraded, no matter where he comes from. Canada wants Englishmen in preference to any other, but it does not want men from any country who cannot "make good" here.

If I have read "The Sowing" right, that is the position it takes. The things it says needed to be said, and I am glad you are printing them.

JOSEPH P. SAWREY.

Montreal, 31st October, 1908.

WHY CONDEMN THE ENGLISH?

TO THE EDITOR:—Re E. Hough's articles "The Sowing," will you please

tell me why all this spleen is vented on us poor undesirable British citizens? I suppose I should specify Englishmen, for the large cities of Scotland and Ireland seem peculiarly free from off-scourings according to our acute critic Mr. Hough. Shall I suggest that all this mudslinging is envy, jealousy, muck-raking, or shall I ascribe it to the same unreasoning impulse that prompts the impudent puppy terrier to bark and harry its venerable brother?

Is it not astonishing that we have so many real, respectable, nay *even well to do* persons of English birth in Edmonton who can plead guilty of coming from that terrible London (with its lurid Whitechapel)? And imagine—we have hundreds of just plain Englishmen, artisans, maybe (who of course are always slow and incompetent at their work), who nevertheless, despite the curse of English birth, succeed at various callings!

By the by, the illustrious Mounted Police are composed of Britishers with very few exceptions, and (shameful heresy) the greater proportion of that vaunted African contingent was British, invariably late of the British army, not a few of whom spoke with a Cockney twang! Will some native son refute the foregoing?

Again I note that no objection is ever taken to the investing of English capital. It is strange that worn-out England (with her weak-kneed, incompetent sons) *can* and *does* amass wealth to invest in Loyal Canada. No objec-

tion is ever made to receiving the benefits of our rotten fleet (it *must* be rotten) paid for by these wretched, despised Britishers and not by their jolly farmer friends of Canada.

Does it not seem a pity that it is only the Englishman in Canada who needs vindication? Can we imagine some of our critics in Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, yea, London? Will anyone tell me if the first Anglo-Saxon pioneers to Canada were British born or raised by some miraculous means at "—town" Ontario!!!! Was Wolfe born in Prince Edward Island?

WALTER JACOBS.

Edmonton, October 10th, 1908.

"WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR A DOLLAR!"

TO THE EDITOR:—Your October issue of CANADA-WEST received a few days ago, and allow me to express my great appreciation and hearty approval of the views expressed in "The Sowing." The beginning I have not been able to read, as my copy of the September issue has not reached me. I wouldn't miss it for a dollar! I have got all the other numbers, for this year and am going to bind them.

If you could replace the September copy I would be greatly obliged to you. Wishing you continuous success for your splendid magazine, I beg to remain.

G. A. DE BARGAS.

Stavely, Alta., 15th October.

ENGLISH PREFERRED.

TO THE EDITOR:—Permit me as an Englishman born and bred to express appreciation of Mr. Hough's attitude in "The Sowing," having regard to colonization from England in preference to other countries. What he says about the congestion of London is true. His warning against receiving "the unemployable" from there would have less force if he referred to other cities of the United Kingdom, because it is from London that the most helpless and hopeless have come. His whole argument, as I read it, is a demand for capable immigrants from England and against English societies sending us those who are lost where they are, and

could not "find themselves" anywhere else. Every Englishman who has lived in Canada long enough to know what Canada means to England, will applaud that argument—especially those of us who have seen the harm wrought by its contrary. "The Sowing" is a timely work. I am commending it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

WILLIAM GROCUTT.

Toronto, 3rd November, 1908.

THE EMPIRE'S PART IN CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR:—Mr. Hough's introduction to "The Sowing," printed with the first installment, states his thesis, but does not indicate his treatment as definitely as the extract that appeared in the July number, where he challenged the future of Canada as a part of the Empire, resting his question on England's possible failure to reshape her colonization processes so far as they shall apply to this country. The position he assumes would import the most serious of all possible consequences to England and to Canada if it were undeniably sound. But is it? And what is the point of this talk about England's duty to Canada, and Canada's to England? If there is any question at all, is it not in the last resort rather a question of the Empire's part in Canada than of Canada's in the Empire? These things are wide-sweeping. They proceed from sources deep below the surface, to ends far into the years.

There is a "problem," but it is not one affecting anything so transitory as a single policy of government. It is the problem of a race movement, and such problems have a way of working themselves out. Blindly, irresistibly, slow and dumb, unconsciously powerful as the progress of a glacier, they push their way across the world to the appointed purpose, unguided of men, propelled by the power that moves the stars and "hath the world's upon nothing." Governments, cabinets, ministers, policies, parties, strifes, concordances, all you will of human help or human hurt, go under them, unimpeding and unnoticed.

From the first Aryan drift it has been so with us, the people doing that

which was theirs to do, though they did not understand. And so it shall be in this last drift of the perfected Aryan to the final home of his race here, in the land that we call Canada.

Mr. Hough is said to look upon this as the "ultimate bulwark and stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon," and well he may, for so it surely will be. England shall become ancestral merely. Australia's physical geography will differentiate her people from the parent stock. Sub-tropical Africa can never be English save in possessory right. India is to have and to hold, not to be a home for us. The United States is no longer Anglo-Saxon, for new England has become latinized, the south has the stain of the black races in its very bones, the Atlantic coast is hebdomadal and of unguessable future, the Pacific coast has already succumbed to Spanish indolence and the fatal ease of an even climate, and the great valley of the Mississippi has filled with a heterogeneous stew from southern Europe and the Eastern Mediterranean. They have the language of England in the States, the same common law and a common literature, as well as commercial ties unbreakably strong. But the city directories are filled with the harsh nomenclature of a foreign rabble, and those in authority are "steins" and "vichs" and "bergs" and "skis" or worse. Physical environment and foreign infusion have already taken from the people across the border the Anglo-Saxon stamp, and that also is an act of omnipotence and must be for the best in the outcome of things, even though it has a lamentable look just now.

But here, in the big west and north, the last of the temperate zone with

space enough for a mighty nation, with every favorable condition of climate, land-and-water distribution, and the one remaining continental expanse of soil in the world best suited to produce the staple foods of all mankind, is the manifest home and centre of Empire for the perfected Aryan, the Anglo-Saxon at his best. In these lands shall be the granary, the armory, and the power of the Empire, wherever may be its nominal head; and here shall be wrought out the history that shall make its name remembered in the far ages, until time grows dim.

We can assist though we cannot control this magnificent destiny. The one thing to do is to keep the country Anglo-Saxon, having a care that no foreign quantity shall be taken in beyond that which is congenial or of identical race origin, and so assimilable. Canada wants colonists from England, and England must give us real colonists, not "immigrants" merely. The way to receive these kindred is not a cloudy nor a doubtful one. It has been opened and proven in thrifty colonies at Lloydminster and Tisdale and other places, where Mr. Hough's "pale plants of the city" have been set out in well ordered fields, side by side with stronger brethren, and have taken healthful hold upon new life on a new soil. It lies with Canada herself to see that this way is used, and no other. The duties mutual to England and Canada lie in that direction. They are easy of discharge, and once they have been defined and taken up, we shall hear no more of the old complaints, nor any challenge of our future in the Empire. We shall become the Empire.

WILLIAM DUNSEITH EATON.

Banff, 9th October, 1908.



CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. V.

London, January, 1909

No. 3

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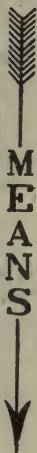
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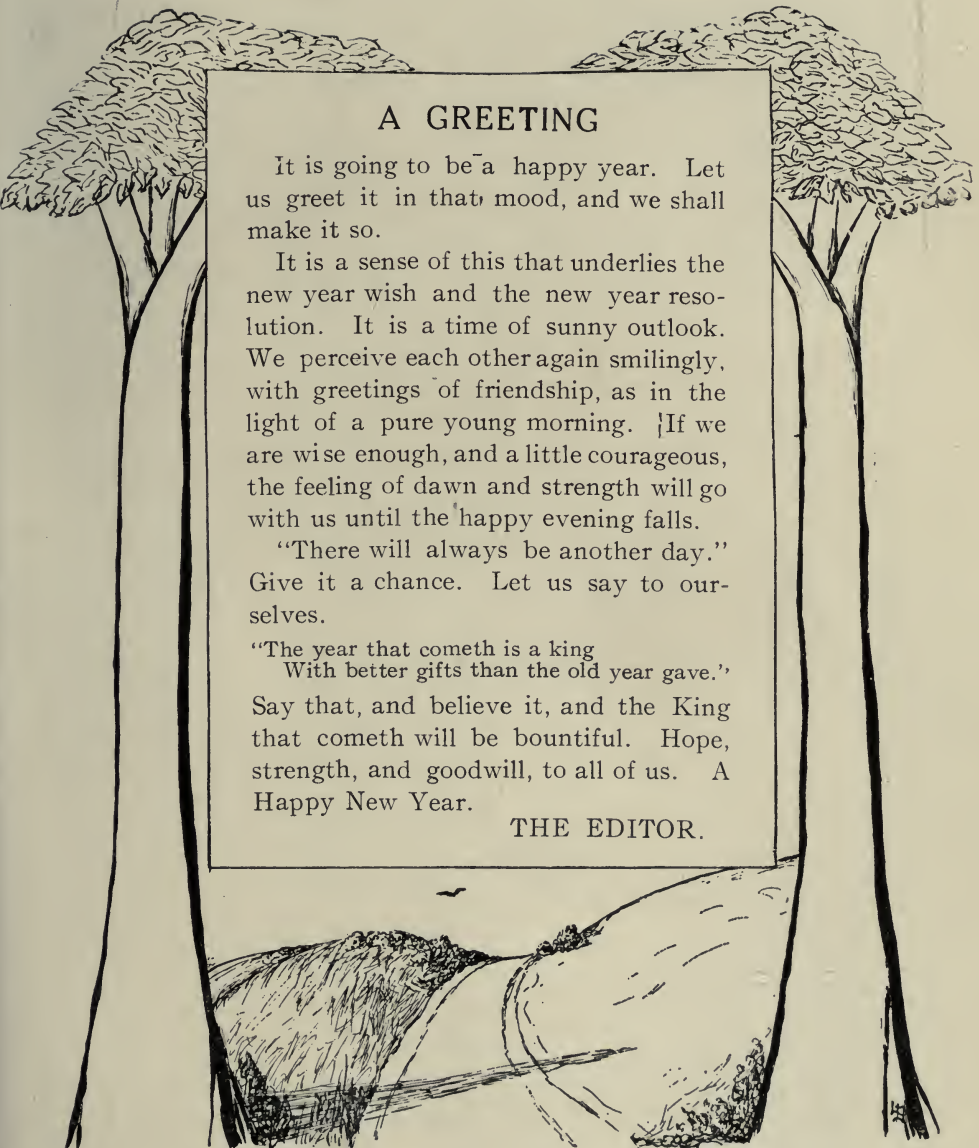
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A GREETING

It is going to be a happy year. Let us greet it in that mood, and we shall make it so.

It is a sense of this that underlies the new year wish and the new year resolution. It is a time of sunny outlook. We perceive each other again smilingly, with greetings of friendship, as in the light of a pure young morning. If we are wise enough, and a little courageous, the feeling of dawn and strength will go with us until the happy evening falls.

"There will always be another day." Give it a chance. Let us say to ourselves.

"The year that cometh is a king
With better gifts than the old year gave."

Say that, and believe it, and the King that cometh will be bountiful. Hope, strength, and goodwill, to all of us. A Happy New Year.

THE EDITOR.



Drawn by F. DeForrest Schook

When an Indian Forgets—see page 143

"TO-NIGHT", HE SAID, "I WASH MY SOUL IN THE MOONLIGHT WHICH IS THE
LIGHT OF THE WORLD WHEN THE DAY SUN SLEEPS"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V.

JANUARY

NUMBER 3

WHEN AN INDIAN FORGETS

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK



BECAUSE of the murder of one white man by another white man, in the red man's country, many Indians were summoned to testify at the trial, and it fell upon Jim

Cromwell, the then free trader, to round up his "subjects" and lead them out of the British Columbia wilderness to attend the trial.

Only a few of these red men had ever seen a city, and in order to keep them from wandering from the straight and narrow trail, a sort of corral-camp was established on the outskirts of Edmonton. When the tents had been pitched, as a further precaution, to keep the red Indians in and the white Indians out, a barbed wire fence enclosed the camp.

It fell out that a travelling troupe of play-acting people was playing at the local theatre, and Jim, being big-hearted and really fond of the bush tribes, as all men are who know them, invited the Chief and all his band to occupy the front benches at the play.

Precisely as children enter a play-house for their first peep at Uncle Tom,

that sweet and mellow old chestnut—these children of the wild came stumbling and blinking blindly into the brilliantly electric-lighted theatre. Like scared sheep in a chute they shuffled down the aisle and shied at the faintest touch of a drum, or the silken, sad, uncertain rustle of a skirt.

Seated, they doubled low in their places and whispered one with the other. It would be interesting if one could reproduce the thoughts of these grown-up children when they gazed for the first time upon the weird scene, the sudden brilliancy of which blurred the senses and bewildered the brain.

Many maidens of doubtful age and questionable complexion, in flesh-tinted tights and tiny timid wings, peopled the stage when the curtain rose upon the first scene. Glancing up and down the curving line the White Chief saw the awed Indians straining forward in wide-eyed wonderment, and gazing eagerly at those butterfly folk who appeared to them unreal, angelic, and bewilderingly beautiful.

The aged Chief leaned over and whispered to Jim, the "White Chief", "Spirits?" The White Chief answered that they were real folks.

"Tapwe-maka," said the red man, "so they are, so they are."

Then the orchestra struck up and the "angels" began to sing. All the red children sat motionless. The fairies began to dance and prance about the stage, which all the more charmed, awed and fascinated the Indians. Every eagle eye was glued to the stage; the very incomprehensibility of the scene holding the bush-folk helpless and hopelessly hypnotized.

The leading lady, beside whom Solomon in all his glory would seem shabby, held the old Chief as completely under her spell as if he had been in irons. The song of the singers rose and fell, grand and awful to the Indian's eye and ear, as the sobbing sea billowing into the Bay of Fundy. He followed the fawn-footed fairy in all her caperings up and down the stage as a cat follows with her hungry eyes a humming bird frolicking in a flower garden.

¶ All the other Indians were staring straight ahead. Now the chorus swelled until it seemed to the children of the wild that all those divine creatures had gone mad.

Suddenly, from the painted forest, real to the Indians, there swarmed upon the scene an army of wild, dark, dangerous men, every one a villain of the deepest dye, and dressed to the part. The red men grasped the chair arms, shooting enquiring glances at the Chief and at Jim, their guide and interpreter. Jim said something to the Red Chief and the latter lifted his hand, silencing and reassuring his subjects.

The deep voices of the dark-haired desperadoes swelled the tumult until it was all but deafening.

Great as the tension was, the Indians would have been able to sit it out had not one of the villains, who had evidently marked the fairest of the fairies for his own, seized her by the wrist and wrung her to her knees. Even now they held their peace. Jim watched them right and left out of the corners of his quiet eyes, and when a company of red-coated Royal Northwest Mounted Police, on foot, rushed to the rescue, he thought the worst was over.

But this villain would not be denied. Although his comrades had all fled or

fallen before the deadly fire of these watchdogs of the wilderness, he held tight. The beautiful lady, who had not seen the red-coats to the rescue, tore at her white throat, screamed, and sobbed out a song that would melt a heart of stone. Instead of softening, it seemed to harden the dark pirate who held her, for now, seeing himself surrounded by the horseless riders of the silent places, he whipped a great knife from his belt, grabbed the beautiful lady by the hair of her fair head, bent her frail body back, showing her white throat ready to receive the cold steel that gleamed above her.

That is just where the hired villain over-played. The old Chief had given his word, at Jim's suggestion, that no harm would come to the "spirit ladies", but what was this? They saw her blanched face, the look of terror in those angelic eyes, and heard the cries of anguish that came in broken sobs from her very soul, and every Indian leapt to his feet.

Up to this moment they had relied upon the Police to protect the fairies, but evidently they were following the traditional practice of allowing the other fellow to fire first.

Jim saw the situation instantly. If these strong men of the bush tribe crossed the footlights it would be all over with the villain in about half a minute. The White Chief threw up his hands and yelled. The villain heard the White Chief scream, and, turning his head, saw the "thin red line" just over the footlights, took in the situation, released the beautiful lady, smiled, bowed—the red line sank back in its place, and the whole scene, which covered not more than thirty seconds, was pulled off as perfectly as if it had been rehearsed for a month.

When the last act had been acted and the curtain had gone down for the last time, the White Chief asked the Red Chief if he would like to meet the beautiful lady, to hold her hand and look into her opal eyes that looked out from under her hand-painted eyebrows, and the Red Chief answered at length, as the Cree Indian always does if he goes beyond a grunt, to the effect that he would be pleased to come close and

feel the breath of her angelic wings, and more, much more, beautifully expressed in faultless Cree.

Five minutes later the old Chief stood in the presence of the beautiful lady, heard her gentle voice and felt the warmth and sunshine of her smile. She held out her white hand and he took it carefully, and when he felt its magnetic touch a strange new light burned in his small dark eyes that seemed to the White Chief to light up every curve and crevice in his furrowed face. He held her hand as though unable to let it go. He put up his left hand and was about to touch and caress her plump arm, now naked to the elbow, but changed his mind, lifted the straying hand to his own brow, passed it over his eyes, and then, as if he had broken the spell, dropped the hand which he had been holding, turned suddenly and strode from the stage without a nod, pause, or backward glance.

The White Chief thanked the beautiful lady, bowed himself out, and joined the Red Chief and the other Indians who were waiting at the door.

Side by side the Red and the White Chief marched out to the camp, followed by the entire band. When they were all within the fold the white man said good-night, which was the first word uttered by any of the party since they left the theatre. For answer the old Chief followed Jim down to the little gate, passed out and turned toward the river. Following a slight motion of the old Indian's head, a motion which the average man would not have marked at all, the white man turned, and walked beside the Indian. They passed the ancient Hudson's Bay fort and paused on the high bank that rimmed the river. Two hundred feet below, the silvery Saskatchewan made a wide and winding trail along the narrow valley. For many moments the old Indian stood in silence gazing out over the night.

Presently he raised one hand and swept the sky. Another pause, and then, slowly at first and in a low, monotonous tone, he began to speak in Cree, perhaps the most beautiful of all the Indian languages:

"It is well—all is well—when the night is ours. There burns the great white light which We-a-ka-chack has set to beckon us back from the bad to the good. To-night I wash my soul in the moonlight which is the light of the world when the day sun sleeps. It is pure, absolutely pure and leaves no stain. If we believe the story and come out of the house with its false light which confuses, and strange beauty, which, like the light, is artificial, and only makes men drunk, we get back quickly to the open trail."

He paused, and turning, faced the white man as if about to accuse him. The white moon swung higher out of the east, revealing more and more of the silver ribbon that lay below them.

Now the Indian spoke directly to the white man:

"Nephew," he began, "you have known your uncle for many years; you know your aunt."

"Yes," said the white man.

"You have seen us in our home in the heart of the wild; in summer when the rivers sang to the hills and the warm south wind shook the trees. You have seen us in the long, long winter nights; you know how we have worked together, how she trusts me and I trust her; you have seen us on the trail when the storm shook the hills—in the shadow and in the sun. And long, long years before you came to us, O nephew of mine, we were together. It is thirty snows now since we stood side by side beneath yon moon and said, one to the other, I am for you.

"In all these years, nephew, I have never forgotten that promise—never until to-night. To-night I was blinded, dazed, drunken. Her beauty is bewildering, the touch of her hand is scouta-wabon. To-night, for the first time, I forgot, maybeso for half a minute—maybe, not so long, but I forgot.

"And then, when I had escaped from the false light and come out into the real light—God's light—I felt a great shame, and I could not sleep, nephew, until I had come out here in the night, which has always been my friend, and until I had told it all to you and washed my soul in the moonlight."

THE HINDU IN CANADA

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH

First Paper

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE most talked of and the least understood man in Western Canada to-day is the Hindu.

The person popularly styled by the Canadian as a "Hindu" may not be a Hindu at all. Every native of Hindustan is not essentially a Hindu any more than every Canadian owes allegiance to the Roman Pontiff. The term Hindu merely appertains to East-Indians who profess Hinduism as their religion. Only three-fourths of the population of India is Hindu by religious persuasion. The remaining one-fourth of the people subscribe to non-Hindu creeds. To refer to the non-Hindu East-Indian as a "Hindu," therefore, on the face of it is a contradiction in terms.

The folly of indiscriminately styling all East-Indians in Canada "Hindus" becomes at once apparent when it is pointed out that the number of non-Hindu East-Indians in the Dominion exceeds by far those of the real Hindus. The Sikh, who professes the religion of protest—Sikhism—and is a soldier by tradition and descent, usually classes himself as non-Hindu. The Mohammedan is likewise a non-Hindu. Either of these two denominations has more representatives in Canada than the entire Hindu community in the Dominion. In point of numbers, the



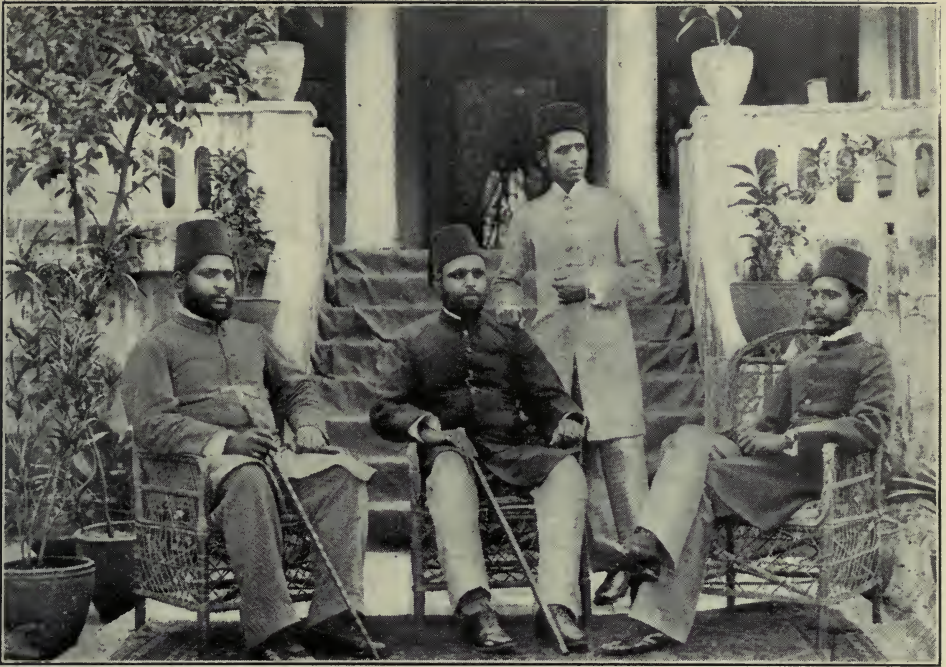
A WATER CARRIER IN INDIA

Sikhs in Canada come first. The Mohammedans are a close second. The Sikhs and Mohammedans combined are probably three or four times the aggregate of the Hindus in Canada.

The assumption that all East-Indians in Canada are Hindus has been productive of many grave misconceptions. The impression prevails in Western Canada that the Hindu is caste-ridden, weakly and a hater of physical work.

Of all slanderous statements, none has been more mischievous or unmerited than

the wholesale indictment of the people of India as caste ridden. The Hindu, particularly, has suffered from this false characterization. It would be foolish to attempt to deny that the institution of caste has, in many ways, held India down; but Hindustan is not the solitary country, nor the Hindu the only community, which has been cursed by caste. The snobbery of caste, in many essentials, is as virulent in London as in Bombay, and a nincompoop son of a European aristocrat is inoculated with its virus probably as much as the ruler of some obscure East-Indian principality. On the score of caste, the case against India has been made much worse than the circumstances warrant. Furthermore, the institution of caste is crumbling to pieces in India. In its more



A GROUP OF EDUCATED MOHAMMEDAN GENTLEMEN

prejudicial forms, the caste complications are rapidly disappearing there, and the East-Indian community, day by day, is becoming increasingly leavened with the spirit of democracy.

Probably the most convincing testimony that can be produced to prove the contention that the institution of caste is in the throes of death, is to point to the hundreds of thousands of East-Indians, educated and uneducated, who are sojourning outside of India. For many centuries caste and custom so regulated the lives of the people of Hindustan that it was practically impossible for them to leave their land. Foreign travel was forbidden. People who braved the conventions and travelled in foreign countries, on their return home were excommunicated from their caste.

To-day the old order of things is rapidly being transformed. The one-time caste-ridden people of Hindustan are asserting their individuality and refusing to bow down to the old-time, worn-out ideals. As an indication and fulfillment of the new spirit which has been infused into India, East-Indians are now going out of their country, to

distant lands and continents, to engage in the struggle of life alongside of representatives of other races and nationalities.

The East-Indian immigrant in Canada is the last person in whose face the taunt of being caste-ridden should be flung. His very presence is an uncontrovertible proof that the man possesses vitality plus, which has enabled him to assert his mastery over hoary traditions. It also is a pledge of his desire to completely rid himself of caste prejudices. If the immigrant has a few remnants of caste feeling, he deserves sympathy and co-operation in his efforts to eradicate them.

Of the three—the Hindu, the Sikh and the Mohammedan in Canada—the first-named, relatively speaking, suffers most from the bane of caste. The Sikh religion is essentially democratic. It does away with caste feeling, at least in theory, if not in practice. The tenets of the Mohammedan religion are diametrically opposed to the institution of caste. So far as the Sikhs and Mohammedans in Canada are concerned, it may be truthfully said that they have practically no caste prejudice. The



INDIAN IMMIGRANTS AFTER LANDING IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

utmost that can be said against the Mohammedan immigrant in Canada is that he will not eat pork. His religion proscribes all preparations of hog meat; but there are many thousands of white people—representatives of another religion in Canada—whose religion prohibits pork eating, but no outcry is heard against them. Similarly, the strongest charge that can be brought against the Sikh is that he refuses to cut his hair and cast aside his peculiar head-dress—the turban. Even against the Hindu, the most that can be urged is that he will not eat with men of other races and religions. Idiosyncrasies such as these do not render the Mohammedan, Sikh or Hindu, undesirable as immigrants in Canada. These inconsequential peculiarities, instead of detracting from his desirability as an immigrant, render the East-Indian a picturesque settler. The garbs of some of the European immigrants are also picturesque, but that is not an argument against them.

The general tendency of residence in Canada is to induce East-Indian immigrants to divest themselves of all hand-me-downs of caste regulations. A number of Sikhs in the Dominion to-day have parted with their cherished long hair. They have packed away their turbans and instead of them wear ordinary hats or caps for their head-dress. It is a common thing in Western Canada to find Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans living together, and in many instances, not even hesitating to use the food cooked by one another—and yet time was in India when a Hindu or Sikh considered his food defiled if merely the shadow of a Mohammedan fell upon it.

Were there a caste feeling amongst the Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans

settled in Canada which would make them war on one another, such a prejudice could not but render the immigrants, in a measure, undesirable. No such feeling, it can be asserted without fear of contradiction, exists amongst the different sections of Hindu immigrants in Canada. Instead of entertaining an unfriendly attitude towards one another, on the score of caste, the East-Indian immigrants in Canada are being impressed with the necessity of sinking racial prejudices into oblivion. The uppermost feeling in the hearts of East-Indian settlers in Canada, to-day, is co-operation, irrespective of caste, creed or color.

As a rule, the East-Indians in the Dominion do not consider manual labor beneath their dignity. In fact, the majority of them understand tacitly before coming that the only work they can possibly secure is manual labor. When the Hindu immigrants arrive in Canada, and even years after their landing, all that they desire is to work with the hands.



A GROUP OF HIGH-CASTE EAST-INDIANS WHO HAVE KNOWN THE CIVILIZING INFLUENCE OF NORTH AMERICA

As to capacity for work, the Hindu, Sikh and Mohammedan immigrants in Canada are about at par with one another. The Sikh seems to have a much more vigorous and athletic build than the Hindu. The Mohammedan also appears to be the superior of the Hindu in physique. But, to the mind of the writer, the distinction, though often reiterated in the Canadian press, is vivid and more or less gratuitous.

The searching immigration officials stationed at Vancouver and Victoria, rigidly exclude the immigrant who does not possess the vitality to engage in hard physical work and make his living thereby. Amongst the East-Indian immigrants already in the Dominion the percentage of those who have weak, puny bodies, and are incapable of leading the rough life of a worker in the mill, factory, or on the railroad, is not much above the zero point.

The East-Indian immigrant in Canada has had somewhat of a difficult time in the country, not because of lack

of muscular strength or disinclination to do hard, manual labor; but simply for the reason that he was unacquainted with the tools and implements of labor in common use in the Dominion. The average immigrant from India, it must, however, be remembered, is intelligent and an apt pupil. He is also so anxious to make a success of himself in Canada that he is willing to go to any amount of trouble to master the details of the new methods and render himself thoroughly efficient. There is hardly an East-Indian immigrant in North America who does not recognize the necessity—and the desirability—of “making good,” to use the phrase of the times, and is not doing his level best to achieve that end. Moreover, in this connection it should be borne in mind that many of the Hindu immigrants that come to Canada, have learned the use of machinery run by steam and electricity in their own land before coming to the Western continent, and these do not have to face the difficulty

of being compelled to work with unfamiliar tools.

The majority of the East-Indian immigrants come from the Punjab, the Northwestern Province of India, where the climate is much the same as in British Columbia. The immigrants, therefore, do not find much difficulty in becoming acclimated. The Sikhs, who have fought battles for the British in Northern China in mid-winter, should experience no trouble whatever in adjusting themselves to a cooler climate. The Hindus and Mohammedans, who have hitherto come to Canada, as a rule possess hardy constitutions.

Much speculation has been indulged in regarding the causes which led the East-Indian to emigrate to Canada in the first instance, and which keep him coming to the country, even in the face of opposition. The hypothesis that the railroads and corporations of the Dominion are "importing" them cannot hold water, since the writer's searching inquiries, made locally, have convinced him that no advertising campaign has been resorted to in India or the Oriental countries like the Malay Straits Settlements and China. The writer recently made diligent inquiries in many of the Oriental countries from which East-Indian immigrants hail, and supplemented these by cross-questioning hundreds of the immigrants in Western Canada in regard to the motive which induced East-Indians to emigrate to Canada. All that could be learned tended to show that the spirit of adventure led the pioneer immigrants to journey to North America. Two versions are extant of the means by which the East-Indians learned that Canada was in need of labor. Two or three Sikh soldiers averred that they were told by their army officers of the splendid opportunities existing in Canada. A Hindu, who probably was one of the earliest settlers, deposed that the foreman of the party with which he came to the country was chummy with some of the sailors of a Canadian boat plying between Vancouver and Hong Kong, and that it was from them he derived the inspiration to come to Canada.

The stay-at-home characterization of the people of India, once true, is fast growing *passee*. Wedging Western influences have rendered intolerable to the East-Indian the precarious living he ekes out, with unremitting labor, from his worn-out land or decadent industry. At one time fatalistic, he is rapidly becoming impregnated with the germ of discontent. A yearning to break the shell of his limitations and seek new scenes, appears to have awakened within his breast. An inordinate desire is seizing the illiterate as well as the literate, to search for new spheres of work where richer results will crown his efforts.

The military races of Northwestern India, more than any other single class, constitute the favorite breeding ground of the emigration germ. The Sikhs of the Punjab probably furnish the largest contribution to the ranks of the emigrants. When the British Sikh soldier returns to his plough after serving a term of years in the native army, he finds it no easy matter to resume the thread of life where he left off when he enlisted as a recruit. He becomes dissatisfied and emigrates. The Russians do not object to him, although he is a British subject and has fought many of the battles of the British Empire. Before the Russo-Japanese War many Sikhs could be found in the Manchurian seaports, Dalny and Port Arthur, the trusted employees of Russian commercial firms.

East-Indian peasantry with small or no holdings constitute the other principal section which evolves men who emigrate. In a village a single person catches the contagion. His departure disturbs the village equanimity. Another becomes affected, and follows the track of the man who blazed the way. Family ties and village economy, coupled with traditional customs, however, operate on the native population in such a manner that the maxim of the East-Indian has come to be: "Half at home in preference to twice as much abroad." This regulates emigration from India and constitutes the strongest bulwark against the so-called Hindu invasion of Canada.

MORE ABOUT CANADA FAKERS

Criticism by the Fakers, for the Fakers, and of the Fakers.

BY

LAWRENCE MOTT
WILLIAM J. LONG
WILDAN McBRIDE

DONAD G. FRENCH
ANDREW IRVING
S. M. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN CANADA-WEST in October first brought home the charge of "Canada Faking" against a rather long list of distinguished offenders, words were not minced, nor specification spared. Mr. Arthur Stringer was sufficiently precise in his accusations to invite reply from the accused, if reply there could be, or if any intrinsic error could be shown either in the article itself, or in the position taken by this magazine.

All over Canada, and in Great Britain and the United States, the exposure aroused immediate attention and comment in news and literary publications. Almost universally its justice was perceived. Surprise was not uncommon that such a state of things should have continued for so long a time without protest. It was exactly for that reason CANADA-WEST had taken it up, less as a thing harmful to the country than as a running irritation and a calm imputation of general ignorance on the part of the whole English speaking public.

If the accused writers or their admirers had aught to say, opportunity was open. They were so informed, and invited to speak. The response has been heated but not especially to the point. The net result to date of the invitation to defend or to make counter-attack is here presented, together with a few more letters from people who know the country to be other than the nightmare-land it has been so insistently misrepresented.

THE DEFENSE OF THE FAKERS

THE ARGUMENT TU QUOQUE

The following letter from Mr. Lawrence Mott was written to Mr. Stringer, but was (as it states) sent at the same time to several Sunday newspapers, and therefore is public property, and usable here. It is given unedited, just as written. Mr. Mott seems to feel that a knowledge of the Cree language is essential to romances of the north, and imputes an ignorance of that tongue to Mr. Stringer. At the same time his letter would seem to raise a question of the value of Cree as a literary asset in English.

Twin Pine Farm.

White Plains, November 23, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to say that I have read your article, "The Canada of the Ink Wells," in to-day's *Herald* with pleasure and much amusement. Of course

I have no knowledge of your intimacy with the Canadian wilderness and its inhabitants—save that which you criticize in others—but I really must take exception to many of your statements—with your kind permission.

In the first place, I have hunted, fished and trapped all over Northern Canada for the last fifteen years, and therefore feel that I know a "wee sma' bit about it."

It is very evident that when you write as you do about Mr. Kipling, whom the world recognizes as a past-master in the writing of human life, human *actualities* and *realities*, that you are putting yourself above the best critics in the literary world. It has been my honor to have had the opportunity to know Mr. Kipling quite well, indeed to have visited him at his home in Sussex, England, and it seems to me that when you use the term, "Snap Judgment," that you overstep both your knowledge and your understanding.

But, of course, the man who has done nothing worth while knows more than the man who has! I believe that this is an old adage?

Going on farther, you attack Mr. Caspar Whitney, unjustifiably, to say the least! His knowledge of Canada is absolute, and the fact is well recognized by such men as Earl Grey and Laurier—both of whom are friends of mine, and who are keen in their praise of Mr. Whitney. Might I—without being rude—ask you what experience *you* have had in REAL Canadian life? How many of the factors *you* know personally? What trips *you* have taken, and how many of them in winter behind dogs, or on snowshoes? And *where* were they taken? Have *you* trapped two winters for the Hudson Bay Company? Can *you* speak the Cree language? Can *you* name the tribes of Northern Canada from Nain, Labrador, to Kodiak Island? And finally, do you *really* know the relationship between the Crees, Ojibewas and Chippewas?

Mr. London, I chance to know, has seen many hard trips in the Hudson Bay country—as have I—and in his "Call of the Wild" and "White Fang" portrays—to any one that KNOWS the life there—excellently and vividly true.

You choose to criticize Sir Gilbert Parker's "moose yard combat" and then err badly in your own description of what—to *your* mind—a moose yard *should* be! Such a yard is not an "intricate network, a wandering maze of deep tracks, or rather deep gutters . . ."

And had you ever seen one you would know that a true "yard" is always stamped down. I have only killed twelve moose, so that it may be that your knowledge is greater than mine!

Coming down the list in your article, I find that you also attack Mr. Stewart White; but your diatribe is so sublimely ridiculous that it needs nothing farther to "recommend" it to those who *know* Canada.

Men do "romp" in the Northern country, and "romp" a long way! I have made trips with my Indians where neither canoe, nor portage was used. From Missanabie to Moose Factory is not a long pull, and I have done it in summer and in winter.

To come still farther down the list, I take umbrage at your criticism of one of my stories, viz.: "The Silver Fox". In your article you ask: "Why this extremely hungry gentleman did not stop and dine on Silver Fox?" Had you half read the tale, or *understood* it, you would have known that the man died of cold and the fear resulting from the knowledge that he was lost.

The "over-maligned North" is so made by certain people who do not know of which they write, and who choose to deliberately

criticize men that have lived the hardships, experienced the dangers, and who are keen for the North Land always. You say, "The flower of man's spirit is his adaptability to circumstance". I answer: Pray adapt yourself to your own level so far as criticizing Kipling, Parker, White and London.

A copy of this letter goes to the Sunday Editors of several papers.

Yours,

LAWRENCE MOTT.

ONE ON MR. STRINGER?

Mr. Wildan McBride was not included among those who have sinned against the truth. His stories have been faithful to fact in locality, conditions in life, and character-work. But being himself a painstaking writer, he has fallen foul of Mr. Stringer in some matters of detail, which are in no way concerned with the essential point at issue. Here is Mr. McBride's letter:



LAWRENCE MOTT

TO THE EDITOR.—It is strange that a writer of the skill and experience of Mr. Stringer should require to be reminded of the old, old advice, "verify your quotations." I am certain Kipling will not accept Mr. Stringer's challenge to show him where in Canada the blood root shows "white against the draggled drift," for the very good reason that Kipling wrote

"green." If the years since then have not seen the destruction of the Ontario woods I once knew, I can show Mr. Stringer where the blood root grows just as it is pictured by Kipling.

Alas! I loaned my Kipling, and I cannot now procure a copy of "The Seven Seas" in our principal book store, so, despite the good advice of this old saw, let me quote from memory:

"Green against the draggled drift,

Fair and frail and first,

Buy my Northern blood root,

And I'll know where you were nursed.

Robin down the logging road,

Whistles, 'Come to me,

Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free.

All the winds o' Canada call the ploughing rain.

Take the flower and turn the hour and kiss your love again."

Cannot you see the picture, Mr. Stringer? I have run the Ontario woods as a boy, and consider this an etching of great delicacy and truth to nature. For these lines Kipling



REAL INDIANS OF THE NORTH

Three generations in one family, all born on the Peace River. Puzzle: Find the forbidding desolation.

deserves our love and our gratitude. If he did sin in "Our Lady of the Snows," these lines should atone therefor. In any case, I never could see what there was to raise a fuss about in this poem. Our pet over it seemed to me to indicate that we are still very young and painfully self-conscious. What if it does not tally with our real estate advertisements? Is it not true and beautiful also? I am the more surprised at Mr. Stringer joining in the dead hue and cry, for the reason that I have grounds to think that he has idled a summer hour in the pretty village of Notre Dame des Neiges, on the West Mount at Montreal, has tobogganed on the Park slide near by and gone on raquettes to Lumkins at Outremont. He will know the French legend about Notre Dame des Neiges. French Canada thought it a pretty and appropriate name, but what a crime it was for Kipling to transfer it to all Canada! Pray what would Canada be without her snows? But even conceding Kipling's sin in seizing on the salient feature of our climate, why accuse him of sins he did not commit? With all due deference to Mr. Stringer, Kipling painted the blood root and its environments, with bold outline and delicate detail.

Mr. Stringer's article was so timely that it is a pity it was thus marred. If I am wrong in accusing him of a misquotation, I will supply him with the means to seek "peace in a Laranaga, calm in a Henry Clay". (Note Bene, again not verified.)

Mr. Stringer unkindly ignores the fact that this poem of "The Flowers" was Kipling's reply to the insular critics who found something exotic and merely imitative

in poems to flowers in lands beyond the seas. They could understand a reason for a sonnet to the primrose, but one to the prairie anemone was an unthinkable offence. Straightway he sang of the flowers dear to Britons in many lands beyond the seas with such effect that the picture of the flower and their own land rose before them whether it was in sight of the cool Drakensberg or in the maple groves of Canada. If he has been as true to nature in Australia and New Zealand as he has in Canada he may be forgiven even for a slight lapse or two. Did you ever, Mr. Stringer, take a copy of Kipling out of a public library, and see how this page was thumbed? Do people all over the world remember such lines as "The Flowers" if no appeal is made to their hearts? I think not.

WILDAN McBRIDE.

Regina, Sask., November 13, 1908.

HIS SNARK WAS A BOOJUM

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire, Nov. 14, 1908.)

It is surprising to notice how many persons are ready to accept Arthur Stringer's recent exposure (?) of "Canada fakers" as a wholesale condemnation of Canadian writers and Canadian literature. Let those who do so please read his article in its original form and see how closely it follows the muck-raking style of the sensational American magazines—let them do some thinking and investigating for themselves, and then decide whether the article was inspired by a desire to do anything more commendable than merely create a sensation.

No reader who exercises ordinary common sense—lacking the oracular wisdom of Mr. Stringer—will agree that any writer, Cana-



WILDAN McBRIDE

dian or not, in depicting the Canadian Northland, will be guilty of "the wilful and deliberate distortion of the truth, the persistent traducing of a country, the continuous maligning of its name and nature."

May I quote from my previous comment on this subject, which has already appeared on the editorial page of another journal:

"The chiefest crime of this array of fakers appears to be that they spell the cold of the north country always with a capital C. Arthur Stringer sees no 'white terror of the unspeakable cold,' and classes as pathetic fallacy the imaginative presentation of the 'colossal menace of the eternal frost.' The Far North, to his mind, is a very livable country. But one needs only to endure a prolonged cold snap in Ontario with the thermometer twenty-five to thirty below in order to appreciate the presentation of the cold, crystal north, as these romances give it." (How about a Northwest blizzard?)

"Aside from this, Mr. Stringer's reason for classing so many authors as 'Canada Fakers' rests on their weakness in little details of local color and local atmosphere. This is a serious business enough, but while we thank Mr. Stringer for calling our attention to it, we cannot say that we favor the manner in which he has done so. He grants that 'the best of artists, writing sincerely may be guilty of an occasional slip of the pen.' Why not let it go at that? What does any writer gain by wilful misrepresentation of any country? What can he gain? Let us rather put these errors down to ignorance, which is bad enough, or to carelessness, which is just as inexcusable."

Since Mr. Stringer knows the north country so much better than anybody else, it is strange that he should spend so much time writing fiction, the aim of which seems to be to portray all sorts of villainy and in which the chief interest lies in finding out how one gang of thieves outwits another.

Canadians know too little about their own country and about their own literature. Your recent comment on "Canada Fakers" has this statement:

"Canada is no longer an unknown land—it has been traversed and retraversed from the Great Circle to the Great Lakes"—and yet the other day, when Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the explorer, announced that he had on his recent trip discovered a new river eight hun-

dred miles long, the fact was not even mentioned by many of our papers.

One of the Cornerites writes: "Surely there are enough good Canadian writers to study and write about." Surely? Just follow up the clue and see. Perhaps you will have to go across the line to find out, because our writers seem to receive more attention there than at home. Of course, the field is wider and a Canadian writer can write for the United States as well as for Canada; in fact, he can write for all the English-speaking countries of the world.

Just now you can hear of Robert Service's poetry at the other end of the world—New Zealand. A young lady of Prince Edward Island has written a book, "Anne of Green Gables," which is easily the best book of the year from the standpoint of character creation and wholesome humor. Hundreds of

people are writing letters of appreciation to Mrs. McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny." R. E. Knowles has just published a new book, "The Web of Time." Another of Marion Keith's delightful Ontario tales, "Treasure Valley" is now at hand. Almost two million copies of Ralph Connor's works have been sold. And if the Cornerites wish to study Canadian literature and Canadian writers, they will have a course which will require not one winter, but a good many winters to cover. There was a time not so very long ago, when writers on Canadian literature played variations on Lampman, Campbell, Roberts; Roberts, Campbell, Lampman; Carman, Campbell, Roberts, etc., etc. But that day is past. The last decade of Canadian literature has been one of remarkable fertility.



DONALD G. FRENCH

DONALD G. FRENCH.

There are few Canadian newspapermen more widely or more favorably known than Mr. French, of Toronto, nor any whose clarity of thought, facility of expression, and breadth of view have more commended them. Whatever he says commands consideration through the fact that he says it. To the matter above quoted over his name, double respect is due through his having said it twice—once editorially in the *Toronto World*, and again



HEARTIES AND HUSKIES

Men with a dog-train starting out from Fort Chipewyan on a winter morning

in the "Y. P. C." department of the *Mail and Empire*.

But it is one thing to bring an accusation, and another to make it good—gracefully. Mr. French's confession to discomfort in a Canadian winter is interesting as personal information, but lacks force as evidence that Mr. Stringer is "muckraking," or that the offense charged against the *Fakers* is not an offense but a virtue. It is a little remarkable that so well-approved a writer should have so completely overlooked the real point in the case, the core and marrow of it, and left open a question whether he is running with the hare or with the hounds. His statement that "Mr. Stringer's reason for classing so many authors as 'Canada *Fakers*' rests on their weakness in little details of local color and local atmos-

phere," may possibly explain this lapse, since it does not touch the essence of the matter at all, and imports a hasty reading—or possibly less. It would be going pretty far to believe that the memory of a few chilblains justifies to Mr. French's view the libel of eternal frost flung broadcast over Canada, but if that is not his argument his usual lucidity is here at fault.

There are people who enjoy twenty-five below, and others who suffer at twenty-five above, because they lack red blood. Mr. French's dislike of his home climate would seem to have frosted his judgment, and set him shivering in the curule chair of the Eye-Socket School, which is a poor place for a Canadian. Certainly it does not lend validity to the outworn outrage of the fake at issue.

MORE FACT AND CRITICISM

The three letters here following deal with the hunting country of pretty much all Canada. That by Mr. Andrew Irving goes somewhat curiously into the effect produced by the writers of faked romance on people from other lands who come to Canada for summer sport. It is a singularly apposite fact as bearing upon spurious literature.

Dr. Long is fair to Mr. Stewart Edward White in questioning the criticism of his statement concerning winter-cut birch, but renews his condemnation of fiction that has no base in a knowledge of the country dealt with.

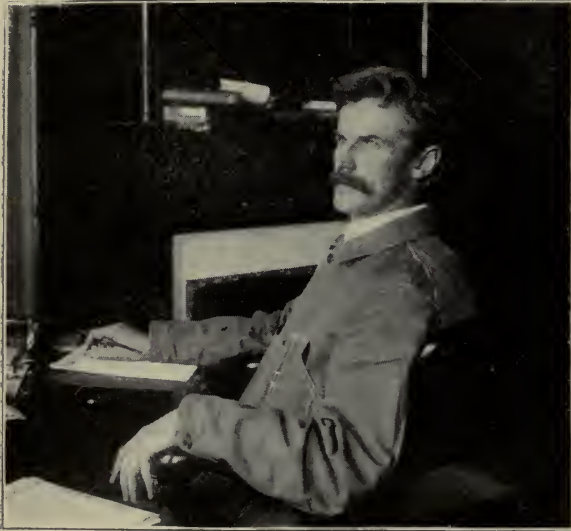
Dr. Fraser, Surgeon of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, contributes a clear account of the climate and products of that very part of Canada which the romancists claim to know, and which they put forward as for the whole of Canada. No more complete illumination of a long-standing libel has ever been made.

MELODRAMA AND WINTER-CUT BIRCH

STAMFORD, CONN., Nov. 12, 1908.

To THE EDITOR,—Melodrama is all right in its place; but Canada is not its place. And I object to this combined misrepresentation of a land where I have always found comfort and hospitality.

Your specific criticisms are well founded; but if you are called upon to defend them, there is one in which I venture to suggest that you go warily. I refer to your criticism of Mr. White's "winter-cut" of birch bark. His general ignorance of the North is manifest; but in this case, he has heard something at least half straight. In my first Canadian trips, my canoes were always of "winter-bark." To be sure, this generally means bark cut in the early spring when the sap runs, as you say; but a few Indians whom I knew used to go into the winter woods and then peel the bark laboriously.



DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

They claimed that such bark was tougher, and I think they were right.

This is probably exceptional, but I know that it has been done, and I have a little canoe stored in Northern New Brunswick which was made in this way.

In my judgment, you have picked out the worst offenders, and your criticisms are less severe than they deserve. Even when in justice to Mr. White you say that he knows the river driver well, I am inclined to murmur. Possibly he does know the drivers; but when he puts them into fiction, I find as much melodramatic mush as in his "Silent Places." Some of these writers have followed London's popular lead of "Blood and Raw Beef"; some locate their melodrama in the North, thinking that it is sufficiently remote to pass for realism; and a few others are just tin-horn sports, playing at being men and explorers. I am afraid

you take them too seriously. They have only caught the measles of our American magazine and newspaper heroism.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM J. LONG.

"FANCY HUNTING OUTFITS"

The Maples,

Ogdensburg, N. Y., November 9, 1908.

To THE EDITOR,—I noticed in the *Literary Digest* a reprint of the article on "Canada Fakers," and, as an old Canadian, who takes his recreation in the woods of dear old Canada, and who has suffered in silence for many years from the ridiculous twaddle of London, White and others of their class, I want to thank you for the very effective exposure you made of them. I am only sorry you did not include a person called Mott in your denunciation. He has succeeded in getting one or more of our leading magazines to publish several stories of the Northwest that simply reek with the worst nonsense I ever read. Only a few days before I read the article in question, I was explaining to some American friends who were with me at my place in the Province of Quebec, how unreliable White was, and called in my old guide Baptiste Lemoine to corroborate my criticism about winter peeled birch bark. Baptiste and his father have been making canoes for me for over thirty-five years, and explained to my friends how impossible it was to peel bark in winter, much to their astonishment and, of course, greatly to their enlightenment. In a series of articles published, in *Outing*, I think, White repeats the "information" about the winter peeled bark, and a lot of other misinformation equally ridiculous.

I have had friends from New York visit me in the hunting season equipped with the weirdest outfits one can imagine, suggested by their reading of just such stuff as you have riddled, and foisted on them by unscrupulous dealers in sporting goods; and when I stripped them of their useless truck, and sent them out with the guides, garbed in proper attire, and with the necessary arms and ammunition, I fancy they at first felt like a Samson shorn of his locks. They have since acknowledged their sense of appreciation, and we have now a decent-sized museum of "things that should not be used," and which represent no small amount of money wasted, all of which have been contributed by men whose ideas of Canada have been formed from reading the arrant nonsense of White and fellows like him.

Again thanking you for the service you have done the country of my birth, believe me to be,

Very gratefully yours,

ANDREW IRVING.



A CAMP NORTH OF THE PEACE

These comfortable looking gentlemen do not seem to be suffering as they ought to—according to the Fakers

THE REAL FAR NORTH

TO THE EDITOR,—As you have interested yourself in the climatic conditions of the so-called "Far North," a few reminiscences of what I have seen in some ten years' experience in Northern British Columbia and the Yukon may be of interest to you.

I spent part of the winter of '97-'98 and the following summer until October, on the Stickine River, at a point about thirty miles from its mouth. Here I found a climate similar, on the whole, to that which I later found existed along the coast to the North, varying from twenty-five to fifty miles inland at least, as far as latitude 59 degrees 28 minutes, longitude 136 degrees 25 minutes, at which point is Dalton Trail Post, where I lived for some years. A portion of ground was cleared of bushes and undergrowth close to the Stickine Detachment, and potatoes with other vegetables were planted, excellent results being obtained.

Dalton Trail Post, situated as above, is 800 feet above sea level, and about forty-five miles north of the Lynn Canal on the Kleshini River, up to which point the United States Government is building a good wagon road—the British Columbia Government continuing west to Rainy Hollow, some nine miles farther, where are located rich copper deposits with surface showings that have never been surpassed. Here the flora is magnificent, the under-growth almost semitropical. Ferns reach five feet in height. Growth commences directly the snow leaves. Roses, wild violets, forget-me-nots, etc., etc., grow in profusion. Sweet William and pansies are not affected by the winter, the frost penetrating the ground only from four to six inches. The strawberries grow wild, as they do throughout the Yukon—even, I

am told, among the foothills of Mount St. Elias. Other berries of different kinds, such as the raspberry, thimble or salmon berry in two varieties, blueberry, gooseberry, cranberry and black currants, grow in great profusion. No difficulty is experienced in picking any of the above in sufficient quantity for winter use.

The summers are delightful, the winters mild with a rather heavy snowfall, constant heavy thaws with mild spring weather except for about two weeks, generally at end of February or the beginning of March, when the minimum temperature would be 20 to 25 Fahrenheit. Our gardens produce all kinds of vegetables, Irish potatoes, etc., unexcelled for quality or keeping properties.

Game is plentiful, such as ptarmigan, blue and spruce grouse and partridges. Bear are very numerous—black, brown and grizzly. Around the foothills of Mount Glave, about ten miles north, I have seen the mountain goat in bunches of fifty to seventy-five. Farther north in the interior, moose, deer, cariboo and mountain sheep are found. The different varieties of salmon, salmon trout and mountain trout abound in the rivers. I have frequently shot with a thirty-eight revolver king salmon of from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, as they were passing up the riffles of a swift stream. Salmon are so numerous during the run that they will be felt striking one's legs while fording a stream. The Indians obtain the salmon for the canneries and their own use by spearing them at the riffles, or with a pole about eight feet long, having a sharp iron prong at the end turned in the shape of a hook, only without side prongs. They stand on the bank, with the hook at the bottom of from four to six feet of water (muddy at this time of the year), and by a continuous motion of

the pole they feel the under surface of the salmon, then with a quick jerk, hook and land him. The fall run of the dog salmon which occurs in "low water" is so great that horses not used to them can with difficulty be persuaded to cross the streams, as it is practically impossible to avoid stepping on them. Just before the cold weather we used to drive a wagon along the stream and fill the box by throwing the fish direct to the box from the water with pitchforks. These would be allowed to freeze and were kept for the use of the dogs.

I was transferred from this point to White Horse, named after the celebrated rapids two miles above. There I found a country of low-rolling hills, more or less covered with small timber, having a more limited growth, due perhaps to some extent to the soil, which has a stratum of volcanic ash near its surface. Garden produce is grown to some extent, nearly everything in the vegetable line being easily produced, such as potatoes, carrots, turnips, lettuce and radishes. Mushrooms grow abundantly in the older gardens. The growing season throughout the Yukon is comparatively shorter than further south, but the growth, I believe, is greater for the period, due probably to the greater daylight. The snowfall is light, one and a half to two feet, and is in places sometimes insufficient for good sleighing. Since the completion of the "all land" Government wagon roads between White Horse and Dawson (only in use during the off season of navigation), the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company has been running a stage system between the above points throughout the winter on scheduled time, making about three stages daily, changing horses at each stage (about twenty-five miles). I do not believe that outside of one or two instances, they have been forced to lay over on account of the cold. Travel to White Horse and down the Yukon River in summer may be made with every comfort that can be obtained in the State of New York by first-class steamers, fully equipped. The hardships of the days when dried and condensed foods were in use are now a matter of history.

The atmosphere of the Yukon generally is clear and dry. Only for a week or two are the extreme low temperatures experienced, such as 58 to 60, at White Horse. The

winters are pleasant, the cold being little felt since the occupation of more substantial houses, and as the country becomes less isolated and more populated, this will not be an unpleasant feature. The spring and summer seasons are delightful. My opinion, after residence in Ontario, different parts of the Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, is that the Yukon is the healthiest of all, from a standpoint of freedom from disease, the propagation of germs being vastly curtailed by the continuous cold winters. (On this point, see report of Surgeon L. A. Pare, White Horse, in R.N.W.M. Police Blue Book, 1905.)

I spent a summer at Selkirk, which point is believed by those in the country to have the lowest temperature in winter (about 70 Fahrenheit) of any section of the Yukon. Here there are two or three farms which produce vegetables for the Dawson market. I have never seen better potatoes, cabbages, turnips, etc., than are grown here. A field of hay, three-and-a-half to four feet high, could not be surpassed; also a small field of oats, which was fully filled out but not ripe when I saw it last. This would likely be cut green and sold to the Stage Company for their horses, as they have no means of threshing.

I hope you will excuse this hurriedly written letter and condone its shortcomings. If my attempt at giving you an idea of the places where I have resided in the north is of any interest, I shall feel amply repaid.

Sincerely yours,

S. M. FRASER,
Surgeon, Royal Northwest Mounted Police,
Macleod, Alta., October 26, 1908.

The fact obtrudes that nothing has been said by any defender of the faked Canada romance which touches the essence of the charge that there is no such country as the Canada they have evolved. The defense in every instance gives itself either to finding fault with minor statements in the accusation, or to upholding the accused in the use of details which at best serve merely to "give verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."





HIS MOST DIFFICULT CASE

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

Author of "Ballads of the
Busy Days," "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

"SOMETIMES think," said Ames, who was trying to teach Mrs. Winsted to make a follow shot, "that there is just one thing which old Uncle William Satan takes any trouble to promote on this earth. That's the way. Don't grasp your cue quite so firmly. Let me show you."

He placed her hand a little nearer the end of the cue and as he did so there may have been a pressure of fingers that was not wholly necessary.

"Now try again," he directed; "with a little practice you will be able to make it every time."

They had been in the billiard room alone for ten minutes. Ames knew that the fact was not being overlooked by his wife; but for some reason he was reckless, this evening. Perhaps it was the delicate, subtle fragrance emanating from Mrs. Winsted's clothes that, having got into his nostrils, intoxicated him. Or it may have been her beauty—or her evident willingness to exchange confidences with him. She had just been telling him that she was unhappy. And she was twenty-seven—twelve years younger than he! When a beautiful woman of twenty-seven looks into the eyes of a man who is verging on forty, and then draws a deep sigh and permits her lashes to droop it is not altogether unnatural for him to throw his shoulders back and remember with satisfaction that one

may be of consequence even at two-score.

"What is it," Mrs. Winsted asked, "that you think Mr. Satan is promoting?"

"Jealousy."

"Perhaps," she said, "we ought to go back and hear what the Russian gentleman is saying."

"I suppose it would be best," he answered, dropping his cue on the table. "A peculiar thing about one who is afflicted with jealousy is that she can't understand how she injures her own case by demanding the attention that she might win by acting reasonably."

"Yes; the jealous person thinks he can make the one he is jealous of return his love by merely spying and saying, 'You must.' He might as well tell the wind to stop blowing."

"After all," said Ames, "I'm inclined to think jealousy is a disease. Some day, perhaps, some German professor will discover the germ and find out how to kill it by inoculation."

"But how will they ever get a jealous person to consent to be cured? Certainly not by any process of reasoning."

"No. It will have to be done by force, I suppose—or by dropping something into the victim's coffee."

"All that doesn't help us any at the present time. Let us hurry back, or——"

"Or what?"

"You will be scolded," she said with a plaintive little smile.

"And you?"

"I ought not to have come here with you. I should have remained to hear about the sorrows of Russia. Poor Russia! I can sympathize with her."

"You must not be unhappy. You have every reason to be free from any such thing as sorrow."

"Is being misunderstood a reason for happiness?"

"But we are all misunderstood more or less. I suppose we must take that as a matter of course."

"It is not merely being misunderstood. I sometimes think that if it became my duty to hunt out the lowest order of intelligence I should find it represented by some one who could see nothing beyond his commercial pursuit. The professional man dwells upon the heights and has an outlook that the mere trader never can get."

An hour later Ethel Ames drew off her gloves and threw them angrily at her husband's feet. Assuming a look of injured innocence, he asked for an explanation.

"Why will you insist on humiliating me?" she demanded. "I shall never wish to meet any of those people again."

"Don't be unreasonable," he protested, "you have no cause to feel humiliated."

"Why did you and Mrs. Winsted go to the billiard room alone?"

"She thought that Russian Nihilist's talk was stupid and so did I, so we decided to look for something more amusing. I can't see why Mrs. Holt wants to have such people around her. She might bore her friends in some pleasanter way. Have you any idea what the bomb-thrower was driving at?"



FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT IN HIS DEN, BLOWING RINGS OF SMOKE FROM A FRAGRANT CIGAR

"I have a clear idea of only one thing—that you and that woman flirted shamefully."

Ames affected to treat his wife's accusation as a jest, but secretly he was rather proud of himself. When a man is nearing forty and his temples are beginning to exhibit silvery streaks he is not likely to be displeased at the intimation that a young and beautiful woman finds it pleasant to let him monopolize her attention. Ridiculing his wife's jealousy, Ames remembered with growing

elation that it would hardly have been aroused if Maude Winsted had considered him a middle-aged man. Ethel, after the exchange of a few more bitter remarks, went weeping to her room, where she fell up on her knees by the side of their child's crib.

For a long time he sat in his den, blowing rings of smoke from a fragrant cigar and going over in his mind some of the events of the past few hours. In the satisfaction of recalling the pressure that had been in her hand-clasp as he and Mrs. Winsted had said good night he half forgot to regard his quarrel with his wife as a serious matter. He would probably not have been greatly perturbed even if he had not had Maude Winsted's yearning looks and sweetly-spoken confidences to think about. She had told him that she was unhappy; she had confessed that there was a lack of sympathy between herself and her husband; she had spoken of the intellectual superiority of a professional man over a mere trader. Ames was a lawyer with a respectable practice and Winsted was a member of an obscure brokerage firm. At that moment he felt that Fate had been cruelly unfair to them. And he was weary of his wife's jealousy. They had been married so long that he



SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES BY THE SIDE OF
THEIR CHILD'S CRIB

had forgotten the sleepless nights and the sickening dreams of that awful week which she had required for her decision after he had begged her to brighten his remaining years. If he had once regarded her as a being of a higher order than that to which the rest of the world's inhabitants belonged the fact no longer had a place in his memory. The blight of familiarity was upon her. At no time since the day of their wedding had she willingly absented herself from him for even a week. To Ames his wife had become an old story. An old story may be enjoyable after one has put it aside for a while; but to read it over day after day causes it to cease to be exciting or interesting. If she had seen fit to leave him in loneliness now and then it is probable that his feeling for her would have retained a tinge of romance. But she could not understand why such a sacrifice should be necessary. She could love her husband without re-

sorting to absence for the purpose of making her heart grow fonder.

Ames was weary of his wife, not because she had ceased to be lovable, but because she was so completely his own. She looked ten years younger than she was; she retained all the beauty she had possessed as a girl; she was proud of him in spite of the things she sometimes said when jealousy prompted her to wound his feelings, and if she had given him the slightest cause to doubt her loyalty he would have been plunged into the depths of misery.

Until now her jealousy had been without serious justification. If he had admired other women it was only because he had found them entertaining or amusing; but Maude Winsted was a new element in his life. She had brought him an elation which he had never since his marriage experienced.

On the morning after the Russian representative of the proletariat had attempted to explain matters to Mrs. Holt's guests Ames met Mrs. Winsted. It happened on the train. She was going into the city to shop.

"Isn't it strange," she said after they had sat down side by side, "that we don't meet oftener? I frequently take this train."

"I have generally gone in on an earlier one," he replied, wondering what his wife would say if she could know that he and the woman she was jealous of were together.

"Now I know," the lady said with a little smile that was almost pathetic, "that you want to read your paper. Won't you please go on and do so, just as if I were not here?"

"I can read my paper at any time. I can't always be—sitting with you."

How exquisitely feminine she was as she permitted her long lashes to droop over her eyes and how sweet was the fragrance which she exhaled! Ames regretted that it was not a thousand instead of twenty miles from Crotherhurst to the city. It seemed to him that they had hardly got fairly started when the passengers began to rush toward the doors, each eager to be the first one out, and his companion made a half-finished remark, as the

train stopped, about the too sudden ending of their journey.

He was late again the next morning. And Maude Winsted had occasion to be going into the city again. Through a curious combination of circumstances they met on the train.

"Do you remember," she asked after he had found a place where they could sit side by side, "the speech you made at the Glenwood Club banquet, two years ago?"

"Very distinctly. It was one of my worst efforts."

"Then I should like to hear you at your best. I never listened to an address which I enjoyed as much as I did that one. It seemed to me that the wit with which you punctuated it was so delicate and so cleverly introduced."

She referred to several of the most carefully studied points he had made. They had been unnoticed by the others who had heard him that night. That she had appreciated them was at once pleasing to him and indicative of her quickness of perception. His wife had never encouraged him with praise of his ability as an after-dinner orator. Not that she wasn't proud of him; but it was painful for her to share even the sound of his voice with other people.

Ames would have been a curious kind of man if Mrs. Winsted's appreciation of his gifts had not been pleasing to him. There was in her every glance an appeal to his vanity.

"Let us wait," he suggested, when they had reached the end of their journey, "until the rest of these people get out, if you are not in a hurry."

As he spoke the train stopped suddenly and a dapper little man who stood in the aisle near them was thrown off his equilibrium. Reaching out desperately for support, he caught Mrs. Winsted by the shoulder and barely saved himself from falling into her lap. Ames was on his feet instantly. He caught the offender by the collar, whirled him around and flung him away as if he had been a kitten.

"It was very splendid of you to save me as you did," Mrs. Winsted said as they were leaving the car.

"I am sorry I could not have warded him off before he touched you," Ames fervently replied. "I hope you are not hurt."

"No, I think not. But I am awfully frightened. He might have turned upon you with some terrible weapon. Promise me that you will not let him come near you if you ever see him again."

Daily after that for a week they rode into the city together. Then one morning he looked for her in vain and he felt a loneliness that was new to him. During the forenoon she called at his office.

"I hardly know how to begin what I wish to say," she said, resting a pretty hand on the leaf of his desk, "I am very unhappy."

He looked anxiously into her eyes and waited for her to continue. Then she covered her face with her hands and began to sob. Ames made haste to close the door so that they might be alone.

"I have decided," she said when he had sat down again, "to apply for a divorce."

He stared at her but said nothing.

"The life I am forced to lead has become intolerable to me," she went on. "I am tired of being denied the right to say my soul is my own. My husband is a tyrant. If I turn around he wants me to explain why I did so. If I look at another man he flies into a jealous passion. He is forever complaining about what he calls my extravagance. Heaven knows I could not be extravagant on his income. He lied to me about it in the first place, and I have had to keep up appearances on almost nothing. I am tired of it all. I can stand it no longer."

He put his hand upon hers where it lay on the desk, and for a long time they sat and looked at each other. At last she asked:

"What are we to do?"

Then he caught her in his arms.

They agreed that it would not be discreet for her to call at his office again. It would be best for some other lawyer to take her case. He would think the matter over and decide on somebody whom he could recommend.



THEN HE CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS

Meanwhile, he knew of a place where they could meet in safety. There was a certain restaurant which was kept by a foreign woman. It was in a part of the city where they were not likely to be seen by people who knew them. There they could meet and decide upon a future course of action.

When Ames reached home half an hour later than usual his wife met him with a look of deep suspicion, but said nothing. He took little Bertha in his arms and patted her cheeks and pressed his mouth against her soft tresses. Ethel having had dinner served before his arrival, he was left to eat alone; but he was pleased to have it so. He could think without being disturbed. And he wanted to think. There was much to be considered. What had happened during the day still seemed more than half unreal. He had been unable as yet to get it all arranged in his mind.

His cutlet was pushed aside untasted and he was startled when the servant, who had entered the dining room quietly, asked:

"Are you ready for your salad, sir?"

"Yes," he replied, "I—never mind the salad. I don't think I care for any."

He was sipping his coffee when he noticed that his wife stood in the doorway.

"Where," she asked, "were you at 10 o'clock this morning?"

"At 10 o'clock?" he answered in sudden consternation, "I—I—let me see—I think I was in Judge Lambert's office looking over papers in a certain will case. Would you like to have the judge make affidavit to the fact?"

"Forgive me," she said. "I didn't mean anything."

Then approaching him and put-

ting an arm over his shoulder she asked:

"What is the matter, dear? You haven't been yourself lately. Have you lost a case? Why won't you let me help you bear your troubles? We must not drift apart. I could not live without your confidence. You don't know how long the days seem when I sit here alone, waiting for you. I have been foolishly jealous, I know, but it is because I love you so much and am so proud of you."

"How long will you continue to think your jealousy has been foolish? Till I come home to-morrow night?"

He was disposed to be bitter now. He was learning to pity himself. Hitherto he had been amiable in receiving his wife's advances after their quarrels. He had been glad to assist in establishing peace, for he valued peace highly. Now he felt that he had been badly used and he was not inclined to be conciliatory. As he finished speaking Ethel haughtily went away, leaving him to his thoughts.

He lay half the night wondering how the things which had happened could have come about. The delicious moment during which Maude Winsted had been clasped within his arms he lived over and over again. A dozen times he woke from fitful slumber to toss about, trying to plan for the future. There was sweet triumph in the knowledge that the young and beautiful Mrs. Winsted loved him; that she did not regard him as being too old to be worthy of her notice; that she had not flirted with him simply to satisfy her own vanity.

When, the next day, it was time for him to keep his appointment with her he took a round about course to Mme. Scletti's. Having reached the place, he engaged one of the small private dining rooms and sat down to wait. The moments dragged with terrible slowness. He began to fear that she would not come. As he had entered the place he had been half sorry the fates had ever brought him and Maude Winsted together. After he had waited a little while he felt willing to risk anything, to give up everything for her. The woman who does not

compel a man to wait must not expect his ardor to be overpowering. Perhaps Maude Winsted understood the potency of elusiveness and uncertainty. When she arrived, at last, Ames had forgotten discretion. His joy at beholding her was boundless.

The waiter who had conducted her to him discreetly withdrew, and they remained alone in a long embrace.

"If we could only have known each other before so much that has happened had to happen!" she said.

"But what has happened is all in the past," he replied. "It is the future with which we must concern ourselves now."

"But I ought not to have come. It is not right for us to be here."

"Love makes everything right."

"How can you be sure that you love me? What happened yesterday may have been nothing but the result of an impulse, or—or the result of your pity for me."

"No, darling, I have loved you from the first moment that I ever saw you. Only I never dared until yesterday to acknowledge it to myself. And you—when did you discover that you—cared for me?"

"Cared for you? Do you think, dearest, that I have merely cared for you? I have adored you—worshipped you ever since that night at the Glenwood Club. How splendidly handsome you were, and—and how I envied your wife. Do you remember that you looked down at me once while the people were applauding. Ah, if you could have known how I was thrilled as our glances met!"

He caught her in his arms again and ceased to kiss her only when the waiter knocked at the door.

"I wonder," she asked while he was looking over the bill of fare, trying to decide what to order, "how you would like to have me fix up something for you with my own hands. I see they have a chafing dish here."

Mme. Scletti made a specialty of providing her customers with materials, so that they might prepare their own meals if they cared to do so, and the waiter was sent away with a list of the things that Mrs. Winsted required.

How sweetly domestic she looked to Ames as she busied herself beside the little table, dropping things into the chafing dish and stirring them, with her sleeves drawn up so that her white, soft arms showed to her elbows. His wife had never done anything of that kind for him. She had always sat in prim authority at her end of the table, fearing, it seemed, to unbend for a moment, lest the servant might cease to hold her in proper awe. And then, to complete the wonder, Mrs. Winsted proposed a bottle of wine. His wife would have gone resolutely to the scaffold rather than to have permitted such a suggestion to have come from her. He gave himself up to the full enjoyment of it, kissing the hand with which his companion held up her glass to propose his health. He had been translated into a new world—the world of romance.



HOW SWEETLY DOMESTIC SHE LOOKED TO AMES AS SHE BUSIED HERSELF AT THE LITTLE TABLE

When they parted she permitted him to have one of her gloves, which he held as tenderly as if it had been a part of her. Returning to his office, he locked himself in his private room and sat down to try to reason it all out. What was to be the end of it? It seemed as if some one had asked him the question aloud, and a fear that never had been there crept into his heart. For hours he sat and thought. Through all his musing there was a word that kept flashing before him. It offered the only solution of the problem with which he had to struggle. He found himself scrawling it on stray sheets of paper. He thought of the fine practice he had succeeded in building up, of the reputation he had won, of the prospects that lay before him—and his reflections always ended in the word "Elope". He thought of his child, and found himself gnawing his fingernails. His lips became dry, and he felt that his cheeks were burning. When a door slammed in the outer

office he trembled with terror. He crushed his pencil between his teeth, and a dozen times he took his keys, one by one, from the ring, then slowly put them back. And always his thoughts kept returning to the word "Elope". He took up the pieces of paper on which he had written it, tore them to shreds and scattered them on the floor. At last he noticed that the room was becoming dark. He heard the clerk closing his desk, and then there was a knock on the door.

"You may go, Atwood," he called; "I will lock up."

The place became strangely silent. Even the roar from the street seemed to die out, and he leaned forward, resting his forehead on his arms, which he had crossed on the desk. For a long time he remained motionless and unconscious of all the things around him. Rain began to beat against the window near which he sat; but he was not aware of it. The wind roared and

shrieked, as if in rage because of its inability to shatter the tall building in which he sat as one entranced. At last he was aroused by a peal of thunder. He straightened up, and, as he did so, felt that he had something in one of his hands. It was the portrait of his wife and their child, which he had kept in a little frame on his desk. A flash of lightning showed him the two faces, looking at him with love, with gladness, and with an appeal that he had never before noticed in the picture. He held it before him in the dark, waiting for another flash of lightning to enable him to look into the faces again. After it had come he went to the window, raised it, and threw Maude Winsted's glove into the street.

When he found himself on the train bound for home it was long past the hour at which he usually left the city. He hardly realized how he happened to be there. It continued to rain and he had a damp paper in his hand, but did not remember how it had come

into his possession. Presently, as the train rushed along through the blackness of the November evening, his glance fell upon a headline that held his attention. There was something about a sudden boom in C. K. & L. stock, and the name of Arthur Winsted was there in big type. He began to read. There had been a "killing," and Winsted was among the lucky ones who had gained enormous profits. His winnings were reported to be more than \$100,000.

Ames dropped his paper and stared through the car window into the darkness, when he reached home his wife met him with a look of alarm.

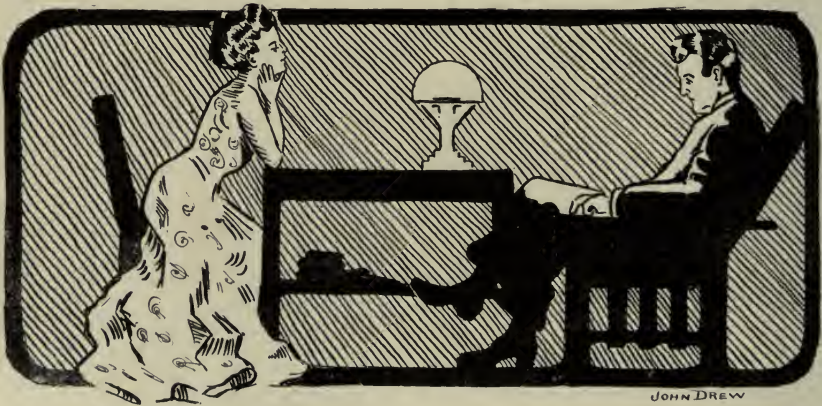
"What has happened?" she asked.

"I have been trying a difficult case—the most difficult and the most important case I have ever had in my life," he answered, "and I have won it."

She put her arms around his neck, saying:

"Then I hope your client is as happy and as proud of you, dear, as I am."

"My client is."



CLEAN UP THE LAND BUSINESS

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

RABELAIS tells how Bacchus created a fox that could not be caught, and Vulcan a hound that could catch anything. The hound took after the fox, and a chase ensued that threatened Olympus with nervous collapse. I have forgotten which of their godships suggested the remedy, but it worked. Both animals were turned into stone.

Trading in land and town lots has been a foxy line of work these many years. It offered much to sharp impecuniosity, because it could be carried on without capital, the goods were there and salable, and the buyers were for the most part strangers who had money. Any man could be a land broker or a real estate agent if he had wit enough to sell what he did not own to a man who did not know what he was buying. The details of how it was done are of no consequence here. The point is that men without either money or conscience could and very often did get rich in a year or two by dealing in other people's property and taking still other people's money, raking off a profit without much regard to how it accrued. It was an open scandal, well enough known and commonly deplored, but no attempt to stop it ever succeeded. The fox kept always in the lead. Public opinion hounded it, but got no brush for all that. The petrification came in the shape of a financial frost, which stopped the gallop.

Two important changes were brought about by this stringency of last year. Most of the purely speculative dealers were forced to "retire," and the larger dealers came together in a general organization, covering the five Western Provinces.

No tears need be shed over the vanishment of the irresponsible little fellows. But it is up to the larger ones to show that they can do what they say

they can, and put the business on a plane worthy of its real importance.

The declared purpose of the new organization, which is known as the Western Canada Real Estate Association, is to "clean up" the whole field, and govern it by a set of authoritative regulations. The start was made at a meeting in Winnipeg last July, and the Association is now well along toward a working basis, though principally engaged as yet in extending its membership. It is in this direction the crux of its usefulness will be found. It has set high standards for itself, and its value will depend, in all aspects, upon the care with which these standards are followed.

The organizers have a chance to put things on a new footing of substantial respectability. If they do this and hold fast to it, they will have achieved a reform at the very root of things. Every interest in the country will be benefited. The basic interest of all, the interest in the land itself—the *real* estate of the whole state and all the people—will be handled and cared for responsibly, equitably, and with regard to future good as well as present profit. Can they do it?

The new organization has fixed its head offices at Winnipeg, and is governed by an executive board of five. It has five Vice-Presidents, one for each of the Western Provinces. Richard D. Waugh, of Winnipeg, is President. The constitution states the object to be "to unite the real estate men of Canada for the purpose of exerting effectively a combined influence upon matters affecting real estate." A set of rules has been adopted, a sort of moral code, along broad and general lines, but as a matter of fact the formal ordinances give less note of what the Association is aiming to do than the executive board discloses at its meetings. It is a

busy and purposeful body, this board, and especially urgent in demanding evidences of character from applicants for membership. As one of the directors expressed it, the prime movers in the Association mean to "police" the business. They mean to keep the foxes out.

"The name of the Association on a dealer's stationery," said this director, "ought to be equivalent to a guarantee of good standing and good faith—that is to say, a license to do business. It is not enough for an applicant to say he is a dealer, nor even to be a dealer. He must be a man of standing and approved integrity. He must be able to show responsibility. We will not accept 'kerb-stone brokers' nor boomers, nor wash-sales operators. Our relations with each other, and the responsibility each of us bears to the people and affairs of his own especial district, are such that we will not on any account accept members who cannot fully meet the most rigorous requirements as to probity, activity, ability and personal good repute in his home neighborhood."

That is a large order, not impossible to fill, but certainly not easy; nor capable of being carried out in any brief time. It is going to take earnest devotion to lofty ideals and a disregard of temporary conditions. In other words, in the natural desire of a young organization to show growth, it must not forget that *there are enough well-established, reputable dealers in Canada to constitute a firm and wholesome society.*

The measure of success must of course depend upon the use the public will make of it, and this in turn upon the confidence it will inspire. The value of "the name of the association on a dealer's stationery" will be governed by the respect that name will command. It is right and proper enough that the respectable brokers should protect themselves, but in the last resort, protection to the public must be the thing assured. If that were not needed—as it is, and very much—there would be no call for such a body. If it is not amply furnished, the public would have no use for it, and the project would fail.

That it should be successful is not without precedent. There is such a body in the United States, and it has done much good. The local real estate boards in the States have regenerated the business in the last twenty-five years, and a system has evolved substantially alike in all parts of the country. In the cities it has become almost impossible for scalpers to do anything. Property is not entrusted either for transfer or management to agents who are not members of their local boards. Through these bodies, acting separately or together, valuations are fixed, the rate of taxation largely affected if not actually determined, and the percentages of commission distinctly regulated, so that all interests are protected and fostered, and over-reaching is reduced to the lowest minimum possible with human nature as it is.

The same thing can be done in Western Canada. It is important that it should be done, and that right soon, for many reasons:

The land dealers and real estate agents have in their power largely to shape the future of the country for good or the contrary, through the manner of their dealing and the character of the people with whom they deal. They are at the heart of the new things, and through them, generally speaking, the lands of the West now vacant will pass into ownership and cultivation, towns be built and mercantile business extended into new fields. The real estate agent is usually about the first man in a new town site. He is there before the railway. It is through his introduction and exploitation the settlers come in. The kind of settlers he will bring will, in the average, be determined by the kind of man he is himself and the way he does things.

The larger operations of the last few years have shown what may be done for the country by dealers who are large-minded enough to grasp big situations, and energetic enough to meet them. Responsible real estate companies, composed of men of this sort, and amply financed, have bought and sold the greater bulk of the lands,

and brought in the best class of settlers that have ever occupied any new country. All their operations have been conducted in substantially the same way. They have selected suitable tracts, optioned or purchased them, advertised them liberally in Eastern Canada, Great Britain and the United States, in such neighborhoods and among such people as seemed to offer the best and earliest market. They have taken prospective buyers from these neighborhoods on inspection trips, frequently in privately-owned cars, have given them the privilege of individual selection, and then have attended to the details of transferring title. The best of these companies have not stopped there, but have proceeded to give the newcomers valuable aid and advice in settling down. But these companies, each independent of the other, had no common centre from which all could draw for information, counsel and that assistance which a head alone can give to the other members of a body. Furthermore, there was an absence of protection against the irresponsible agent and his indifference to the ethics. There were no organized means whereby the man who desired to settle on Canadian land or in a Canadian town, could be shielded against the empty-handed trader. These reasons gave rise to the opportunity this new Association is trying to improve.

If it is to "police" the business, as the director above quoted says, it will have to stick closely to the determination to "keep the foxes out." If, in its effort to become effectual by extending its ramifications into every nook and corner of the country, it lapses from its original high lines, then trouble will come. In this possibility lies the one great danger to the property interests. it and its members will have in charge.

"Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?" asks Borachio.

And good old Dogberry takes up the tale:

"I know that Deformed," says he. "A' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name."

There will be a scramble for membership, and many a crafty schemer now in retirement will emerge and apply, with plausible evidences of respectability or reformation. Too much care cannot be taken to make sure that at least a "seven year" record in each case shows nothing vile. A slump in that one point will bring the movement to no effect. Character is all.

That is an underlying though mayhap an unwritten law of life with this new enterprise. Based upon requirements that insure its capability, the Association and its members can accomplish their purpose "to deal with such questions of legislation, both provincial and federal, as may touch upon taxation, assessment, publicity, immigration, transportation, and other matters of importance to real estate itself and real estate owners, as well as to the brokers." They will be able to advance and conserve whatever may be good for the realty interests of the country—to take those interests in charge, work for them, build them up, and protect them.

The Association is now only a little over six months old, and has not yet had time to do much more than complete the details of its general plan, get its working parts down to their bearings, and go out after new members in the more remote districts. The board is in frequent session, and the executive officers devote themselves fully to co-ordinating the materials already at hand. At the end of its first year, enough will have been done in a concrete way to show what the outcome is likely to be. The project should succeed. All who have at heart the best good of the country will wish it well. And watch it well.

COMIN' HOME

BY JEAN BLEWETT

THEY are mother and daughter one can see at a glance. The girl is fair, the mother has been; the girl's hair is shiny brown, the woman's has been; the girl's cheek is pink and round, the woman's has been; the girl is plump and dimpled and sweet, the woman has been. They are objects of interest to the rest of us from the time they take the train at Chicago, early in the morning, until they leave it at a little Canadian town in the dusk of evening.

The gruff old man in the silk skull cap nearly bursts a blood-vessel in a vain attempt to raise a window when the girl exclaims against the stuffiness of the coach; the tall college youth, on his way home for the holidays, presses the morning papers and a magazine upon them; the fussy passenger, the lady with the alligator bag, the chap who brushes his hair every five minutes, the woman across the aisle, and her friend with the bag of peppermints, the man with the asthma, the girl with the pompadour, the drummer—everybody, pays attention to the girl who is fair and the woman who has been—that is, everybody but the Englishman in the tweed suit. He keeps a wall of reserve, and a newspaper between himself and his fellow travellers.

There is an air of goodfellowship in the way the girl looks at her mother, leans toward her, laughs with and at her. One feels that they have lived much by themselves and grown to be comrades. And they must have lived in big spaces, for they speak loudly. It is doubtful if the girl knows how to whisper. The little woman gets nervous and excited as the day wears on. Every half-hour she asks the girl, who carries a tiny watch at her waist, the time; she wonders if the train is not late.

"I know somebody that's getting tired," cries the girl.

"Not tired, Janie; restless like. It's getting so near home does it. Fifteen years is a long while to be away from kith and kin." Poor little faded woman! somehow you feel the homesickness of the years touch you.

"You can't remember the old place, you were only a bit of a baby when we left it. You don't know how often I've wished you had been older. If we could have talked together about it, things would have seemed easier.

Janie drew the woman's hand in hers. "Homesickness must be a mortal mean disease," she exclaims; "I've never had it."

"Homesickness"—a thrill of passion in her voice—"is the worst kind of starvation; it's being famished for something you know you can't get, no matter how hard you cry for it, and the more you know you can't get it, the harder you want it, till—" She breaks off and looks out of the window.

The man in the skull-cap coughs huskily. The Englishman gives his paper an impatient rustle.

"Oh, you poor mammie, is it so bad as that?" cries Janie.

"Everybody allows it was the best thing your pa ever did when he sold his farm in Ontario, and got that big place in Dakota. Maybe it was, but it was awful hard on me. I used to get so lonesome for a woman to talk to; not a neighbor within miles of us—think of it! Your pa is kind as the next one, but you can imagine how much sympathy I'd get from him, busy as he was. 'We came out here to make money, my girl, so why worry over a trifle,' he used to say when I'd carry on. It wasn't a trifle that I couldn't see father or mother, or your Uncle Tom. Oh, how I missed Tom. One summer we had a chore boy that laughed like Tom, and I nearly killed him with kindness, got him so fat and

lazy that he wasn't any good on earth, your pa said." She laughs a quavering laugh, which is echoed by Janie.

"Just supposing you were hundreds of miles away from me, and knew you couldn't get back to me, no matter what happened, you——"

"Oh, but I would," cried Janie; "I would, I would!"

"I used to fancy I heard the maples fluttering, and as for the old house I could shut my eyes any time and see every knot in its boards, every pane in its windows, every hollyhock and morning-glory round its door. Lord bless you, child! I hope you'll never have to go through what I've gone through. No wonder I'm old and faded." The tears of self-pity stand in her eyes. "Fifteen years is a long time to be away from your own folks. I've been lonesome for the very hill we climbed on our way to school, for the green pump in the garden, the creek behind the barn, the creaky old gate—everything. Got it in my head the sky didn't come near so close to the earth as it did in Ontario. Honestly, Janie, the ache never left my throat till you grew big enough to be a comfort."

Janie's arm is around the woman's neck. "Don't feel bad about it now," she urges; "we'll soon see it all. Tell me about grandma, that's a dear."

"I ought to have told you heaps about her, but as soon as I begin the love I have for her kind of swells up and chokes me. I always leaned on her; it'll seem good to lean on her again when—I declare, I keep forgetting that I'm not a girl any more."

The Englishman flings down his paper and gives his coat-collar an impatient twist. "Deuce take these women and their sentiment!" the twist says plainly.

The little woman from the prairie is not thinking of her audience at all. She is going home, home, home. Exhilaration and nervousness make her garrulous. She has stored these memories in her breast for so long, so long; and now with the welcome and gladness near, it is a joy to pour them out to Janie.

"One night I nearly scared your pa

to death. You were sick; we thought you'd die before morning. My heart just broke as your little face got whiter and whiter. I ran outdoors and called, 'Mother! mother! mother!' at the top of my voice. The cattle lifted their sleepy heads over the bars to look at me, the corn-tassels rattled in the wind, and your pa—well, he made sure I'd gone out of my mind. I went back quiet as could be. I've wondered sometimes if God didn't take it as a sort of prayer, which it was, and answer by making a woman of me."

The tears are in Janie's eyes—and in ours. He of the skull-cap blows his nose noisily; the asthmatic's lady's breath comes in heavy gasps; the Englishman turns his back on the whole sentimental lot of us and gazes out of the window; the woman across the aisle empties every beloved peppermint in Janie's lap.

A silence falls on her as we cross the Detroit River and go flying through Canadian territory. It lasts so long that Janie grows troubled. "What is it, mammie?" cries the fresh, sweet voice. "You aren't surely—why, you're crying! Does your head ache, dearie?"

"No, I'm just thinking I'm afraid I'll look awful old to the folks at home. Maybe if you were to put one of your blue ties round my neck. I used to wear blue. There, give me the hand glass. Take it off," brokenly, "I look a fright in it. Father used to say blue was my color, but I've got too old and bleached out for it. What if the folks wouldn't know me? When I left I looked a lot like you do now—oh, Janie!"

"Don't cry, mother; don't care. You look lovely to me, and if you don't look the same to the rest, why we'll go straight back west." Janie's fierce tenderness endears her to all.

"Hard work and lonesomeness brought the wrinkles and the grey hair. Tom and I used to laugh at old Aunt Ann's homeliness. I'm scared stiff that I look like her."

"Mammie, what's got into you? Nobody could be right down homely with eyes like yours," urges the girl, and the woman looks comforted.

The brakeman calls out their station.
We all bustle forward to help them off.

"Allow me," says the Englishman,
and to the consternation of the woman,
and of us, picks her up and fairly
carries her to the platform. The light
shines full on a white-haired man and
woman. We all share a little in the
joy of the home-coming. It is Janie,
the girl with the wild rose bloom, and
the gay, glad air, that the father

gathers in his arms. Why not? She
is more familiar than the woman,
more like his girl, his pretty girl, who
went away. But a mother makes no
mistakes; her eyes

"Change not, nor note a change."

And the faded little woman is
gathered close, oh, so close, to the
bosom where she rested as a child.

The train moves on, and all of us are
very still.



COME WEST, BLISS CARMAN

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

BLISS CARMAN, you'd better come West!
You say you're tired of the things you do,
The streets you walk, and the songs you sing,
And your soul's in need of a dry shampoo:

You've said that you ache for elbow-room,
For a look at the stars at least;
You've said you're tired of the poppycock
And pink-tea air of the East.

Come out where the plains go rolling west
From the Lakes to the Rockies' peaks,
Where the soul of the wheatlands sings at dusk,
And the voice of the prairie speaks!

Come out where there's song to be sung again,
Where Youth and To-day rejoice!
*You need the wine of the West in you—
And the West, it needs a Voice!*

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a startling picture of the congested condition of the very poor in the great English cities, especially of those in London, and argues a necessity for reforming those conditions where the people themselves are capable of betterment. His remedy would be to transplant them "back to the land", but in this he protests against their being transplanted only to die. It is "no solution of the troubles of the poor of Europe," he says, "to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the United States. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we are organized mentally, governmentally, physically. Canada offers this opportunity. Yet clean and sane colonization demands that the intending colonists shall be fit and prepared to avail themselves of a fair opportunity when offered. He then takes up a consideration of the kind of immigrants sent in through English church and philanthropic agencies, and describes them as largely drawn from the helpless, city-bred poor, who cumbered the land and often perished. He contends that this policy was dangerous to all concerned; that changes were necessary, whether England liked them or not. In sustaining this view, he quotes from various authorities and lays stress on a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, dealing with state-aid to immigrants, and pointing out that London charitable organizations in one year sent in many thousands from the East End of London, "without the slightest control, either by the Government or the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior of this country," paying, "it may be presumed, in every case, the total cost of such transportation." Then Mr. Hough cites the opinions of business men such as Colonel Davidson and William Pearson, who have dealt with settlers intimately in their colonization enterprises. Colonel Davidson recommends as the type of settler "the man strong of body, stronger yet of purpose." Mr. Pearson argues that business common-sense and broad philanthropy combined could deal with the selection and placing of these immigrants, to their advantage and the good of the country.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Turning from a contemplation of these great empty lands, yearning to be peopled, Mr. Pearson took up the age-old conflict of man with himself—the human equation—as an element in this problem:

"Every man realizes that he himself is the battleground of two opposing forces, the selfish and the unselfish, the noble and the base. Every thoughtful man believes that these forces have been warring on this earth ever since man has lived on it, perhaps many ages before. The measure of the world's true progress has been the measure of the victory of the forces of altruism over those of egoism. When the material, the sensual, the ignoble, have triumphed over the finer phases of man's nature, men are agreed that the world has been the worst for it. We all believe that in humanity, in benevol-

ence, in ideals of life, this old earth slowly improving. We believe in evolution. Can any thoughtful man look back on the history of the race without recognizing that there has been a moral, as well as a material and physical evolution?

"Nothing is clearer to my mind than that there is a world-purpose. This purpose is the eventual triumph of the unselfish, the impersonal—the intellectual and spiritual side of man's nature, over those baser forces to which we are naturally most ready to respond. It is the evolution from the lower to the higher type, that by slow degrees has been going on in the world for countless ages. In proportion as we place ourselves in harmony with this purpose and subordinate our selfish ends to this great force and principle governing the world, in just that proportion will we be made a factor in achieving the

inevitable result, towards which the countless millions of the dead and living of men have for ages been striving, with sightless or seeing eyes.

"For me, I like to think—it is an inspiration for me to believe—that though I am merely a plain business man, differing in no essential particular from millions of others of my generation I can, if I am in harmony with the eternal purpose, be used to do some little things to bring nearer the manifest destiny of the ages. I feel myself a soldier in an all conquering army, with the greatest of generals in command and the greatest of causes to fight for. On the muster roll of this army are the names of all the great men who have fought in the past for the physical, intellectual, and moral advancement of mankind. My comrades are the men who are to-day the world's best and bravest. I can understand enough of the great plan of campaign to realize my own duty and this braces me up to 'play the game'. What esprit de corps is to a fighting force or a business enterprise, what the motive power is to a factory, that, and more, is this realization of intelligent sympathy and cordial harmony with the world purpose to any man realizing it. It is his inspiration.

"Nowadays are heard many complaints of the sharp line of cleavage between the sacred and secular. By many, religion has come to be regarded as a function, voluntarily assumed with our frock coats on Sunday, and put on one side when we get into our business suits on Monday morning. During the week, in moments of leisure, or when any startling circumstance arouses us, we temporarily make an excursion from the world of business into that of suffering, and we perform some unselfish office of charity. When we have done so, we turn back, and resume our interrupted business life!

"Twenty centuries of civilization have produced the modern code, which says that 'business is business,' and that business and a high standard of thought and conduct—outside the demonstrated fact that honesty is the best policy because it does not pay to be a rogue—have little

or nothing in common. The revelations of 'graft' in business and in public life are evidence of what selfishness is bringing us to; just as the awakening of the minds and consciences of men as to the extent and the tendency of these evils is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

"It is, of course, a commonplace to say that these evils, and all the others that afflict this world, could be remedied at once if all men would act from unselfish instead of selfish motives, if they would adopt altruism as the governing force of their lives. Of course they do not and will not, and out of this arises the struggle toward better conditions.

"Now, see how irrational we are—how we make ourselves utterly nullify our own efforts for the world's betterment. Our plan of following out the accepted business code that is part of the present fabric of civilization produces destitution and vice in all the congested cities. The kind-hearted help by purse and action such cases as come under their own observation. When destitution becomes worse than usual, when municipal soup kitchens have to be established and the bread line is formed, through our taxes and voluntary subscriptions we make organized efforts to relieve distress. But destitution is an *effect*, not a *cause*. We tinker away at the *symptoms* and leave untouched the *origin* of the disease. Civilization is pouring into its cesspools, our city slums, its waste human product. With every decade the stream becomes fouler and its volume greater. Civilization's only remedy for the evils itself is responsible for is to dip away at the cesspool, sometimes languidly, sometimes energetically, sometimes feverishly. All the time it is doing this the established order of modern business life is creating the well-springs that are the fountain-head of the stream filling the cesspool, and *filling it far faster than any effort of society can bail it out*. Isn't that a grim comment on the intelligence of the twentieth century?

"If we had any such problem in our own business, would we proceed on any such lines? Wouldn't we cut right to

the root of the trouble, and dry up the sources of the stream instead of ineffectually bailing away at the pool? Isn't it significant—doesn't it show the need of civilization for a corrective—that the daily activities of right-thinking men show unwittingly or unwillingly create the very conditions they intermittently seek to ameliorate? One does not need to be a communist or a socialist to figure this out.

"Here are you and I looking over miles and miles of unoccupied fertile land. Away back yonder are thousands of men and women who, if they could be given a start out here, would repay society a *thousand-fold* for the investment necessary to *transplant* them. They are to-day, or they are in danger of becoming, a charge on the civilization which created the conditions responsible for what they are. In a new environment they would, after training, become *producers* instead of present or prospective *paupers*—a *strength* to civilization instead of a *burden* and a *menace* to the community.

"Of the many millions of the hopeless poor many are potentially efficient members of society, however great a burden on civilization they may be at the present time. Removed from their present environment, and placed in one providing them with stimulus, with opportunity, ambitions unrealizable in their present circumstances would blossom forth and bear fruit. Not only would untold good result to the individual thus transplanted, and to his children raised in a healthy environment, and made self-reliant Canadians of a more hardy breed than the parents, but the congested centres from which they come would also experience benefit, for their removal would mean increased opportunity—more work, more food—for those remaining. By as many of the waste products of civilization as are moved to happier surroundings, by so much will better chances be given to those left behind.

"Opportunity is the birthright of every man. He has, or should have, the right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Of these rights modern civilization is depriving millions. The duty of those realizing their fellows'

deprivation is to restore these rights. And, as I said before, the working out of this is a *business proposition*, just as much as it is a part of the evolution of the ages; and business men, to say nothing of professing Christians, are the men to whom the need of the hour puts the matter right up as a duty.

"This is pre-eminently a commercial age. It is reasonable to suppose that this is only a phase of social evolution—that just as there have been various ages in geology, and as in the history of mankind there have been the stone age, the bronze age, the patriarchal age, the feudal age, so this so-called age of commercialism will have its day and cease to be.

"The day is coming—it is right here—when the wealth accumulated by our captains of industry through the operation of the present day cruel, conscienceless, commercial code will, in the public mind, be the measure of their reproach, instead of their public admiration. At the present time, in banks and other important institutions, the character of the men behind the enterprise is regarded by the prospective investor as of as much importance as the institution's working capital. Under this new regime that test would be extended to all enterprises. Once assured of the character of the men behind them, the strength of public confidence will compel success. I believe it can be demonstrated even now that a business may be run along the lines of the world-purpose and yet be a commercial success; and this, not in spite of its subordination to the world-purpose, but because of it.

"This is not the general opinion as yet. It is contrary to established usage. It squarely opposes the whole system of modern business. But already there are a number of outstanding examples that commercial success can be based on this principle. On this side the Atlantic are 'Golden Rule' Jones, and on the other, the Peases of Darlington, Cadbury of cocoa fame, Sir Christopher Furness, and many others.

"This is no mere theory with me. I know that in my own business career I have taken up many propositions that

from the business standpoint of our age seemed entirely too big for me. In every case in which I am conscious that my motives were not self-seeking, but unselfish, these enterprises became commercially profitable.

"When a gardener transplants a plant which is tender, weak, and new to the place where it is to grow, he puts it near some trellis, or stake, or post, already firmly established there. I'm not much of a philosopher, but it looks to me as though there might be some sort of an idea in that to reconcile this conflict over the helpless poor. Some of them could not be transplanted at all; but when I look at this big new country, it seems to me we might take a great many of the potentially effective and plant them out here among our well established farmers until they could take root and learn how to grow; or plant them in new tracts of land, and intersperse the hardy, practical farmers among them.

"I do not suppose that this would at first thought commend itself as a business-like way of colonization; and if it were attempted by any wealthy philanthropist, or by any society, or by any government, it would mean any amount of difficulty, anxiety and hard work. Nevertheless, if undertaken, *not for selfish reasons*, I believe it could be made to *pay* eventually. I believe there can be sweetness and success in life, even in the twentieth century. For that reason I believe also that there can be philanthropy and business *both* in colonization."

So much then for idealism. At least it is much more practicable in its doctrine than the promiscuous charity which has thrust this whole question of colonization upon two countries. And in these days of business, speech like the foregoing is rare and refreshing. It is as cool drink to a man a-thirst.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

IN THE United States the population movement has been three-fold. First came the Western wave of the frontier days; then the past decades of city-

ward concentration. The third movement is but beginning, although it may be said that in the United States to-day there now impends or begins a movement outward from the cities to the farms. The appeal of country living begins to make itself felt in the high-keyed American cities. It is altogether likely that farm life, plus the modern conveniences which are so swiftly changing it for the better, will soon be held in an altogether new estimation.

So far as Canada is concerned, she is now in the first of these population movements, although that movement, as we have taken pains to see, falls in a different day and must be made in a different way from that under which the American frontier was settled. What complicates Canada's problem is that she reckons with England, which has long ago reached the zenith power of urban development, and already clamors for the third and last-mentioned trend of population, that back toward the land. Indeed, the cry of "Back to the Land" is the cry of all the world to-day.

Between these three waves of movement lies Canada. She is beckoned forward by the hand of one century; held back by the hands of a century gone by.

What has the world ever done for the farmer? French art has shown us pictures of him as the hopeless peasant. Saxon literature has paid him the brutal compliment of Mr. Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe." It is rarely that you shall see anything sympathetic or understanding written, painted or said regarding the farm and the life of the farmer. To some extent there is justice in comment upon the monotony of life upon the farm.

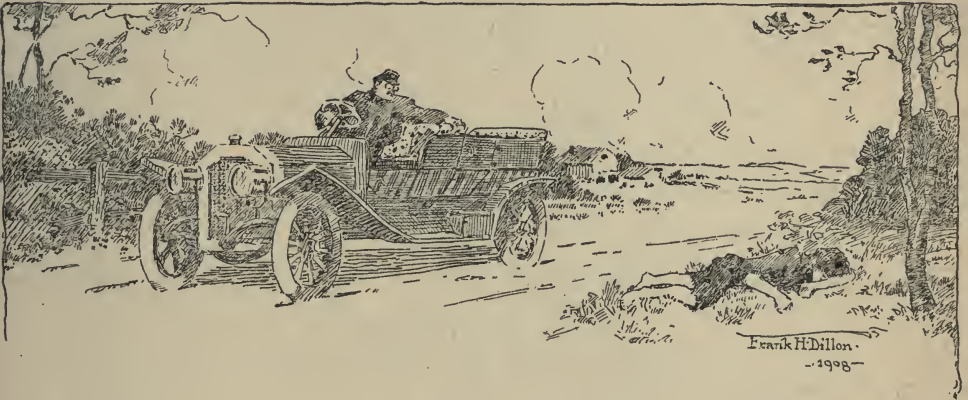
"At home nothing ever happens." The wind sings always the same song through the maple trees. Sometimes the country doctor jogs dustily along the empty village street, or the stillness of summer noon breaks with the sudden noise of children let loose from school. There are never any new faces at church or the sociables, where one calls everybody by their first names. The monotony of Sunday only replaces the monotony of week days, and all the holidays

are alike. At home nothing ever happens.

But all the world is not like home. Beyond the unchanging circle of the prairies is the city, where there are new thoughts and new faces and new experiences, and life is full. Over all the prairie lands and over all its villages and little towns, wherever there are young, impatient lives, the city casts its spell. . . . The city, which means wider life and the multifarious

activities for which men and women are made; the city, which is rich in what the race has striven for both of material and immaterial things; the city, which is highest opportunity for the wise and strong, but which is also opportunity for all that is evil. . . . The city draws youth to it as the magnet draws clean metal, and youth the worst of the city preys remorselessly upon. That is the problem that the best of the city must meet.

(To be continued)



DR. FIXER RESCUES THE ORPHAN

BY JOHN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK H. DILLON

DOWN the dust covered road that led toward town a tiny brown haired boy of ten gazed earnestly, longingly. As he watched a little caravan that dwindled away into small, dark specks, he stood like a model a painter might have craved for a picture of one bereft. And when the moving specks had disappeared with a turn of the road, the little lad dropped into a clump of grass beside the road, face downward and buried his head in his arms and sobbed.

There he lay, so wrapt in his own childish fulness of sorrow that a monster touring car speeding noiselessly upon him failed to arouse. The big machine came to a stop as quietly at it had been running. Its driver, a portly

personage from whose deep blue eyes, set in a full round face, good nature and kindness radiated and spread itself about, paused, stared for a moment at the sobbing child, then stepped from his auto, and bending over the little form as tenderly as a mother might have done, placed one bronzed hand upon a shaking shoulder.

"There now, sonny, what can there be to make a little man like you take on so hard? Come, tell me about it. Maybe it's not so bad as you imagine. Perhaps we can fix it up. I'm the only and original old Doctor Fixer."

The child turned his face in fright, and gazed at the man who had intruded himself upon his hour of grief.

The boy shook his head, wiped his

grimy little face upon his shirt sleeve, and turned to look with awe on the dusty red roadster that stood nearby.

"It is a kind of a big machine for this neck of the woods, ain't it, sonny?" remarked the big fellow. "Here. Take this handkerchief and primp up a bit. Did you ever have a ride in an auto?"

"No sir," answered the little fellow, finding his voice for the first time.

"Well, maybe you can take a little ride into town with me now. Where do you live?"

"B—back there, or at least I always have lived there," came the answer, accompanied by a fresh flow of tears.

"Now, now, now, didn't I tell you I was going to fix it for you? You weren't going to run away, were you? It'll be all right as soon as I find out what it is that troubles you. Why, I can even fix that contrary old motor car, when it gets cranky and out of kilter. Where's your mother?"

"She's dead!"

"Oh," came the response in softened tones. "I beg your pardon. You have got something to cry about. I'm sorry. My mother died too when I was just about your age."

The stranger gazed toward a little farm house at which the boy had pointed. It had a deserted look. "Is your father over there?" he asked.

"No, he's not here any more," was the answer.

"And who takes care of the place?"

"Just Aunt Bridget and me."

"Well let's go see Aunt Bridget and tell her you are going to town to have supper with me, and I'll bring you back to-night."

Aunt Bridget proved to be the kind of aunt Ireland has distributed over half the world. Unrelated in blood, but bound in the warm bonds of long association and profound affection. She was almost as disconsolate as the boy, though without the tears.

"Howdy do?" said the stranger, by way of introduction. "My name is Floyd. I want to ask a little favor of you."

"Glory be! Ye don't say! Floyd is it? Come right in and sit down.

Will ye be wan o' the Halifax Floyds that come from the County Clare?"

"I believe my father did have some relatives in Halifax, but we're from Toronto. I just happened to find the little man out on the road looking a bit to the bad, and I thought if you would let him take a run into town with me, it might make him feel better. But why did it strike you as odd that my name should be Floyd?"

"Sure blood's thicker than water, and we're Floyds. I knew Jimmy's grandfather. Me own name's Ryan, but me mother had a third cousin that was a Floyd of County Clare. The Floyds was kings in Ireland before the sassenchs iver set fut in the land—the curse o' Crommle on thim all. So you're a Floyd! Look at that now!"

"I thought you said your name was Dr. Fixer," broke in Jimmy.

"Oh, that's just a nickname some of the boys gave me. They all call me Doc. Get yourself fixed up a bit and we'll be going."

While Jimmy was dressing himself for his first auto ride, the old woman told of the hard luck that had fallen upon the house. They all had been happy and prosperous until Jimmy's mother had died two years before. After that Jimmy's father had lost interest in everything, including even the little fellow, and began to spend most of his time in Winnipeg, where he had drank and gambled until every thing on the little home place had been mortgaged.

Dissipation had laid waste the meagre store of physical strength of Jimmy's father, so that ten days before he had been unable to battle with an attack of pneumonia which ended his life within forty-eight hours.

The last straw had come when the sheriff's auctioneer had sold out the place that day. When Doc Floyd had come upon Jimmy, the little fellow had just watched his own pet pony follow the other live stock away in tow of old Jonas Jones, who had held the mortgage and bought in everything at the sale.

"Well, it does look pretty black," Doc Floyd had admitted. "But," he

added in his usual cheerful way, "I've always found that things come out all right in the end, and I dare say matters will brighten up for you. We will talk it over further to-morrow. Now that I have stumbled on a bunch of trouble, I'm going through with it. In the meantime, I'll take Jimmy along with me. I'll just keep him overnight."

Had he been asked, Floyd could not have explained why he had placed himself in his present position. No one could have explained to him that he might be an instrument to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. It was merely that the child's grief had appealed to him, but he never had an idea that it was anything more than some little bit of childish disappointment that could be chased away by a dash in an automobile and a little treat of some kind in the town.

"And so your name is Jimmy Floyd, is it?" he said to the boy, by way of making conversation when the two had passed on out of sight of Aunt Bridget, who stood in the road waving them adieu.

"Maybe we are some kin after all. You'd better call me Uncle. And remember, your Uncle Fixer may be a big fat fairy that can fix up a lot of your troubles for you. I'm as hungry as a horse. Ain't you?"

Jimmy admitted that he was hungry, too, but beyond that admission he kept silent during the too short drive into the city. Floyd slowed the car down when they had come upon the city streets. He easily found his way to

the best hotel in the town, where he secured accommodations and ordered his trunk sent up from the back of the touring car.

"So you think these are nice rooms, do you, Jimmy?" he remarked as he was dressing. "Well, I'd hate to have to live in them for good. It's pretty hard that the folks out in these prosperous places with money won't bring it east to us, instead of making us come after it. There's some money

in this town for me, Jimmy. I don't know exactly where it is, nor whether I'll use a deck of cards, a gold brick, or sell somebody a block of stock in an air ship. But your Uncle Fixer will get his before he leaves."

All of which conversation was so much Greek to James. He saw nothing but a fine, big hero in the man who boasted that he had never earned an honest dollar in his life.

What was only a makeshift meal for the fastidious Floyd at the hotel that night was a feast for Jimmy, who topped off a man's share of a big supper with ice cream and cake. A musical show served to pass away the evening, and Jimmy retired

that night to dream of a fat fairy that had come in a big red automobile and carried him away to a fairy land where pretty girls in gaudy dresses sang all day long and waiters brought him all the ice cream he could eat.

Jimmy had been astir for two hours next morning and was suffering from pangs of hunger when his newly found friend and protector awoke.

"Why, kid, I'd forgotten all about



THE KIND OF AUNT IRELAND HAS DISTRIBUTED
OVER HALF THE WORLD

you. I'll bet you are used to getting up a whole lot earlier than I am, and you must be wanting breakfast. Here! I'll write out an order for the things we want to eat, and you take it down and give it to the waiter. I'll be down by the time it's on the table, and if I'm late, pitch in and help yourself."

The boy ate most of the large breakfast that had been ordered while Floyd nibbled at some fruit and perused the morning paper. After breakfast, Floyd, by a few carefully directed inquiries, got a volume of information about Jonas Jones.

Nothing that was told him ever would be used in the obituary of that person, except the fact that Jonas Jones was rich, and reputed to be one of the craftiest and stingiest men in Manitoba.

"Well, I guess Mr. Jonas Jones will do, Jimmy," said Floyd to the boy, who knew nothing of what the man was talking about. "He's got the money all right, and I've chisled it out of his kind before. We'll look him up."

It was not an easy matter to find Jonas Jones. That eminent citizen had no office, but any of the banks was ever ready to furnish him stationery and a place to sit down any time he wished to draw up one of his far-famed iron-clad mortgages, or write a letter. He was finally located, however, and Floyd saw a subject he could have drawn if he had been asked to make a picture of any town's pet Shylock.

Floyd already had a plan that boded no good to the unsuspecting Jonas. Among other things he learned that his about-to-be victim had never been separated from any of his money by any sort of confidence game, so he concluded that a real good patent right would about fit the case. He would try it; and if that failed, he had other plans.

The excuse he gave for looking up the man who had closed down the mortgage on Jimmy's home and then bought in the property, was that he was thinking of making some investments in that neighborhood, and would like to get a price on the recently acquired Floyd property.

"So you are a relative of these

Floyd's, then are you?" the old man had asked.

"A distant relative," Floyd admitted. "And now what do you want for the place?"

"It ought to be worth about \$8,000, but I'm not anxious to sell," was the wary reply.

"Well, just draw me up an option for thirty days at that price, with the agreement that the people can stay there for that time whether I buy the place or not, and I will look into it."

"It's customary to pay something for an option, ye know," was the insinuating reply.

"And how much is the option?"

"How would one hundred dollars do?"

"All right," was the quick return of Floyd, who drew a roll of money from an inner pocket that made the eyes of the old miser bulge as a hundred dollar bill was separated from the pile.

The old man reluctantly dragged himself away from the sight of so much money to prepare the option, which he would gladly have given without the payment of the one hundred dollars, inasmuch as the price of \$8,000 he had named was at least \$2,000 more than he would actually have taken for the place. The old man also agreed to send Jimmy's pony and the live stock he had taken back to the place that same day.

"Never mind the option now," said Floyd. "I have rented some offices back here this morning. Happened to run across just the thing I wanted and was able to rent them all furnished. I'm going to run east this afternoon, but I'll see you again in a couple of days, and you can hand me the option then. No, never mind the receipt for the one hundred dollars. I know an honest man when I see one. I'm glad to have met you, and I'll say good-by for the present. Come on, Jimmy. I must drive you over home and get back in time to catch an early train."

* * * *

Late the next night, "Doc" Floyd sat in a brilliantly lighted restaurant in Toronto and with him was Jack Cleland, his partner in many transac-

tions more or less profitable to the pair. Floyd had been telling Cleland of Jimmy, and his talk of that youngster was so unlike his usual conversation that his partner imagined he saw a new side to the man with whom he had been in so many deals.

"Yes, sir, there's something about the kid that made me take to him right away," said the genial "Doc."

"And, then, I've got a hunch that he's going to bring me luck. I found out to-day that old Jonas had skinned the kid's father out of his farm by loaning him a few hundred dollars at a time and taking notes for about three times what he let him have."

"And what's your plan?" asked Cleland.

"Well, I've been through all that part of the country recently, and I find no one has ever heard of our new patent fire kindler. I think they ought to be educated. I want you to scare up as many of the solicitors who worked the game with us before as you can, and have them ready to go west to-morrow night. Get five cases of the kindlers out of storage, and ship them to Winnipeg the first thing in the morning. They will get over there in a couple of days. Better send 'em by express to be certain of quick delivery. All you will have to do is to stay here and be the factory and then drop over when I send for you."

The offices presented a busy appearance a few days later, when Jonas

Jones called to deliver the option to Floyd. A gilt lettered sign on the door announced the Manitoba headquarters for the Quick Fire Manufacturing Company of Montreal and New York. Floyd was busily talking to a number of shrewd looking young men, and after greeting Jonas Jones, asked him if he could not call again at four o'clock that afternoon when he would have more leisure to talk with him.

When Jones called late in the afternoon it was a more businesslike Floyd that he met than he at first had figured on. He learned that the manager and sole proprietor of the Quick Fire Manufacturing Company had just started in to introduce the greatest patent of the age in that particular locality.

"Look how simple it is," said Floyd, handing over a small contrivance of metal bands which encased a mass of pulp asbestos. It is the greatest thing in the world for people who have to buy kindling wood in small quantities at big prices. This little thing is always ready. It will take the place of kindling wood, and it will last a lifetime.

The women simply

eat them up faster than the factory can turn them out. They cost seven cents each to manufacture and retail for fifty cents. The agents get twenty cents for each one they sell and we can always keep the best of salesmen, for they can easily sell from fifty to a hundred a day."



JONAS JONES, ONE OF THE CRAFTIEST AND STINGIEST MEN IN MANITOBA.

"It's amazing how some folks can make money easy," commented Jones, who looked and listened in wonder.

"Here's one of the agents now," said Floyd. "Let's see what kind of a day he's had."

"That's the kind of a day I've had," replied the salesman, as he opened a large suit case which proved to be entirely empty. "I sold fifty that I carried with me and took orders for a few more to be delivered to-morrow." As he spoke, he emptied a pile of money all in silver, on the desk in front of Floyd.

"This is what makes me tired," was the remark of Floyd, in disgusted tones. "Here I've got to count over a bunch of chicken feed for every one of these men that comes in, and there are ten of them."

As he grumblingly counted over the money, placing it in two piles, he expressed the wish that he had an honest man to count the money that came in and look after the little details of settling with the salesmen.

"By the way," he asked, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "how would you like to take care of this business in the office for me here? I need a good solid business man like yourself, so that I can give my time to other matters. I would make it worth your while. You would have plenty of time to look after your own business and use this office for your headquarters."

"Well, I think I could take care of it all right," was the answer of Jonas.

"And would \$150 a month be enough pay?" questioned Floyd.

"Why, yes. That seems more'n good pay for so little work," admitted Jones.

"Oh, never mind that," was the airy response. "It's worth something to me to have a man handle my money that I know I can trust. If you'll just come around at nine o'clock in the morning I'll show you how to start the men out. All you've got to do is to give them as many of the little machines as they want to carry out, and then take the money from them when they come back in the afternoon. That will give me a chance to look into

the matter of buying that farm and some other things I have on hand."

In the language of Doc Floyd's set, Jonas Jones had "taken the bait."

Although habitually an early riser, Jonas Jones found Floyd already busy with some correspondence when he reached the office of the Quick Fire Manufacturing Company on the day that he was to take charge of the "little details." Jonas was as proud as a boy in a new job. He had donned his best Sunday suit and shaved his chin, feeling that some consideration was due the dignity of his position.

"Well, you are an early hand," he remarked to Floyd, as he entered the office and carefully hung his hat and coat on a rack.

"Oh yes, I had a letter or two that I wanted to get off my hands before the agents get here. I've just ordered 5,000 more of the kindlers from the factory. We only have enough to last the week out. There is a big supply of them in the warehouse, and you want to be careful to keep them ordered far enough ahead to be sure they will reach here by freight, and not have to pay any rush express charges."

Jonas assured his employer, whom he had begun to respect as a real business man after all, that such necessary details would be looked out for carefully. As the agents came in and took their empty suit cases from the storage room, Jones was busy checking off the correct number of articles that each man took out. In a short space of time they had all departed, and he asked Floyd what he had to do next.

"You are good at figures, I presume," said Floyd. "I wish you would go through this statement for me. I dare say it is all right, but it's best to be certain."

The "statement" was a long mass of figures and Floyd knew it would keep Jones occupied for a couple of hours. Moreover, he knew that the old money grubber would be astounded when he digested the items. It was all a part of his plan. The statement was supposed to represent the profits on all the fire kindlers that had been sold in a far western state during the previous six months. It showed a net profit



"THIS IS WHAT MAKES ME TIRED," REMARKED FLOYD IN DISGUSTED TONES

for the six months of \$50,000 after all costs had been deducted. The eyes of Jonas Jones fairly popped at such sure and quick profits, just as Floyd knew they would, and as the old man pored over the papers, the promoter announced that he would be absent for a few hours. When he left the office he went to the hotel, changed to his automobile costume, had the machine driven to the door, and started off to see little Jimmy and the farm.

Aunt Bridget was taken off her feet with the announcement Floyd made when he entered the house and proceeded to make himself at home. He had brought from the city a goodly supply of groceries and meats, and announced that he proposed staying for lunch and partaking of some of Aunt Bridget's home cooking.

"I find," he announced to Aunt Bridget, "that we are related after all, so I'm going to take charge here. Although I never knew any of little Jimmy's folks, his grandfather was a

cousin of my father. I found that out from a letter I got from my old aunt, the only relative I know. She is living all alone down in Ontario and insists that I send Jimmy to her. I'm going to send the whole lot of you down there just as soon as you can get ready."

The big relative felt repaid for everything as soon as he sat down with Jimmy at the table. He had not had a meal of that kind in years, but he promised himself that he would have others like it in the future, for it took him back to other days.

Floyd purposely postponed arriving at the office that afternoon until the time when he knew the agents would have been in and settled up with Jones. He found the old man in high glee. Every one of the men had returned with an empty bag and a pocket full of silver.

"Just put the money away for to-night," said Floyd, "and deposit it in the bank to-morrow. Pretty good business, don't you think?"

"Yes, remarkably profitable," replied Jonas. "But don't you think the agents get too much? I can get as many good men as I want for \$2.25 a day, and that would make \$25 a day or more profit for you."

"Oh don't mind that," laughed Floyd. "They are all good salesmen and we can afford to pay them well. They are good honest fellows, too. You haven't found any one of them trying to cheat you out of a cent, have you?"

"No, that part is all right, but I was thinking about what could be saved. It looks easy enough for any one to sell these things, and I know what I'd do if it was my business. Just think. Save \$25 a day, and that's \$150 a week, or \$7,800 a year."

"Oh, don't bother about it," was the careless reply. "We are making money enough. How about that statement? Was it all correct?"

"Yes, it was correct, and good business too. Seems the things netted \$50,000 clear profit in six months in a market not one-fifth as big as this. You ought to clear up \$100,000 in Manitoba easy."

"More than that, most likely," was the matter of fact reply of Floyd. "I've got an offer from a man in Hamilton who wants the rights for this province. He will be here in a few days, to talk it over with me. While we are waiting for him, I wish you would see a good lawyer here and have him investigate the patent and see that everything is clear and ready for transfer. Get somebody you can trust and give him two hundred dollars for expenses, and have him get a transcript of the record from the patent office at Ottawa. Ask him to do it at once."

That night Jonas Jones found a lawyer who was willing to do the work for \$50 and \$50 for his fee to look up the patent. In due and early course he reported to Jonas that everything was perfectly clear, and that he would be ready with a written report when the would-be purchaser arrived.

"Of course I knew it was all right," said Floyd, when Jonas told him of this. All I wanted was the report of a disinterested party for the man who

wants to buy me out. I suppose he told you also that there was no other contrivance anything like this one?"

"Yes, he told me there was no conflicting patent at all."

"All right, then. Tell your lawyer friend to have a bill of sale all ready for the rights for this province. I'm going to sell out. I don't want to bother with the details of selling at retail. I can make money enough by getting it all in big lumps. And now you look after things for a spell. I've got to run over to Saint Paul to-night and see about some business there. I'll be back Monday."

* * * *

Once more Floyd met Jack Cleland in Toronto and reported progress. "It's easier than taking candy from an infant," he told his partner. "I'll stick around here until Saturday night and be in Winnipeg again Monday morning. By that time the old jay will be plenty satisfied that there is big money in the kindler. You'll have to be Mr. Prospective buyer, and drop in there over Tuesday. If he doesn't make me a proposition when I get back, I'm badly fooled."

And Floyd was not fooled, for when he arrived at the office Monday morning, Jonas Jones seemed to have something on his mind. He reported that sales had kept up a good steady average. And then as if resenting some personal injury he demanded to know if Floyd was so anxious to get rid of a good thing, why he had not given him a chance to bid on it.

"How much will that Hamilton man give you for the Manitoba rights?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't think I'll have any trouble of selling out to him for \$30,000," was the reply.

Jonas shifted uneasily in his chair. "That's a lot of money," he said in a faraway voice. "A lot of money, but a man could make it back in no time and then make a big profit. Look here. Would you sell to me at that price and take over the little place you've got an option on at \$8,000?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Mr. Jones. While I'm not tied up in the matter to the man that's thinking of buying, I

don't think it's right to start a new trade until I am off with the old one. Still the thing is new, and there is some other territory that might suit my friend just as well. I want to say, though, that I've decided not to buy the Floyd place. Jimmy has some relatives that I'm going to send him to."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the \$30,000 cash on the nail, and you won't have to bother with the other party. So long as you are not tied down to him, you're doing no wrong by taking a good offer when somebody else makes it flat. What do you say?"

"What do I say? Well, Jonas, I don't know but you are right. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and you can send for the lawyer with the papers."

Within an hour Jonas was on hand with the attorney and a certified check for \$30,000.

A couple of hours later, Jonas Jones had paid off and discharged the force of high priced salesmen. He was going to run things his own way and make big profits.

A half hour after that, if he had entered Floyd's room at the hotel, he would have heard and seen things to make him wonder. He would have seen Floyd hand each of the ten alleged agents a nice new hundred dollar bill, and heard him deliver a little lecture:

"I suppose you fellows will be down on the race track to-morrow afternoon, and by night you'll have blown in all you have made in these few days' work. Take my advice and hang on to your money, for I think this old bloke is going to roar. If he does and it gets into the papers, we won't be able to work the game again for three months at least."

Jonas Jones started a half dozen men out with a supply of the new patent kindlers bright and early next morning. At night the six men reported that there was nothing doing. One man had sold one kindler. The others had been chased from door to door. He concluded that he might have been a

bit rash in turning off the experienced men, but thought he would try it another day, and if it did not work he would write the factory to send the experienced agents back to him at the old price. He did try it another day, and still another and another, and then Jonas chanced to think there might be something wrong. He started an investigation of his own, and taking a street on which one of the first agents was supposed to have sold many kindlers, he could not find trace of a single purchaser.

What he might have learned, but did not, was that the myridons of Floyd had merely taken their wares to a vacant room that had been rented for the purpose, and then loafed about until time to bring Jonas the little pile of silver with which Floyd supplied them for the purpose each day. Not one of them had even attempted to sell a kindler.

Jonas consulted an attorney, and found that there was not one chance in ten thousand of getting any satisfaction. The patent was all right, even if it was not practicable. For the very first time in his life, in the language of Doc Floyd's set, Jonas had been "stung." He had paid dearly for his one folly. He would get it back in time, but others would suffer.

* * * *

Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland met by appointment a week after Floyd had made a quick trip to eastern Ontario, where he had left little Jimmy.

"I saw a little place down there that I'd like to own and settle down into the life of a respectable country gentleman" Floyd was saying to Cleland.

"Oh, cut it out!" returned the junior partner. "The mere fact that you've adopted a kid doesn't necessarily mean that you've turned respectable. It's an old saying that any bird of prey will fight for its young. Still, you are going the 'nature fakers' one better. None of them has told us a story of an old gray eagle adopting a young duck to look after."

THE STORY OF THE TOWN

BY WALTER P. MCGUIRE

I AM a town embosomed in the broad Canadian plains. I have tried often to see the horizon but it is too far away; I think I shall never see it. Now and then it gives to my vision a speck which becomes a railroad train and then a speck again. Smaller specks, too—wagons and teams and men they are—come to me out of the low, wide arc and disappear into it. For the most part, however, I am alone, but not lonely. Sentient men are here—men who *live*. The Power unseen is near them—and me; the spell of the wonder of life falls subtly on us. Over me the dawn rolls upward from beyond and into the broad, far sky like a herald bidding me awake—and I do! I work while there is light; and when my work is done and my tools are put away and the invisible sun incarnadines the sky I enjoy the somnolence of evening. The very hush thrills; life is still there. Across the plains comes a sigh, and another; the wheat heads bow sleepily, the grass blades bend in meekness—it is as if the robe of a passing Spirit of Rest has been drawn across the earth. Then the wind is hushed where it lies. The day is dead. The stars flash like diamonds in the dead day's pall. Peace comes, and sleep.

I do not envy the city. My big brother is justly proud, and very vain. His vaunted superiority interests him more than it does me. I have my own affairs to attend to—my shop to keep, my mill to run, my forge to blow. Other things I have, too: my family to love, my garden to hoe, my pump to mend. And yet other things: air to breathe that comes to me sweet with the smell of new-turned earth or growing greens; a freedom of life and thought that is unknown elsewhere; silences that are "floodgate of the deeper heart." I am not intermured; you cannot shut me in, nor shut God's air and sunshine out.

How I came to the plains is not a long story. Beyond the horizon, I have learned, are many towns which "just grew"; nobody seems to know the reason or circumstances of their genesis. It is different with me. I was created intentionally, and so recently that small children hereabouts know all about it. My stature and my function were determined before yon general store was reared, the first altitude on this broad plain. Thinking men had decided that I must be, and they arranged for my coming mindful of the future. With skill and daring they placed me on a theretofore unpeopled plain, but I could not be kept a thing apart. When the railroad came and fetched its loads of persons and their homely lares I was ready to receive them, and when the plow prepared the prairie for its wholesome, profitable employ I gave ancillary assistance.

The coming of men was a great event in my young life—I mean the men who followed those who measured off my streets and park and built the general store. They came in wagons first, but the trains were close behind them and then they came more rapidly—a big company recruited from a hundred widely separated parts, most of them from the States, many from the Older World. And they are neighbors now and call each other John or Jim, and all work here together—work and play. I claim for myself (and I can prove it, too, though maybe not on paper) the capacity of providing for my people an uncommon joy in both—in labor and in leisure. Islanded as I am in this seemingly illimitable plain I may be reckoned as atomic by those who dwell afar; but there is enough of me, there are enough of cognitive persons here, to know that in the vast expanse there is, by more than mere suggestion, a greater freedom of ex-

istence, a wider horizon of feeling, more of comfort and content, than is known to towns in any way walled in.

I have spoken of the seemingly unintentioned being of some other towns and of the prepenze with which I was created. Let me explain. The man who decided that I was to be came here in an automobile three years ago, the car rolling across the roadless plain from a city several hundred miles back East. He was following an imaginary line marked at long intervals by tiny stakes—the intervals so long, indeed, that the chauffeur drove at times by compass. Halting here he prophesied, not by divination but by a pocket memorandum book in which were the records of a recent survey. Here shall the railroad station stand, said the man, and from it a street shall run due north a distance of two hundred feet, and there intersect at right angles another street, on the south side of which the stores shall be built. This street shall be the southern boundary of the public square, which shall extend a block on either side of the street from the station. On the north side of the square, a wide block from the street of stores, shall be built the public school; on the east side, the town hall and fire-house; on the west side, eventually, the library. The residence section shall lie to the north of the square, and the streets therein shall be wide and straight; and the center street, extending from the station, shall be boulevarded, and in all the streets shall trees be planted. No lots or farms shall be sold that would prevent the extension of the boulevarded street four miles further north, where is a lake.

A month later an odd band of men came here on horseback, and in buggies, wagons and automobiles, and from a man who stood in the tail of a wagon they bought, by bidding, sites for stores and dwellings. The railroad company, owner of the town-site, had told the public that whatever was bid for property above the actual cost of the land would be paid over to the town, when organized, for public improvements. From that first and subsequent sales money was raised which paid for the town-hall—a brick struc-

ture containing offices for the town officials, a room for council meetings, a room for fire apparatus—and for the planting of more than two hundred trees. When the first wagon-tail auction was held there wasn't a house in sight; but the men who put their money into lots could see ahead. The railroad then was twenty-two miles to the East. Within three weeks the first train came into town. Eighteen hundred people live here now, and in the vicinity a thousand more.

Do you know who these people are and whence they came? They are seekers after a bigger, freer opportunity for getting on in the world—good, plain, sturdy men who had grown weary of the settled, placid routine of their former places, who have too much ginger in them to miss the chance of sharing in the conquest of a new land. There is something inspiring in creating—in creating more than money—and especially inspiring is the creating of a new civilization in a land long occupied by inferior men and allowed by them to languish. These new conquerors find no castles to ravish, no venerable churches to profane, no aborigines to make their slaves; they find no need of carrying arms. A prosaic conquest? Perhaps; but not uninteresting. The carrying of civilization, productive, prosperous civilization, into the last west is done with the weapons of a modern age; but the fundamental principles of conquest, of building for unborn generations, are here—and they inspire.

There is nothing but plains here because nothing else is needed. Conquests of other lands were made with great danger to life, and mountains were necessary as defensive bulwarks against enemies, and forests for refuge. But when the enemies were overcome men set to work to level down the hills and cut the forests—they were obstructions. Here newcomers accomplish in a year what a hundred years ago could not have been done in a decade. The plain is easily traversible, and to industry it yields quickly and abundantly. Nothing more is needed to bring satisfaction and contentment but a social sense. That comes easily. In

the first place the people of this plain-land are of those who have succeeded in older parts and are here, not because poverty or wrong-doing have driven them to an outlying haven, but because plain, business reasoning sent them here. Secondly, when they are established here they act together. The uniformity of conditions throughout a wide area, the absence of natural divisional lines, the ability of one to stand on one's doorstep and see a neighbor a dozen miles away—these things create like interests and sociability. It's just as it is, with the prairie birds—they show more of mutual aid and organization than do arboreal birds—and just as it was with the bison, and the Indians.

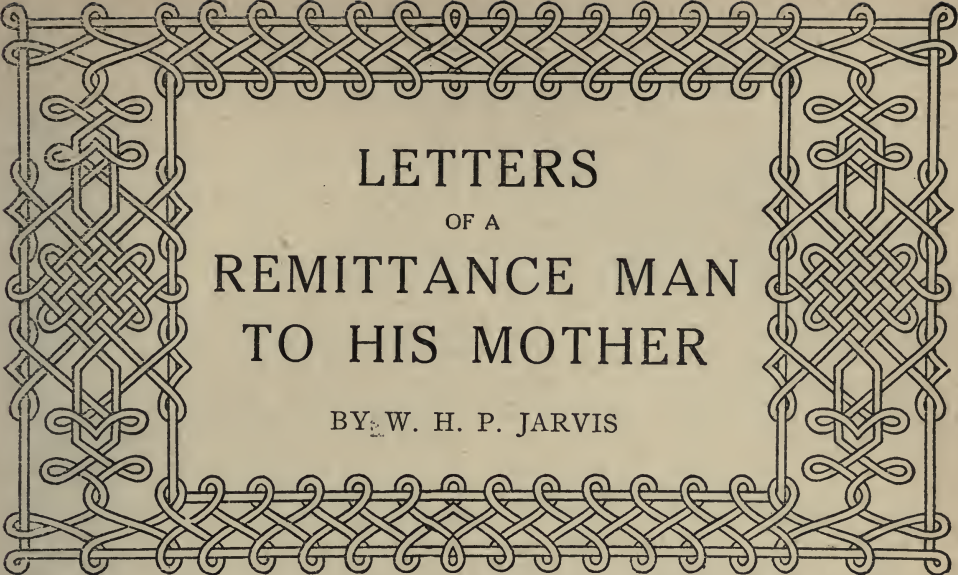
Unusual harmony is here, and unusual beauty, too. Nowhere are the phenomena of nature more wonderful. The absence of moisture in the air reveals marvels which men who live among the hills or near the sea have never seen. Who, for instance, save the plainsmen, have seen the very air opalescent? It is often so here—the dry atmosphere reflecting the light from the dust particles in vivid, changing hues. A sunset on the prairie is, I hold, more magnificent than in any other place; often the celestial coloring spreads over the earth itself, the horizon line is obliterated by it and all the west, plain and sky together, becomes a vast firmament of bewilderingly brilliant tones. In the dark of the moon more stars are visible above the plains than anywhere else in the world; the full moon's light is so deep and clear that all but the brightest stars are hid. Winter's wonders are without end. Snowflakes that fall on the Northwest's level stretches and the tracery of the frost upon the window panes are infinitely more varied than

in milder climes. Haloes of extraordinary size, forms and colors show nearly every day and night, and here the aurora glows more often and more marvellously beautiful than elsewhere—for I stand on the edge of the nascent north.

To live in such a land as this—to see the warm, friendly sun roll up from out the East and range its rays over miles of dew-dripping wheat; to watch the azure morning blossom into blue, to hear the flight-song of the birds, which is seldom heard elsewhere than on the prairie; to feel the welcome wind as it wanders from the West and see it gently worrying the grain, to drink in the full, free beauty of the day, to see the yet more marvellous picture that comes with night, and to feel, to know, that now is Eternity and I and my contented people are in the midst of it—this, indeed, is life.

What has the city to show in opposition? He is (I have seen him) rushed and worried, restless at night, sick from intemperance. Towers of marble and granite rise into his sky (does my brother think he can step from a top window into heaven?) and these with brick blocks, and miles of brown-stone fronts with never a blade of grass, and gas tanks, and rattling cars, and dinning wagons on cobbled streets, and roaring trains above him and below—all these, man-made, confine and confuse him. The wind sighs for him but not as it does for me; it is a sad sigh, or a mad one. I, too, would be sad, or mad, if I had to carry the load of a city wind. The sun, so good a friend to me and so welcome here, shines sparingly on the city—but it is not the sun's fault. . . . I will not say more against my big brother. I want you to know, though, that I do not envy him.





LETTERS

OF A

REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

Rankin's Farm,
Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 20th, 1—

MY DEAR MOTHER:—It has been a great surprise to me to find that our Parson here, Mr. Reid, an old countryman, does not dislike Canada at all but is quite fond of this country and its people. Mr. Reid is a public school and University man, which makes it all the more surprising. He is on very friendly terms with Rankin and it was on Sunday afternoon when he dropped in on his way home from holding service in the school-house near here, that I met him. His parish is quite extensive and he has all the work he can attend to.

After he bade Rankin good-bye he spoke very kindly to me and I walked the road some distance with him, he also walking and leading his horse. I had made some remark complaining of the want of respect shown to Englishman by the people of this country.

"Look here," he said, "what kind of a time would one of these farmers' boys have if he were landed in upon a crowd of public school boys at home? Would your form at home have taken such a boy to themselves and made life a treat for him, or would you have treated him as an outsider?"

I could answer only that we would not have been entirely affectionate.

"Well, then, how do you suppose these people can sympathize with you? In fact Rankin here, I have no doubt, employs you more out of kindness than because he cannot get a man to suit him better for the money he pays you. This is kindness and as such should be appreciated by you."

"But," I said, "Englishmen seem to be disliked."

"Not at all, except what they bring upon themselves. And then think of the class of Englishmen who come out here. We were three boys in our family, and our father used to say that if we did not get on well at home, he would send us to the Colonies. I came here because I fancied the field for my labors and, please God, I am leading a useful life, but my two brothers are in Australia and are no more a success than you will be here if you take to drink and don't learn to meet your fellow men half way. This is a land of production and to make this land produce one has to work and consequently a man's worth is estimated by the amount of work he can do. You will find that an education in the classics won't do you much good unless it is backed by a naturally philosophical temperament."

"Are there many unsuccessful Englishmen in Australia?" I asked.

"Yes, the misfit and the failure are more numerous there than in Canada. That is because Australia is farther away from England than Canada is and there is less chance of a wayward boy drifting back home from Australia than from here to embarrass his family, consequently more prodigals are sent to Australia. It is not fair to the Colonies and it is no wonder that the Colonies object."

Here the incident that happened to me in the bar-room when the so-called "civilized" Englishman brought so much ridicule on me, came to my mind, and I said that I had met educated Englishmen who had caused my discomfort.

"Yes," replied Mr. Reid, "until you broaden your sympathies you will find that there are none so prone to hammer sense into you as your fellow countrymen who have assimilated. In fact, no person has a greater contempt for the tenderfoot than they or is more inclined to display it."

I smiled at this and asked him if there was any hope for me.

"Yes, decidedly, after you have been broke and go hungry several times, in the midst of plenty, for the want of money to buy a meal. There is nothing like hunger to bring a boy to his senses, especially if he has strength of character enough to abstain from vice."

We chatted away for some time till some remark of his prompted me to say, "You must be a democrat."

"I don't know that I am altogether a democrat, but I will say I am much more of a democrat now than I was before I viewed life in Australia and Canada. The struggle for existence in a new country is a test of character and the temptations lying about try the soul. Perhaps it is that the sight of a man who can talk of swell London clubs or quote Latin verse, blacking one's boots, and rushing with the money so earned to the nearest bar-room, is most conspicuous from the height of the fall, but such spectacles I have seen frequently enough to destroy much of my erstwhile veneration for birth and education."

I now stopped to bid Mr. Reid good-bye. "Good-bye," he said, shaking my hand, "God bless you. I hope I have not spoken too plainly to you on points concerning your deportment. For most strangers to do so, it would be a sign of friendship. I do it because I conceive it to be my duty, as well from the friendship I entertained for you because I think you will yet turn up trump."

As you will readily fancy, this conversation has given me deep thought. I wonder shall I ever become "civilized."

Operations on the farm are now directed to preparation for the harvest. To me the approaching operations will be highly interesting and I shall gain all the information and write you a full account of same. You may call it my essay on harvesting and I will fancy myself back in school.

To-day as I was working about the yard one of the fellows who were employed near me said, "Ho, Sam, did you ever hear a remittance man's description of farming in Manitoba?"

"No," replied Sam.

"It is this: 'Tis nice upon the winter's morning to get up and look out upon the open prairie and see the little butterflys making buttah and the grawshoppahs making graws.'"

This was said so I could overhear it; it was intended I should overhear it. How ridiculous! Butterflys don't make butter, nor do grasshoppers make grass.

Your affectionate son,

REGINALD BROWN.

Rankin's Farm,

Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 27, 1—

My dear Mother:—The very life of Rankin's farm, indeed that of the country as a whole, is the harvest. The cutting of grain throughout the length and breadth of the land is now in full swing and the binders (the machine that is used to cut the grain in this country also binds it into sheaves and is called a binder), are everywhere reducing the broad fields of yellow corn into sheaves which are piled into stooks by the men who follow after, and then they are gathered

up in wagons and formed into stacks, or, in some cases as with us, are carried directly to the threshers where six or eight men "pitch" the sheaves to the "cutter," on either hand of the "feeder." The cutters have each a table before them, and as the sheaf is flung on these he cuts the twine that binds it and slides it in front of the feeder who pushes or "feeds" it into the thresher in its disintegrated form. The thresher proper is a cylinder of wood or iron, in which spikes are inserted in rows, which revolves at high speed, the spikes passing between other rows of spikes in the body of the machine. This loosens the grain and the chaff from the straw; the latter flies from the machine and the former goes through the separators and the cleaners in which the chaff and "seeds" are removed, and the clean corn pours from a spout into bags ready to receive it. All is done with amazing speed. We work hard, needless to say—and such appetites we have!

The weather these days is glorious. The air in the morning is chilly and bracing. At noon it is hot and the evenings deliciously cool, with delightful sunsets. Far over the prairies are to be seen the great fields with grain half cut, and the pillars of smoke arising from the steam threshing "out-fits". Now is tribute gathered from the soil, and the fires which gleam through the darkness of the night speak of the corn being separated from the chaff. In cutting the fields, which are mostly rectangular and often square, the binders start on the edge and wind round and round the field, and as the grain is cut and stooked, the border so treated sets off the uncut portion with effect.

The harvest is a bounteous one and the good humor has infected even the "hired men". These farmers all complain of their hard work, but nevertheless they seem to enjoy life, and I never yet met a people who were so thoroughly devoid of care or bore, at least the semblance of being so. The life, however is certainly one of hard work and I often contrast the life Rankin leads with what I pictured should be mine ere I set foot in Canada. Though

the life here is hard it commends itself to one as being infinitely preferable to that led by many of our people at home, who, with equal labor, gain their livelihood and nothing else. The farmer here owns his land—something to leave to his children. The prairies' bleakness is mitigated and even overcome by the planting of trees, while in many places where the settling of the districts has prevented the recurrence of prairie fires, nature is asserting herself and trees are springing up. The prairie is practically treeless only because the fires have gained the upper hand.

As a rule the prairie farmer tills but a portion of his land. One finds these fellows holding anywhere from one hundred to fifteen hundred acres and even more, and tilling but twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. of the same. Of course some of the untilled land is poor or worthless, but the greater portion simply lacks training and clearing. To picture this great country peopled, tilled and cultivated to its full is to view the Empire's greatest asset. Men here from Eastern Canada have told me the tale of the early settlement of Eastern Canada and hardships endured by the United Empire Loyalists and the early Scotch settlers in overcoming the wilderness in Ontario and in Eastern Canada generally, and I cannot help thinking that the task before the prairie settler is but slight in comparison with that faced by the Loyalists and the wards of Lord Selkirk.

I am now convinced that the first requisite of the successful colonist is a cheerful disposition and training to work. The nature to be content on the prairies alone amid hardship is not contained in every man, while the ability to do hard work in dreary monotonous forms is largely the product of birth, but where the two are combined, or the latter exists to a marked degree, there you have an ideal settler, a man who can, be his fortunes what they may, secure for himself an independence within a decade in this vast extent of latent corn fields.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winton, Manitoba, Oct. 23rd, 1—

My dear Mother:—Such a dreadful thing has happened! I have shot a man. The last of harvest saw a fall of snow that quickly went. There followed then a month of weather almost ideal, called in this country "Indian Summer," which bears an individuality all its own. A frosty night is followed by a day of glorious sunshine; the air has power to lend exhilaration to one's spirits, while the sky takes on its deepest blue. The leaves of the shrubs and bushes turn yellow and red and bedeck the landscape close at hand, and tinge that upon the distance. It seems as if it were a recompense for the winter close at hand.

One such day, I gained permission to go hunting prairie chickens and Rankin lent me his gun. I set out and had the best of sport and so kept on and on. The air was bracing and it seemed that I could walk forever, but all at once I noticed the sun was getting low and I set out on my return. As I was getting close to home I came upon a bluff of poplars and all at once I noticed something moving about among the trees of a projecting cluster at a distance of about a hundred yards. I stood looking at its erratic movements; it stood still and then it seemed to dart out of sight to reappear somewhere else. It was a place none of the men ever went, as it lay some distance from the house and there was nothing to attract anyone there. All this I reasoned and felt sure it must be some wild animal, so I let drive.

My shot was answered by most awful human shouts and yells, and a man sprang from out the bushes and shouted, "Don't shoot, don't shoot." As if there were any fear of my shooting again, when I knew it was a man.

I ran towards him and he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and held it to his face. When I caught him up he was swearing like a trooper. I told him I had not done it on purpose, to which he replied with a torrent of abuse. I never heard a man swear so violently—and such names he called me! He said I was a "fool, a d— fool of an Englishman, who should

never have been turned loose in a civilized country,"—and a lot more such rot. Just fancy! how these people think that this is a civilized country and in comparison with England! I told him that I had thought he was a wild beast among the bushes, and then he wished to know how I thought I could injure a wild animal with a small shotgun at about a hundred yards. This made him start off with another volley of oaths and abuse.

Of course I could not dream of continuing my engagement with a man who used such language to me, so I requested him to pay me up, which he did. It was my employer I had shot.

I left his place cursing myself for an ass to have allowed myself to be cheated out of my money by Jenkins and placed in such a position.

I came to this town, where I have since been stopping at a cheap hotel, trying to get other employment. I have not succeeded and have been advised to go to Winnipeg. I must get something soon, as my money is nearly spent.

The winter now is dreary and cold. I walk out every day for exercise but the wind is chill and the sun obscured totally or in part by leaden clouds. There is a touch of sadness throughout all nature, the snow hanging on the bushes makes them bow their heads as it were and the few remaining birds chirp in a plaintive sort of way. It all gives one the hump most dreadfully, which seems to impress my misfortunes upon me.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winton, Manitoba, Nov. 10th, 1—

My dear Mother:—I have made such a wonderful discovery, I have found a Canadian who is a gentleman. He is an engineer by profession, has been doing survey work in this neighborhood, and has been stopping at the same hotel with me for the last few days.

This evening we were both sitting with our feet on the stove when he opened the conversation by asking how long I had been in the country. It is

very strange how these Canadians can guess so much of one's antecedents.

I answered his question and we soon fell into quite an animated conversation. He told me of his experiences throughout the country and gave me much valuable information. I was delighted to meet so entertaining a companion and in my enthusiasm I said:

"But you must be an Englishman, you talk quite like a gentleman?"

"He looked at me for a moment with a sort of puzzled expression I could not quite make out and then he said, "No, I am a Canadian."

"Oh," I said, "I beg your pardon." Again he looked at me in the same puzzling way and then smiled.

As here was an educated man, brought up in the country, the idea struck me that this was a good opportunity to find out the reason why Canadians disliked Englishmen. To my question he replied:

"Canadians don't dislike Englishmen except in the localities where the remittance men concentrate, and even there only the remittance men are disliked. Why, in Eastern Canada the Englishman is very popular and an Englishman with fair address is taken up by the society folk in a manner that you people at home would never dream of doing to a Canadian unless he had the highest introductions. This trait of our people in its extremest forms we call Anglomania, and the disease is growing and, as a complication, the English accent is making its appearance."

"The English accent? I don't understand you. There is the English language and the Englishman's way of speaking it, there is the American or any other accent."

"It is the only thing to call it," he rejoined. "If you ever lived in Halifax, Ottawa, or Victoria, British Columbia, you would know what I mean. Of course the better class of Canadians don't affect it, it is limited to the socially ambitious. It is very distressing, however, though fortunately epidemic only in the three places I have mentioned and there only with a faction of the people. In Halifax the

presence of the military is the cause, in Ottawa the Governor General and his staff, and in Victoria it is just habit quite extreme enough to be styled a disease."

"This is very funny, I don't understand it quite," I was forced to remark.

"Funny? Certainly it is funny, or worse, but it is not indicative of a widespread dislike to Englishmen among Canadians. Now don't understand me to mean that I dislike the Englishman's manner of speaking. To me the Englishman's voice is very pleasant and that of the English gentlewoman, in its soft modulation, is delightful. It is the affectation of some of our own people I dislike."

"I may say," he continued, "that the greatest shock these people got was when the Prince of Wales came out here, for try as they would they could not distinguish any accent in his voice at all and consequently were much disappointed."

"Oh," I said.

My companion looked at me for a moment and then made a reassuring gesture with his hand, his peculiar smile playing over his features. "Don't be alarmed," he said, "there is absolutely no danger of an insurrection, the Canadian people as a whole are among the most loyal of British subjects, and as I have said before those of our people who are emulating the ever-memorable Jackdaw are happily few in number but their accent is the most wonderful phonation in the whole realm of acoustics.

"You should hear it before you return to England."

"I shall," I said.

"To give you a sample," he said, "I once heard a girl say she laughed and laughed and laughed and nearly split her sides laughing."

"How wonderful," I could not help exclaiming.

Here my companion retired to his room and I have been writing this letter ever since. To-morrow I leave for Winnipeg. I have not money enough left to pay my fare, so I am going to the next town where perhaps I can earn enough to carry me the rest

of the journey, if not, I shall walk. Not to be hampered with luggage I am leaving the most of my effects here.

The porter has just filled the stove full of wood for the night and I am left alone in the sitting room with its dingy pictures hung about its smoke begrimed walls, so I, too, shall say good-night.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Plummer's Hotel,

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Nov. 20th, 1—

My dear Mother:—Want of proper food, and the lack of any companion with whom I can exchange ideas, has had a most depressing effect upon my spirits and last evening when I arrived here I was particularly depressed. Every man I saw seemed to be my enemy.

Leaving the station and walking up Main street the wind was cold and raw and flakes of snow were in the air. Everybody seemed in a hurry, yet all seemed in good spirits.

As six o'clock came and the crowds of girls came out of the offices and shops, laughing and hurrying to their homes, they seemed to me to be my enemies. The boys snow-balling each other and shouting in the street seemed to aim their missiles at my sensibilities and it would have relieved me to box their ears.

All was bright and full of life,—I alone was depressed. And then I began brooding on why I was different from those I saw around me. I was educated,—they were not. They were happy,—I was not. I envied them their happiness. My education is the product of much time and money yet it is useless. It teaches me to suffer rather than to bear pain.

The jingle of the bells on a passing sleigh is gay and strong in confidence. The clammy hand of despair does not muffle the sound but I turned from the sleighs to the crowd and the shop windows.

In the stationer's window I saw Santa Claus with a tin horn in one hand and a Union Jack in the other. Both the figure and the emblem reminded me of dear old England. England and

Christmas,—the thought seemed to me a mockery—the diabolical inspiration of despair. The crowd continued to hurry past and in its mass I continued to see signs of contentment and of happiness in the faces of souls obtuse and uncultured, yet their happiness and their contentment show that they are active units in society, which I am not.

The coldness of the atmosphere fairly gripped my heart, so I sought the warmth of one of the hotels. I entered what they call out here, the "rotunda," and sat down in a seat near a coil of steam pipes. Gradually the heat penetrated my body, my muscles relaxed and a great contentment came over me. Here was warmth at least, and being warm my hunger did not press me so hard.

It was now the hour for the evening meal and I heard the word "dinner" spoken by the members of the crowd about me. One man asked another to accept his hospitality and the other refused, giving an excuse. How I wished the invitation had been given to me.

A man flopped down in the seat along side of me. His face was flushed and bore signs of too much wine.

"Fine night," he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Cold."

"Yes, very cold," I answered.

"You're an Englishman?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Thought so," said he, "a remittance man. Remittance men ain't no good for work but sometimes they make flunkies and bar-tenders, or further west they join the Mounted Police. The Mounted Police is nearly all made up of remittance men and there ain't no better force on the top of God's green earth. Say! will you have a drink?"

What effect liquor would have in my famished condition I did not know, but I said yes and went into the bar and asked for a glass of Port wine. My host called for whiskey and drank liberally. As he drank he looked at me a long time and asked, "Remittances coming regularly?"

I replied that the Governor had refused to send me any more money, to

which my new friend replied: "He does right, if you're any good you'll make your own way in this country. Been eating regular lately?"

I was first inclined to resent the question but as the fellow seemed good natured I answered that I had had nothing to eat since early morning.

"Better come and eat with me," he said.

This was evidently an invitation to dinner and I replied that I would be glad to do so. He led the way to the dining room and we sat down.

The immediate prospect of a good meal, to be eaten in comfort, caused a glow to pass through my body. As I ate my soup, the stimulation of the atmosphere outside, which had lately benumbed me, came upon me and I felt the hilarity that had lately appealed to me as almost diabolic in the throng outside.

My friend ate and talked and did each in an erratic manner. He said to me:

"You're going to try and get a job?"

I replied that I was.

"Well then," he said, "let me give you a pointer. Chuck those pants you have on" (pointing to my riding breeches) "and put on a pair of white-man's pants and your chances will be better." I told him that these were the only garments of this nature I had with me, the main part of my wardrobe being in the country. "Well," he replied, "as soon as you get the money buy a cheap pair of pants and your chances of success will be better. With those things you have on a man could spot you for a remittance man a mile off, and being a remittance man ain't the best recommendation on top of the earth for a job in which you are to make yourself useful."

As the fellow was talkative and as they say only drunken men and fools tell the truth, I thought that here was an opportunity to gain the truth. My friend was drunk, he was not a fool, so I asked him what objection people had to remittance men, that they would not employ them. He jumped in his chair and brought his fist down on the table so that the glasses rattled. His eyes shone out and he stared at me. "Why don't they give remittance men

jobs?" he repeated. "They don't give remittance men jobs because they are no d—— good. They are no good before their parents send them out to this country to get rid of them. They can't make a living in a country where they are used to the ways, and yet they expect to make things go here, where they don't know the ways,—and they don't seem to want to know the ways. If they did, you'd get rid of those pants. Why are the remittance men no good at home?—for the simple reason they ain't taught to be. From asking questions, the way I size the proposition up is that the remittance man is kept lally gagging round home, doing nothing but making himself look pretty, until he is twenty or twenty-two and then his people come down to earth and find that it is about time he was earning a dollar or two for himself, especially if he is cutting up mean. Then they pack him off to Canada to become the free and independent gentleman farmer. They tell him to be sure and be a gentleman, and he generally is, for being a gentleman is to have the ability to borrow money on your face, when you don't know how in the devil you are to pay it back, and care less. That is why I never lend money to a remittance man, for the remittance men are mostly gentlemen. No Sir," my host continued, and he got more and more excited, "I don't want any remittance men working for me. They are a class of fellows who ain't been brought up like me. They have never been turned loose and made to rustle round at sixteen years of age, and their ideas about themselves are away up in the air, while their ideas of making themselves useful—well, they ain't got any ideas on the subject at all. It ain't because they are English that they're no good, it's because of the training they get in England, or the training they don't get, take it as you like it. Look at me. I rustled around the farm back east when I was nine years old, going to school in winter, and I got all the schooling that was good for me in the winter, and I've got a store up the line with a few hundred acres of wheat land and some cattle on the plains

further west. I've earned them all and how to ask a man for the loan of a five dollar bill I don't know."

"Give me the opportunity and I will make money."

"Give you the opportunity! give you money! No, sir, the opportunity is here, right round you; but you've got to lay hold of it yourself and before you can lay hold of it you've got to see it. Therefore, young fellow, learn to size up your fellow man. Don't be ashamed that you are alive or ashamed to let the world see you are alive. And be honest, above all things be honest, no matter how hungry you get, stay straight. You can shake yourself clean of hard luck but dishonesty sticks like a mortgage on a widow's farm. It's worse than whiskey is with me—and it ain't my fault I'm drunk now. "

Soon after this we finished our dinner and my friend left and I and my thoughts were again close companions. I left the hotel and walked out into the night. The stars stood out as glittering points in inky blackness, giving promise of greater cold. But I soon

gravitated, back to this hotel and have passed the hours, far into the night, writing this letter. How I shall pass the remaining hours of the night I know not. Hunger is a great stimulus to thought and it is probably because I have been thinking of what my host of the evening said during dinner that has made them part of this letter. One thing I have decided, and that is that there is something I lack which prevents me from entering into life where force of personality is the gauge of success. Or is it something I possess in excess—self-consciousness or what?

Pardon me for detailing my troubles so strongly, but setting them on paper seems to give a vent to too much thought, the inspiration of my condition. The problem of what attributes lead to success has taken hold of my fancy which was stimulated by the ideas of my erratic friend at dinner.

Do not be distressed at my experience. I feel that I shall yet come out on top.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

(To be continued.)

HILL-MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG

BY DON MUNDAY

HUSH, baby-nestling; oh, hush to my song—
That is only a coyote ahowl on the hill—

Father will keep my wee baby from ill—
Father will not be long.

Sleep, baby-birdling, sleep, while I croon—
That is only the shout of the lone little owl
Out where the shadows shroud close like a cowl—
Father will come soon—soon.

Dream, dearie, dream, while I whisper low—
That is only a trickle of gravel aslide
Suddenly down from the coulee-side—
Not the step we're waiting so!

Rest, little one, rest; that is only a tear
From my anxious eyes on your brow let drop—
Hark! hoof-beats draw near the corral, and stop—
Rest now for father is here!

MOTOMACHI'S MEMORY

BY HILDA V. T. JONES.

The Japanese in their stoicism do not recognize tears or laughter. Among us the art of concealment is a rare one, while they are masters in it. This is touchingly illustrated in the following true incident, told by the wife of the United States Consul General at Winnipeg. During the Russo-Japanese war Dr. Jones was consul at Dalny, Manchuria, and afterwards spent some time in Japan, where Mrs. Jones was a most sympathetic observer of the people.—THE EDITOR.

MOTOMACHI has a memory. At any hour of the day people passing along the quiet highway may see a sleek white horse peacefully grazing beside the road. Every night a different hand leads him tenderly and lovingly to his comfortable stable. The tenderness and love are blended with reverence. For this horse carries within him the spirits of many beloved dead. At his own death he will become a local temple-god, and he will always be a memory as well.

When the war with Russia came, each district in Japan sent out a company of young men, completely equipped for the field. The branch of service to which they would be assigned was always specified. Motomachi's company was to join the artillery. This meant a complement of horses, and to buy these the district was crippled beyond our power to comprehend, for the people were poor. But horses were called for, and so the horses were furnished. Old Hako San, the wisest man and the most patriotic in Motomachi, incurred debt to buy a beautiful white one, because his boy, the pride of his life, was of those who were to go, and if Hako San gave, he must give the best. There were twenty boys in the company. Most of them elder sons, some of them only sons of middle-class farmers.

The farewell was made quietly, impassively, proudly. There was no weeping, no noise beyond the "banzais." And so they passed away to war.

When they had gone, the village life went on as it had always done. The mothers played their part in the passing of time, with no sign visible to the idle curious save a something in their hollow eyes that told of silent resignation.

These twenty lads were sent to Manchuria, to the siege of Port Arthur. At first, monthly letters reached home. Then the censorship grew more severe, and the letters ceased. After that came vague news of victories, but nothing definite. It was not until peace was declared that any real account of events reached the people of the country. Then came word that the troops were returning home.

Yokohama waked up to this, as if by magic. Preparations of welcome on a lavish scale were made. The city became a blaze of life and color. Banners and flags fluttered by day from triumphal arches and from every house, and lanterns shone at night.

For two weeks the trains had been greeted with tumultuous "banzais," the crowds changing as the soldiers of the various outlying places came in. Their departure had been grim and unemotional, and so their return was doubly affecting. At last news came to Motomachi that the 90th, their boys' regiment, would arrive in Yokohama from Kobe the next morning. The joy of the village knew no bounds. Each heart sang to itself as the day's tasks were hurried through. All that night the temple-gongs sounded. All night long, lights were burning within doors, where the women were preparing delicacies, and clothing, and baths, and

poems of greeting. Banners were hastily cut out and sewn together. And so the preparations went on until dawn, for no one thought of sleep.

Before Yokohama was awake Motomachi was deserted. The walk to the city and the railway station was wearisome, and very long. No definite time had been given for the arrival of the train, and so they waited. Hour after hour passed, and other trains bringing their regiments came, but not the one they had come to meet. The women began to feel the unusual strain. They sought the shade under the low eaves of the station, or the seats in the overcrowded waiting rooms. The men loitered outside, too hot, too anxious, and too tired to exchange even idle gossip.

By noon five trains of troops had come and been welcomed, and gone away. Things moved smoothly, with well-ordered rapidity. An occasional hurrah was heard as some well-known figure appeared, but it was always from some enthusiastic foreigner.

At last, about two o'clock, it was given out that the train bearing the 90th regiment was drawing in. There was a straightening out of the ranks of the Motomachi people, and a suppressed tremor of excitement ran among the women lined up behind the men. Their hopes were about to be realized, or—

The train rolled up to the station and stopped, and the 90th began to debark. The commanders, the captains, the petty officers, and then the men, passed through the gates to their individual groups of waiting neighbors, but none of the lads of Motomachi had appeared. The captain to whose command they had been given, and who had been so proud of them that day of the departure, came last, with bended head, alone. He did not know the Motomachi people, but they knew him. His face had been impressed upon their memory the day he led their boys away.

At sight of him their breathing stopped. He passed quickly and quietly through their ranks, unmindful of their questioning eyes. They watched him in awestruck silence until

he was swallowed up in the great crowd outside. Then again, with compressed lips, they turned toward the train.

From far behind, a strange young man was coming, leading unsteadily a lean white horse. No one else.

Their hearts stood still. Tired eyes closed, that they might not see what they feared would be revealed in the faces of others close by. The remembrance of Hako San's unceasing labors to pay the cost of that white horse struck them like blows upon the head. They dared not look at Hako San as he stood there beside them, waiting to greet his son.

The strange voice of the youth who lead the horse broke the silence.

"No news was bad news for you, my friends and brothers. I bring back to you the last of the brave company you sent to the front. The gods protected him in the face of the impossible. Before the Two Dragon fortress he escaped when all but he went down. In the first attempt to reach the top, the boys you sent fell, side by side. Buddha alone knows how it came that the horse was left alive."

As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the animal's shaggy mane.

A moment of silence. Then Hako San went up to the stranger, bowed respectfully, and took the strap from his hands. As he turned to them again, his face was drawn, and very old. Without a sound, he saluted the horse. Without a sound, they followed his example. Then the little band struck up a solemn anthem, and the procession started upon its journey home.

Each ached with the thought of the preparations to welcome the return of those whom now they knew would never return. The flaunting decorations in the streets hurt their eyes. The care-free voices of the foreigners mocked their ears. Deep in their hearts they buried their tormenting sorrow. Stoicism was their comfort, their relief, their sanctuary.

With bowed head but firm step, Hako San led the white horse, that was thenceforth to be the reminder of their grief, the memory of their losses.



Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, is to perform this service, assisted by Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, who will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "Pierre of the Plains" by Edgar Selwyn.—THE EDITOR.

BY CHANCE, because the cards willed it so, Pierre returned to the plains the night that Val Galbraith got into the trouble that endangered his life.

How Pierre, imp of mischief, discovered the state of affairs is a mystery, for he was not present at the murder. Yet in this knowledge lay Pierre's opportunity to accomplish a life-long purpose; the purpose of winning the friendship and trust of Val and his sister Jen.

Val was not a worthless fellow, only young and reckless. During a night of carousal at Moose Horn, an Indian, who had been drinking, offered to buy Val's sister, Jen, for his squaw. In another moment the Indian lay dead, and Val was fleeing for his life.

When Pierre appeared at the Galbraith's roadhouse several hours later, Val had already retired to his room. Pierre hastily forced his plan of escape upon old Peter Galbraith to whom Val had confessed nothing. Pierre told him that the inspector at Moose Horn had already given the order for Val's arrest and that Sergeant Redding was

well on his way with it to Fort Desire. Val's only chance of escape lay in mounting horse at once, getting a fresh relay at Martins', where Pierre had made arrangements for him, and speeding toward the Montana border, forty miles away.

Val was difficult to persuade, for he did not trust Pierre's promise as to the relay. Yet at last, he could not resist his father's pleading to seize the possible opportunity of escape, and he left without even a farewell to Jen, lest she should suspect his guilt.

In his zeal for Val's safety, Pierre has imperiled his own, for Jap Durkin, a Government guide, has seen Pierre enter the Galbraith's roadhouse and waited until he thinks Pierre is alone. He has sworn to kill him because Pierre rescued from his evil intent a beautiful half-breed girl.

Jap closes the door softly behind him. "Where is Barbette, now?" he asks, in an even tone.

Pierre turns at the words and gazes into the barrels of the revolver Jap has treacherously drawn.

"I have taken her back to her

people," answers Pierre coolly, rolling a cigarette. "By this time she has told her father that your wife is still alive. You will never get Barbette now."

Jap aims the pistol. Pierre is unarmed.

At that moment Jen, who has been preparing coffee and bacon for Pierre, enters. "Here, you stop that, Jap Durkin," she cries, authoritatively. "You might break something valuable. Last year, somebody shot a beautiful vase dad brought from Winnipeg."

At the sudden interruption Jap Durkin turns his head, and in a flash Pierre flings himself upon him, twisting the pistol from his hand. "It wasn't on the cards for you to get away with that play," he cries, mockingly.

Pierre empties the revolver of cartridges and hands it back to Jap. Jap receives it insolently. "Got me that time," he says, suavely, as he leaves the house.

Jen turns aside Pierre's thanks with a laugh and an indifferent toss of her golden head, she disapproves of his gambling and shiftless ways.

At this moment they hear the gallop of a horse. The rider dismounts hastily, the door is flung open, and Sergeant Tom Redding stands in the doorway. He is covered with dust, his face is grey with it, and he has the grim composure of a man who has been many days in the saddle.

Pierre, with a casual nod of greeting to Tom, seats himself on the deal counter, which gives the dignity of a store as well as hotel to the roadhouse, and begins to consult his cards to assure himself that Val Galbraith is making good his escape, the while singing softly.

Frequently Pierre casts shrewd glances at Jen and the Sergeant, who draw very close together, exchanging commonplaces with tender intonations. Evidently Tom Redding does not know whose name is on the message he carries. If only Jen could attract the Sergeant for a few hours, Val would be safe.

Jen insists upon preparing fresh coffee for the Sergeant, and when she returns from the kitchen Tom makes her sit down at the table and eat with

him. As she has brought but one cup, he appropriates to his own use a cup from the table where old Peter has been sitting.

Pierre laughs softly to himself as he watches Tom fill the cup and begin to drink. The problem of retaining Tom overnight is solving itself, for the cup he used contained the remains of the laudanum that old Peter had been applying to an aching tooth.

The Sergeant, exhausted by three days in the saddle, immediately responds to the drug. While his eyes grow heavy, his tongue grows light and he tells Jen what he has intended to keep to himself:

"I didn't mean to say anything to-night, but there's something in your eyes now that makes me bold. You must see that I love you, Jen. I'll take good care of you, dear girl, if you'll take me."

There is not a trace of hesitation or coquetry in Jen's affirmative. Although she is more courted than any other girl on the plains, no one has ever usurped the young Sergeant's place in her heart.

Tom feels his head becoming heavier and heavier. He realizes that he should exert himself to leave; he must deliver the message to the post before twelve o'clock that night or suffer disgrace.

He rises and attempts to draw on his coat, but the full effects of the drug are upon him. Before the frightened eyes of Jen, he falls on the sofa in a stupor.

Peter orders Jen off to her bed. He and Pierre retire soon after, well satisfied with the accident that advanced their purpose.

Jen has gone to her room but not to sleep. When she hears the last footsteps of Pierre and her father on the loft above her room, she hastily returns to Tom. Once more she tries to wake him, whispering that he must do his duty, that the message must be delivered. Then with a quick resolution springing from the love acknowledged such a short time before, she snatches up his Stetson, slips on his coat, softly opens the outer door, and is gone into the night.

* * * * *



EDGAR SELWYN, THE AUTHOR OF "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS" AND CREATOR
OF THE TITLE ROLL

The pale chill light of the autumn morning has settled on the plains. All is quiet in Peter Galbraith's roadhouse. Peter has passed the night in uneasy dreams. Pierre, who requires excitement for happiness, has slept as peacefully as a child.

When Peter finds the Sergeant in as heavy a stupor as the previous evening, he is terrified. Whether Val is safely away or not, the Sergeant must be awakened at once.

Pierre holds the Sergeant upright with one hand, while with the other he cuffs him heartily. Tom stiffens abruptly and sits upright without Pierre's assistance. At first he is dazed. Gradually he remembers the events of the previous night. Then, from a flood of recollections the thought stands out distinctly that he did not go to the fort.

He leaps to his feet, seizes his coat and feels in his pocket for the message. He glances fiercely at the two men and at Jen who appears from her room. Someone among them has filched the paper.

"Who is the thief?" he demands, angrily.

There is a silence. Then Jen answers gently, with her sweet face raised to his. "I am, Tom. I carried the message to the post last night."

Tom gazes at her in wonder; Pierre in swift admiration; old Peter in horror.

Peter finds his voice first. "Do you know what you've done?" he advances toward her menacingly. His sole concern is for the boy in danger. Until this moment he has not realized how much he loves his son. "I will tell you——"

Pierre catches his arm roughly. The physical hindrance seems to hold back the old man's torrent of words.

In the short silence which follows, they hear the approaching gallop of many horses. The riders halt outside. The door is thrown open briskly and several Mounted Police enter. In their midst is Val, his hands bound behind his back.

"The cards were against us, mon ami," mutters Pierre, his arm on Peter's shoulder becoming very gentle.

For one terrible moment Jen faces Val. The Indian killed at Moose Horn. . . . Val's strange departure the previous evening. . . . the concern of her father and Pierre that the murderer's name should not reach the Post. Now the relation of these facts overwhelms her. She has betrayed her brother. "Val," she moans, and flings herself on his breast.

Val appears nonchalant. His boyish pride will not allow him to reveal concern for his fate or regret for his deed. He hurries through the necessary farewells to his father and Jen.

"Pierre," he says, looking at him with trusting eyes for the first time in his life. "The horse was there as you promised."

Then he signifies that he is ready to go.

Pierre and Jen are left alone.

"You tried to help him, Pierre," she says. "Ah, you are not the devil you try to appear. But I—what have I done?"

He tries to soothe her. "The right or wrong of a thing is nothing. It is what we *feel*. That was a grand ride you made last night—and all for a man." His dark face glows. He speaks rapidly. "Tell me, would you make another such ride for your brother? I am going to the fort to-night. He may need a friend in the darkness. Someone must attend to the horses; someone must take him the word. They would let you see him for you are his sister."

"But I must tell father."

"You do not trust Pierre," wistfully. "You did not tell your father when you went last night."

She considers the situation swiftly. The events of the last few hours have reversed her ideas of Pierre's untrustworthiness. "I will go with you."

"At sunset I shall be waiting for you on the Rise."

She nods.

"Until sunset, then—Pierre goes to prepare the way. They will cry and tear their hair, these lawmakers, but we will take him from them. Au revoir, ma chérie—au revoir!"

* * * * *

The third act reveals a wooded

eminence on the edge of the plains within a mile or so of the Montana border. In a hollow shelter, protected by shrubs and trees, Pierre and Jen have built a fire while they rest for a few minutes before making the long return over the forty miles of lone trail between them and the Galbraith's roadhouse.

Val has just left them to make the final spurt over the border alone. In Val's rescue, coolly accomplished by Jen and Pierre, Pierre has assaulted a guard. Jap Durkin is guiding the pursuing Mounted Police, and in spite of Pierre's efforts to cover his trail, the Mounted Police are close behind. They must push forward as soon as Jen is rested.

With the new interest resulting from her trust in him, Jen asks him of himself. He tells her of his Indian mother and the white father.

"It was when my mother told me of my father that the evil came into my heart, and when the cards began to run my way I went to look for him—but I was too late. Then I studied hard to grow wise and try many things. But always I hear the song of the plains which draws me back again. Here I am nothing to them, only Pierre the gambler—the half-breed! They will have me bad whether I will or no. So I say 'to hell with them all!' Pierrewill live his life in his own way."

"We were cruel," breathes Jen. "But it taught you much."

"It taught me only to hate. There are but two things in the world, *ma chérie*. Love and hate. And wrongs do not make a man love."

"That is not true," protests Jen in soft passion. "You have shown me that your heart is big."

"It *is* true, but one may be stronger than the other, for they are kin. I know that because one day I came to a place where is a little girl, and all the hate went out from me for when I saw her it seemed as if *Le Bon Dieu* Himself had come into my soul. The sun was shining and I knew it was for her. What matter if they despised me or that she hated me? Pierre loved. They could not take that away."

"And you have never told that little

girl that you love her? Ah, you should tell her, Pierre, she would understand."

"Would you understand?" In the heat of emotion, both have risen. Then he catches her fiercely in his arms.

For the moment his passion sweeps away the thought of her lover. Then she pushes him away with all the energy of her young strength. She is about to speak when he hushes her abruptly.

They have delayed too long. The Mounted Police are on them.

Pierre draws his revolver. At least he will part with their lives dearly. Jen clutches his arm. If Pierre shoots, Tom, who is leading the Police, will be the first to fall.

Jen points to the crevice. The Mounted Police have not yet caught sight of them. "You must hide in there. I shall say that you have gone on. Tom is in command and he will believe me."

As Pierre hesitates, she pleads softly, "Ah, Pierre, I've trusted you. Won't you trust me?"

Half-ruefully, he allows her to take away his pistol. "But I did not know that I could trust so much."

He crawls into the crevice just as the Mounted Police, guided by Jap Durkin, rush down the path.

Jen tells Tom indifferently that Pierre has gone on ahead. She is very tired. She begs Tom to take her home.

He insists upon remaining until his men have searched thoroughly for Pierre.

When they approach the crevice, Jen says casually: "He is not in there, Tom. Come, I'm tired. Take me home."

"The men must search in order to be sure."

Jap Durkin presses forward that he may be the first to enter. Jen bars the entrance, as if just awaking to an interest in the situation. "But, Tom," eagerly, "you don't doubt my word? I have said that he is not there."

Then, as Tom holds his ground, she says passionately to him: "If you won't believe my word, Tom, it is all over between us. Do you understand? I shall never speak to you again."

He looks into her determined face a moment, then turning to his men, orders them to retreat.

Tom's superior officer appears unexpectedly. Jap Durkin accuses Tom of slighting his duty because he is "sweet" on the girl.

The captain orders the crevice searched. Jap attempts to enter. Tom brushes him aside with the warning that this is his particular duty.

As Tom passes Jen, she whispers hurriedly, "Tom, they mustn't catch Pierre, do you hear? I alone am to blame for Val's escape. Let me take the consequences."

The little group of Mounted Police wait in tense suspense. The white light from the moon now high in the sky, shines on the rigid face of the girl.

Tom returns. He salutes his superior. "He is not there, sir."

When all have gone and the hollow is deserted, Pierre crawls from his hiding place. "Ah," he whispers, in admiration tinged with awe, "that was a grand thing he did for her."

Pierre seats himself on a log near the fire. Shall he join Val over the border line, a mile away or shall he risk everything in returning to the girl? He gazes dreamily into the fire and draws the ever-faithful deck of cards from his pocket for advice.

As he deals the cards, a shaggy head appears through an opening in the shrubs on the bluff above and watches him stealthily.

Suddenly the Indian in Pierre feels the intent gaze. Craftily he flattens himself against the wall of tangled vines, creeps along it until he thinks himself out of range, and then leaps swiftly into the open and faces his antagonist.

The same instant that he recognizes Durkin, Jap gets him in range and fires.

Pierre drops in a limp heap.

Jap watches for him to move ever so slightly. As Pierre remains without an apparent sign of life, Jap descends the path. He stirs Pierre contemptuously with his foot.

This temporary relaxation is exactly what the crafty Pierre with his Indian tricks has encouraged. He leaps to his feet. Jap, taken by surprise, has no opportunity to use his pistol. Pierre, of slight physique, is nimble, and his

quicker intelligence counteracts the advantage of Jap's more powerful form. With accord they draw their knives. The bitter hate which has been gathering in their hearts for many years at last finds unrestrained outlet.

Suddenly, Pierre forces Jap up the rugged incline. Jap, stupid with heat and rage, does not penetrate his purpose. Pierre abruptly looses his hold and with a supreme effort drives his knife up to the hilt into Jap's body.

With an ugly, sickening gasp, Jap falls backward down the incline. The rough stones and the terrible descent complete the work of Pierre's knife.

In the warmth of victory, Pierre's first thought is of the girl. He has conquered his enemy; the cards willed it so. Now he will return to Jen.

* * * * *

The curtain of the fourth act rises upon the comfortable sanctuary of Father Coraine. It is here that Jen has insisted upon waiting for news of Pierre. The only information Tom has brought her is that the Mounted Police have found Jap's dead body and have spent the night in a futile search for Pierre. Jen is tortured by the thought that she has taken away his weapon and left him unarmed to resist his pursuers.

Jen and the good Father are sitting before the fireplace awaiting a refreshing cup of tea when the door swings open and shut again. Against it weakly leans Pierre, his hair ragged, his face seamed with dirt, and his left arm wounded. He speaks in the natural tone that an expected guest might use at a tea party.

"Father, I have come to you for sanctuary. Once you promised that when my heart was heavy I might be welcomed here."

What course can the good father choose? As in many a similar instance the loving, brooding sympathy of the priest controls him rather than the grim adherence to justice that a citizen should practice.

"Enter, my son."

"I had worked all night and could not shake off the Police. When the dawn came they were quite close. It was hard work without a horse but the



ELSA FERGUSON, WHO APPEARS AS "JEN", THE HEROINE OF
"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

cards were with me. Then I remembered your words and came."

But Pierre is not allowed to be secure long. Even before he finishes speaking an imperative rap is heard on the outer door. "Tom," cries Jen in apprehension as the Sergeant's stalwart form fills the doorway.

Last night, for love of Jen, the Sergeant allowed Pierre to escape. For the first time in fifteen years of service, he deliberately betrayed his duty. Now he has tracked Pierre fairly and he can recompense his conscience by arresting Pierre on the spot.

And Pierre would go with him. What matter! It is on the cards.

Jen steps between them. "Listen to me, Tom," she pleads. She tells him that he owes his own life to Pierre. Tom was the first Police to descend the path to the hollow the previous night, and he would have been the first to fall under Pierre's shot. "You must give him *his* chance for life, now, Tom," she concludes.

The Sergeant considers. It is physical and mental agony for him to break discipline. Then a great light illumines the situation in his mind. He has solved his problem.

"He may go, Jen. But I can remain no longer in the service. I shall give up my command to-day. And then we'll start out into the great world together, you and I."

The little group is silent. All three are receptive enough to comprehend what the sacrifice of his work means to a man as vigorous and ambitious as Tom. And in that clear instant Pierre realizes the depth of the sacrificing love which binds Jen and the Sergeant together. He has lost.

Tom extends his hand to Jen. "Come."

Jen hesitates. "Let me say farewell to Pierre alone."

When the priest and Tom have withdrawn, she urged Pierre to meet Val over the border line, for Val is his friend. "Fate will be kind to you. You deserve so much of life."

Pierre shrugs his shoulders.

"Life is only a little thing, *ma cherie*. A little joy, a little pain—that is all. To-day the sunshine and to-morrow nothing. For me it is all in the past. The future means little.

"Once, long, ago, there was a boy and girl and I said I would make the boy for my friend and the girl to love me, but I was a fool. Love is not a thing on earth to be given at one's will. We can give our life but we cannot give our love. The boy I have made my friend—but you——"

"I trust you."

"I am sure. But in every man's life there comes a time when he meets the two trails, one is for good and the other is for bad, though he may not know that, but whichever trail he takes he must go on to the end for there is no turning back, and your trail is not mine, *ma cherie*.

"But I have learned that the world is not all bad. There are many things beside love and hate, and always I shall remember the boy who is my friend and the little girl who trusted me."

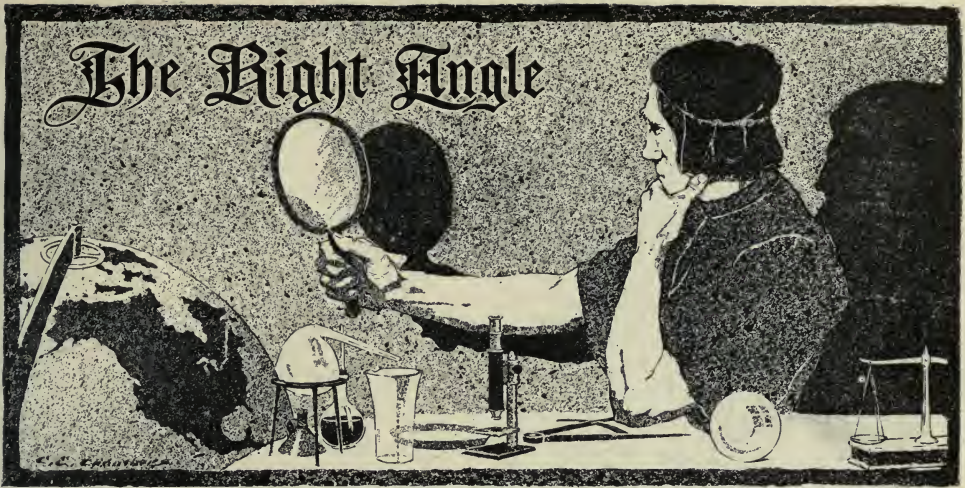
She lingers a moment in the doorway. "You have time to reach the border, if you start now, for Tom and I will ride to the fort *very slowly*."

She is gone.

Over the border is safety and a friend; here there is nothing for Pierre; even Tom's protection will expire in a few hours. "Shall I go?" he asks himself, whimsically.

Then, as always, the true gambler's instinct prompts him.

He draws the pack of cards from his pocket.



DR. JOHNSTON'S REMARKABLE CAREER

REV. WILLIAM JOHNSTON, of the Presbyterian Church at Rounthwaite, Manitoba, whose earnest letter on Mr. Hough's book, "The Sowing," appears in this number, is peculiarly qualified to speak on that subject. For three years he was concerned in the active work of the London City Mission, laboring among the densest slums of the capitol of the Empire. He knows the East End of London as a man knows his home or his office. Then for three years he did similar work in Glasgow and Greenock. He talks of the conditions of the very poor as one who knows, from intimate personal knowledge and experience.

Mr. Johnston comes from a race of soldiers. He has a brother an officer in the Household Cavalry, while another is a distinguished African explorer. He has himself spent the best years of his life in the army, as volunteer chaplain and doctor, for he is a qualified medical man as well as minister. He was the warm personal friend of Gordon, the soldier-Christian hero of Khartoum, and was with the relief expedition that was frustrated of its object by the treachery of the Mahdi's adherents within the gates of the besieged city. When the revolution broke out in Hayti, Mr. Johnston was stationed in Jamaica and was requested by the British Government to go to the neighboring island to

secure from the revolutionists humane treatment for British subjects. When the Spanish general was shot down in the attack on Port au Prince, it was Mr. Johnston who led the charge of the Spanish troops that attacked the revolutionist stronghold, the capture of which marked the collapse of the insurrection. He was at the attack, too, on Dargai Heights in India. Piper Cockburn, whose pipes continued to skirl the "Cock of the North," when he was shot through both legs and was unable to climb the rocky fastness with his brother Highlanders, was a member of Mr. Johnston's flock, both in India and in Inverness.

Mr. Johnston has been several times wounded in action. A bayonet wound in the chest compels him to live in the dry, healthful air of Manitoba. His hardships in the field and his unremitting devotion to his work have undermined his health, and now preclude his accepting, as he did after his retirement from the army, any important city charge.

Mr. Johnston's prominence is not confined either to the church or the army. He was honored by the personal friendship of Carlyle, Tennyson, Gladstone, Drummond, and many other distinguished men. In a quiet country parish duties, or while driving over the prairies to minister to the spiritual needs of sturdy, self-reliant and prosperous Manitoba farmers, he can not only recall scenes that stir the



SAINT NIHAL SINGH

blood and memories of cruelty and of heroism, but also of such intellectual fellowships and communions as are the privilege of but very few.

"REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

DO the reading people of England know Canada best in official and authentic aspects, or by the books of Jack London? Which is best known there; Mr. Bruce Walker's interesting and intensely human true story in his report to the Department of the Interior, or Rudyard Kipling's "My Lady of the Snows"?

Here is the sin and the sore. The writers are wilfully blind to Canada, east and west and south. They "see things" in a part of the far north. The great big Canada that counts might as well not exist at all, for all they seem to know of it. It has romance and interest, of course, but not of their rough kind. So from out a dreary northland limbo they drag appalling facts and fancies that intertwist and whirl through their pages until they cannot be distinguished one from the other; and in this dance of the north, having "Canada" for its theatre, peaceful, comfortable, prosperous Canada stands forth to all the peoples of the earth as a desolation that either

howls or is frozen dumb, as best may suit the particular romance of the moment.

The reform of the Canada romancist will not be complete when he merely corrects his looseness of detail. He must define himself and his knowledge in exact terms, and then if he wants to write about Canada let him write of the Canada that exists.

"THE HINDU IN CANADA"

"NATIONHOOD for India" is the somewhat difficult proposition Mr. Saint Nihal Singh is promoting at large. "An equal chance for the Hindu in the Empire" is a sub-phase to which he devotes attention here in Canada. Mr. Singh's article in this number of CANADA-WEST postulates an equality for Hindus with Germans and Scandinavians, and his argument is ingenuous at least—and earnest.

Mr. Singh is an unusual personality. He comes of a good family in Raval Pindi, the largest cantonment in India, and a town of considerable population. At the age of seventeen he found the metier of his life, and left home to advance the interests of his people in the world abroad. Since that time he has travelled almost incessantly, writing, speaking, everywhere proclaiming the awakening of India, and doing his best to advance what he believes to be its newer rights and ultimate destiny. His itinerary has taken him through Japan and China, across Europe and into Canada and the United States. For the last few years he has given most of his time to the Canadian field, and here he has been widely heard and read.

His first contact with those Canadian conditions that touched upon his purposes and the future of the Hindu people here was in Vancouver. After familiarizing himself with those conditions by investigation among the Hindu, Japanese and Chinese immigrants, he addressed himself to the public, commanding instant attention. Thence he came east, and found large audiences wherever he stopped. He soon came into request as a contributor on Indian subjects to many of the leading periodicals published in Canada,

England and the United States. Through these media, as well as through his appearances as a lecturer, Mr. Singh has become a recognized authority on this particular topic, and finds himself busy with voice and pen, in a large and important way, all the time.

Mr. Singh has won success in a somewhat recondite field, at an early stage in his life. He is only some thirty years of age.

"A REAL NOISE"

OSBORNE SCOTT, of the Canadian Northern Railway, says: "CANADA-WEST is a real magazine and makes a noise like one." Here is a beautiful blending of obvious fact and compliment with a split-end. But it is handsomely intended, and accepted in the spirit of the intent.

In that same spirit let it be said that Mr. Scott makes a noise like the Giant's Causeway. He is a real railway man, a real judge of magazines, and the noise he makes is true, no matter what it is "like".

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE

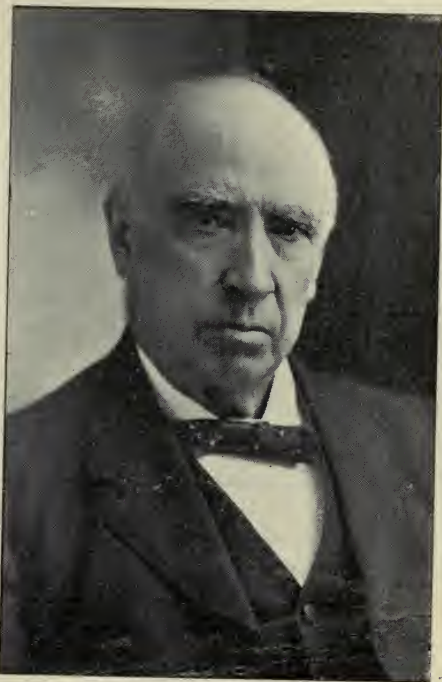
SIXTY-ONE years at the head of a concern founded by himself is the record of one business man out of thousands. John McClary, President of the McClary Manufacturing Company, born January 2, 1829, created in his youth the great house that bears his name, and has built it up from small beginnings until its branches cover the whole Dominion, from the Maritime Provinces to the farthest West.

The home establishment of the McClary Manufacturing Company, and its central plant, are in London, Ontario. Its operations are broad and colossal now, but the hand that gave their first impulsion is still upon the lever. There are men in the works who were there sixty years ago, and records of forty and twenty years are many.

It is the hope of everyone that this fine, vigorous man of eighty, whose birthday is January 2nd, may live to reach par at least.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

IN a Tercentenary editorial in the *Toronto World*, the following paragraph appeared:



JOHN MCCLARY

"The only Canadian work which has philosophical dignity in dealing with native history is a series of volumes, entitled 'The Makers of Canada,' the aim of which is to trace the evolution of the Canadian people, or, as we shall now say, the Canadian nation, still in the making, through the lives and personal efforts of the men who gave it being."

It is now five years since the first volume, "The Life of Lord Elgin," of this justly celebrated series appeared. The eighteenth volume, "The Life of Sir James Douglas," is now before us, and in material form, in editorship, in historical fulness and character delineation it ranks high in a series that marks an epoch in the study of Canadian history and in Canadian book-making.

The volume can scarcely be called a Life of Douglas. It is more than that. It is a complete history of the Pacific Coast, and an account of British Columbia from the earliest days to the settlement of the Alaskan Boundary Question. Through it all, however, save in the two opening chapters, Douglas serves as the centre about which the historical events cluster.

His stern, upright character dominated men and affairs until he retired to private life immediately before Confederation.

The authors of this book are R. H. Coats, of Ottawa, and R. E. Gosnell, of British Columbia. It was a happy inspiration on the part of the editors to assign this work to these two men. Mr. Coats is a writer of experience. In Ottawa, with the Parliamentary Library and the Archives at hand, he has had opportunities of studying the great national and international questions dealt with in the volume in a way he could not have done had he been living in British Columbia; and he has made excellent use of his opportunities. Mr. Gosnell, on the other hand, is a resident of British Columbia, and was able to collect material on the scene of Douglas' labors and to give local color of a valuable kind to the volume.

In a brief note such as this, it is impossible to do adequate justice to this interesting Life. One quotation will serve to show something of its power. John McLoughlin and James Douglas were the two dominating men on the Pacific Coast, and the following contrast of their characters gives a fair idea of the forceful manner in which the entire book is written:

"But from the list of all that generation" (the early directors of the Hudson's Bay Company), "two names stand out pre-eminently in the history of the up-building of the Pacific Slope—McLoughlin and Douglas. Occasion more than once will be offered in the following pages to note the striking personality of the former of these great men. He was the founder and the patriarch—the first great leader of the company in Oregon. He made the career of Douglas, who was his friend and follower, possible. The superior of his disciple in all that touched the human and the lovable; magnetic, impulsive, eager; Napoleonic in the swiftness of his judgments and of his movements to execute them; resolute, brave and chivalrous, McLoughlin was swept from his feet in the end by a movement that struck at his emotions and his sense of right—the right of the mass as opposed to that of individual

interests. . . . Douglas, his successor, less keen and restless; of an order of genius that had less perhaps of fire and humanity but more of purpose and obedience; studious, orderly, tactful and resourceful; commanding a rigid respect and admiration, if not love; one at all times master of himself and his surroundings, was undoubtedly the greater officer if not the greater man."

The two opening chapters contain a full account of the coastwise and overland exploration of the Pacific Slope. The body of the book is taken up with the career of Douglas. There is a powerful study of the Alaskan Boundary Question, a careful presentation of the events leading up to Confederation and the entrance of British Columbia into the Federal Union, and a closing chapter in which the main points of interest in the recent history of British Columbia are touched upon.

It is not too high praise to say that this "Life of Douglas" is the most important book yet produced dealing with the history of the westernmost Province of the great Dominion.

PETER McARTHUR'S SONG

DO YOU know that swinging song of Canada, "My Home"? Peter McArthur wrote it, and it is published by Whaley, Royce & Co., of Winnipeg and Toronto. Try it and you will agree it is good. The melody, scored for voice and piano, is by Miss M. F. E. Frerishs. The title page is illustrated with a strong and spirited drawing by C. W. Jefferys. In the flood of inane verse that pours across the music-counters, Mr. McArthur's well-conceived, well-rhymed and patriotic poem comes with something of a distinct relief.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Sowing Seeds in Danny." By Nellie L. McClung. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Sir James Douglas." By R. H. Coats and R. E. Gosnell. Morang & Co.

"The Cradle of New France." By Dr. A. G. Doughty, C. M. G. Montreal: The Cambridge Corp.

"The Old Loyalist." By A. R. Davis. Toronto: William Briggs.

CONVOCATION OF ALBERTA UNIVERSITY

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

THE Province of Alberta, with the formal opening of its new University at Strathcona, has taken another decided step forward in its ambitious race with the older provinces of Canada.

Just how marked a step this is in the educational history of Edmonton itself is apparent from the remarks of Henry Fraser, an old-timer of the district. Convocation Day's array of men and women in university gowns, assembled in a hall decorated with several hundred electric lights, was a long way, he said, from Edmonton's first school opened scarcely fifty years ago by Father Lacombe and taught by an ecclesiastical student of the Oblate Order, named Scollen.

This school room was in one of the log houses built inside the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, which was then surrounded by a high stockade with a gallery for the sentinels and fortified bastions at each corner. Some of the pupils wore leggings of skin. They were mostly sons of the employees of the Company who had married native women. They had no desks, few books and quill pens. Ranged on the long benches they studied, recited and played tricks on their neighbors or teacher, for study had little charm for them except as another form of play.

And when school was out, Mr. Fraser recalls, these first school-children of Edmonton playing about within the stockade, would sometimes stop abruptly in their play, sniff the air and set off in wild glee toward the chimney from which an odor of baked flour was coming. Scones or biscuits were being baked on the coals of the broad hearth in that house, they knew, and as a great favor the mistress of it might give a small biscuit or even a half one to each boy. Salt to the desert people or tobacco to the Elizabethan English

could not have been a greater treat. Now, in less than fifty years University classes look out of their windows across the river to the site of the first school which was built within a stockaded, fortified trading-post.

The new University of Alberta has opened at Strathcona most auspiciously, with an income of \$24,000 provided by the Provincial Government—with an exceedingly capable teaching staff and with thirty-seven bright pupils, of whom one is the premier's son, withdrawn from an eastern college. By this the premier, Hon. Dr. Rutherford, has shown his sturdy faith in an institution for which he has worked so devotedly that he may practically be called the Father of the University. It was he who introduced the University Act in 1906, and he is contributing a library of Canadian books worth \$5,000. A site of over two hundred acres of land, beautifully situated on the south bank of the Saskatchewan, was secured last year for the University.

Three hundred and sixty-four graduates of British and Canadian universities resident in Alberta constitute the members of the Convocation. The Senate or governing body is made up of fifteen men, ten of whom are appointed by the government and five are elected by the members of Convocation. The Chancellor is likewise elected.

The president of the University, Dr. Tory, is a native of Nova Scotia—the nursery of college presidents—and has been for some years a highly esteemed member of McGill faculty. Associated with him in the difficult task of forming the actual University are Professor L. H. Alexander, Prof. W. Muir Edwards and Prof. W. H. Alexander—three Canadians, together with Prof. Edmund K. Broadus, an American graduate of Harvard.

According to an old symbolism the new university's colors have been well chosen—there's green for hope, for optimism, and gold for the shining light of knowledge; or with a newer and more local interpretation—there's green for the wide prairies, the poplar bluffs and spruce forests of the West—and gold for its ripened grain. This last idea was brought out effectively on Convocation Day in the decorations of the hall. Fine yellow sheafs of grain lined the front of the stage where the dignitaries of the day sat, while sturdy young spruce trees overlaid with autumn-yellowed branches of the aspen bordered the stage.

As a foil to the woodland setting and to the very youthful students in their very new gowns there were the men on the platform—the members of the Senate, and a few others.

Presiding was the Chancellor, Mr. Justice Stuart of Calgary, a twentieth century man of the law with an unusual dark face like those which look out of Velasquez's paintings. Beside him sat the Lieutenant-Governor, an "old-timer" who has won merited distinction in the West, making a steady advance without any lime-light brilliance through the long years of depression before the prairie provinces came to be on every body's lips.

At the Chancellor's right, resplendent in a scarlet Doctor's gown, was the premier, Hon. Dr. Rutherford, bluff, earnest and most kindly, a politician of whom supporters and opponents speak with affectionate regard; a lawyer who used to advise his clients to settle out of court and avoid the law; a big-hearted boyish man with a weakness for old friends and old pipes and long pleasant chats, from which a disgruntled elector returns home more in love with his leader than ever—that is the type of Alberta's premier.

Beside him sat Chief Justice Sifton, one of the most remarkable legal minds the West has yet produced. On the bench he has the faculty of cleaving through technicalities, which visibly bore him, to the spirit of the law and the essential things. Languidly graceful and amiable in moments of relaxa-

tion his wit is rapierlike and would be stinging if it were not that it is so frequently impersonal.

Dr. Tory, the President, is a man of unbounded vitality and energy, an organizer par excellence and an optimist. Mr. Justice Beck, who is Vice-Chancellor of the University, is a fine-looking man of English type—although Mr. Justice Beck is a native of Canada. To such a man the lure of the West must primarily be only the opportunity of fortune-building that will enable him to retire at some later day to cultured and comfortable circles in Eastern Canada or England. But such a degree of culture and comfort has grown up in the West that it trapped the "alien spirit" and held him here.

One figure on the platform to which the whole audience warmed—for all the world loves a humorist—was P. J. Nolan, K.C., of Calgary. That is his name in cold print. It is strangely unfamiliar though, for it was as Paddy Nolan that this young Irish lawyer, built on "massive Corinthian lines" as he describes himself, first won the heart of the West—and still holds it. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and unedited would have adorned the sparkling pages of *Lever*.

Still another member of the Senate present that day was John A. McDougall, one of the millionaires of the west, who came in by a Red River cart a quarter of a century ago with his capital lying in a brave heart and unerring business judgment. Now in his days of golden leisure, indulging his taste for travel and the possession of objects of the fine arts that are the flowering of civilization; unassuming, reticent but exceedingly energetic, he is a striking type of a man who has "made good" in the west. Others of the appointed members of the Senate are Rev. Dr. Riddell, a live educationist and principal of Alberta College; R. J. Hutchings, of Calgary, a wealthy manufacturer, another of the men who have "made good"; J. J. Gaetz, a member of a pioneer family that has done much for one section of Alberta; E. K. Strathy, a prominent banker and member of a well-known Canadian



SENATE OF ALBERTA UNIVERSITY

Front row (left to right): J. H. Riddell, D.D.; Hon. A. C. Rutherford, LL.D., Premier of Alberta; H. M. Tory, LL.D., President of the University of Alberta; Hon. Mr. Justice Stuart; Hon. Mr. Justice Beck; John A. McDougall.

Back row (left to right) O. Boyd, M.D.; Harold W. Riley; W. S. Galbraith, M.D.; W. D. Ferris, M.D.; R. J. Hutchings; G. A. Kennedy, M.D.; George Harcourt, B.S.A.; J. J. Gaetz; Jas. McCaig, M.A.; P. J. Nolan, M.A., K.C.

(Copies of this portrait (enlarged to 18x12) taken at 11 a.m. on Convocation Day were on the streets for sale at 2 p.m. on the same day—all the work being done by the local photographer of the young town, Strathcona.)

family, and three physicians, public-spirited men who have interested themselves in the upbuilding of the province—Dr. Brett, of Banff, Dr. Boyd and Dr. Galbraith.

Of the elected members—G. A. Kennedy, M.D.; W. D. Ferris, M.D.; R. S. Jenkins, M.A.; George Harcourt, B.S.A., and J. McCaig, M.A.—the last is a Superintendent of Schools, who is quietly at work in Edmonton building up a superb city school system. George Harcourt is the Prof. Robertson of Western Canada, a man who as an administrative head of Alberta's Department of Agriculture, is carrying on a campaign for good farming and intelligent farmers such as few lands have ever witnessed. Harold Riley, the debonnaire secretary of the governing board, is a type of the western gentleman of which the West is proud.

Although so young an institution

this University of Alberta asserted its constitutional powers by conferring several degrees. Lieut.-Governor Bul-yea and Hon. Dr. Rutherford each received the degree of LL.D., while on Chief Justice Sifton was bestowed the degree of D.C.L. The members of Convocation—including thirty-two women and three hundred and thirty-two men, with a variety of degrees representing practically every degree conferred by universities—received "ad eundem gradum" degrees admitting them on their previous rank to the new institution.

From the school-room in the stockaded fort under the benevolent shadow of the "Big Company" to the foundation of a new University is a long way in achievement, but only half a century in time. What the University of Alberta will be in fifty years is a subject to pique the imagination!



90-HORSE

REDD—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind.

Greene—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop.

"I see that Doughby has endowed a hospital!"

"He must be going to purchase an auto!"

Knicker—Jones is wrapped up in his auto.

Bocker—When did the accident occur?

Employer—Have you any qualifications which make you think you will succeed as a chauffeur?

Applicant—Yes; I can see a policeman ten blocks away.

Redd—What kind of a machine have you got now?

Greene—A runabout. It will run about a block and then stop.

PRACTICAL PRAYER

A LITTLE girl's bad brother set a trap to catch birds. She knew it was wrong, cruel, against the laws of kindness, altogether inexcusable from her point of view.

She wept at first; then her mother later noticed that she had become cheerful once more.

"What did you do?" asked the mother.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better boy."

"What else?"

"I prayed that he would not catch any little birds."

"What else?"

"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces."

PESSIMISM

KNICKER—Man is born to trouble.

Bocker—Yes, if you try to picnic it rains, and if you eat indoors the cook leaves.

THE FUMES MUST BETRAY IT

LITTLE Robert returned from Sunday School weary and disgusted. His mother inquired:

"Didn't you have a nice Sunday School lesson, dear? Tell mother about what you learned."

Robert heaved a deep sigh, then vouchsafed:

"Oh, he just talked a lot about heaven and hell—and mother, do you believe there is a hell? I don't; 'cause if there was you could smell it."

CONCHOLOGICAL

"STILL trying to muster up courage to propose to the girl, are you, Algy? Don't be a clam."

"Deah boy, I cawn't be a clam, don't you know. She says I'm a lobstah."

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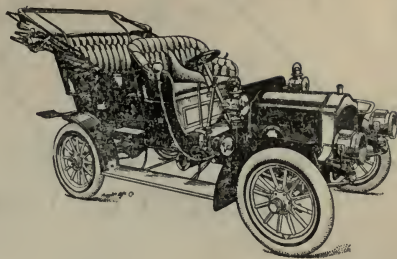
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No. 4

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A VALENTINE

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair.
The Boy did not his Mother spare.
Beauty's but an offensive dart;
It is no armour for the heart.

Sir George Etherege.



Drawn by F. De Forrest Schook

The Girl and the Boss—see page 241

CARMODY TALKED OF THE 'BIG BRIDGE AND OF THE SATISFACTION IT GAVE HIM TO THINK
THAT EVERY BOLT AND NUT AND RIVET HAD BEEN PUT IN PLACE TO STAY'

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V.

FEBRUARY

NUMBER 4

THAT TARIFF WALL

BY SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE magnificent strides of all Eastern Canada; the growth of the cities on the Great Lakes and on the St. Lawrence, the multiplication of manufactories, and the spread of wealth and prosperity, are due beyond any question to the opening up of that vast empire west of Lake Superior which has brought so much new trade, and which has given so much additional occupation to the people of the East. Think of what its cities are sending to that country—groceries, provisions, implements, bicycles, machinery, stoves, pianos, books and merchandise of every possible description—from its stores, factories and laboratories. It is by these means that Ontario's wealth and population were built up. It is true that the opening up of the West caused something of an emigration from Ontario to the West and a temporary falling off in the value of farm lands, but any loss suffered in that was a mere bagatelle compared with the enormous advantages gained from the other causes.

It is not necessary to refer here to what has taken place in the territory west of Lake Superior during the last

few years; the growth of population and extent of lands which have been brought under cultivation in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. That is an open book which has been read by every Canadian. I do not propose to resort to anything in the nature of a statistical forecast, but it is a well-known fact that this year's crop in those Provinces amounts to much more than a hundred million bushels of wheat alone. This, with the proceeds of their coarse grains, cattle, dairy industry and other produce, gives some idea of the enormous purchasing power west of Lake Superior. The people of Ontario and all Eastern Canada will profit by every additional dollar of purchasing power the West possesses, provided that we Canadians are true to ourselves and realize that we must do whatever is in our power to strengthen the ties between that country and Eastern Canada so as to make the Canadian West an essential portion of the Dominion.

We are all too apt to think only of the prairie country in connection with agriculture, but in British Columbia the fruit industry means a great deal for Canada. This year alone no less than



FRENCH RIVER

In shortening the distance between Georgian Bay and the seaboard this mighty river will be a large factor

17,000 acres of orchards have become productive, and this new yield will bring a return of no less than \$5,000,000. This will mean a gain, an important addition to the purchasing powers of the farmers of the prairie country, while the mines and lumber industry will be given increased activity, and will come to the East for their supplies; so that from every side the cities of the St. Lawrence Valley receive advantage from the growth of that western territory.

With the good harvest of this year we are sure to forget the recent financial stringency, but I earnestly trust that while we forget these disagreeable days and the trials that everybody connected with financial affairs was put to, we shall not forget the lesson of that period—we shall not forget that a boom, if it be an ephemeral boom, must have serious results.

I have referred to the certain results of this year's operations in the Northwest. We know that next year, with similar conditions, we shall have still greater improvement. But is there

anyone with the requisite temerity to make a forecast as to the conditions ten years hence? Can anyone place a limit upon the possibilities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia—not within the next quarter of a century—that is too long—but within the next ten years? I think I know the western country as well as most people. I have watched it as carefully as any, and I would hesitate very much indeed to prophesy upon its future possibilities.

But while we are giving attention to our agricultural interests and encouraging development of our farms and our fruit lands and our mining and lumbering operations, we have other things to do in Canada which we must carry out if we are properly to fulfil our destiny.

We have our internal waterways. We must endeavor to shorten the distance between the Georgian Bay and the seaboard, and improve the routes so as to make traffic cheaper. We must amplify and improve our ocean ports so as to give cheaper handling of traffic there. We must see that our St.



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY



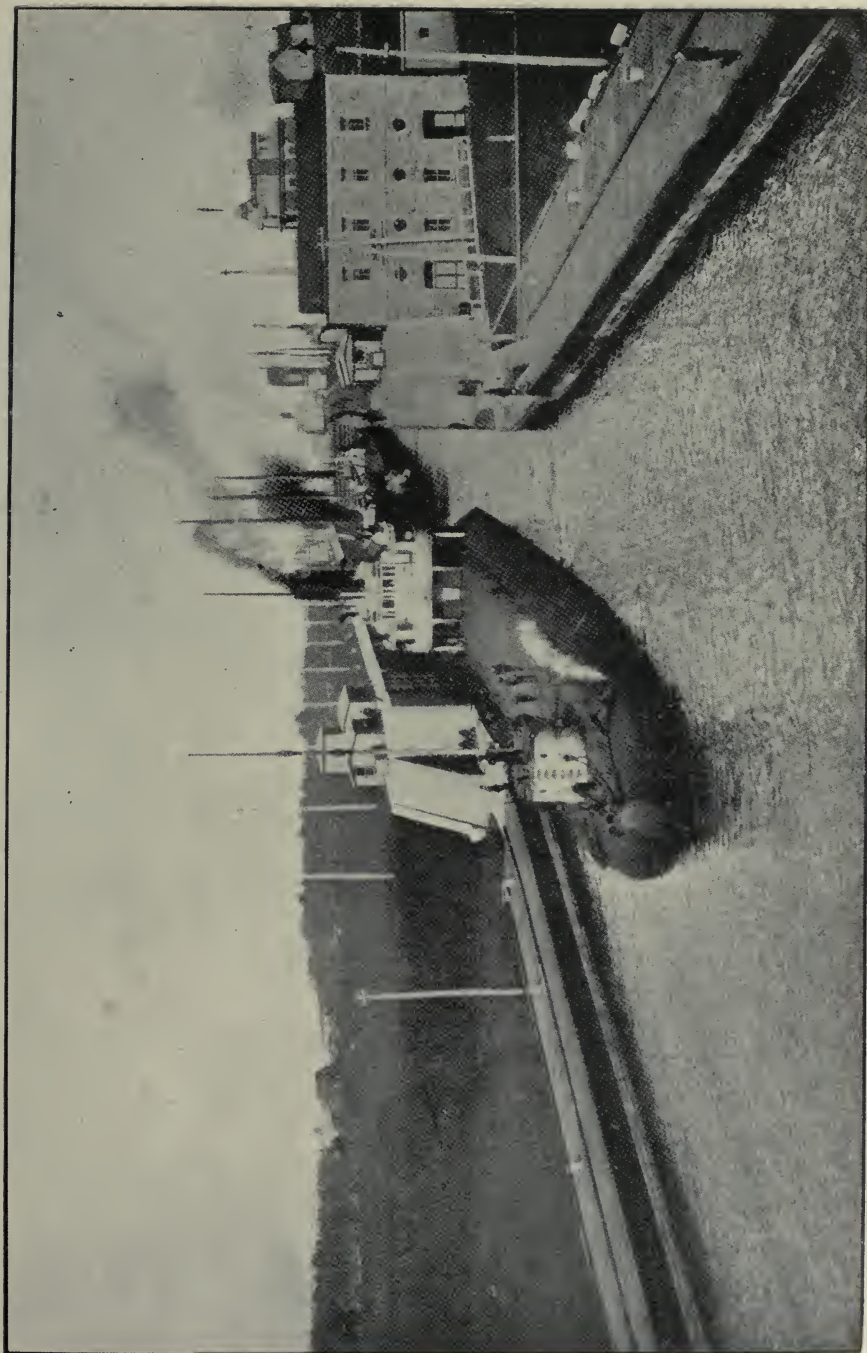
GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR AT MONTREAL

hawrence navigation and the approaches to our Atlantic seaboard are made as reliable and safe as modern methods can make them. By doing this we shall be encouraging shipping to our ports, and by bringing additional ships we shall be bringing what we want most—people from the various countries of Europe to occupy our vacant lands. Year by year the requisite work should be done without an attempt at unwise economy, but efficiently and intelligently, so that we may bring to our own country and commercial centres all the business of the West that belongs to us, and send back our merchandise over the same routes, and handle through our own national termini all the imports and exports of this country. We should adopt every improvement and not hesitate in any expenditure necessary for the safeguarding of Canadian traffic that may be undertaken by the Government for the protection or improvement of our waterways.

The question of the All-Red Route will be solved in the future. When the

matter has been thoroughly threshed out by those who have been discussing the subject, some plan will be reached for an improved service, which will not only bring additional immigrants and tourists to Canada, but will make the Dominion a still more popular route on the highway around the world.

There is one other subject to which reference must be made. Our population is continuously being increased by immigration from Europe and the United States. These settlers coming here have naturally not the same national sentiments as we have, but we want their co-operation and countenance in carrying out the great works before us for the still greater advancement of our country. The question is how to secure that co-operation. If after he has been here a little while the settler from the United States finds that he can buy his agricultural implements and other supplies to as good advantage there as in Canada, he will naturally do so, and the trend of trade and all social intercourse will thus become northward and southward. In



THE CANADIAN LOCK, SAULT STE. MARIE
One of the most important links in the chain of inland waterways

the same way, foreigners from Europe will follow the example of their neighbors, and it is easily seen what the result of such a condition of affairs would be in the course of a few years—a West bound to the United States by the strong tie of commercial intercourse.

This is something which we must try earnestly to avoid. We must establish such relations between the merchants and manufacturers of the East and the merchants and consumers of Western Canada, as will make the trend of traffic and of social intercourse in Canada east and west. If we succeed in doing that we shall not only make these strangers, these colonists who have come here to build up homes for themselves and their families, good Canadian citizens, but shall be able to make them strong advocates of every policy calculated to advance the material interests of the country and bring the various Provinces into closer connection, and thus more firmly establish the original idea and intention of confederation.

How are we going to do this? Without talking as an expert, we must rely upon two things; first, a strong and well thought out transportation policy. By that I do not mean that we should deny people the right to build railways north and south. That would create dissatisfaction, and we do not want that. Let who will build railways from the international boundary northward into the Western Provinces, or west-

ward through them if they wish them. But let the men in charge of the transportation interests of Canada devote themselves to such an improvement of their properties as will enable them to carry traffic more cheaply, if possible, than it can be carried in any other country. But besides this transportation policy, we should have a wise, prudent and statesmanlike tariff policy; not with a view to enriching the manufacturer or making goods more expensive to the consumer. That, I think, can be regulated. I do not see any reason why there should not be a trade commission as well as a railway commission. But the work should be done so as to definitely, and beyond any question, fix the channels of Canadian trade eastward and westward.

There is a tradition, an unwritten law, that a man in my position should not talk politics. I have great respect for traditions and would not wish to be misunderstood or construed as saying anything of a political character. To my mind, neither the transportation policy nor the trade policy of this country involves one single element of partisanship. On the contrary, every loyal citizen of Canada, from New Brunswick to the Pacific, every British subject who wishes to see this country occupy the place she should in this fabric of empire, approximating the position of Great Britain herself, must agree with me that these subjects cannot receive too serious and impartial consideration.



THE CONFLUENCE OF THE MATTAWA AND OTTAWA RIVERS

If Canadian commerce is kept in Canadian channels the future will see a tremendous tonnage passing this now quiet spot

THE HONOUR OF A SQUAW MAN

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

Author of "The Jumping Frenchman," Etc.,

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED WOODS

THE Factor, Duncan Cameron, had made up his mind, and, this done, he acted upon it at once.

His decision had been reached by the deliberate, sure methods, begotten of his ancestry and of his training of thirty years with "The Company," to wit, The Honourable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay.

It was settled therefore, that on the morrow he would leave for headquarters at Winnipeg, and later for his native county of Caithness, which is Scotland to many men everywhere.

His wife, Janet he called her, Flower in The Snow in her own tribe, knew his decision, in part. He had told her simply that the Chief Factor wanted him in Winnipeg. How much more she surmised it would be hard to guess even.

She had known, by her woman's intuition, that for months past there was something on his mind, but it was not meet for a good squaw to ask silly questions. She observed him wistfully, and anticipated his wishes with even more than her wonted solicitude, in silence. She felt in a vague sort of way that he appreciated her service, though he gave no sign. In her heart, Flower in The Snow was sad when she heard the news, but to all seeming placidly cheerful as usual, as she packed his bag, and did the thousand and one things she considered it proper a squaw should do for her husband, even were he not, as Cameron was, a chief of the Company. These two had lived long in The North where the virtue of silence is understood.

Though Cameron had made up his mind, he, for the first time in his career,

found it was still disquieted. He could not dismiss the matter from his mind as a thing decided, done. The complacency of Flower in The Snow was not the comfort it had been in past years, somehow, and was vaguely, but unjustly he knew, a cause of complaint.

Cameron, a man in his prime, though past fifty years, was breaking with the established order of a regular life, a thing men do not do easily after thirty, and the more so when the life has been one of work, of interest and of attainment. He was quitting the service, which was much, and more, he was quitting a relationship of twenty years, a relationship the most intimate and sacred that can exist between human beings. He had long been a ruler of himself, and of others. When he said "Go," men went to the rim of the world if necessary. When he gave a decision, he forgot the matter, but his servants did not forget his commands. He found it unaccountably strange, this unrest, this questioning of himself that he could not banish, and after he had given his decision and issued his orders, too.

Cameron was not yet twenty years old, when, on The Company's ship, bound for "The Bay," Hudson, to wit, he saw Dannett Head sink below the horizon. The deep emotions that stirred the lad's soul at that moment had been jealously guarded in his innermost being. But, through all the busy years since then, he had cherished the resolve, then made, to return to his native land with means to resume the rank of his birthright. Yet the life down on the Bay, and in the Company's vast empire beyond, grew upon him year by year and became a part of his

being. It was a good life and a good service, and securely, step by step, he rose in it.

The Chief, now of Glencoe, trusted Cameron, and found much and hard work for him to do. And thus it was, that years later, when, with other dreaming adventurers, the Chief undertook to push a railway over the barren rocks of the old trail, through an empty plain and seas of mountains to the Pacific Ocean, Cameron and others like him embarked their all in the wild venture. The stock had grown, as such stock will, and was now paying dividends. He had been moved to the front on the Saskatchewan river, which in the Indian tongue means swiftly flowing waters. and here he had stood by his post, while the young Nation that had taken over the Kingdom of the Plains from The Company crushed out a rebellion of Indians and half Breeds, led by a Seer of Visions. Then had come the railway to the outpost of civilization, and a young city had grown up on his land.

The world had been good to Cameron. As he phrased it to himself, he could now return to Scotland, as he had dreamed in such a far off year that was but as yesterday, and enjoy otium cum dignitate.

The classic phrase arose naturally in his mind, for his education had implanted a love of the classics which flourished in the wilderness. Like many of his fellow servants of the Company, Cameron was a man well read in literature, preceding the nineteenth century. Solid books are treasured in the forts on The Bay, and the Times, a year old, is read daily, passing

in turn from the Factor down to the clerks.

As a youth, Cameron's fastidious nature had found "the custom of the country" repugnant to him. This was the Law of Marriage, unwritten but binding, as is every tradition of The Company, by virtue of which a servant of The Company might take unto himself to wife a daughter of the tribes. She was maintained as such so long as he remained in the country, but when he departed he provided for the maintenance of wife and offspring, who had no further claim upon him. This was the law, upheld by authority, and approved by the Indians.

Cameron remained long single. But at a camp on the Albany river he met Flower in The Snow, and they loved and mated as youths in all ages and tribes will. In the years that had intervened they had enjoyed such happiness as is given to mortals. They had six children, sturdy, and wise in the wisdom of the Northland, versed in woodcraft and tradition, and, what pleased Cameron most, eager also to learn the wisdom

of the printed pages he prized so highly. In the new city there were schools which they found good.

Flower in The Snow, long separated from her tribe, and loyal to every wish of her husband, was friendly to the white ways. With a man such as Cameron, honorable and cultured, she took on naturally some of his refinement. She spoke English, and delighted in hearing read the romances of her lord's land.

On the Bay she had been treated by all with the consideration demanded by



HE SAW DANNETT HEAD SINK BELOW THE HORIZON



"FATHER, DEAR," ASKED LITTLE CHRISTIE, "WHAT WILL YOU BRING MAMMA FOR A PRESENT"?

her rank, and shown her by Cameron without constraint. In the young city she first encountered the strength of race prejudice, and withdrew into her home.

At the hotel one day, Cameron overheard an individual of loud dress and assertive mien speak of another as "A Squaw Man." He resented the contempt in the tone of the speaker, whose whole personality revolted him. He had never heard the term before.

"Who is that person?" he enquired of Johnson, his real estate agent.

"That," replied Johnson, "a tin horn sport, name Brophy for present uses. Claims to be a miner from the Black Hills. Major Walsh knows his sort, all right, and has Parker keeping an eye on him. Tell you what it is, Cameron, our Mounted Police know how to pare the claws of that kind of bird of prey."

Johnson was not usually so loquacious, but he saw that Cameron was hurt and angry. Cameron had felt that people from the East and South did not approve of miscognate marriages, but all his associates were gentlemen who concealed rather than obtruded their views. This occurrence took place the day he had announced his departure at home.

That last night at home was an ordeal for Cameron. The children had an avid curiosity regarding the wonders of the, to them, great city to which he was going, and he had to promise them many strange presents. Little Christie, she of the fair hair and blue eyes of his own land, pattered in her bare feet down the stairs, and standing by his chair in her night robes, her serious eyes intent upon his face asked:

"Father, dear, what will you bring mamma for a present?"

Cameron, with his strong face work-

ing strangely, seized her to his breast, and covered her face with kisses.

"Well, dearest," he asked at length, "what will I bring as a present for mamma?"

"I want her to have a nice silk gown just like Mrs. Walsh up at the Fort has."

Flower in The Snow laughed at the child's fancy, but it was agreed that the silk gown should be purchased for mamma.

When at last they had all gone, Flower in The Snow, with tiny Peter asleep on her breast, stroked his straight, dark hair and berry brown face.

"How long will you be away, Duncan?" she asked, gazing the while at the sleeping child.

"Two moons," he replied.

"It is long," she said, relapsing into her native tongue. "We have not been parted before since Andrew was born. I shall count every sun till you come back to us, my Sun in the Sky."

Then she went away with the child, while Cameron sat long brooding.

She was up at dawn to set meat before him, and waited upon him quietly, little being said. At the last, she surprised him by throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him, murmuring endearing words in her soft native speech.

* * * *

Cameron was very busy for days in Winnipeg. There was much business with the Chief Factor. There were also settlements to be effected through his lawyers. The senior partner, an old friend, attended to Cameron's business himself.

"All perfectly proper and legal," he said coldly when Cameron explained what he wanted done. Cameron felt chilled by the business-like attitude and tone of his friend in which there was no trace of their old friendly relation.

He was tired, when he got back to the hotel, and threw himself into a chair in the rotunda. He took out his steamer ticket, and looked at it long. It was for a steamship sailing from Montreal in four days time. He saw the old home overlooking Serabster

Roads, and wondered idly how time had dealt with it. His mind wandered over the thirty years of his service with The Company, dwelling most fondly on the days of his clerkship at Fort Moody with Allan MacNaughton as his friend. The happy, hard years of useful service passed in review, the dangers, the difficulties, the triumphs, and the fulfillment of his dream. In softer mood he lived over his meeting with Flower in The Snow, and the years since. She had been faithful and kind, but he had made generous settlements. It was all fair and according to the code.

The Company's code had been honest dealing. Cameron was a just man, and he felt pride in the remembrance that his duty to the Company had never demanded aught but fairness. The Company never forgot a threat or promise to an Indian. Throughout its more than three centuries it had dealt honestly with them, and he felt a thrill of joy in the knowledge that the Indian trusted the Company, and its servants. The Indian was eternally a savage and a child, and had to be treated as such. Even an implied promise to these children must be kept sacredly.

Here there crept in a disturbing thought of his promise to Flower in The Snow to return in two moons, and had he not told Christie he would "bring" that silk dress to her mamma?

Cameron found himself wishing he had told Janet frankly what he proposed to do. She would have been sorry, but she knew the conditions of their marriage, and could not have objected.

"Hello, Cameron, How are you, B'y?"

The words boomed through the great rotunda from the mighty voice of a bearded giant in homespuns, standing before Cameron with outstretched hands.

A joyful light sprang into Cameron's abstracted eyes as he jumped up to seize the proffered hands, saying simply:

"I'm well, MacNaughton, and it's right glad I am to see you this day. Man, I was thinking of you but just now. I believed you were away up on

the Mackenzie river. Well, well! And you're looking fine, Alan."

With many exclamations of surprise and joy at the meeting, the two friends moved as if by common consent to a quiet room off the bar where "a wee drap," in the shape of a bottle of Scotch and a syphon was set before them.

"B'y," said MacNaughton, beaming on his friend over a glass in which bubbles rose, "I have not clapped eyes on you for sixteen years, not since you came to me at Fort Smith up on Great Slave lake. And Flower in The Snow, how is she? And the sturdy lad Andrew? A man by now, no doubt? Is he in the service?"

"No," Cameron replied, "The lad is studying at St. Johns to join Parson Roberts in preaching to the Indians."

"Man, you surprise me," said MacNaughton, once more filling his glass. "He was aye a pet of the Parson's. Good man, too! Always wondered what he saw in the savages to spend his life for them. Beggar has a conscience! Can't help it, I suspect. A good man, he is, though. Can handle a canoe like a breed, and fight, too." Thus MacNaughton babbled on, so full of his own joy at the reunion that he failed, strangely enough, to detect the trouble in his friend's face.

"Do you mind, now," he asked, "how ill the little lad was when you reached Fort Smith? Poor Flower in The Snow was heart broken. She thought I was indeed a wonderful Medicine Man when the little man was lucky enough to survive my doctoring."

MacNaughton's laugh rang out in the

room, while Cameron winced at the recollection of this time of trouble, when they feared for the life of their first born male child.

They talked of other matters, for a time, and recalled the days of their fellow clerkship at Fort Moody.

They laughed over escapades shared in common, and MacNaughton recalled the lecture MacAllister had read Cameron when he had allowed Thunder Cloud to believe that he had been promised a gun for some slight service. Cameron had intended no such promise,

but MacAllister had adjudged the gun to the brave.

"And he charged it up to you," shouted MacNaughton.

"Remember lad," he said, imitating their old chief, "The Company always keeps its promises, and so must its servants. On another occasion you will be more expleecit."

MacNaughton roared with laughter till the windows rattled, while Cameron sat with drawn face.

"My God, MacNaughton, B'y, I can't do it!" he burst out at length.

MacNaughton sat up straight,

with sober face, but Cameron silenced him with a look and a gesture.

"I'm all right, Alan, old friend," he said quietly. "Bear with me for a moment. You have just shown me light. I was about to do what no gentleman can do. That is all. I was about to act like a cad."

He took a drink, and went on, after a long pause, "You, Alan, and you only, know that at Fort Moody, and ever since, it has been my ambition to return with means to Scotland to resume my rank as a Scotch gentleman.



"THE COMPANY ALWAYS KEEPS ITS PROMISES,
AND SO MUST ITS SERVANTS!"

I have completed all arrangements to go back—to Scotland.” He lingered lovingly over the word.

“I married Flower in The Snow according to the Custom of the Country. I have made liberal settlements on her and the children. Here is my ticket for the Parisian, which sails in four days.”

He looked up into MacNaughton’s honest eyes, and went on, “You, my friend, have brought back the past to me. That was a time of trial for us at Fort Smith, for both of us, for the boy’s mother as well as his father, and you, Alan, do not deny it, saved his life.”

MacNaughton tush tushed, but Cameron went on in a level voice, sustained by his strong will only, “I cannot go, MacNaughton. I give up my dream. The code would justify me, I do not blame others who have acted on it,

but I cannot justify myself. I had almost forgotten good old McAllister’s words, ‘The Company always keeps its promises, and so must its servants’.”

Despite the iron will, and the hatred of a strong man to display emotion, Cameron’s voice broke, and he finished almost in sobs. “She, my Flower in The Snow, is only an Indian, I know, but, before God, MacNaughton, she is my wife, and the children, the children are my children.”

MacNaughton arose, and in silence grasped the hand of his friend, and then walked away.

Just two minutes later Cameron walked up to the office counter, and said briskly. “Give me my bill at once. I want to catch the Pacific Express west. Boy, get my grips from 28. Porter, call a cab. Just got ten minutes to make it. Good Bye.”

AMANTES, AMENTES

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

MY Love she is more beautiful
Than scent of rose or myrrh,
And I—I lie awake by night,
For thinking much on her.

My Love she has the dear, dear voice,
As soft as mourning birds;
But I have lost my peace of heart
For her caressing words.

My Love she has the white, white hands,
As cool and sweet as wine;
But I have counted all the stars
Since that they touched with mine.

My Love, my Love, and not my Love,
If such mad things might be
I would I had forgotten you
Or you remembered me.

—Wander Songs.



LADY McMILLAN



MRS. WILLIAM WHYTE



MRS. HOWELL

THE WOMEN OF WINNIPEG

BY A WINNIPEG WOMAN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

SOME months ago Cy Warman wrote a poem about the women of Winnipeg. He said many nice things about them, but it was faint praise after all. I don't believe there is a city of the whole world that can show a more wholesome society, nor one that more strongly commands the admiration of all who visit it.

This is all the more remarkable when one considers that only a very few years ago Winnipeg was a straggling frontier village. How the scene has changed!

To-day one sees in the drawing rooms of the fashionable set the latest creations of Paris, of London and New York. Winnipeg can hold her own with any of the other large and well

known centres of fashionable, philanthropic and sporting life.

And the women look so young! You ask me why? It's the air. Good pure air, cold enough to make you walk fast, stimulating enough to make you feel as Billy Baxter says, "Just like touching the high places." This with wholesome living and not too long hours makes for long life and youthfulness in Winnipeg.

I knew you would notice the familiarity of the people. There is ample reason for it. A few years ago, as I have said, Winnipeg was a village. The woman pioneers, and they were a brave lot, met conditions with smiles where grumblings and frowns were to be expected. They joined with each other to make the best of everything,



MRS. E. L. DREWRY



MRS. T. A. ANDERSON.



MRS. W. F. ALLOWAY

and evolved a society which in the early days was like a family gathering. This is the spirit which has been handed down, and it is this more than any other characteristic that has made society in Winnipeg different in that it is genuine.

There are many links in the chain of life here: the true Winnipeg set, the charitable set, the American set, the musical set; but each link is within the next link, and all combine with equal strength to make the chain. Winnipeg society is purely local. Other cities are at too great a distance to affect the ideas or the interests here. Winnipeg does as it chooses, and does it well.

The social season, beginning in October, and lasting until the heat of June, drives the campers to the lakes or the travelers to London, is long and strenuous. Balls, receptions, teas, dinners, bridges, and luncheons keep things moving. Naturally the affairs at Government House are the all important ones. The genial Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Daniel McMillan, and Lady McMillan, are ideal host and hostess. Lady McMillan seems never tired, never worried, never impatient. Her greetings are always cordial. There are large dinners given each week throughout the season. An official stag dinner inaugurating the New Year, is followed by a reception to the wives and daughters of the officials. There are always one or two balls during the



MRS. D. C. CAMERON

winter. Every visitor of note is a reason for redoubling the many calls upon the time of this ever popular couple.

Fortunate indeed is Lady McMillan in having the assistance of a charming and interesting daughter to lessen the burden of such extensive entertainment. Mrs. Evans is always at hand. She is a typical product of the Great Northwest; tall, slender and stately, she impresses one at first sight. She is a most charming woman. Both mother and daughter are interested in almost every charity of the city. They not only contribute most generously to the different associations, but Mrs. Evans is an active worker as well. Their busy lives run on day by day doing good, spreading cheer and happiness and extending welcome to the travel-worn and the homesick.

Mrs. Robert Rogers is perhaps the busiest woman in Winnipeg. As wife of the Minister of Public Works her duties are manifold, but they become pleasures when performed for her husband's advancement. A good woman, you know, is at the back of every successful man.



MRS. D. M. WALKER

The season opened last year with a ball given by Mr. Justice and Mrs. Phippen, for the debut of their daughter, Edna. Immediately sixteen other girls declared their desire to be introduced at the same time. Mrs. Phippen was not to be flustered at this demand, however—far from it. "The more the merrier" was her actual



MRS. WILLIAM HESPELER

remark. It is characteristic of the woman—lavish hospitality, a riot of pleasure, and smiles for every one. Mrs. Phippen and her sister, Mrs. O. H. Clark, are both ardent motorists and keen golfers. Both preside over attractive homes.

Mrs. Howell, the wife of the Chief Justice of Manitoba, lives in a large inviting home not far from Mrs. Phippen's. Surrounding this house are several acres of beautiful lawn, the largest gardens of any home in the city proper. Last year a wedding celebration converted these gardens into a veritable fairy bower. There are still two clever and attractive daughters of the house, so we may all hope for additional excuses to be a part of the delightful hospitality of this most charming of hostesses.

With one of the most magnificent residences of Winnipeg, Mrs. William Whyte has an asset much in her favor, but this asset is not essential to the

popularity of the owner, by any means. Where graciousness and high idealism are combined with naturalness one does not need much else to win friends. Mrs. Whyte has a married son, three married daughters and another daughter of eighteen. Her electric runabout is familiar to all Winnipeg.

Among the Winnipeg women you think of first is Mrs. W. F. Alloway. It is worth while, if only once in a life time, to meet such as she, if only to improve one's impressions of the world generally. Mrs. Alloway is from the province of Quebec, but her married life has been spent in all parts of the globe, and every journey taken is recalled now by the many tokens that fill the large rooms of her house. Mrs. Alloway is a rare entertainer, a clever narrator, and an elocutionist of ability.

In common with many of the notable women here Mrs. Alloway's life is not confined to the purely social. Her philanthropic work is very extensive and her generosity an example to the whole world.

Mrs. C. V. Alloway is in many respects different from her sister-in-law. To take upon active young shoulders the burdens of a sister's duties on a daily journal is not an easy task at best. To accomplish such a task in the face of endless personal social duties, a rare popularity, and important home ties, and not to have these suffer in the

MRS. W. SANFORD EVANS
Wife of the Mayor of Winnipeg



MME. DUBUC

Wife of the Chief Justice of the Dominion

least, is what Mrs. C. V. Alloway proved last season could be done.

Not many years ago Mrs. D. C. Cameron came from Kenora to make Winnipeg her home. Now should she leave, there would be a void impossible to be filled. The Cameron home is ideal in every particular, adding to its loftiness, spaciousness and dignity a semblance of refined age. The Cameron stables are likewise renowned. Their beautiful horses and equipages are the admiration of all. Mrs. Cameron's daughter has done much to advertise Winnipeg—other things not considered—for no finer whip can be found in these parts.

To Mrs. A. D. McRae belongs a half share in the sporting as well as the social prominence of Winnipeg. Her horses and her horsemanship is equally splendid with Miss Cameron's. When these two women drove together at the Annual Horse Show last year, the cheering was equally divided on every point.

To have a family of girls, all keen horsewomen and attractive, is rather unusual. Yet such is true of Mrs. C. C. Chipman. Her beautiful horses and carriages were among the successful

competitors in last year's show. The Chipman home, the old Hudson Bay House, is a most attractive one. Mrs. Chipman is an ideal type of woman, tall, very slender, dark and most graceful.

Along the same line—that of sporting life in Winnipeg—I must mention Mrs. Hugh Sutherland. Her stable is filled with splendid horses and carriages and not a few of the red and blue ribbons found their salvation there. Mrs. Sutherland is from Baltimore. Her home is a veritable jewel box.

As the old saying goes, one thought naturally suggests another. Speaking of Mrs. A. D. McRae reminds one of the large and interesting American colony within the heart of this Canadian metropolis; an American colony that with one or two exceptions represents the great Northwest of the United States. Some of the most magnificent homes of the city are owned by Americans. In the Wellington Crescent, two of the most imposing residences are presided over by attractive matrons, Mrs. Bettingen, and Mrs. Leistikow. An attractive bungalow is the property of Mrs. H. J. Guthrie. Another is presided over by Mrs. E. A. Gibson. A colonial home of beautiful proportions is an inviting retreat to the friends of Mrs. E. H. Heath.



MRS. W. T. KIRBY



MRS. C. V. ALLOWAY



MRS. COLIN H. CAMPBELL
Wife of Attorney General of Manitoba



MRS. JOHN EDWARD JONES

Many of the largest motors belong to Americans. An electric coupe is handled most skillfully by its owner, Mrs. A. R. Davidson. The finest collection of diamonds in the city is the property of an American, Mrs. Darling, one of the most expensively and best dressed women of the city.

Mrs. Dutton, with her snow white hair and charmingly young face, is a well known figure to all Winnipeg. Her teams and carriages are among the smartest here, and her ball of last year was one of the events of the season.

Mrs. John Edward Jones and Mrs. Elisha Lee represent the south in Winnipeg. Mrs. Jones is the wife of the American Consul-General. Largely through her social tact and charm the United States Consulate once more holds the position and influence it had in the days of Consul Taylor. Mrs. Lee, a native of Kentucky, not only contributes the southern charm but a cosmopolitan one as well, for her home has been in many countries and her travels have taken her into many more.

The Americans are all friendly. Very nearly all are very rich. Consequently their independence forms a gulf—not impassable, but a gulf nevertheless—between the Winnipeggers and themselves. On one side, money cannot buy friendship; on the other, friendship isn't a necessity. There are instances where this barrier falls, and one or two cases where it never

existed; but these exceptions are rare. At all large affairs the two sets meet in apparent harmony, but the smaller

affairs—always the most attractive ones—are strictly Canadian or American. The fault lies on both parties, but not equally.

To be very active socially and yet the ever watchful mother as well, is a difficult problem, but there are many women who have solved it. Mrs. Nanton, the mother of two girls and three boys, carries these combined duties so lightly that she and her charming step-daughter are constantly taken for sisters. To appreciate what this means you must know that only last year Miss Nanton made her debut to the world of Winnipeg. Mrs. Nanton's home is one of the show places of the city.

Mrs. Morton Morse is another woman who combines her duties in a most wonderful fashion. Her face as young as a girl's, despite her hair slightly streaked with grey, and her figure as pretty and rounded. To see her with her four boys—the eldest a college student—gives one a charming surprise. A visit to her elegant home is as restful as it is delightful. For she is an ideal hostess, thoughtful and gracious.

A familiar sight on Sundays throughout the season is two pews in Trinity Church filled with five boys, a girl, and their mother and father. The mother is Mrs. T. A. Anderson. To watch the group throughout the service is an



MRS. A. M. FRASER

example to even the most constant church-goer. Mrs. Anderson is the daughter of a clergyman and most of her girlhood was spent in the small village of Berthier en Haut.

In a beautiful home on Armstrong's Point one meets a delightful woman, Mrs. Stewart Tupper, who often has as her guest her father-in-law—that grand old man of Canada, Sir Charles Tupper. With the arrival of spring Mrs. Tupper is among the first women to make use of the splendid grounds surrounding her home.

Mrs. William Tupper is none the less generous in the use of her fine lawn. With several young children and a grown daughter who made her debut at a large ball the past season, Mrs. Tupper is one of the many remarkable young women of this city.

Mrs. F. H. Brydges, Mrs. E. F. Kohl, and Mrs. F. W. Heubach are women who make Winnipeg renowned throughout Canada as a city of cultured, hospitable hostesses.

Winnipeg life is not confined to the purely social. Other things of much greater moment share the time and the thoughts of the women. The most discussed of these is the program of the weekly musical club.

This club was formed over thirteen years ago and has grown with the city. There are 94 active members, and 385 associate members.

While it is in a sense the correct thing to attend these meetings, some

women do go there from a love of the music itself. Several well known singers have developed under the eye of the club. Also some splendid pianists have lost their amateurishness by continuous performances before a friendly audience.

Last season a young violinist of great promise met with encouragement after every programme. Mrs. Rogers is so confident of her ability that she has sent her for a year's study abroad. In this very way the musical club will fulfill its highest mission—that of aiding handicapped genius.

Mrs. George Galt was in 1900 the president of this club, and until very lately has been an active and keen worker. Her assistance was the more remarkable when you consider the



MRS. C. C. CHIPMAN

lavish hospitality for which she has always been noted, and the energy and interest she displays in every social activity. Miss Marjorie Galt has a future before her in her fine, strong voice. Although a young girl, her tones are remarkable for their sweetness and purity. Her songs are a delight always.

Mrs. E. M. Counsell's contralto voice, sweet, strong and sympathetic, has

touched the heart of every Winnipeg audience. She knows full well the art of toying with all one's emotions with her full, low tones.

Perhaps the best known voice in the city is Mrs. Armitage's. It is as much a pleasure to hear her as it seems for her to sing. It is not remarkable then that she is one of the most popular young matrons of the city.

Winnipeg is equally fortunate in its fine pianists. Mrs. W. Sanford Evans, a Toronto woman of one of the first families, is not only an accomplished pianist but a most attractive woman as well. Mrs. Evans was last year chosen the first president of the Women's Canadian Club, an honor which could only be given to a woman of marked ability. Mrs. Landry is a brilliant performer, besides being an organist of great skill. There are many other fine pianists in the city, many splendid violinists and sweet singers, and all lend their services cheerfully to the Musical Club.

More charitable work is done here than in any other city of the Dominion. It is not theoretic work, either, but active and oftentimes trying. Yet it is undertaken with a will and accomplished with zest.

The best known of the women's charities is the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission. Its noble founder as well as its marvellous work is known from ocean to ocean. To see Mrs. Scott is



MRS. HERBERT W. WILLS

an inspiration. Society women are large and regular contributors to this work, of which she is the chief. On its board are many society women, who work regularly among the poor of the mission.

On all the hospital boards are the names of well known women. Mrs. Champion is one of the indefatigable workers for the St. Joseph's Orphanage. She is equally interested in the Men's Own Mission, and last winter she and a small committee of ladies were able to send many of the unemployed men of the city into the country, where work awaited them. These men were supplied with suitable clothing, and equipped with the necessary tools for all sorts of labor.

Mrs. Bury and Mrs. Mathers are zealous workers for the Victorian Order of Nurses. Like Mrs. Champion, these two women are interested in many other charitable organizations of the city. They are most popular hostesses as well, each presiding over an attractive home. All are devoted mothers with most interesting families.

Mrs. E. M. Wood is one of the most indefatigable workers on the board of the General Hospital. Indeed her interest and active aid have been re-



MRS. E. NICHOLSON
In her Packard Touring Car



MRS. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD

sponsible for its remarkable growth. It is the largest hospital in Canada.

The Aberdeen Association, sending its papers and magazines into the remote districts and lumber camps of the Northland, has among its workers Mrs. Evans, Mme. Cauchon, Mrs. Laird, and Mrs. Walter Kirby.

Mrs. Kirby was one of the earliest workers in this association, and her interest in its development and success has never flagged. She is a woman of great energy and power. No woman does more active charity work than Mrs. Kirby, and few women are more busy socially.

In speaking ever so slightly of the wonderful charity work done by the women here, you must recall the name of Mrs. A. G. Hample and her wonderful success with the Knowles Home for Boys. A year ago in November Mr. Knowles, aided by a committee of six ladies, started this noble work. Mrs. Hample was the executive spirit and by her constant encouragement and able assistance the home has grown from a small thing to accommodate thirty-five boys. Boys who are homeless, orphans, destitute boys, and young criminals, are taken in and given a fresh start in life. They are cleaned, clothed and educated. The original

committee of ladies has increased from six to eighteen, with Mrs. Hample still the leading spirit.

The corner stone for the new Y.W.C.A. was laid in October. For a year Mrs. Colin H. Campbell had been striving for this end. Mrs. Campbell is perhaps the best public speaker in Manitoba. She is a most important factor in her husband's success, being a clever political reckoner, a gracious hostess and a devoted mother.

A successful Art Exhibit is held annually by the Art Association of Winnipeg, aided by the other associations of the East. Mrs. Chipman is at its head, and many well known women lend their services and contribute their talent to its growth. Last year Mrs. Wm. Hespeler gave some rare old laces to the exhibit. She is the wife of the man who has so ably represented the interests of the German Emperor in Winnipeg for over twenty years. Combined with a natural graciousness is a wide personal knowledge of places and people which makes Mrs. Hespeler one of the most delightful of matrons.

No one does more charity work than Mrs. E. L. Drewry. No one does it as silently, either. Her home life is a busy, practical one and in her married



MME. FREDERICK E. GAUTHIER

daughters and sons as in the younger members of her family is reflected her own powerful, interesting personality.

Mrs. J. A. M. Aikin is another woman whose charities are unlimited.

In speaking of women of unceasing energy, one recalls at once that wonderful worker, Mrs. A. M. Fraser. She is the founder of the Coffee House for Young Men—one of the highest of the city charities—as well as the executive head of the Aberdeen Association. All the charities of the city have shared her interest and her activity.

The old ladies of the city are a most interesting study. Mme. Gauthier, a woman of 87 years, is at all the affairs of the season. Her memory is wonderful, her interest keen, and her conversation remarkable. A native of England, her married life has been spent in the United States, in France, in India, in China and in Canada. In talking with her she recalls thrilling and interesting experiences that have befallen her in all these many countries.

Mrs. Clark, the mother of Mrs. Nanton, is a beautiful old lady, with the whitest of hair and the most winning of smiles. You cannot doubt but that she is the idol of all her grandchildren, as well as a most popular old lady.

Mrs. Walker, the wife of one of the city Judges, has lived in Winnipeg since 1871. She recalls the Winnipeg of thirty homes and three hundred people with the same happy smile with which she recalls the large affair of yesterday. Her life has been active and strenuous, but few traces of its passage are visible on her face. In 1878 her husband was the Attorney

General, and her activity in Winnipeg affairs, beginning then, has never abated.

Mrs. A. W. Ross has likewise seen the city grow. It was she who named the beautiful Roslyn Road, and Wellington Crescent was named for her husband—a man who was in active political work for many years in Ottawa.

Mrs. Dennistoun is one of the most interesting of the old ladies of Winnipeg. Her sweet nature and her brilliant mind are reflected in her two

married daughters and her son, all of whom reside here.

Lady Schultz has been one of the prominent women of the city ever since her husband was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province in 1888-95. She presides over an attractive home, and her teas are thronged with her admirers among the old and new Winnipeggers.

The French element in Winnipeg lends fine attraction. The wife of the Chief Justice of Manitoba, Madam Debuc is naturally its leader. She is a most remarkably

young looking woman to be a grandmother. Her manners are most gracious, and her family life an ideal one.

Mme. Fred Gauthier is another attractive matron. Her reminiscences of Quebec when her father was the Lieutenant-Governor are interesting and thrilling. Her drawing-room is an attractive one, where a warm welcome awaits every newcomer.

The metropolis of the West is very proud of its large number of beautiful women—women who would be conspicuous in the drawingrooms of the Old World. Mrs. George Caruthers is an ideal type of classic



MRS. J. STEWART TUPPER



MRS. ROBERT ROGERS



MRS. W. P. DUTTON



MRS. H. T. CHAMPION

beauty, dark, a superb figure, and a highly developed sense of the artistic in dress. She is an enthusiastic motorist, and her new car is always in evidence at every affair. An American woman who has lived abroad, made her debut in Rome, and since her married life been living in Canada, Mrs. Carruthers is a most interesting and charming woman to meet.

Mrs. Cantlie is another brunette beauty. She is a Toronto girl. Her horses and carriages are splendid, and lately a McLaughlin runabout has shared the honors with the live stock.

Another youthful brunette beauty with a grown daughter is Mrs. Christie, one of the good whips of the city.

Mrs. Sam. Clark, another eastern girl who captured a western heart, is a most striking brunette. Her voice, a mellow full contralto, is very brilliant.

Mrs. John Galt is a brunette of quite a different type. Her home life is ideal, her home one of the beautiful

ones of the city and her family interesting. Two elder sisters reside in Winnipeg, both most attractive women.

Quite similar to Mrs. Galt are Mrs. F. E. Sharpe and Mrs. E. B. Lemon, young matrons, who preside over two of the most attractive homes in the city.

Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald is in absolute contrast to all these women. She is a petite figure, a pronounced blonde, and always superbly gowned. She is a Toronto woman and has spent all her life in Canada.

Mrs. Scott is a blonde of entirely different appearance. Tall and strikingly dressed, her features are perfect and her hats are not the least attractive part of the whole.

Quite similar to Mrs. Scott as a type, although more robust, is Mrs. W. L. Ball, a woman one never passes on the streets without turning twice to look at her.

Another blonde of strikingly clear-cut features and splendid style is Mrs.



MRS. R. MAX DENNISTOUN



MRS. S. P. CLARK



MRS. A. W. ROSS

Ellswood Richards, a young matron who has spent her life in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Herbert Wills, the wife of the genial manager of the Royal Alexandra, is a young American of striking personality, great charm and winning manners. Her voice, a high, sweet soprano, is much admired.

I might mention hundreds of others, each having a strong individual claim to some special charm.

Winnipeg may be a willing slave to its women during the winter, when pleasure holds sway over all hearts. Certainly it is true that nowhere do good theatrical attractions receive such hearty applause and encouragement. No city greeted the musical celebrities of the past season with the enthusiasm which met them here. Nowhere "bridge" wields a greater influence over its devotees. Nowhere does good fellowship reign more supreme.



MRS. W. J. CHRISTIE



MRS. GEORGE J. BURY

But in summer the city dies a natural social death. Its army divides into four battalions; one moving to the Lake of the Woods, another to the Detroit Lakes; "one to the Old Country," and the smaller one going into supposed retirement at home.

At these summer resorts you meet the natural woman, sans the superficialities, sans the elegancies, sans the strain of too much activity. At these places she is out for fun; for sport and relaxation. Here it is the happy lot of many to become truly acquainted, after a winter of hand-shakes, bows and adieux.

Those few remaining in the city find life more than ordinarily strenuous, for there are many attractions at hand. The theatres are open until late in the summer, usually presenting comic operas which delight the eye and ear without taxing the brain. "Bridges," informal dinners and motor suppers occupy the evenings. These indoor pleasures are more than offset by the outdoor attractions, however. The Country Club with its splendid golf links, tennis courts and English croquet grounds beckons. Deer Lodge with its good chicken dinners and attractive flowers invites. And there are the Norwood golf links, and beautiful Tuxedo.

Some splendid scores have been made on these two links. Mrs. Charles Brydges holds the record, with Mrs. Max. Dennistoun a close second. The former is one of the attractive young

matrons of Winnipeg. Mrs. Dennistoun will soon move into an attractive home on Roslyn Road.

An interesting Polo tournament is held each summer at the Country Club, and all the city turns out in its best clothes to witness the exciting play. Motoring holds its own, however, among the attractions during the summer. This year's endurance test for motors included more than a hundred machines. Three cars returned with perfect records, and a second trial run to Portage la Prairie was made before the palm was awarded to Mrs. E

Nicholson. The prairie trails as well as the public highways are in excellent condition during fall weather, but even though much rain fell during last summer, rendering these roads difficult, the ardor of the Winnipeg motorists did not diminish in the least.

The new city park and the new suburb Tuxedo are accessible all the year. The run there is only four miles from the City Hall. So that the summer colony left behind in the general migration has not an idle moment. This brings out an attribute of Winnipeg life, its many sidedness.

THE LESSON

BY FRANK OLIVE CALL

I WALKED upon the shore

At even gray the fretful sea beside,

I heard the grim rocks warring with the tide
Which swift to landward bore.

And everything spoke strife.

My heart, more restless than the moaning sea,

Burned with the thought to gain for mine and me
The earthly fruits of life.

But 'neath a beacon high

I found a snow-white seabird lying dead,

Its spirit beaten out. It mutely said—

“Art thou more wise than I?”

THE GIRL AND THE BOSS

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "A Sermon and a Sinner," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK—SEE FRONTISPIECE.

EVER since the work of throwing the long steel span across the stream at Stilton's Gap had begun, Carmody had boarded at Mrs. Stilton's. But Mrs. Stilton confessed with shame, in a backyard conversation with Mrs. Callahan:

"I don't know nothing more about that man now than when he come here three months ago. There ain't a sociable hair in his head. He won't even talk to Mary—and most of 'em are glad to pass a word with *her*. He's the first mortal man I ever see that I couldn't draw out when I had a fair chance. There he's been settin' right at my own table for these three months, an' scarcely a livin' word out of his mouth! If I was asked I couldn't tell whether he's got folks or not. It don't hardly seem decent to have a man under your own roof for this long a time and not know whether he's married or single, got relations or alone in the world, worth a farm or living from hand to mouth. Mebby I wouldn't take it to heart so much, Mrs. Callahan, if I wasn't New England born. Yankee folks, you know, are sociably inclined, and a man like Mr. Carmody goes against their grain. Something mighty queer about that man!"

"Mike says," volunteered Mrs. Callahan, "that he's a gr-r-reat boss! When he gives the worruld things go. An' he's not fallin' behind in his board?"

"Never a day," admitted Mrs. Stilton, "but he's queerer'n a black-haired Swede. It does make me creep to see a man take all his natural talk out in staring at the mountain tops. But I will say that he's got the most engagin' smile when he chooses to use it. An' there's no doubt that he's a gentleman born."

To all the men in the white tents of the camp, he was simply the Big Boss. And he was a bigger boss than ever after the night when a dozen jugs of whiskey had been smuggled into camp and a riot between the mixed nationalities had started. Suddenly John Carmody had appeared in the centre of the mix-up, dealing a few blows here and there, and felling several bullies who had terrorized whole camps when on a drunken rampage, and who were known as "kickers and biters."

Alone the Big Boss had quelled the riot and smashed the jugs—and became the talk of the hamlet and camp. Again, he "made good" with the men when a riveter lost his balance and fell into the deep hole of the stream below. Carmody was on the lower part, and as soon as he heard the cry, made a dive for the pool. He and the riveter came up together, and Carmody towed the stunned man to shore, dragged him up and deftly worked over him until consciousness returned.

One evening after the foreman had left the table, while Mrs. Stilton was away on her annual visit to Toronto, Carmody suddenly spoke to the quiet, sweet-faced girl who had served him at the Stilton table since the work began:

"Do you know if the Keegan family is—well, if the widow is in need? He wasn't working for us, you know, but that doesn't make any difference."

There was a quiet gentleness and a suggestion of sympathy in the voice which overcame the girl's shyness almost before he had done speaking. She had stood holding the bread plate as she answered:

"Yes, sir. The children come to my school—I teach the district school and—and help out here for my board. I'd

rather do that than board 'round as the teachers before me have done."

Carmody noticed the flush that crept into her cheeks as she made this explanation and noticed, too, that the flushed face had a peculiar winsomeness and pathos.

"I went home with one of the children last night and found what I was afraid of—that the two older boys had dropped out to go down to the mine. Mrs. Keegan is a little above what you might expect—cleaner and prouder, and just wrapped up in the thought of giving the boys an education. And they're interested in their school, too. But he left nothing. When they use up what they have in the house they'll have to be taken care of by the township. She has a little baby and can't go out to work. I'm afraid it was wicked, sir, but I almost wished he had been working for the Company when he was killed—then he would have got something."

"Did you give her anything?" he asked, ignoring her confession.

"Yes, sir," she faltered.

"I thought so," he commented—and smiled his rare smile, warm with approval.

"If you're not too tired when your work is done, you might take me to their cabin. Perhaps I can do something which will at least keep the boys from the mine—that's a hard life for such young fellows!"

That evening, as they picked their way along the narrow mountain path, he drew her out of her shyness until she was giving him a history of her school and its small comedies. At the point where the path turned the shoulder of the mountain she stopped, and pointing to the river below, twisting and foaming along its rocky channel, exclaimed:

"Isn't it splendid? I come here often and just sit and watch it as long as the light lasts."

"Yes," answered Carmody, "it's beautiful. There's a whole lot to it that one doesn't see at first glance——" but as he spoke his eyes were fixed on the face of the girl, touched by the last glow of sunset. At the cabin Carmody's eyes were quick to catch the good-fellowship in which the children

held Mary Kauffman and the deference of the woman towards the girl.

Retracing their moonlit way, Mary broke an interval of silence with the remark:

"I don't see how you did it! There isn't a prouder woman within twenty miles of the Gap than Mrs. Keegan; her father was a boss and she can never forget it, and yet she took from you enough money to keep them all winter—with the boys in school, at that—and didn't seem to have the notion that she was receiving charity."

"I don't want anybody to know about this, Mary," he said, "can I depend upon you to see that Mrs. Keegan doesn't let a hint of it slip into the ears of the community?"

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, "her gratitude would be the only thing that would make her do it. I think it is beautiful of you to do so much for them."

While Carmody came with Mary occasionally to the cabin, he more often met the girl at the shoulder of the mountain where, on the occasion of her first visit to the widow, Mary had called his attention to the grandeur of the river tearing its way between the narrow sides of the Gap. They had never met by appointment, and perhaps the girl had quite forgotten that she had told Carmody that she often came there to feast her eyes and rest her soul—but The Boss had not! And it is certain she did not realize that, in those meetings upon the shoulder of the mountain, it was of herself and her world that they invariably talked. There had not been a human being in the whole settlement, up to the time her acquaintance with Carmody began, to whom she had felt free to talk of the things that were in her heart. The realization that the people with whom her lot had been cast could not understand the things about which she most wished to talk had caused her to withhold companionship from them.

But this sensitive reserve made her only the keener for the real companionship which Carmody offered her—and in so quiet a way that she had no feeling that it was being offered. So it came about that the girl, in these meetings

above the rapids, did most of the talking, and The Boss listened, for the most part, with now and then a question or a smile which drew out fresh revelations of her history and her character.

The nearest approach to a word of sentiment from the lips of The Boss was when the girl told him of the grief and loneliness following her mother's death and realization that she was left absolutely alone in the world so far as relatives or support was concerned.

"It strikes me that some get more than their share of the hard knocks," was Carmody's comment. And then he added:

"If you were in trouble now, you wouldn't feel quite so desperately helpless, would you?"

"No, sir," she answered without restraint or embarrassment, "after knowing how good you are to those in trouble, I couldn't feel as deserted as I did then. But the Mennonite family with whom I went to live were good to me and gave me a chance to go to school. They fed me well—but I was hungrier for sympathy and comfort than for food, and they didn't know how to give me that, excepting in the way of religion. And even in their religious life they are as quiet as they are honest and earnest. Sometimes I used to get so wild to let out my feelings instead of forever keeping them in, that I used to go up into the haymow when they were away and just scream!"

Occasionally, Carmody had, when in the humor, talked of the big bridge and of the satisfaction it gave him to think that every bolt and nut and rivet had been put in place to stay; that there had not been a single thing slighted or a dishonest evasion or trick in the whole work; that he liked to build bridges, not only because it was his business, but also because there was a joy in looking back at the work—perhaps when lying awake at night—and thinking that the safety of perhaps thousands of people could be trusted to those spans. And then the girl would grow enthusiastic and say: "I think it's something like that in teaching school, too."

One evening, as the softness of sum-

mer still held the ground against the overdue frosts of autumn, Mary found Carmody waiting for her at the Shoulder Rock. Before, she had always had plenty of time in which to dream before he came—and often he did not come at all, for their talks were by no means at regular intervals. To-night, however, he was not only awaiting her, but there was something in the smile with which he welcomed her that betrayed an unusual quality in his mood. As she took her usual seat on the roots of a pine, she vaguely wondered what made him seem a little different than before.

He looked up quietly, however, and in his ordinary tone of voice remarked:

"I've been wondering just how I seem to you?"

"Why, how do you mean?" she asked in return, with a little startled laugh.

"Old? A lot older than you, for instance?"

"Why, no—I hadn't thought of it that way. I guess I hadn't thought of it at all. I——"

"Never mind," he interrupted. After a moment's silence, in which he looked dreamily down the Gap, he arose and seated himself beside her on the yielding pine needles, clasping his knees with his hands and again gazing abstractedly into the gorge.

She had become used to his lapses into silence and understood them too well to speak.

"Mary," he finally said, "have you had the least suspicion that I have come to love you, that I want to take you away with me as my wife when the big bridge is finished?"

Her face went white under his steady eyes. She did not attempt to speak, but only shook her head.

"Well, I have. And before I ask if you love me—or if you will—I want to tell you how you seem to me. From boyhood I've been rather solitary and inclined to keep to myself. Then, too, I got interested in doing things before I was fairly out of my teens. The work fascinated me and I gave myself to it with all the energy of a solitary man. There were family obligations and burdens, too. Between all these things and the fact that the nature of my work

took me much of the time into out-of-the-way places, I have had comparatively little association with women. But after I had watched you for some time it grew upon me that you were sweet and good and—well—just the kind of a woman I'd like to live with always. This became clear to me after we had had our second talk under these trees. Our friendship had been so matter-of-fact, so simple and unsentimental—to put it that way—that I felt reasonably sure you hadn't thought of anything but just simple, straightforward companionship with me. And so you met me on that ground without any hesitation, or fear or—nonsense. It has seemed to me that you came about as near to thinking out loud with me as a girl can with a man. And everything I learned of your thoughts and feelings in that relationship made me more and more sure that you were as sweet and good as you seemed. Every day has made me care more for you. If you will marry me, Mary, I'll always be good to you and true to you and——”

Tears were in the girl's eyes as she cried out:

“You mustn't! I couldn't let you marry me. You're *The Boss*—and I'm only——”

“The fact that you've waited on table at Mrs. Stilton's makes no difference. You're a school teacher, which is a much more intellectual pursuit than being a boss over a gang of laborers—when it comes to comparing things of that sort. I should be the one to hesitate on that ground—if either of us should. Of course, there's a chance that I might not be able to give you all that some men might—but I'm going to urge you to take the chance, dear.”

He took the hand that rested beside him on the matted pine needles. At last she looked up, and straight into his eyes, saying:

“What have I thought of you? I've thought about everything that's good, I guess. I've thought that it was impossible that you should ever love me, and that I must drive the very idea of it from my mind every time it came. And I have. At least I've tried to with all the determination I have. But I

couldn't help thinking that you were everything that I could love in a man; that you could tell me more by just sitting quietly and not speaking than any man I have ever known could say by a great deal of talking. And you *do* love me. Oh! I hadn't dared dream it—not for a second! You never can know what it means to me, for no one has ever said that to me since mother died. Oh, if you'll love me always, and always tell me that you do, I'd be your wife and live in the poorest cabin in the mountains.”

When they returned to the house the girl instinctively sought to release herself from his arm, but the Big Boss said: “No. I'm going to show them that you belong to The Boss, and that he's proud of you.”

“Mrs. Stilton,” said Carmody, his arm still about the girl's waist, “Mary and I are to be married the day the big bridge is finished. She is going to take you to Toronto to-morrow to help her get some new clothes, and I'm going to Montreal. I'll be back in four days, and then, if you'll consent, we'll have a wedding in your house. Of course, all the expenses, of every sort——”

“Land alive!” exclaimed the gasping widow. “If the big bridge hain't give us a romance like the ones in th' story papers!”

When the word reached the men that the completion of the bridge meant “wedding bells for the Big Boss,” the impetus which it gave to the work was astonishing. There was so keen a desire on the part of the men to bring the date nearer that Carmody, on his return from Montreal, was obliged to resort to special measures of precaution and inspection to make sure that this enthusiasm did not result in a slight to the work.

“Mary,” he said to her, at their last meeting at Shoulder Rock, “the spirit which the boys down there in the camp have shown towards us does me more good than anything else in the whole world besides the fact that you love me and are going to be my wife day after to-morrow, when the last rivet is in place and the official inspection is completed. But I recognize that it's as much for you as for me that they have

this feeling. I heard one of the old Irishmen say: 'She's a swate little colleen that th' Big Boss be gettin', and just think, dear, little lonesome girl, we're going to be together always, after the wedding.'

"But it just came to me last night," said Mary, "that you'll have to keep right on working—probably harder than ever—and that means you'll be gone from home a good share of the time. Couldn't I go too—and stay with you out on the job, the next time?"

"But you wouldn't mind staying behind if it seemed best, would you?" he asked, very seriously.

"Yes," she added with her queer little laugh, "I would. Years and years I've been without anybody who cared for me especially, and now I can't endure the thought of being separated from you for a month—or even for a week. Oh, it's sweet to be loved!" and the girl laid her cheek against that of The Boss and cried tears of joy.

The wedding of the girl and The Boss is history at the Gap. After it was all over and the train was pulling into Montreal, the girl looked into the eyes of John Carmody and said:

"It's all been so strange, so exciting, that I haven't asked much about the little home that you have provided. Is there furniture enough so that we can go right into it, to-night?"

"Would you rather, dear," he asked, "than to go to a hotel, or stop with my friend John—even if it is just——"

"Oh, ever so much!" she declared. "No matter if it is just a room or two. It'll be *our home*, and I can't wait till I get into it—not one night, even! Is there any furniture there yet?"

"A bed and bureau and a few chairs," he answered.

"And a kitchen stove?"

"Yes—a sort of a stove that will answer the purpose."

The big blue eyes of Mary were dilated with wonder and excitement as John Carmody led her through the iron gate of the train shed into the station and thence upon the street with its babel of cabmen and cars and wagons.

"It makes me a little afraid," she

said, drawing closer to him and clutching his arm more tightly.

"Why!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's John's carriage. Stand here a moment and let me speak to his driver."

In an instant he was back at her side again.

"How kind of John to send his carriage to take us to our little home. We'll get inside while Clive, the man, gets your trunk and puts it up in front."

As he opened the door, she gave a little cry, and he exclaimed:

"Flowers! On my life! If John keeps up this kind of attention to my little wife all the way through I'm afraid you'll——"

But he said no more as her head dropped upon his shoulder and she cried softly. Then she looked up and said: "It isn't all a dream, is it, dear? Don't tell me that it is—that I'm going to wake up in my lonesome little room at Mrs. Stilton's with no lover, no husband."

"Pinch me and see," he answered, gaily—giving her own arm a squeeze.

"There," he exclaimed, as she laughed, "I guess I do like you best when you laugh. But I want some tears—of a kind that comes from happiness that's too big for words."

As the carriage rolled down the long boulevard his strong arm was about her and he found more words of tenderness to pour into her ears than he had ever used in all his life before.

Suddenly he peered out the carriage window and exclaimed:

"Why, here we are almost at John's house! It's the big place with the iron fence just ahead—the one that takes up the whole block. Wouldn't it be rather nice just to stop a moment—long enough to thank John for sending the carriage and for the flowers?"

"But it's such a grand house—and he must be very rich," she answered, timidly.

"He is," admitted John, "about the richest man I know. But he's been very close to me, dear; we've known each other for years—and he's just as plain and simple as——"

"Would it please you very much?" she asked.

"Yes, sweetheart, very much!"

"Then we'll stop—but I'm afraid."

"Afraid of John!" he exclaimed, with a boyish laugh. "It 'll all vanish the minute you know him."

Then he called up to the driver, and a moment later the carriage had wound along the white driveway, between banks of shrubbery and under splendid trees. She even caught a glimpse of flower beds, rich with blooms, and of a fountain's spray sparkling under the electric lights.

A servant opened the carriage door and another bowed low and flung open the big door at the top of the wide stone steps.

"We'll go right into the drawing room and John'll be there in a moment. That's the way I always do at John's house. He'd not think it friendly of me if I didn't."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a frightened undertone. "I'm more afraid than ever. It's—just like a palace. I didn't know there was such magnificence in the world."

"But you're not going to be afraid of John, are you? He's just——"

"Is there a Mrs. John?" this time the question came in a shaking voice, and he could feel her arm tremble.

Suddenly his face became curiously grave and yet alight with joy and a boyish sort of merriment.

"Yes," he answered, "and there she is"—and he turned her gently about and brought her face to face with her own image in the tall old-fashioned pier glass which reached from the floor almost to the ceiling.

"Yes," he repeated, "there she is—and she's the dearest, sweetest woman in the world!"

But a strange agony of incomprehension was in her face, and he knew

that the truth of the situation had not yet dawned upon her. Slipping his arm about her he bent until his lips were near her own and said, in a tenderness and seriousness which could not be mistaken for jest:

"My dear little girl, you're Mrs. John—I'm John and this is your home—your very own."

A little cry came from her lips and in a second she crumpled into his arms, limp and unconscious. When she opened her eyes she was in a chamber more beautiful and dainty than she knew how to dream of; a white-capped maid was vanishing through the door and John was bending over her, kissing her hands and exclaiming:

"Forgive me, dearest. I'm such a bungler of a man. I should have known what a strain it has all been."

"But is it true, dear? All this?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Yes, it's true, Mary. It's your home. It's been mine for years. I'm not simply the boss. I'm the contractor and I only staid on the job because you were there. In fact, I haven't had any need to stay in the business for several years. I have more money than we can well spend in all our life together. But I couldn't keep away from the work. I'd lived my life in it, and every now and then the old longing for building would come over me and I couldn't resist. There was nothing to keep me then. Now there is—and I promise never to take a job that will take me away from you for a single week. Do you forgive me for the little—deception—I've practiced? I didn't think it would be more than you could stand—like this."

And for her answer she drew his face down to hers and closed her arms about his neck.



THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing" Mr. Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor. He holds that while the new lands of the world and especially of Canada furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization." To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case. He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population—westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement but held back by the pressure toward the great cities.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Financial and commercial organization, all the great machines of modern progress, are tools for the development of cities. We have invented and applied all possible conveniences and comforts and allurements for townspeople, and until lately have permitted the country folk to shift for themselves. The whole force of modern social development has been directed to urban growth. The result of all this is a violation of the great law of supply and demand. The city calls to itself thousands more in population than it can use. It overplays its hand. It invites its own destruction. The city dwellers are helpless simply because there are too many of them all alike. They do not know the country; they have a dread and a contempt for it. They do not know how to go to the country, and do not want to know. The suffering of the city is by reason of a wrong direction of life.

Now, this suffering bears the harder on Canada because she is and must be in the very nature of things mainly an agricultural country. This *third* wave of population of the United States; ought to be made coincident with Canada's *first* frontier wave. She needs farmers, not city dwellers. Yet when the unskilled man, the weak man, the illiterate, or inefficient man, arrives in Canada, he rarely turns to the farm. The life he has known at home is the life of the city. He has become gregarious in that most intimate association of grime and crime. It is such association that he seeks in Canada. What shall be done with him?

In March, 1908, a speaker in the House of Commons in Ottawa, opposing the Laurier Government's immigration policy, said: "We have in Canada to-day in our cities and towns a very considerable number of men who are out of employment. These men are

very largely the worst of the class of immigrants that has been brought in from England during the last year. We had approximately 250,000 people come to Canada last year. If that immigration had been sifted in some way, and 25,000 had been left at home, we should not have the number of men out of employment which we now have. Twenty-five thousand probably will cover the men who are really suffering in Canada to-day from want of employment, and most of these are Englishmen. It is certainly the duty of the Government to provide some means, whether by making more stringent regulations at our ports on this side, or by making more stringent regulations at the ports on the other side, of keeping at home in England so large a number of immigrants who, once arrived in Canada, must forever be a detriment to our country."

What of Canada's 25,000 unemployed—if we shall accept as accurate these figures, which may or may not be correct and which probably fall far under the mark of accuracy? What of Canada's newly-imported problem of the London bread-line? Earl Grey, the Governor-General of the Dominion, in public utterance, declares that the country needs men; that the demand for labor is great, the supply small.

"If you were to ask me," he says, "what point has struck me as requiring the attention of those who can spare sufficient time from the agreeable business of making their own fortunes, I would say that the chief requisite of Canada appears to me to be the taking of such steps as will increase the supply of *labor*. I am impressed by the evidence which has reached me from every side of the way in which agricultural and industrial development, besides great public works of construction, on which the life of the country depends, are kept back by the *difficulty of obtaining labor*."

Yet at that moment there were nearly 25,000 Englishmen in Canada who were suffering from lack of employment! At this rate, if the present theory of Canada's relation to England shall obtain, there may in ten years, possibly in five years, be 250,000

unemployed men in Canada. Most of these will continue to be Englishmen. What will Canada do with them?

The Governor-General goes on to say: "There is much work requiring to be done, which the Englishman will not do, and for which it would appear that foreign labor must be imported from outside."

With all due and fitting respect for the Governor-General, it would appear to an impartial outside observer, that he is inviting the cooking of a very handsome kettle of fish! Let us figure it, from one or two angles. All England feels that Canada belongs to her. Ask any new-come Englishman as to that. Canada is full and will be fuller of Englishmen. She has an unlimited amount of work to do—upon her comes all the press of a concentrated century; yet this is work which "Englishmen will not do!" To an impartial observer it would seem that this sort of Englishman will in time run counter to the Scriptural mandate which has something to say about the sweat of the brow. Scandinavian, German, Irish, Galicians, seek and find employment, and make good Canadian citizens. Why should Englishmen be idle? And if they persist in idleness, why should Canada continue to receive them—why should she care for those who nourish in their bosoms neither affection for Great Britain nor desire for Canada and her honest problems of work? It is easy to see Canada's answer to the new-come Englishman who feels that he ought to have first chance over a better and more willing man. It is the answer of common-sense. No Englishman should flatter himself it will be changed for him.

In Western Canada there is work for five times twenty-five thousand men; in Eastern Canada twenty-five thousand and idle men walk the streets. If matters go on as at present, that latter number will quintuple soon. Thrifty Canada, where for two centuries there has been but little divergence between the extremes of wealth and poverty, where richness has not come so easily, so suddenly, as in the States, is amazed at this unaccustomed army of the idle. Canada has above all things been in-

dustrious; she has not been accustomed to seeing either numbers of very rich men, or numbers of very idle men. The bread-line has been almost unknown to Canada.

The Governor-General continues: "I believe that there is an abundance of capital ready to come in to develop the resources of Canada, if only the necessary labor can be obtained. An abundant supply of cheap labor would also appear to be a condition precedent to the demand for highly-paid labor, such as that which the skilled artisans of Toronto can supply; and if your railways awaiting construction are to be quickly built, and your lands are to be cleared at a cost which will not impose an unnecessarily heavy charge for all time upon yourselves and your children, this question of labor is one which calls for your attention."

The latter statement would seem to be an eminently safe one, yet labor is idle in thousands! What is wrong?

May one be allowed to say that what is most wrong is the whole wrong direction of life? What is wrong is the gregarious instinct of the poor. What is wrong is the old gravitation toward grime and crime, the instinct of herding together. Can that instinct be overcome? No, it cannot and will not be overcome by those upon whom it sits the hardest. *This* is the problem that the *best* of the city must meet, the best thinkers, the best men of affairs, the best governments. It will never be solved by leaving it to general abstractions; or by leaving it to the people themselves.

Already the cities of Canada offer in little the vast problem of London. But if a part of that energy which is annually expended in re-establishing London in Toronto and Montreal, were put forth in an effort to get these unemployed men out of Toronto and Montreal, and into the Canadian West—if there were intelligent energy spent in bringing the man and the job together—then there would be such westbound travel as would tax every railway of the Dominion!

This is all true, yet it seems to remain to be discovered empirically. In the

larger Eastern Canadian cities small societies have been successful for years in their work of finding country homes for city children. Other societies have been successful in transporting unemployed men to small Ontario farms, where they are supplied each with a suitable house at a nominal rent, a cow, a couple of pigs and poultry, where credit for necessities is guaranteed at a local store, and where the head of the family may find employment in the lumber camps or elsewhere during the months when he may leave his farm. This work has been at least moderately successful. The larger work of getting labor into Western Canada ought not to be more difficult. The co-operation of the governments of Western Canada would be necessary, and perhaps, as is so often the case, the initiative would need to be taken by strong individual men; but there is nothing impossible about it, unless it be impossible for Canada to become sufficiently in earnest to induce strong men to take up the very matter on which the Governor-General of Canada declares her future rests.

There can be no doubt of the truth of Earl Grey's statement that Canada needs labor, and that she can get all the capital she needs, if only she can get labor. The actual trouble under that lies in the fact that your English laboring man, the very one with whom and over whom we are so much concerned, is in the course of the years becoming *unwilling to work*. Is that not the truth? If it is true, why is it true? The Governor-General does not tell us why; but Canada one day *must* tell us why.

The instinct of exercise comes to any strong creature. *Fitness* to work very usually accompanies *willingness* to work. If the English immigrant is not *willing* to work, may we not deduce the truth that perhaps he is not *fit* to work? May we not go further, and say that perhaps it is not any more his fault than our fault, the fault of the city, the fault of a *wrong tendency of life*, that he is not fit to work?

How can we make over this unfit Englishman into a fit laboring man?

The Governor-General is unfortunately, perhaps discreetly, mute as to that.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A STATESMAN.

THERE are, then, as our theme shows, three flags entitled to our attention to-day. One is the flag of Great Britain, respectable for what it is and what it has been: another is the flag of the United States, worth regard, let a Yankee modestly say, at least for what it might have been; the last is the flag of Canada, interesting for what it yet *may* be. The phrasing of this ought to warrant, and ought in turn to bespeak, a cold and impartial attitude of mind.

From the standpoint of a thinking man, the author declines to render reverence to his own country's mistakes and failures; although he has no wish to exchange that country for another, is not compelled by stress of poverty or paucity of opportunity to leave his own country, nor urged by any business reason to care more for another than for his own. With equal candour he submits that any thinking man ought to decline reverence for the flag of Great Britain beyond what it deserves on its record of actual achievement. Again, as to the assertion that the flag of Great Britain is not that of Canada, one needs point only to the debate to-day on both sides of the sea. Within the last few years the flag of Canada has been changing more to the color and pattern of that of the United States. Ah, but let us look at this in a cold and impartial attitude of mind! Let us examine the facts and not deal with sentiment. It is logic, and not loyalty which is here coldly and impartially demanded. I write for men, not children. The only hypothesis we need is that flags differ with environments, and that the environments of Canada and the American Republic steadily continue more and more to resemble each other. That this latter is true, is due to act of Canada herself—primarily to the act of one of Canada's statesmen!

The facts as to the recent discovery farming-Canada are too unmistak-

able to leave misconstruction possible. These facts lie in the dull record of the Dominion Parliament. They tell a story of change. That change was brought about not through politics, after all, *but through the working out of natural laws*. Until we can dismiss with contempt the differences between the Conservative and the Liberal, between the British flag and the American flag; until we can go into these matters in a cold and impartial attitude of mind, until we can be men, and not children, we are not fit to go into any proper study of colonization. Until we can believe that Mr. Clifford Sifton was consciously or unconsciously something bigger than the agent of a political party, we surely are not fit to go into the matter of forecasting futures.

Suppose, then, we undertake to conceive of Canada as made up both of Liberals and Conservatives. Suppose we conceive the idea that a nation may be guided unconsciously by a large destiny, which is mostly to say by a vast commonsense. Then we may call Mr. Sifton the unconscious instrument of destiny, if we be Conservative and hate him; or the administrator of a good policy, if we be Liberal and admire him.

Of course it is known that the rebirth of Western Canada began in 1897, at the time when, as Minister of the interior, Mr. Sifton broadened the immigration policy of the Dominion. Before that time the United States had been the Mecca of European and Canadian emigration. The educated young man of Ontario did not go to Saskatchewan, but to Boston, New York or Chicago—in numbers amounting to very many thousands. The Western Canadian plains remained barren and uncared for. Even the Minister of the Interior, in defending his policy before parliament, had to admit that he himself had reason to believe that country a desert; although at the same time, with the other hand so to speak, he could point out the vast discovery that in the twinkling of an eye the land had gone in value from one dollar to ten per acre.

Under the Sifton ministry, at any

rate, many changes went forward. The labours of the Canadian High Commissioner, which previously had been largely diplomatic, were replaced by the practical efforts of a business man, a national "boomer" so to speak, who went to England and tried to make England understand what Western Canada was. The Canadian government told a million and a half men in England what Canada was; and by means of advertisement and literature told some ten million others what Canada was.

About all the government could tell then was that Canada had not yet solved her western farming problems; because the truth at that time was that Canada had not yet patented two million acres in all;—she could not even *give away* her land to home-steaders.

Attention was turned to the United States, where three hundred agencies were established, and a wide campaign of advertising undertaken, estimated to have reached millions of families. Still the Americans would not come. One agent worked two years, and sent one solitary family across the line. Up to 1897 only 701 persons had left the United States for Canada, as against very many times more than that number of Canadians who for many years had been going to the United States! In 1897 about 20,000 British came to Canada. In the current year about eight times that many British have been received by the Dominion. The total immigration into Canada in seven years has been about 900,000—not as much as the United States has been getting *each year* for many years past; although now the republic wishes it had not quite so many of a certain sort.

Canada, thrifty and not very rich, has been keeping house in a small apartment, three flights up, her *menage* very modest but very free from care. Now suddenly heiress to fortune, she is establishing herself in a mansion with better appointments, more servants—and *more problems*. With her new

splendours come new responsibilities. Her essays at broadening her social relations meet criticism, call up re-creation, invite debate, develop even acrimonious backbiting.

Some have said that Canada would better have staid in her modest apartment three flights up, and blame Mr. Sifton for inviting her out of it. These must admit that from 1898 to 1903, 123,000 Americans came over into Canada, bringing with them forty-four million dollars worth of effects. There were twenty-five thousand families among these, and to get these into Canada cost only \$701,000. None the less, there have not lacked those who said that these American families ought to have been left at home. These are the folk who are willing to talk politics, but unwilling to look fate in the face.

These Americans are not liked, but are needed in Canada. The precise truth of it is that Canada hates Yankees, but wants them. She does not want to imitate the American republic, but does imitate it as fast as she can! She wishes the United States to remain at home, but busily imports all she can of the United States, and advertises for more. Protesting that her theory is that of the empire, in spite of herself she will annually undertake more and more to resemble the United States, more and more in spite of herself, continue to take on the American idea of life. Her attitude is far more supercilious toward the American immigrant than that of the Republic toward any immigrant whatever. The Republic has until recently been too rich and too busy to care one way or the other who came to its shores. Soon Canada will be more busy. Perhaps then her hostility will be less obvious. On both sides of the line and on both sides of the sea there should be modified that intolerance of reason which is unable to face the truth, and unable to discount the future by admitting what that truth is going to spell in future years.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

BY T. G. MARQUIS

Author of "Marguerite de Roberval"

A NOVEMBER day! A bitter, biting November day! A cold mist lay upon the world and beat in ragged racks across the great waves. There was no sign of land; none of the usual horrors that the words "stormy November" suggest. Bare trees, rolls of dank leaves soaking in the mud would have been a relief. But it was November on the ocean, and the great, green, pitiless mountains rolled up against the steamship, lashing her bows, thudding at her sides, and swirling away with angry snarl from her creaking rudder and grinding screw.

She was an ocean tramp, heavily freighted; her decks crowded with cattle. The thick mist that blew across her dripped in little rivulets from the cattle sheds, where stood the shivering steers, and where the shivering cattlemen on watch sought shelter from the penetrating cold. But it was in vain; there was no escape; the dank air went through skin and blood and bone to the very marrow.

It was sunset time, but a night-like pall lay over the waters. The Captain had by his dead reckoning made shrewd guesses at his whereabouts, but as no sun or star had shown itself for days, and as the horizon had been like a range of turbulent hills he knew nothing definite of his latitude or longitude. But he could not slacken the speed of his ship; dividends must be paid and a day or two behind his time would mean loss to the stockholders; and so he fearlessly sent his craft pounding through the seas, shouldering her way through the mist, instinctively following the right path over the pathless deep as he had done a hundred times before.

"We're in for a durn bad night," said the boss cattleman, Billy McCann, by name. He had charge of a hundred steers, wild brutes from the far Cherokee reservation. His lips were firmly set as he gazed at the thick, black smoke that streamed from the funnels like gigantic ropes, stretching far and stiff before the gale, burying themselves in the grey mist.

"You're right," broke in a girlish looking lad named Howard. "Shoo! Did you see the top of that chap; it was almost over us."

The exclamation was caused by a breaking wave which had rolled up to the very edge of the vessel and showed its foaming crest high above the cattle sheds.

"What the devil do you know about it, Stiff!"* said the boss. "That was an or'nary one. We'll have it hot and heavy before mornin' or me name's not Billy McCann. Look out you damn fool, or you'll get your bloomin' bones broken."

As he spoke he leapt to the windward side of the vessel in time to escape being knocked down, but not in time to escape a drenching.

On the instant there was an almost human cry of terror from some of the steers, accompanied by a chorus of rough, brutal curses from the cattlemen who stood knee-deep in the tons of water that swirled about the decks, for the scuppers were choked with muck and would not allow it to run off.

"Pick yourself up out of that, you tarnal fool," shouted McCann to Howard, who had been swept on all fours under the head-boards of the cattle on the leeward side. "Pick yourself up out of that muck and lend a hand!"

His help was needed; the huge mass

*The name applied to a cattleman on his first voyage.—THE AUTHOR.

of water that had fallen upon the sheds had crushed boards here and there and several stanchions were smashed. At one spot the water had poured through in a mighty river.

Howard pulled himself together as quickly as he could, began untying the steers that were "crossed",* retied them, took a pitchfork and prodded up several others that had fallen down and were in danger of being rolled out of the sheds by the rolling vessel.

"Quick, a knife!" shouted McCann. "I can't get this brute untied."

"Haven't any!"

"Then, use your eyes! Take that hatchet—there, by the hay."

In a moment one blow had severed the straining rope, and the steer rolling out of the narrow trough plunged forward to regain his feet. In his effort he knocked Howard down, but fell forward himself among the hay, groaning.

"Leg broken," said McCann callously. "We will have to throw you to the fishes. Lie where you are till I can get the Captain's ear, but you can bless this storm for giving you a few more hours of pain. We won't be able to throw you over till morning. Pick yourself up, Stiff, what a chump you are to be ever gettin' in the road. It's a bloomin' pity that wave hadn't washed you overboard. You're no good"—and he took a short clay pipe from his vest pocket—"and never won't be no good either. Trampin' your way back to your friends"—and he took a handful of tobacco from a rubber pouch. "They sent you to the New World to make a fortune—be a Gould or a Carnegie, no doubt. You'll be the laughin' stock of your village, and back you'll tramp to some seaport, stow yourself away among the cargo, be fished out by the mate when the vessel is well to sea, looking like a starved rat. I know your breed" and he pressed the tobacco into his pipe with his thumb—"and tramp, tramp, tramp; you'll be up and down America sleepin' in barns"—and he scratched a match on his overalls—"asking for a hand-out"—a callous puff—"then to jail and at last to Sing

Sing"—and he sent out a huge satisfied cloud of smoke.

By this time the vessel was sailing easier. The Captain, fearing for his deckload, had altered his course slightly to avoid the trough of the seas; and, though spray occasionally sprinkled the decks, and the great, grim, ruthless waves showed their crests high above the sides, no further damage was done.

Howard was kept busy working at the sheds under the direction of his boss, but in the gathering darkness he worked on gloomily. The words uttered so callously, so cruelly had made a deep impression on him. He felt the truth of them all the more keenly because they came from a man whose esteem he had tried to win; for, despite McCann's rough exterior, he had traits of character that attracted the weaker and more refined youth to him. He knew the reception he would receive at home where there were already too many mouths to be supplied. He knew, too, that time and again in the New World he had been on the verge of crime. Why was he going home? Now that but a few miles separated him from his friends, he dreaded the return; and yet he dreaded still more the land he had just left. There, as McCann had so ruthlessly pointed out, he could see nothing for him but beggary and crime. He cursed the instability of his character, he cursed the dreams that ever allured him only to disappoint. The turbulent ocean waves tempted him, and he felt like leaping on the cattle-sheds and plunging beneath their foaming summits. As he stared across the seas his young eyes caught through the mists a dim point of light on the far horizon.

"A light!" he shouted.

"Where?" asked McCann.

"There! on the starboard bow!"

"Tory, by Heavens! the Captain's hit her well again. Never knew the old man to fail. I'm mighty thankful to see the old light. We're in for two or three days of this weather and mighty few steers we'd land if we had to be out in it. Hell! what's that?"

*When a steer is lying down its companion frequently steps over it and in this way the head-ropes are crossed.—THE AUTHOR.

The exclamation was caused by a strange change in the motion of the ship. She had been plunging her nose into the smother, buffeting the pounding seas, taking them on her quarter and casting them from her bravely; but now she rolled before them like a log, rising with them, but offering no resistance. The decks had ceased to vibrate, the rivets, the bolts, the engines, the screw, had lost their voices, and the huge vessel lay in the waves like a body that had lost its soul.

The engine had broken down within sight of the Irish coast.

All was hurry on board. The first mate leaped to the bridge in answer to the Captain's whistle, and the Captain half distracted in mind, but with an exterior as calm as a summer sea, descended to the engine-room.

"We're in a bad fix, Captain, said the engineer. The condenser is burst, and it'll take twenty-four hours to repair the damage."

"That's bad!" was all the Captain said as he turned to the companionway.

"Do what you can, engineer! we'll have to try to keep her off the land with the trysails; but I'm feared we'll have hard work."

To the bridge he went once more. The mate had already changed the vessel's course, and she was headed well into the wind, the broad trysails making a mighty effort to press her through the rolling swells that roared about her.

"I'm feared, Captain, we can't do it. The fates are against us. The storm is doubled."

"Ay, Mate! but never give in till she strikes. We've had many's the good voyage thegither, Mate, and I've always dreaded this spot. It would no be a bad place to lay one's bones, but for"—he was about to say the wife and bairns, but he remembered the mate's wife and bairns, and it was no time for weakness—"but for the ship, and the cargo and the lives of the good men entrusted to us. How's she doin' now?"

"Driftin' badly, Captain. We'll be drivin' on the Bloody Foreland before mornin'."

"Ah, well, many's a good ship has

gone down before us. But she's be-havin' well; she may weather it yet."

It was but for a moment. The few inches she seemed to gain she lost immediately, and a mighty wave rolled over her bows falling with crushing force upon her decks.

But still there was no panic on board. The sailors were hardened salts, big bearded fellows from the Highlands; and the cattlemen did not realize the danger they were in. They watched the actions and faces of the Captain, mates, and crew, and hearing no murmur, and seeing no sign of fear, took it for granted that no catastrophe was close at hand.

The storm increased in fury. Slowly but surely the struggling craft neared the dangerous coast. All were on the alert, and as the hopeless signals of distress shot into the air the awfulness of their position began to be realized by all. A barque far out at sea saw their signals and her crew, murmuring, "God help them," kept a point or two still farther out. A few peasants, too, caught sight of the rockets and hurried along the coast to the spot near which she was likely to strike. They had no thought of rescuing the sailors; the floatsam was all they had in mind. Not that they were heedless of human life, but the potato crop had failed; they were starving; and, besides, what men could land safely on their coast in such a storm?

For hours the steamship battled. It was almost morning and the Captain hoped to continue the fight till day-break. But in vain! The rugged coast loomed up through the darkness, and the Captain knowing how hopeless it would be to attempt to lower the boats did his vessel once strike, gave the command, "To the boats!" But scarcely had the words left his lips when the whole sea seemed to lift the steamship high in the air and hurl her with a thundering crash upon a hidden rock. Men, cattle, all fell flat beneath the sudden blow and the boats on the windward side were dashed to splinters. The vessel did not sink, however. She was caught fast on a sharp, rocky spur that had pierced her hull as though she had been made of cardboard, and

there she hung groaning and trembling beneath the waves that climbed high over her sides, poured down into the stokehold, put out the fires and sent vast volumes of steam rolling in clouds above her. The cattle-sheds were swept fore and aft, and the decks in an instant were a horrible medley of maddened steers and broken boards and stanchions. The curses of men, the rush of the terrified crew, the bellowing of cattle, the crashing of great seas, was indescribable. Terror seemed to seize all hands. There was but one boat and into that they tumbled pell-mell, sinking it to the gunwale.

"Mate, I'm sorry for the lads," said the Captain. "They'll never reach shore in her. Let's bide by the ship, we may get off in the mornin'. She's stuck fast enough here. If I have to end the fight I'd like to end it with me ship. We've been thegither for thirty year the now."

The mate said not a word, but clung for a moment to the Captain's hand and bracing himself to resist the waves that struck the bridge, looked through the darkness at the boat which was borne before the wind through the wreckage and the weltering masses of grain that oozed through the hole in the steamer's bottom.

"Did you see that, Captain?"

"Ay, poor fellows!"

The words were caused by the sudden overturning of the heavily laden boat. The crew and cattlemen had hoped for safety, and were rejoicing at escaping from the wreck without mishap when an unexpected danger confronted them. The cattle had been swept into the sea and the frantic creatures were all about them, bellowing furiously. At length the boat struck one maddened creature, which in its struggle for life managed to get its forelegs over the gunwale of the boat and before the men in the crowded craft could beat it away its weight had overturned them. Shrieks of men in the agony of death mingled with the grim roaring of the gale and the mad cries of the cattle!

Howard, a strong swimmer, struck out boldly, freeing himself from the struggling mass, and seeing at some

little distance a large part of the top of the cattle-sheds made bravely for it and succeeded in drawing himself out of the water, although greatly bruised by the wreckage. The struggle and the bitter coldness of the Atlantic had exhausted him, and he lay for a moment nerveless and spent; but a familiar voice roused him. It was McCann, who was struggling on a board a few feet away, and who, unable to retain his grip, was energetically swearing with what breath he had left. Howard saw his plight and unmindful of his own life threw himself from his raft, seized McCann in a firm grip, and pulled him to the floating shed. They mounted the raft with difficulty, and when they were in comparative safety the man who had been so unexpectedly rescued had no words to utter his feelings—even his profanity failed him. After a few minutes, during which, had it not been dark and had not the spray been dashing in blinding clouds about them, Howard might have seen an unaccustomed tear in his rough friend's eye, McCann exclaimed:

"Well, by God, Stiff!"

That was all, but there was a world of meaning in the words. A momentary respite from death (for McCann had but little hope of reaching the shore) he owed to the lad's bravery and energy.

"I take it back, Howard," he said, "I take it back! you ain't no stiff, and you won't end a tramp or a jail-bird either!"

His voice was drowned in the roar, the shore was very near now and the great boulders grinding along the stony bottom sent up a sound like continuous thunder. The beetling cliffs, based by wave-worn caverns, moaned and hissed and roared with a hideous din. A moment and death or life would be theirs. Suddenly they felt their frail raft checked. It was caught in the thunderous smother of the surf, and churned to pieces as though seized in a maelstrom. The next moment and they were struggling feebly in white, seething waters, bruised and nerveless. Now they felt themselves dragged out to sea, now they were tossed back into the surf. Consciousness left them,

when a long line of waves racing in one on the back of another caught and hurled them high up on the beach. McCann was fortunate. A great mass of sea-weed, lay among the rocks and on this he was thrown, stunned, but otherwise uninjured. But Howard was not so fortunate; a wave tossed him against a boulder, a second caught him and crushed his skull and left him lying at the edge of the rollers that now and again swept over his face, seemingly hungry to draw him back into their maw.

It was full day before McCann recovered consciousness. He was scarcely able to crawl, but the first thought was for his comrade. When he found him stiff and cold in death he was thoroughly unmanned. He dragged him out of the reach of the waters and for a moment held his head on his knees and gazed into the girlish face, now all the more feminine and delicate in death.

He had had his hopes. He was fast growing to be an old man. Without a tie of kith or kin, his heart in its rough way had gone out to this lad, and the brutal words he had used to him had been uttered in all kindness. He wanted to make a man of him. He had intended to prevent him from going to his home, to keep him with him at the cattle till better work could be found, and then—but it was all ended now! Alone he stood in the world once more, and his heart grew hard within him.

He crept up the beach to see if any human being were in sight. Here and there he saw figures stealthily prowling among the rocks. They doubtless saw him, too, but paid no heed to him, taking him for one of their own friends in search of wreckage. On the summit of the cliff that broke abruptly down to the beach, he came upon a steer. He recognized the brute as it gently nibbled tufts of scanty grass. It recognized him, too, stared in his face, then turned its head and looked out at the furious billows that had tossed it on

shore. With a frightened snort and an angry lash of its tail, it rushed away, fearing no doubt that the creature before it was come to carry it back to its stormy prison house. But a richer tuft of grass caught its eye, and it stopped in its flight and browsed fiercely.

McCann saw in the distance a pillar of smoke rising apparently out of the ground, but on nearer approach he found that it came from a wretched clay hovel. But the smoke was a welcome sight; it was to him the breathing spirit of human life and with hopeful heart he dragged himself towards it. A couple of starved skeletons fled within alarmed at his coming, and an old hag bent double with years and toil came to the hut door.

As she saw him she almost screamed in his face, "The blessed saints heard me prayers, the blessed Virgin sent me meat for me starvin' childer."

As McCann thought of the noble ship, with its noble freight, and those two heroes on the bridge, and the lad lying down by the sea, he could not but smile at the grim humor of the situation. But the people were generous; they shared with him a part of an ox they had found, and when they had well gorged they went with him to the beach and helped him make the dead ready for burial and wailed over the lad as though he had been their own child.

When the mist cleared towards noon and the seas calmed a little, McCann scanned the water for the steamship,—but in vain. She had struggled bravely to keep her rocky seat, but at last the waves conquered and rolling over she plunged downward with her two brave officers.

Home in Scotland their bairns wept when in the morning the news of the wreck was broken to them, and the eldest boys braced themselves to go down into the deep to make their bread as their fathers had done; but around the Bloody Foreland the gossoons rejoiced: they had meat in abundance.

THE SMITH OF CALEDONIA

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

"I HAVEN'T shod an ox for ten years, and I'll never shoe another."

This from the village blacksmith of Caledonia fulfilled the promise of interest that came from his bearded, spectacled, finely-chiselled face. A blacksmith with a beard as neat and as pointed as if it belonged to a saintly banker of Wall Street, and an eye that suggested a philosophic student; a blacksmith who declined to make shoes for the beasts of burden which are most plentiful in his district—what sort of a man was he, in what sort of country?

I drove oxen on the Western Prairie when I was at the birth of many wheatfields. The collar was the main feature of the harness; and the only yoke the cattle knew was the same that horses carried. We didn't shoe oxen for the trails of Saskatchewan. It seems to be thought necessary to do it in Nova Scotia, because the roads are stone covered. Nova Scotia is like unto nothing else,—in people, or in social or commercial polity, in North America. Geographically, it is almost sundered from the rest of the country; and geography was always a social and economic factor of the first magnitude.

Oxen in Nova Scotia are geared a l'Hanover of the middle eighteenth century, and also a l'Hanover of the early twentieth century. They carry the yokes over the ears, strapped to the horns. They wear eight shoes each. The cloven hoof is the only thing in which an ox is more costly than a horse,—if you except the patience he extorts from his driver.

There is nothing, even in patristic theology, half as rigid as the fore-end deportment of a yoke of Nova Scotian oxen. They may wriggle their hind-quarters with a certain semblance of freedom; but their heads are fixed quantities. If you want to know what

a stiff-necked people could do if they really tried, watch this bovine partnership at work. It looks as if the yoke were on the weakest part of the animal. But if you have seen the weight-moving contests at Caledonia Fair,—the starting of loads of stone on stoneboats,—you would learn that there is more than brains in a horned head. I have concluded that the effect of this rigidity in harness is to decline the ox's primal dignity into his feet; where it abides until shoeing day comes round, and then produces such a contest between man and brute creation that no place but Nova Scotia can furnish.

I had supposed the docile cattle I had seen hauling fish and lumber would hoist the hoof at the blacksmith's invitation with the ease and constancy that belongs to horses in similar cases. It was my first idea to the contrary that brought me within the portals of the refined blacksmith of Caledonia, whose name, I am glad to say, is Lovelace. The shop is near where the highway to Lake Rossignol forks away from the Liverpool road; close by the church, whose emptiness attests the decay of protestant episcopacy hereabouts. The big door was open, and I saw an extraordinary contraption that might be the frame of a many-knived guillotine, the framework of a sawmill, or the vacated prison of some jumping, steaming piece of machinery, that had grown too ancient for even the backyard of a modern world.

So I enquired of the artificer who was sharpening a two-pronged hoe,—they dig potatoes and transplant shrubs with two-pronged hoes in Nova Scotia, and like the exercise.

"That," says he. "Oh, that's for shoeing oxen; but I don't do any of that work now."

"No money in it?" I ventured.

"Two dollars an ox—twice as much as for a horse," was the reply. "I'd rather be without the money, and let somebody else do the job. Haven't you seen one before?"

I hadn't.

"I'll give you that one if you'll take it away."

"Don't you prefer to keep it to remind you of the more picturesque side of your profession?" I hazarded.

"Say that again, if you please."

I said it again.

"I wanted to be quite sure you said 'picturesque.' You wouldn't call it picturesque if you had to do it. There's more profanity and more dirt about shoeing one ox than in breaking in half a dozen colts to the paring knife. Picturesque! Gee-roosalem! Not a damned bit picturesque. I'm a spotless saint compared with what I was when I used that machine two or three times a week; and I very seldom sing psalms in church or out."

"Did the children like it?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that that old trap drove my boys from home, but I know nothing would induce them to come back to it."

"I didn't mean your sons, 'The children coming home from school,' you know."

"Look in at the open door.' Oh yes, I know what you're thinking of. I guess they looked in sometimes. But a man who is having his nerves, patience, skin and temperature tried all at once isn't going to have his temper further tried by making a show of his job to a lot of sniggering kids. Now, a man holding a horse's hoof arcross his knee, and just taking the hot shoe away from the hoof, makes quite a picture for a calendar, don't he? A man can do that and really look as though he goes to church on Sunday, and with hard, rough hands wipes tears from his eyes. But for the land's sake, mister, can you see anything picturesque about an ox rigged to death in that thing, having shoes nailed on him at fifty cents the hoof, by a man who is halfway to purgatory all the time he's doing the job?"

Blacksmith Lovelace, you perceive,

talks not as other blacksmiths talk. Don't think he is contemptuous of his handicraft, or of those who idealize it. A poet at the anvil would give him rare delight, and he would tell that same poet at eventide more things about the human side of blacksmithing than could be packed into five and twenty stanzas.

Lovelace came over to the scaffold,—I can't think of a better name for it—and expounded its uses. Mr. Ox walks into a framework of timbers, the main beams of which are about eight inches by six, which, if he has pastured well, will just touch his sides. He puts his head under a yoke, as he does when at work, and it is made fast. The yoke slides along iron bars for adjusting purposes, and is attachable to the end stanchions, so that the innocent creature, if he wants to do something with his head, must either flap his ears, or open his mouth, and play with his tongue.

Fixed to one side of the scaffold is a broad band of canvas which is passed under his belly, and hooked to chains on the other side, the chains being part of a windlass, with which Mr. Ox is lifted off his feet. His head is in a vise; he cannot jump, but he can and does seek for something with his feet—he swims in the air. They are not long at liberty. Through the stays on either half of the scaffold are holes. Ropes are put around the ox's legs, drawn through the stays, fixed like hawsers, and, though the beast may heave, he cannot move. The younger set heave something more than sighs. The old fellows acquire a sort of pious resignation to the game, even before their feet are at rest.

On the whole, ox-shoeing is perhaps the best paid mechanical work in the highlands of Nova Scotia. And yet village blacksmith Lovelace has refused it for a long decade. He has other interests of course. He is the first blacksmith I have known who is also a watchmaker, as expert as if he had been 'prenticed to the trade. I doubt if there is such another in all this wide continent.

More, he is a worker in brass and silver. There is a brass band at

Caledonia, an institution that has its own hall and is substantial enough to carry a mortgage. They sent their first disabled instruments to Toronto to be repaired,—Toronto, thirteen hundred miles away. Lovelace said, "Why didn't you bring them to me?" Next time they did. To-day, half the bands in Nova Scotia send their plant to Lovelace for renovation.

The Caledonia paper diffuses its genius under the name of "The Gold-hunter." Its press was run by a big negro who turned a flywheel filled with stones,—a creaking, lung-destroying contrivance, that I practised with for eighty-five seconds. The press is not young, but it is in the pink of condition, thanks to Lovelace. He is a mechanical prodigy incapable only, as far as I could learn, of cutting his own hair.

I have said so much about this blacksmith because he illustrates the infinite social wealth of Nova Scotia,—wealth for the observant sojourner, I

mean. Caledonia is only eighteen miles from the sea, but it has no salt water attributes. It is settled by men who had the hardihood to prefer George the Third to George Washington.

Twenty years ago a railway came within twenty-two miles of it. Five years ago it became the terminus of a line branching from the Halifax and South Western, which skirts the picturesque coast from Halifax to Yarmouth. It is the natural jumping off place for the chain of lakes that are commonly called Lake Rossignol, and for Lake Cegemecaga, otherwise Fairy Lake, all of them the repositories of waters from which greenhorns take brook trout by the half-barrel; all of them in country where moose tracks abound in every bog.

I know of no such blend of natural beauty, sporting chances and human interest as this unsuspected, unsuspecting region affords. My fear in telling about it is that very soon I won't feel like a discoverer or proprietor of it

THE HINDU IN CANADA

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH

Second Paper

FOR more than two years the Hindu in Canada has been in the full blaze of the lime-light. The glare of publicity has vividly shown his failings—brought out his merits in bold relief—laid bare the gainly and ungainly qualities of his mind and body.

So far, the keynote of discussion has been the brown skin of the East-Indian rather than his character; but to-day the violence of agitation has passed away, and the mind of the public is prepared to judge, without racial prejudice or local passion, whether the Hindu is desirable or undesirable as an immigrant in Canada.

The Hindu, merely as a Hindu, is neither undesirable nor desirable in Canada any more than he is in his own

country. A bad Hindu is at a premium nowhere. He is destined to be mowed down by the scythe of evolution, irrespective of the land he lives in. "The survival of the fittest" principle applies to him as well as to representatives of other nationalities. There is no valid reason why a worthless East-Indian should be permitted to gravitate to the Dominion.

This, on the one hand. On the other, it is far from fair to bar out the good Hindu from Canada because certain members of the race are worthless. Such a policy is not only unfair but unwise. It is suicidal to the interests of Canada.

The Dominion needs labor. Servants are wanted in British Columbia—in fact, all over the land. The white

man and woman, especially in British Columbia, shun household work as drudgery. The Chinese, who are known to make excellent servants, are virtually excluded from the country by a heavy head tax of five hundred dollars. The Japanese are looked upon with disfavor in Western Canada. Moreover, the Jap in North America has commenced to look upon household chores as beneath his dignity.

For centuries the Hindu has been a political and social slave. Docility and submission to constituted authority have come to be second nature to him. The higher his caste, the more efficient and intelligent servant he makes. As a rule, the cook in India belongs to the highest caste—the Brahmin.

As high an authority as the late revered Queen Victoria bore testimony to the fact that the Hindu makes a good servant. In a letter written to the late Duke of Cambridge she emphasized:

"I have now had for more than six months two Indians constantly about me, attending to me in my rooms and helping me in many ways, and I never saw better servants or more amiable, more high and well-bred people, or more attentive, intelligent, and devoted in their service. Many who have been in India will tell you the same."

The Hindu servant is, therefore, under the circumstances, the logical one to step into the breach in Canada.

Canada not only needs servants; but its growing industries and manifold railroad activities demand men of brain and brawn. The manner in which the Dominion is expanding industrially, and the way railroad operations are being carried on in the country, have never before been equalled. Canada has produced captains of industry capable of launching and supervising these gigantic enterprises. The Dominion, however, lacks the rank and file laborer, who, under the impetus of the initiative of Canadian promoters, would develop the rich resources of the land.

Certain types of Hindus make splendid factory and railroad hands. These men could not but be desirable in Canada. Thousands of miles of railroad tracks have been laid in India

during the last twenty years. East-Indian laborers, experienced in railroad making, are bound to be of benefit to the Dominion. Similarly, many parts of Hindostan have been settled recently by the opening up of irrigation works, devised and executed by the Government; also vast tracts of land, formerly occupied by timber, have been rendered habitable. The East-Indian wage-earner, acquainted with this phase of work, would undoubtedly prove an invaluable acquisition to Canada. Steam and electricity have begun to replace the old-time hand-machinery in the East-Indian cities. Hindus are more and more becoming used to working with modern methods and machinery in their own land. These men come to Canada equipped in advance to work in factory or mill, not as mere apprentices, but as intelligent and skilled laborers.

The Dominion every year imports thousands of laborers from Southern Europe. The men from Italy, Greece and adjoining districts in many instances have the same color of skin as the Hindu laborers. They do not, however, own allegiance to the same flag as do the Canadians. The East-Indians do. Nor do these foreign laborers excel certain types of Hindu workmen as factory and railroad hands. Almost all the European laborers who come to this country are ignorant of the language in use in Canada—the Hindu immigrant, therefore, does not labor under any peculiar disadvantage in this respect. Canada patiently puts up with the freaks of the Doukhobors when they strip themselves naked and start out on a hunt for Jesus. The ebullient Italian in Canada uses the knife on his country-comrade or goes on drunken orgies. The Hindu, however, is sober and thrifty. If of the right calibre, he is not apt to display even caste prejudices.

Canada's hostility toward the minority of undesirable Hindus—men who are weaklings, sickly and inefficient laborers—is just. Canada's opposition to the few Hindu immigrants who lack the adjustability to get used to new climate and environment is also sound. The people of India, in this day and

age, cannot for a moment expect the Dominion to make itself a dumping ground for Hindustan's refuse. Canada is a part and parcel of the British Empire, and as such it is its bounden duty to treat the East-Indian with fairness and consideration—even to actually extend courtesies to him that are not shown immigrant foreigners; but these imperial obligations do not require Canada to permit itself to become a haven of rest for the undesirable Hindu.

"The Hindu
Who sticks to his caste
Right to the last,"

is not the right kind of Hindu for Canada. He is unworthy of being welcomed by the Dominion. He is undesirable. Only those East-Indians should be allowed to come into the country whose caste prejudices are not of a nature that would militate against the best Canadian interests. The few Hindus who have not graduated from the University of Hard Knocks—who have not learned the dignity of labor—who by tradition look upon honest physical work as below their station of life—are persons who starve in India and who will starve in Canada or live at the expense of Canadians. Their faces are set toward devolution. They lack the spirit of the hive. They will not benefit Canada, nor will Canada do them any good. These men should be branded by Canada as "N. G."—no good—and sent back to the jungles of Hindustan, for their place is in the wilds, and not amongst civilized human beings. It is no stigma to Hindustan if these people are barred out by Canada.

The conditions in India are such that an East-Indian finds it much harder to leave his home land than does the European. It requires more grit, more enterprise, more spirit to risk, and more capacity to over-ride traditional prejudices, for a Hindu to undertake a sea-voyage to migrate to some far-distant land, than for a resident of a European country to do the same thing. It requires hard labor for the East-Indian to raise the passage money. Moreover,

invariably the Hindu has to expend more money to emigrate than does the European immigrant, as he travels more miles in order to reach his destination. Naturally, the Hindu immigrant in Canada, as elsewhere, is more than likely a man who has the supreme contempt for caste rules and precedents. He is apt to be bold and enterprising—invested with an uplook, desirous of blazing a new path through the jungle of life, and willing to pay the price for what he wishes to get. To *indiscriminately* designate such men as sheepish-looking or everlastingly moving in ruts is wrong and unjust. If such men are worthy of anything at all, they deserve appreciation for cutting their moorings from the despotism of priest, precedent and caste and asserting their manhood. They at least deserve a "square deal," a fair field and no favors. It is eminently proper for Canada to give a chance to the Hindu who comes to North America in order to help himself and who is willing to put away his dress, mode of living and time-honored methods of working, and is eager to live and labor according to the most approved Canadian standards.

In coming to Canada the East-Indian pays a compliment to the country and its people. In adopting Canadian customs and methods, the Hindu pays the Dominion a further compliment. The Hindu in Canada comes primarily for his own good, in order to earn better wages; but his work is productive and he gives to the country many times the amount of money he receives in wages in return for his conscientious and intelligent labor. If of the right calibre, the East-Indian is a valuable asset to the Dominion, since he seeks to "make good" and earn the approbation of his Canadian employer. If of the wrong sort, he is no different—no worse than—the bad Italian, Doukhobor, *et al.* His place, like that of the inefficient and poor workers of other nationalities, is not in Canada. The undesirable Hindu should not be permitted to enter the country. But the desirable Hindu is needed by Canada just as much as the desirable Hindu needs the Dominion.

THE FINISH OF THE TANGAHOULA BRIDGE CLUB

BY J. DE Q. DONEHOO

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES



ONG had social feud raged in Tangahoula between the Powlers and the La Poulets.

The Powlers rather seemed to have the La Poulets bested when they got their automobile; it was the first one in town, and took amazingly. But it is a mistake to think that this machine is the last word in modern invention; a greater is bridge.

And Mrs. La Poulet promptly came back at the Powlers with bridge, and won.

And yet bridge is popularly supposed to be a much cheaper and less strenuous diversion than the other. Such was at first the general opinion in Tangahoula, but it changed its mind; and this narrative tells why.

Mrs. La Poulet, smarting under the sting of the Powler red devil, heard of bridge as a diversion of high society. She promptly got the Tangahoula News Emporium to send for score cards and various recommended works explanatory of this science. A couple of weeks' study of these authorities made her comparative mistress of the game.

Then did Mrs. La Poulet begin her campaign. Her husband, a gentleman meek and obliging, was pressed into service for certain experimental games, having their daughter Annie as his partner. Miss Hebert, who was Mrs. La Poulet's grand vizier in matters

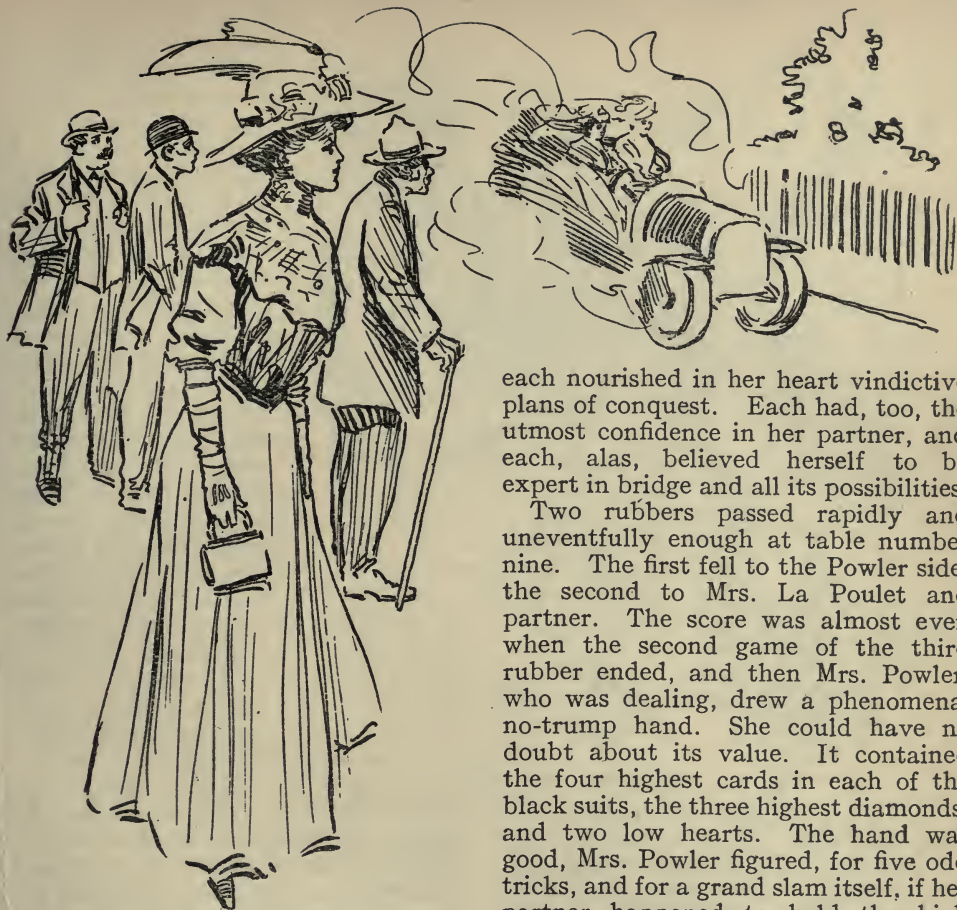
social, constantly assisted her in practicing.

Other members of the circle in which Mrs. La Poulet was one of the greater lights were gradually initiated. Finally, the bridge infection spread like measles.

The Tangahoula Bridge Club was next formed, with much enthusiasm, and immediately took its place as a chief institution. Mrs. La Poulet was made President, and (of course) Mrs. Powler was furious. Her automobile passed unnoticed while the club was holding its weekly meetings, and the result was that Mrs. Powler herself finally applied for membership.

Some friction had developed in the club, however, over the matter of playing for stakes. Now, Canadian ethics are unusually liberal about this question, and no card club would think of meeting without at least offering prizes to the winners. But certain members expressed their scruples about playing for so much per point in the score. Yet Mrs. La Poulet, as chief authority on the subject, said this just had to be done if Tangahoula wanted to be up-to-date. She showed how it was the custom in England, New York, and Montreal; she argued that it did not become Tangahoula to put itself in the same class with those rural communities where they played euchre at parties and served iced tea with soda biscuit. And so the club, after considerable debate, resolved by a large majority to play henceforth for a nominal sum per point.

Mrs. Sargent had the honor of entertaining the first meeting of the club at which the new rule went into effect. The original suggestion had been that the stakes should be one cent per point



IT WAS THE FIRST ONE IN TOWN

But when the time for playing came, several ladies, and prominent among them Mrs. Powler, roundly ridiculed this. Mrs. Powler said they couldn't decently make the stake less than five cents a point; *that* would be ridiculous. So, five cents a point it finally became by general consent.

It was further decided, that to prevent disputes about scores, since stakes were being played for, the same couples were to occupy each of the tables for the afternoon. Partners were to be chosen by mutual consent, opposing couples by lot. Thus it came about that afternoon, that Mrs. La Poulet, with her best friend, Miss Hebert, was pitted against Mrs. Powler, with *her* best friend, Miss Hudson, at table number nine.

The rivals were acidly sweet toward each other when the game began, but

each nourished in her heart vindictive plans of conquest. Each had, too, the utmost confidence in her partner, and each, alas, believed herself to be expert in bridge and all its possibilities.

Two rubbers passed rapidly and uneventfully enough at table number nine. The first fell to the Powler side, the second to Mrs. La Poulet and partner. The score was almost even when the second game of the third rubber ended, and then Mrs. Powler, who was dealing, drew a phenomenal no-trump hand. She could have no doubt about its value. It contained the four highest cards in each of the black suits, the three highest diamonds, and two low hearts. The hand was good, Mrs. Powler figured, for five odd tricks, and for a grand slam itself, if her partner happened to hold the high hearts. It was certain, at least, that no writer who ever wrote failed to recommend the holder of three aces, three kings, and three queens to make it no trumps. Mrs. Powler's eyes snapped in triumph, and she made it no trumps.

But all things earthly are uncertain, even bridge. Mrs. La Poulet, who had the lead, also held a phenomenal hand to which she pinned equal faith on a no-trump declaration. She was absolutely persuaded that *it* was good for five odd tricks. Her face lighted up with a fighting gleam, as she said, "I double you."

"So," thought Mrs. Powler, "the Lord has delivered her into my hands. What can the woman mean?" Her "I double you again" came back with the greatest alacrity.

Mrs. La Poulet never hesitated a moment. "I double again."

"Again," from Mrs. Powler.



HER HUSBAND WAS PRESSED INTO SERVICE

"Again," from Mrs. La Poulet.

By this time the attention of the entire company was directed towards table number nine. The club had never thought of limiting the extent to which doubling might be carried, and somebody said in an undertone, "But this is scandalous; it really looks like gambling, you know."

"I double again," repeated Mrs. La Poulet, contemptuously.

"I, too," re-echoed Mrs. Powler, defiantly.

Then Mrs. Sargent, the hostess, hurried up; she began to think the matter was getting serious. "Don't you think, ladies," she faltered, sweetly and persuasively, "that the stakes are high enough for a social game? People might talk——"

But if the ladies heard what their hostess said, they never betrayed that fact, and Mrs. La Poulet ejaculated, "I double you."

It went on up to twelve doubles.

The excitement throughout the room became intense. "No trumps redoubled twelve times," was the word

that went round, and ladies were saying in low voices, "Why, it's awful."

Nobody knew at the moment just what money value this would give each trick, least of all did Mrs. La Poulet. But full of fight still, and absolutely certain of victory as she was, she was yet daunted by the horrified spirit that pervaded the room and could be plainly felt. Then, too, Mrs. La Poulet was somewhat superstitious. She concluded that she would rather not redouble a thirteenth time.

"All right. Shall I play, partner?" was the sign of her submission.

Nearly everybody in the room had dropped all else and crowded around table number nine.

There was a most exasperating look of triumph on Mrs. Powler's face as her adversary led out the king of hearts. That look, however, quickly faded when her partner threw down a hand with absolutely nothing in it, and she realized that her adversary had a wonderful suit of hearts. The fact was that Mrs. La Poulet held eleven of these, including all the high ones, and with the lead in her hands, each was good for a trick. She held a hand out of ten thousand, one that was absolutely invincible when placed as it was.

While the process of taking Mrs. La Poulet's five odd tricks was going on, to Mrs. Powler's absolute stupefaction and her partner's ill-concealed anger, one of those obliging friends who are always ready to explain to us the full extent of our misfortunes, was industriously adding up the score. This she did audibly, as she bent over an adjoining table, with running comments upon the figures.

"Each trick at no-trumps counts

twelve, and this multiplied by five cents is sixty cents, and this multiplied by five tricks is three dollars. Then this is to be redoubled twelve times, which, I figure out, would be four thousand and ninety-six times three dollars, or \$12,288. Mercy sakes, Mrs. Powler! You and Miss Hudson owe Mrs. La Poulet and Miss Hebert \$12,288, or \$6,144 apiece, not counting the rest of the score!"

Mrs. Powler nearly fainted, and the cards fell from her hands, while Miss Hudson indulged in cutting reproaches, and sought final refuge in tears.

Everybody was so excited that it was impossible to serve the refreshments, and the session abruptly broke up.

Tongues wagged that night in Tanga-houla as they never had before, comment on the scandalous amount involved being varied by speculation on the probability of Mrs. Powler's having to put down her motor-car to pay it.



"I'M ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND TO THE GOOD IN A LAND DEAL WITH LA POULET", HE ANNOUNCED

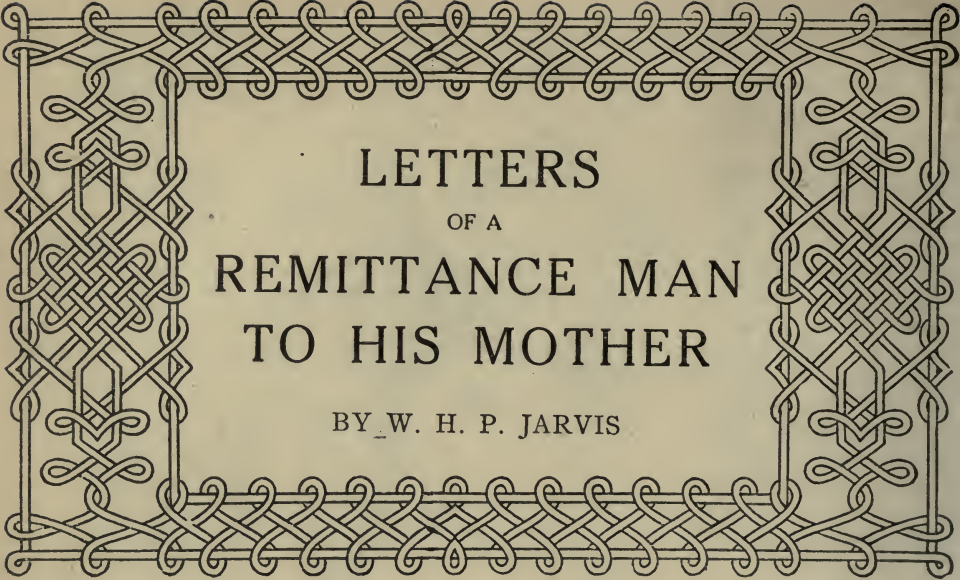
As to which latter question Mr. Powler had unwittingly taken independent action.

"My dear," said he, when she had faltered out her tale of calamity, "We've averaged out to the good, but that was not your fault. While you were fighting the La Poulet tiger, I was taking the hair off the La Poulet lamb. I'm about twenty thousand to the good in a land deal with La Poulet to-day, and I traded in that old gas-wagon of yours with a lot of other junk for twice what it's worth. His wife won't dare

use it anyhow—it's second-hand now, you know, and that kills it for her. You can settle your losses out of my winnings. And—look here. I don't want to discourage a spirit of sport, and if you want to go on flying high, go on. I'll buy you an aeroplane."

But the Bridge Club never had another meeting.





LETTERS

OF A

REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 5th, 1—
MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have your letter in which you say that the Governor takes great exception to my purchase of oil lands. His criticism is no doubt just, as I have been trying to sell my holdings and cannot get even a fraction of what I paid for them. I have been to every real estate office in Winnipeg.

You will be astonished when you learn that the diggings I now occupy are those of the rascally Jenkins. For several days after my last letter I wandered about the streets looking for work and succeeded only in making a few cents, no permanent billet to be had, when one evening I aimlessly entered the bar-room of one of the hotels and I tumbled on Jenkins. I would have passed him but the fellow held out his hand and I took it. I had not received a friendly word since that dinner with my intoxicated friend and a sympathetic word even from the man who had cheated me was not unacceptable.

Two companions were with Jenkins. One of the name of Howard, had, so I was told, just received £100 remittance from home and was celebrating. I was introduced and was invited to drink with my new friends. This was followed by a general invitation to

supper, which was turned into a great celebration, Howard insisting on buying champagne. We all then went to Jenkins' diggings where there were several beds and an additional one was improvised for myself.

Drinking and feasting were kept up for several days till the remittance was all spent. I accepted their invitations to meals for I thought I might as well have the benefit of the remittance as have Howard and Jenkins drink it all. I spoke to one of the bartenders when both Howard and Jenkins were very drunk, as to who Howard was. "Oh," the fellow replied, "he is a well known remittance man about town, his money comes regular. There is one thing about remittance men, when one has money, they all have money!" This last remark I accepted as being for my benefit.

When the time for headaches and repentance came Jenkins spoke of going back to work. He had been employed as a waiter in a restaurant when Howard's remittance came and he returned to his employment and was reinstated. His meals are part of his salary while the cakes and pies he is able to smuggle home help Howard and myself to keep off starvation.

The one large room we all occupy is over a shop and is heated by steam.

In one corner there is a small gas stove on which we make tea and occasionally cook food, when we have it to cook. This is a great convenience as Jenkins frequently brings in something that is the better for warming up, and when Howard or myself gets any money, I by earning it or Howard more frequently by borrowing from other remittance men, we buy beef steaks and have a grand feast. It is very much like the life I passed on the farm only our supply of food is very intermittent.

December 7th.

Jenkins has lost his position and we are in most awful distress. When he received the money due him he went and got drunk and now we have nothing and I find it more difficult every day to earn anything, there seem to be fewer odd-jobs obtainable. The cold is very great and it is very distressing to work out in it, besides I am not sufficiently clad, the greater part of my clothing being in the country. Jenkins and I sit in one room most of the day. Howard has gone into the country, and when we do go out we hurry along the streets to the nearest bar-room, where we get warm, and leaving that hurry on to the next or into the hotels where people stare at us. A group of us Englishmen, all acquaintances of Jenkins, were gathered together in one of the hotels the other day. Every one of the party was stony broke, yet in the party was a Cambridge B.A., an ex-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and a man who had passed his third year in medicine at Edinborough. Bad as my circumstances are there was not one in the group better off than myself. The party compared notes and each told of his endeavour to get work and how disheartening the result was.

For myself I have made several acquaintances in the hotels among Englishmen down on their luck and I find consolation in their society. I suppose in keeping with the law that misery likes company. The remittance men all arrive down town about eleven o'clock in the morning and file into the public rooms of the hotels. I have watched them often and amused

myself picking them out from the general public. They walk in, hands in their pockets, and glance round till they see a seat where a newspaper has been abandoned by the late occupant. They immediately sit down and read the morning news and it is generally not long before their friends join them. Another place to study the remittance man is the Post Office, on days when the English mail is due. Long lines of anxious faces stand before the general delivery wicket and when one gets a check there is a great rejoicing by his friends as well as by himself. Such a group will probably be seen later in the hotels.

I have lately fallen in the habit of studying other Englishmen down on their luck and I find the subject very interesting.

The night is cold outside and Jenkins has just come in informing me he has some food. Where he procures the stuff he brings home I do not know but I think he got some of it from his old friends in the restaurant. The ethics of all this I don't dwell upon mentally so will not do so here.

With my best love to all at home, I remain

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 10th, 1—

My dear Mother:—I have your letter of last Monday week. One of my chief regrets is that my experiences cause you distress. Otherwise I do not feel them so much myself, as something always seems to intervene between me and starvation and I have taken to studying my fellow men from this plane. In the very battle for existence in which I am engaged I find a magnetism. The primitive instincts are developed and to me the aspect of life is changed.

As my environment is changed so I look towards those factions of society which are yet accessible to me.

Yesterday the weather moderated and it snowed a little. In the evening as I tramped the street I came upon some members of the Salvation Army holding forth at the street corner. As I stopped to listen they broke up their

little meeting and invited all to follow them to their citadel or meeting house. I fell in line and soon found myself seated among their congregation. The Salvation Army has existed now many years but this was my first contact with it. As its name implies it has an organization similar to an army, that is, the executive is composed of Lieutenants, Captains, Colonels and so on up to the Chief executive, General Booth, the founder.

The service comprises prayers and singing of hymns by all, and addresses by different members of the staff and testimonies by adherents, the trend of the remarks of the latter being towards certifying to the improvement of their lives since coming under the influence of the Salvation Army. Of doctrine there was little said by any one. They speak of each other as "brother" and "sister," and outside of "saving souls", as they term gaining converts to their cause and adherents to their force, their purpose in life seems to be the relief of suffering and poverty wherever found.

The Staff Captain who led the meeting told of measures that were being applied by the Army for the relief of the distress in the city. He pointed out that there were many unsuccessful in Winnipeg to whom the idea of accepting bare charity was demoralizing, so the Army maintained soup kitchens where meals could be had at cost price and a tailoring department where old clothes given to the Army were repaired and sold at smallest cost to anyone in need.

During the meeting the idea that struck me most forcibly was that the Salvation Army appreciates the fact that human nature is the same wherever met and that their whole system is based upon this.

The members of the staff are largely, if not entirely drawn from those among whom they work and are trained by work among the fallen and the needy. The consequence is that they never separate sympathy from their charity. They do not feel that they have fulfilled their duty completely by a mere act of giving but they take those to whom Hope is a stranger to themselves.

They give the man or the woman who has conceived all mankind to be an enemy, their hand, and they call them brother or sister. In no way is this more clearly instanced than by the nursing they give to the spirit of independence and pride which is seldom altogether absent in the human being, by their principle of selling at a small cost rather than by direct gifts of absolute necessities.

These were the impressions I received as I listened to the several speakers during the evening and, as I have told you before, my late experiences have schooled me to view men and things without bias.

I stayed till the end of the meeting, after the majority of those in the benches left. Several of the staff who took an active part in the meeting came down to the main body of the hall and a young woman with a face bearing a rare light of happiness came and sat beside me. She leaned over towards me and said:

"Brother, are you saved?"

The question to me was so unlike any that I had ever before met that it frightened me, or rather I was afraid of its very evident significance, so I replied:

"I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

Her reply left no chance of evasion; "Are you prepared to meet your God?"

In the days before I knew the force of hunger I would never have taken the question seriously, had I ever been met with it, but the stern hand of want opens the soul to the entertainment of promptings, at other times shed by the indifference to which health and plenty is father. I answered, "I do not know."

Lieutenant Jones, as she was called, then talked to me in a manner I have never been talked to before. She asked me about my present existence and my past life and when I told her that I had been reared in all the luxury of an English home, pointed out how little I had been taught to feel the responsibility of life. Then she pleaded with me to give up the search for personal pleasures and lend my efforts to doing good for others. To this I

replied that all my exertions were at present required to keep myself from starving, when she told me that the Army would always be ready to render me what assistance it could.

As I walked home my thoughts ran in a new channel and in the general flow I felt the spirit of hope and trust in my own abilities, a confidence new to me. I felt as if I had reached bottom and from henceforth my way would be upward.

Affectionately yours,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 14th, 1—

My dear Mother:—This morning I picked up a paper that was lying in one of the vacant chairs of the hotel. After I had glanced through its news columns I turned to the advertisements and among them I saw:

WANTED—Man to work in warehouse. No Englishman need apply. Fleming & Co., Wholesale Grocers.

I looked at the thing and was puzzled,—“No Englishman need apply.” Surely there could be no objection to Englishmen because they are Englishmen. This is part of the British Empire of which England is the head and centre. What objection could Fleming & Co. have to employing Englishmen? I thought the matter over but came to no decision save that I would apply for the position and if I did not get it I would at least find out why Englishmen were objected to.

I asked the locality of Fleming & Co's office and was directed by a policeman. It is in the wholesale district, being part of the second floor of a large warehouse. I mounted the steps and entered directly into the office. Desks with clerks leaning over them and tables with typists at work were spread over a large floor space. A railing a few feet high through which were several gates, divided the clerks from the area for customers. A young clerk came to the railing as soon as I entered and said:

“Anything I can do for you?”

“I wish to see Mr. Fleming,” I replied.

“Which Mr. Fleming? There are two.”

“Either,” I said.

“Do you want to apply for work?” said the clerk, looking me over.

“I wish to see one of the heads of this company.”

“Alright, there is Mr. John Fleming, office manager, at that desk,” said the fellow, pointing in the direction of a large, heavily built man in the centre of the office and opening one of the gates for me to enter.

My assurance began to leave me as I approached the office executive. Mr. Fleming was reading and sorting out letters. He had a strong face and I noticed him replying to one of the clerks who questioned him, without taking his eyes off the letter he was reading. I felt he would be a hard man to persuade to employ anyone he did not wish to. However I came up to him and said:

“Are you Mr. Fleming?”

“Yes,” he replied without lifting his eyes.

“I see you are advertising for a man to work in your warehouse, and I would like to ask for the position,” I made bold to say.

“Yes, I wanted a man, but I said no Englishman need apply.”

His attention was all on the letter he was reading.

“How do you know I am an Englishman?” I enquired.

“I have heard you talk and caught sight of your bellows pants. How do I know a mule is a mule?” He was still reading.

“Do you mean to say you won't employ an Englishman because he is an Englishman?” I enquired.

“I do,” said he.

“Oh,” said I, “I thought that the position was one you did not think an Englishman would accept, but as I am in distress I have made up my mind to take anything I can get to do.”

“Good God!” I heard him mutter, “this is a new one,” and then he said, “sit down a minute.”

I sat down in one of the seats and in a minute he laid down the letter he was reading and turned to me. He looked me hard in the eye for a second or two and then he asked how long I had been in this country.

"Two years," I replied.

"Well, have you not learned in that time that you are no mortal good on top of earth, that there is something lacking in your make-up which prevents you from assimilating with the men who do things? To tell you the truth, I am sorry for you fellows. I am not the first one who has advertised for a man and added 'No Englishman need apply,' in fact complaints have been sent over to England about it and the knowledge of this is not calculated to do this country any good for it will tend to keep the better class of Englishmen away while it is not so likely to influence the remittance men among the better educated nor the scum from the slums."

"Well, why do you insert such advertisements in the papers?" I asked.

"Because there is a bunch of remittance men in the city who read the advertisements every day and apply for every job that's vacant, totally indifferent whether they are competent to give a fair return for the wages they receive. Besides an Englishman is a born kicker and if you give him a job he is sure to make trouble and uses his spare time in writing letters to the newspapers. There is no inherent dislike to Englishmen in this country, in fact in the east there is a strong friendship and the Anglo-maniac is not absent."

"Do you mean to say that no Englishman will make a success out here?" I asked.

"Not at all," said Mr. Fleming, "I have several in my office, but they came to me, not as Englishmen, but as book-keepers and accountants, or I took them very young. A boy who does not start to make himself useful at sixteen years of age is hardly likely to prove a success in after years. Some of the best artisans in this city, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, machinists are English but when they hunt a job they do so naming their trade, not their nationality. English craftsmen are always looked favorably upon because the apprentice system, as you have it in England, tends to thoroughness. But as to the class to which you belong, the trouble with you is that

your people bring you up to be what they, in their minds, fondly term gentlemen. Now the attributes which go to give a man a social polish set him apart from the common herd, more or less. Besides the education of a gentleman carries with it the acquiring of expensive habits. In fact your education has been towards the spending of money, not making, it and what your people bring you up for with extravagant tastes unless they can furnish you with funds to maintain them, I don't know. I will give my sons an education far superior to any I ever was able to obtain, but then I will see that they either go into the professions or I will give them a taste of business in these offices during their holidays."

"I am sure an education in the arts would not do anyone harm in any vocation," I said.

"No, perhaps not," said Mr. Fleming, "but while you are attaining it, you should be learning business methods at a couple of dollars a week in an office. A boy of about twenty thinks more of himself than than at any other period of his life and won't stand being told things by some one he regards as his social inferior. Excuse me taking up your time in this manner, but I have been thinking a good deal about the Englishmen problem in this country lately and I want to put our position right."

"Then you can't give me a position in your warehouse?" I said.

"No. I have filled it already and by a man I fancy will give us better satisfaction than you would."

I turned to go and said, "Good morning," as Mr. Fleming turned again to his letters.

"Wait a minute," he said, "I have a note here from our parson and he wishes me to send a man up to the Maple Leaf Hall to help the ladies who are having a tea and bazaar in aid of the church. I think you will be more agreeable to them than one of the men out of the warehouse, besides we are very busy. Now you go up to the Maple Street Church Sunday School and tell the ladies who will be there that I sent you." As I turned to go he put his hand in his pocket and handed

me five dollars. "Here," he said, "are five dollars. If you are like most remittance men I have met you'll get drunk, but if you are worthy of a hand up in life you'll buy a cheap pair of trousers and chuck those things you have on. Have a good meal and a shave and be at the Sunday School at 2 o'clock. Excuse my remarks about your 'bellows pants' but in view of the reputation your countrymen have earned in this country, you will find life will be easier if your appearance is not conspicuously pointing to your nationality. No one but an Englishman would be hunting odd jobs in riding breeches." Mr. Fleming turned again to his work and I left him.

It is not necessary for me to assure you that I did not betray the trust but arrived at 2 o'clock at the Sunday School. The ladies were putting up decorations and arranging the tables for their sale of work which was to be the following day. I got on famously with them and they were very nice and I quite enjoyed the surroundings. Mrs. Fleming asked me a good many questions about myself so I fancy her husband had been talking to her about me. She asked me to return in the evening which I did. She was there and called me into a corner and undid a large bundle which proved to be an overcoat. She asked me accept this as a Christmas gift from her husband, and of course it would have been folly for me to have refused it.

"When you get up in the world again you can give an equal gift to some one in need. In the meantime accept it as a loan." This was certainly a tactful way of putting it.

I was there three days at the bazaar and Mr. Fleming gave me another \$5, which I turned over to Jenkins as a contribution towards our rent. Jenkins however returned home drunk that evening and had a bottle of whiskey with him so I am afraid my money went into the wrong channels.

I must now bring this somewhat lengthy epistle to a close.

My new overcoat is a great comfort, and is making me feel quite hopeful.

Affectionately yours.

REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 22nd, 1—

My dear Mother:—I have come to the conclusion that the application of the word "remittance man" is extended to all Englishmen not engaged in any permanent occupation. While the term is not in our vocabulary at home it is every day used here and even appears in the press.

The following appeared lately in a local newspaper:

"Another case of suicide occurred at the C. P. R. Station this morning. A young Englishman by the name of Hopewell entered the lavatory of the station and putting the muzzle of a revolver in his mouth pulled the trigger. Death was instantaneous. Hopewell was seen in the general waiting room some time before he committed the rash act and though his actions appeared queer no particular attention was paid him.

"He is said to be well connected in England and was well known around town as a remittance man. He lately received quite a large check from home which he dissipated in a most extravagant fashion in wine and dinners for himself and friends. His money exhausted he became despondent which led to his taking his life."

I knew Hopewell, but not intimately. He was a friend of Jenkins who introduced him to me one day. From Jenkins I gathered that poor Hopewell read for the church but took to living too fast and gave up his studies, after which his people induced him to come to Canada. It appears to me this is a poor atmosphere in which to try moral reformation. Why do English parents and guardians permit and even prompt and encourage wayward sons to come to the Colonies where license exists and where moral restraint is not? An Englishman coming to this country naturally seeks the society of his own kind even as I did, failing to recognize that, while the atmosphere that education gives and breeding conveys may be retained, dissipation and want tend to deaden moral sense, and breed unrighteous principles.

Christmas is now close at hand and as a great rush exists among the shop keepers, it is not as hard as it was to get "odd jobs."

Many of my evenings I spend at the Salvation Army meetings. The last one I was at was distinguished by the presence of an officer who is connected with the Army's emigration work. You may have seen in the press that the Salvation Army has inaugurated a system under which it is to bring desirable emigrants from home to Canada.

The Commissioner, as he is called, led the meeting and told his hearers of the methods the Army were using in carrying on this work. They did not take the vagabonds from the slums but picked from the great host of applicants, such ones as were accustomed to lead useful lives at home and calculated to work out their destiny here. The work of the Salvation Army is among the masses and the training of the officers is thorough to the point of gaining them a great knowledge of men, of human nature. After all, success to the point of a competency is the sequence of being able to do things, but great heights are attained only by those who have a knowledge of men.

There are some men who will attain success under almost any circumstances; there are those ever predestined to failure. Of the latter class I am afraid a great many are here, the outcasts of Europe. A land may be one of golden opportunity—to those who see, who grasp and who hold and convert.

The Salvation Army is giving a grand free dinner for the poor on Christmas day and I have promised Lieutenant Jones to accept their hospitality.

Wishing all at home a Merry Christmas, I remain,

Ever yours affectionately,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dec. 26th, 1—

My dear Mother:—Yesterday was Christmas Day. To me, and I fancy to most people in my condition, church service has at all times more than anything else the power of transporting one by the memories it recalls, but church with its yule-tide decorations, its music of "gladness and great joy,"

brings up its bygone anniversaries in panorama to move the soul to the acme of that condition known as homesickness.

After morning service I visited the Salvation Army to be their guest at dinner. I had a little money and my presence there was not the outcome of actual want but was due to the invitation of Lieutenant Jones.

A large room was filled with tables and the supply of food seemed unlimited. The officers of the Army were everywhere shaking hands with and welcoming all who came with a spirit of friendliness which no one could mistake for anything but genuine. Any and all who came were saved any scrutiny which might indicate a question as to their need of such hospitality or their worthiness of its bestowal. In the crowd that gathered were men of all nations, their creeds were mostly of the past. Through the rags and uncleanness of their persons in many were plainly seen the stamp of erstwhile ease and plenty, many were remittance men. Some of these had countenances of stolidity and some seemed to avoid scrutiny but the markings were unmistakable.

I sat down by the side of a good looking fellow who was occupying a bench in a corner. A great look of dejection was on his face. He paid no attention to me so I made some conventional remark about the weather

"Yes," was all the return I got.

"You are an Englishman?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"How long have you been in the country?"

"Two years."

"The same as myself."

After a moment's pause he turned to me.

"What part of England do you come from?" he asked.

I told him and we soon found that we had mutual friends. He told me then a tale of hardships in working for a farmer some distance from Winnipeg. The man did not understand him nor he the man. Bad food and hard work six days in the week and glum silence or dreary hymns on Sunday. As the

winter settled down he went into the woods to cut fuel and remained at this till the week before Christmas, when he came to town with his hard earned money. He lent a chum a few dollars and the rest had been stolen by a degenerate fellow countryman. So my new acquaintance had gravitated to the Salvation Army.

Today I was walking down the street when Mr. Fleming overtook me and was passing when he placed his hand upon my shoulder and asked me how I was getting on. I told him very well.

"I see you got rid of the bellows pants," he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"You made a good impression on the ladies at the bazaar. There's nothing like making a good impression on the ladies!"

"Possibly," I replied.

"Yes," he continued, "my wife has spoken several times about you and wondered if you always have enough to eat. I finally promised to hold a job for you in the warehouse and there is one open now. If you report to-morrow you can go to work. Wages are not very high, but you can live comfortably on them in a modest way. Good morning!"

So I go to work to-morrow to be permanently employed. I shall probably work too hard to be inclined to write much, so my letters will naturally be less frequent. Kind regards to all.

Affectionately yours,

REGINALD BROWN.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Feb. 10th, 1—

My dear Mother:—I to-day received a full month's pay for my work in January in Fleming and Co's warehouse. I feel I've earned the money and done my work as well as any man could have done it, whatever his nationality. I feel that I am now building up from rock bottom.

I have some very good news for you, more good news. A few days ago I received a letter from a real estate firm here asking me what price I wanted for my land, my petroleum land. I called on them and said in a joke, ten thousand dollars. The fellow

said he would take it. I was thunder-struck but said nothing. When an Englishman makes a joke, no one in this country sees it as such; so it was in my case.

The real estate man then went on to talk about "the railway" and the "divisional point" and I soon gathered that a railroad was being built through the district in which I had bought my land and that a "divisional point," which means a new town, was to be located on the land to which my petroleum land adjoined. This caused a great jump in values and I am to be one who will reap the benefit. As I have said it was only by sheer luck, for really had the land man been able to detect that I was joking I would not have got nearly so much. In fact, I would have accepted twenty pounds for the property and here I am getting two thousand pounds for it.

So now I feel that I am a remittance man no longer but a successful land speculator or what you will. It matters not what you call me as long as I am not called a remittance man.

I have talked the whole matter over with Lieutenant Jones and she advises me to stay working where I am till spring and then to buy another farm—this time after I have personally inspected it. I have decided to do this. I will buy a farm with horses and machinery and will hire workmen. I will have nothing to do with any man who wears what Mr. Fleming calls "bellows pants" and will cut the whole tribe of remittance men.

This however I do intend to do, namely to take a partner in the deal, for Lieutenant Jones has said "Yes."

She is reluctant to leave the Army, but a life on the prairies is not altogether wanting in opportunities for doing good. She is eminently practical in matters pertaining to farming, having been born on one.

It is a strange thing but since I have begun to work for Mr. Fleming I have cultivated a great dislike to Englishmen of the remittance man type, and I get angry when it is hinted that I am one of them.

Amusing stories are continually being circulated about remittance men, and

the following appeared in the local press:

"A large percentage of western humour is arrayed against the remittance man, but there have been few stories told at his expense more mirth provoking than the following, or perhaps it is because this story is rather at the expense of the old folk at home. Here it is:

"An Englishman was given a thousand pounds by his father to begin life as a farmer in Western Canada. After receiving this patrimony the dutiful son came to this Province, bought 160 acres of sage brush and gophers, took up his quarters in a neighboring town and blew in the remainder of his money. When cash and credit were alike gone he put pen to paper and wrote his fond parent as follows:

"My dear Father:—When I was leaving for this country you told me that if I made a success of farming in Western Canada you would send me an additional £1,000. Now I beg to inform you that I have here a farm and upon that farm have eighteen head of gopher. These gophers are the sleekest and fattest gophers in all the country round. I therefore lay claim to the £1,000, as promised.—Your son, etc."

"The return mail brought the following reply:

"My dear Son:—I am delighted to hear that you are attaining success in the Colonies. I enclose the thousand pounds you requested. Your mother sends her love and says she does hope you will be careful and not get hooked by the gophers.—Your affectionate father, etc."

Of course this story is most ridiculous but the ideas you people in England have of things in this country make any deception possible, and I know many remittance men who would gladly practice any such a trick.

Another story which is vouched for here is that a man borrowed a farm for a few days from a friend and when his father came to visit him he was shown flocks and herds, fields and gardens by his son as his own. After the father had given the son a large check he went away wholly satisfied while the

prodigal visited the nearest town and began to celebrate on the strength of his father's latest gift.

While my success may be called accidental I feel it is genuine. My experiences and the hardships I have gone through have taught me many things. For instance, I know now that the opinion other people have of one and that of one's own ideas of one's capabilities and worth are generally far asunder.

Lord Chesterfield said that gentility had ancient riches chiefly for its foundation, and while the methods of Vanity Fair are desirable quantities, yet this attainment should be preceded by a training to usefulness; for just as money makes fine manners and fine speech possible, so it is necessary to their perpetuity. Fine ways are an ornament to money; money is not an ornament to fine ways. In other words, the youth should be taught how to make money before he receives his training how to spend it.

I have likewise learned that it is never well to dress conspicuously. The passing of ages has not dimmed the truth of the saying "When in Rome do as the Roman does."

I shall close now. Perhaps you had better write Lieutenant Jones to my care. We may go to England on our honeymoon but I hardly think so. I greatly desire to see the Great West, the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, besides Sarah, that is my sweetheart's name, would rather not visit England for a year or two yet. What her reason is I do not know. I did not ask her. I never ask her reasons for her actions and ideas. As she is always right, why should I?

Your affectionate son,

REGINALD BROWN.

P.S.—Through a delay in the mails the twenty pounds you sent me for Christmas did not reach me till after New Years'. With it I purchased a new great coat and I placed the balance in the bank. The coat I received from the Flemings I have given to the Salvation Army, together with five dollars in keeping with the spirit in which it was given me.



Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, is to perform this service, assisted by Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, who will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "Cora" by Paul de Gresac.—THE EDITOR.

DURING the first act of "La Belle Byzantine" Georges Garnier saw no one but the star, the new beauty for whom Paris named her slippers, her petticoats, her cigarettes. In "Cora's" eyes, half-longing, half-defiant, he recognized the starving little model who had posed for his "Delilah," a month ago. Every gesture, every familiar shade in her voice, suffused him with rapture and pain. He had found her again. But would she listen to his explanations?

After the first act of the opera, he persuaded his cousin Armand to take him behind the scenes. The luxurious little boudoir was thronged with those wealthy theatre habitués to whom Bertol, the great manager of the Theatre Varieties, allowed the privilege of the stage door. The little Jewish banker, Abel Klotz, was there to see how Cora received his superb gift of a diamond necklace. The Baron Guy de Neffles, wretched old roué, who was so enraptured with the new beauty that he was willing to commit the folly of marrying her, hung about the door of

her dressing room, to be the first to give her homage.

At last her door opened. Georges, from a secluded divan, was dazed with her unexpected brilliance. The straight long robe, heavy with gold embroidery, enhanced her slimness. Yet the freedom of her movements gave an impression of immense power. Her hair, braided with pearls, hung in two black ropes to her knees. A diamond necklace as large as a breastplate blazed on her bosom. A heavy pearl headpiece emphasized the imperious expression of her face. Chochotte, a brisk, plump little model, the only one whose friendship Cora encouraged, followed her.

"I see that you have deigned to wear my gift," murmured Klotz, as he bent low over her hand.

"Ah, yes—I had forgotten," Cora answered indifferently, evidently intending that all should hear. "This came from you?" She touched the gorgeous necklace. "But gifts such as this are not given without recompense."

The men laughed discreetly.

"What recompense do you expect?" she pursued calmly.

Klotz was silent, embarrassed.

Cora unclasped the necklace. "Here, Armand, what is the value of this necklace?"

Armand examined it critically.

"Thirty or 35,000 francs."

Cora flashed it before the crowd of men. "What price would you set upon the recompense, gentlemen?"

They laughed boisterously.

"Would a kiss be sufficient?" she asked innocently. "Come, do you hesitate? No, one kiss is not enough. Are two kisses sufficient?"

"I should consider it a bargain," leered the Baron.

Cora turned swiftly to Chochotte. "Could your mother live upon the income from this necklace?"

Chochotte clasped her hands ecstatically. "She could eat chicken every day!"

Cora cried in delight. "Here—take it, take it. And give the gentleman two kisses, Chochotte!"

"I shall give him a dozen!" The happy Chochotte seized Klotz and paid him good measure.

The men laughed uproariously. They adored Cora more ardently for every trick she played upon them.

Armand drew Georges forward and presented him. Cora grew suddenly white and constrained. She controlled with difficulty her joy at seeing him. Yet she steeled herself with the thought that he was affianced to a girl in his own station of life; that he had been pledged to Mademoiselle Bazin when he amused himself by making love to the model. "At first I thought I had not met Monsieur before. Now," her tone was an insult, "I remember him perfectly."

She turned from him with an air of dismissal. The call boy gave the signal that the next act was about to begin; "Lights out." The men hurriedly left for their seats.

"Mademoiselle," Georges pleaded, "will you give me a minute's conversation alone?"

She surveyed him insolently. "Perhaps. I shall see."

"When, mademoiselle?" he urged.

She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "Perhaps—in a day—next month—or next year."

* * * *

Georges waited the entire act for her return. Chochotte, who had often posed for him, took pity upon his despair. "The way to make a woman love you is to use force," was her parting advice. "Take the tip. And good luck!"

Cora entered her dressing room in the highest spirits. "Oh, weren't the people glorious to-night! They're like a lover, a great boisterous lover, asking me to fondle him, and make him laugh and cry."

"Ah, yes," replied Boule, the maid, sentimentally. "But the public is not the kind of lover you can take home, and warm slippers for."

"No." Cora's happy state of mind deserted her at the simple domestic picture suggested. Many men were attempting to find favor in the eyes of the new star. No one in all France, except Chochotte, loved her simply as a woman. Except Chochotte?

"Boule!" Cora cried sharply. "See whether that—that man has gone."

Boule unclosed the peek-hole in the door. "He don't look like the going kind."

"Boule, go ask the time of the call-boy."

Comprehension dawned in the maid's face. "Oh, I understand. I understand. I'll go and take a breath of air."

"Don't hurry back," Cora admonished her gaily.

When Boule had gone, Cora walked swiftly toward the door separating the boudoir from the dressing room. She told herself that she would give him an opportunity to explain his possession of a fiancée. She felt again the delight of his caresses when he told her he loved her. Surely, in spite of the difference in their positions, he had been, for the moment, sincere.

She reached the door the same instant that a vigorous knock came from the opposite side.

"Cora," Georges demanded imperiously. "Cora."



THA KALICH, WHO HAS CREATED THE PART OF "CORA" IN THE PLAY OF
THAT NAME, WRITTEN BY PAUL DE GRESAC

Without waiting for answer he threw open the door.

She retreated to her dressing table, eyes blazing.

"How dare you take a liberty that none of my friends would venture to take?"

"You have learned to use words that cut like a whip lash."

"I have learned many things since you knew me."

"We must understand each other once for all. You don't know how I've suffered since you left so suddenly—uncertainty as to your fate—" his voice broke.

"You talk of suffering, you?"

"My fears were ungrounded. Here I find you a queen."

"What a relief to your feelings."

"A queen, followed by the cheers of a mob and fed by the flattery of fools."

"But the cheers of a mob are not too stupid to stir your blood. And the flattery of fools means something to you because they are gilded fools who can hang their queen with diamonds. You found me more desirable than before—a queen of paint and tinsel, but still a queen—instead of the starving model whom it amused monsieur to make love to—the starving model who learned the lesson of love so easily until she discovered that monsieur was only playing a little comedy to pass away the time before his marriage."

"There was no premeditation," he pleaded. "My love for you sprang up in an hour. It was when I saw you exposed to the brutalities of men that I knew I loved you with all my being, and if I did not speak the words that sprang from my heart to my lips it was because I was pledged to another."

"A man's heart," she sneered. "There is always room in it for one more."

"You gave me no time to think—no opportunity to set myself right in your eyes—to tell you that you were the only woman a man loves all his life."

He did not attempt to touch her. But she cowered before the passion in his eyes, and tried to shut out his voice with her hands.

"I love you and you love me, and

you could not prevent me from holding you in my arms, your heart beating against mine, your lips——"

"Stop! Are you telling me the truth? You had never planned to make me love you? Be honest. Your fiancée—that young girl—so sweet, so exquisite, I see her face now—you did not love her? Don't lie to me. You don't love her?"

"Love is not the word. Call it the feeling playmates have from childhood. Not love, Cora. Not love as we learned it, you and I, when the whole of life with its pleasure and pain rushed to our lips and melted in that one kiss."

"Take care!"

"That kiss, robbing me of my strength as Samson was robbed of his, by you—Delilah—the magic of your eyes and mouth—the perfume of your hair. Cora-Delilah! take my strength, soul, life. I give them into your keeping."

"You ask me to become your mistress?"

"Not that. My wife."

"Your wife?" Her tone is half ecstasy, half unbelief.

"Your answer," he demanded passionately. "Why should you hesitate? If I married Mademoiselle Bazin, it would be a fearful wrong to her."

"And your mother? Does she know that you love me?"

He hesitated. "No, not yet."

"You know what you are to your mother. I cannot come into your family as an intruder to cause pain and dissension between you."

The call boy outside the dressing room gave the warning signal. "Lights out!"

They did not hear.

"Cora, my mother's love for me is so wonderful that she could never deny me anything that means my happiness. She will give her consent, I promise you."

She raised her face, her arms; she leaned toward him with complete surrender. "I'm so happy. I'm afraid to be so happy."

The boy outside called sharply, "Lights out!"

Georges' arms closed about her.

Their lips met in a farewell kiss. "Till to-morrow," he murmured.

* * * *

Cora awoke in a state of restless happiness. At six in the morning she struggled with an irresistible longing to put on her old model's dress and present herself at Georges' studio. "Would he give her breakfast?" she wondered mischievously.

Late in the afternoon he telephoned that he had not yet been able to talk with his mother.

A few minutes afterward Bertol called to bring her a new song, "very suggestive."

"Ah, but Bertol," she cried gaily, like a school girl. "My suggestive days are over. I'm going to leave you. I'm going to be married."

Bertol was stunned. He had been so sure of her. His money was invested in her success. Immediately he lost his temper. He reminded her of all he had done in befriending her a month ago and making her a star. When he saw that his reproaches infuriated her he decided to risk his last argument.

"You are going the way your mother went. You will ruin your life as she did hers."

Her expression of hauteur gave way to eagerness and sorrow. She had never heard of her mother.

Bertol saw his advantage. "Her story begins like a fairy tale. There was once a beautiful princess, Rosalin, so exquisite that to see her was to love her. And the fame of her voice drew people from distant provinces. Then her wealth began to weary her. The adoration of the mob did not satisfy her. She fell in love and married a young man from the provinces, and gave up her gay, beautiful life to be—just a woman."

"Ah, what woman would not!"

"But life in his home was not what she expected. His relatives shut their doors against her. She was an *alien*—a *stranger*."

The bitter memory of Cora's girlhood rose in her heart. She, too, had felt active dislike from the relatives who brought her up. They were wealthy and had spared no money on her education, but their contempt had

been so evident that to escape it Cora had come to Paris, alone and friendless. "I know," she said in a hard tone. "Then at last Rosalin could endure it no longer. She left them!"

Bertol nodded. "She took her baby girl, Cora, and came back here!"

"To the theatre?"

"That was your first appearance here. I had a new play ready for her in a week. Then her husband traced her to Paris. One night he forced his way into the dressing room, accused her of ruining his life, and then he killed her."

"My mother!" Cora broke into soft sobbing. "My mother!"

Bertol smoothed her hair. "Forgive me for waking a bitter past. It was to save you."

A valet de chambre entered with a card.

Cora dried her eyes. "Madam Garnier," she read. Presentiment of ill seized her. "I am at home to no one," she said. Then her self-reliance reasserted itself. "Allow madame to enter. Bertol, you may wait in the next room."

Cora received Madame Garnier with dignity as simple as her own.

"Mademoiselle," the older woman began, "my son knows nothing of my coming and it would deeply humiliate him if he knew. I have had inquiries made about you, Mademoiselle, and I find nothing to your discredit. Of course it is unusual for a man in my son's station to marry a woman of your profession. But if my son were not affianced to Mademoiselle Bazin, I would not withhold my consent to your marriage."

"You should state your reason for refusing your consent to your son, not to me," Cora cried, in torture that her love should be discussed.

"I have. He will not listen. He has told me that nothing will prevent him from marrying you." Her voice trembled. "Oh, Mademoiselle, in our family a man of honor does not ask for the hand of a young girl and then desert her. Georges' world will be against him. You will ruin his career. If you marry him, the doors of his relatives and friends will be closed

against you. You will be an alien, a stranger."

"An *alien*! A *stranger*! Ah no, I could not bear that again." Cora began to sob. The memory of her lonely girlhood and the wrongs of her mother's married life overwhelmed her. "They would ruin our happiness as they did my mother's."

The narrow judgment of Madame Garnier's world closed in upon her. She loved Georges. She could not ruin his career by allowing him to break his word of honor to Helene Bazin. "I shall release your son."

"That is not enough! He would never consent. He loves you too much. You must by some means, force him to give you up."

Cora's head was bowed. "I think I understand you, Madame! I shall give you back your son, I promise you."

"I owe you eternal gratitude."

"I cancel the debt. Ah Madame, it is not only a mother who knows how to love."

"You have given me proof of that, Mademoiselle."

* * * *

That night when Georges Garnier came eagerly to Cora's apartment after the theatre, he was informed to his great surprise that she would be at supper for an hour longer. He seated himself to wait in an antechamber opening from the dining room. Unexpectedly he had obtained his mother's consent to the marriage. There was now no obstacle in the way of their complete happiness.

Suddenly a crescendo of noisy laughter came from the dining room. He heard Cora's voice say in a melting tone, "Monsieur Klotz is jealous. Come, now, don't be jealous."

Georges moved to the doorway. Beyond the darkened boudoir in a wide circle of soft light was the dining table. In the place of honor sat Cora, a Russian Grand Duke at her right, Abel Klotz at her left. A half dozen other notables of Paris, more or less intoxicated, completed the party. Flowers, fruit and wine glasses covered the table in profusion.

Georges gazed, astonished, at a Cora he had never seen. Her low-cut

scarlet gown revealed every sensuous grace of her shapely body and emphasized the whiteness of her arms and shoulders. She tilted her small head languishingly toward Klotz, and her black curls almost touched his shoulder. "Come now, don't be jealous!" she repeated fondly.

At this moment Bertol entered the rosy circle of light. "Room for Bertol," Cora cried. "Bertol must sit next to me."

"I have the honor to announce," Bertol began impressively, "that Mademoiselle Cora has just signed a three years' contract to remain with the Theatre Varieties."

Georges, in the doorway of the darkened boudoir, heard dimly the cheering and toasts with which the men welcomed the announcement. He groped his way to a chair and sat down, his face in his hands.

When Georges raised his head again, the room was brilliantly lighted. Cora was walking toward him, leaning on the arm of the Grand Duke and smiling coquettishly at the naughty story he whispered in her ear.

At sight of Georges, Cora advanced alone. "What a delightful surprise!"

She beckoned to a waiter who was passing with a tray. "I adore champagne!" She seized a glass eagerly and drank the contents.

Georges could endure the scene no longer. "Cora, what does this mean? Answer me."

She lighted a cigarette.

"I want to know the truth," he persisted.

"The truth from a woman?"

"You lied to me yesterday?"

She laughed. "Nonsense, Georges darling, are you not flattered to be loved by a woman who has so many lovers? You want a proof? Good! Perhaps,—to-night! Oh men, men, how greedy you are. What more can a woman want, success, money, lovers. I have all these and more. I have you, Georges, darling."

"Your puppets, your clowns, your slaves, all those that come between you and me, I hate them."

"You don't know. Wait until you know them." With a gesture she

summoned the men to her. "Monsieur Georges Garnier,—my dearest friends!"

"More champagne!" she cried excitedly to the waiter. Then, turning to the three men nearest her, she confided, "I had my fortune read this morning and the seer told me that my heart hung in the balance among three men."

"But which will be the victor?" they demanded eagerly.

"She told me," tenderly, "to—take all three."

When the champagne was passed again, all the men crowded around her insisting that she drink from each of their glasses.

Under cover of the confusion she murmured in anguish to Bertol, "I cannot go on."

Bertol, who watched approvingly the growing disgust of Georges, whispered, "You must."

With a supreme effort she decided to play her last card and end the scene. She would sing the "very suggestive" song Bertol had brought her that day.

Waving a champagne glass delicately, she began the song. The men formed an uncertain circle of flushed faces and greedy eyes, absorbing rapturously her cataloging of the emotions of a woman of the demi-monde. "If love is for pleasure, then give us full measure," she trilled.

The last verse she directed toward Georges. Half way through, she could endure the pain and humiliated love in his face no longer. "I can't sing it,"

she cried chokingly and sank on a chair in a faint.

Bertol, thoroughly frightened, cleared the room at once. Georges was the last to leave.

As he passed her chair she staggered to her feet. "What, going like this, Georges, without a word? Ah, I remember now, you came to give me your mother's answer."

She clung to him. "What is it?"

"It is—NO!"

"But what reason?"

He flung her from him fiercely. "Because you are not a woman a man marries."

She heard the door close behind him. She had completed her part; she had given him back to his mother.

She threw up her hands in the physical reaction of powerful emotion and laughed as coarsely as a peasant woman. Suddenly her laughter changed to frenzied sobs, and she fell on the floor unconscious.

* * * *

To-day in Paris many wonder that Georges Garnier, the famous painter, chooses always the same subject, the wonderful face of Cora. She alone knows the reason; it was not his fate to make her happy; he can at least make her immortal.

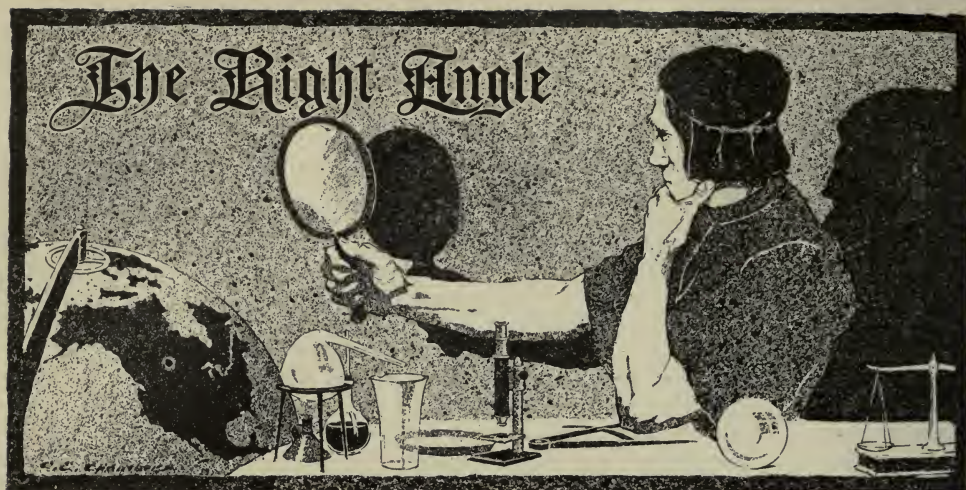
Every one in Paris is familiar with her rise from an artist's model to a queen of Grand Opera. But Bertol, the manager of the Theatre Varieties, knows the secret of her success; her suffering.

WINTER

BY ENNIS GRAHAM

WHERE are the flowers? Where the leaves?
Where the sweet zephyrs' gentle breath?
Where mellowed fruits and golden sheaves?

Dead, dead; all icy bound in death!
Is love, too, dead? Hence, needless pain!
Love only sleeps to wake again.
Love dead? Ah, no, not so with love!
Love only dies to live above.



OUR INTERESTING POSTMASTER GENERAL

THE Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster General, was especially distinguished during his recent visit to London by presentation to the King through the Prince of Wales. Mr. Lemieux was the guest of the Prince and Princess, with whom he had formed a personal friendship while they were making their tour of Canada. He was entertained also in Downing Street by the Premier, and accompanied the King of Sweden to the Guildhall. Mr. Lemieux had several conferences with Mr. Buxton and the head officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand, on subjects relating to the improvement of postal facilities between England and Canada, apart from the proposition for an All Red fast service.

The Postmaster-General is an interesting and forceful man. He was born in Montreal forty-six years ago, and entered upon active political life in 1904, when he contested the constitu-

ency of Gaspe with remarkable success. Immediately upon his appearance in Parliament, he took a foremost place as an able and brilliant debater. His earlier years had been given to the law and to journalism, the latter in connection with *La Patrie*, of which influential newspaper he was for a time associate editor. In the rearrangement of the cabinet which followed the withdrawal of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick as Minister of Justice, he was appointed Postmaster General to succeed the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, and has since filled that

important office with very high ability. In the social side of life, Mr. Lemieux is universally popular, both at home and abroad.

Among the many tributes which have been offered to Mr. Lemieux since his return from abroad, the following is quoted from the *Ottawa Journal*:

"Mr. Lemieux, whose prediction of an early reduction in cable rates seems to carry conviction, is a good man for a mission of the sort from which he has just returned. It takes imagination to block out an imperial plan, a



THE HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

clear cut perception of the difficulties of the case, courage to publish the policy and the art to illuminate the publication. Mr. Lemieux has all these things and in the course of a campaign that might not be inaptly described as triumphal he ventured on a characteristic phrase: 'The life, opinions and aspirations of our fellow subjects should cease to be what they practically are to-day—a closed book,' said he at the Mansion house. That was putting an imperial need in terms which are apt to bind the attention; plain, but sufficiently stimulative of the fancy. He means that the people in the several parts of the empire should know more of each other than they know now, and that they cannot know as much as they should know unless the cost of cable messages is materially lowered."

Mr. Lemieux is marked for bigger things.

MR. RIDINGTON'S PAPER.

INSPIRED by Emerson Hough's presentation of colonization problems in "The Sowing," John Ridington, a well-known journalist, has contributed an article to *Canada*, the London weekly, in which he takes substantially the same ground with Mr. Hough, and offers a remedial suggestion in line with that contained in Earl Stanhope's recent letter to CANADA-WEST, looking to a business-like organization in colonization work.

"There are," says Mr. Ridington, "two conditions that must form a part of any scheme of colonization organized for the benefit of those who are in peril of want in Great Britain: First, those who are helped must be tied to the land by contract, the breach of which should be punishable. Second, the colonists must have practical supervision and help until they are altogether self-supporting."

The question of how to readjust the emigration policy of the Mother Country so that it shall benefit her very poor without injuring Canada is one that must be settled, and that right soon. Not by the mere chemistry of events, but by the operation of sound common-sense and a totally unsentimental purpose to do the right thing by all concerned, and do it well. The contract idea is sound at law, but the manner of working it out is open to considerations not wholly free from doubt. The



JOHN RIDINGTON

present value of Mr. Ridington's proposal lies in its compact presentation.

CY AND THE CHILDREN

MRS. J. J. ARMSTRONG, whose stories of Canadian life are well known to readers of this magazine, thinks the "old folks" might well, under certain conditions, spare Cy Warman for a time. She writes:

"Mr. Cy Warman, who has been widely and favorably known for so long, has gone by the point where he is affected by criticism, adverse or otherwise. Nevertheless, I wish he might know how his 'Little Wild Goose', published in a recent issue of CANADA-WEST, has charmed us all out here. In my own family my little boys, aged four and five, never tire of hearing it. The first time I read it there was quite an audible sniffing. Grown folks could well spare Mr. Warman for a time if he would promise to write a volume of such lovely tender things for the little folks."

To Mrs. Armstrong, and to various and sundry who agree with her, we would recommend Mr. Warman's latest book, "Weiga of Temagami." It is equally a volume for grown-ups and for children.

VERSES WITH POINT

THE Campbells are coming. One of them has arrived—from London, Ontario—with a set of verses and a dollar, the verses stating reasons and the dollar giving them effect. Here are the verses:

CANADA-WEST.

Each month when the magazines come
from the post—

I mean those I regard as the best—
I look through them all, a bewildering
host,

Then I pick out my CANADA-WEST.

I've read all the good ones, from near
and from far,

And I've brought every one to the
test,

But I find that the lot are much on a par
Till I come to my CANADA-WEST.

McClure's, Metropolitan, Munsey's, The
Strand,

The Popular, Smith's, and the rest,
With all of them scanned, then I quite
understand,

Why I turn to my CANADA-WEST.

Its clean advertising, its print bold and
clear,

Its stories of spirit and zest,
Still give it first place, and so for next
year,

I'm renewing my CANADA-WEST.

M. A. CAMPBELL.

London, Ont.

This tribute is equally appreciative and appreciated. Some of the reasons given are flattering, but the one about cleanly advertising is especially good. Many another subscriber has said the same thing in prose, with the same financial accompaniment.

THREE POINTS OF VIEW

CANADA-WEST finds itself rather handsomely illuminated in the focus of three points of light from sources separated as widely as the church, the family and the common carrier. The Rev. John H. Gibson is rector of Bradwardine in Manitoba; Mr. Thomas Young is first a family man and next a distinguished engineer; and Mr. W. R. Calloway is general passenger agent of the Soo lines. Each of these

gentlemen has written us a letter renewing his yearly subscription and giving his reasons for so doing.

"I am very glad indeed to express my approval of your action in regard to questionable advertising," says the clergyman. "We need your magazine in the home every month," says the family man. "You have caught the proper spirit," says the railway man, "and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the Northwest."

In these sayings all is comprehended; cleanliness, general interest, and economic force. It is one thing to know we have made a success and how we made it; but another and a very pleasant thing to have not only the success itself but the means that earned it clearly perceived and voluntarily pointed out by others, whose personal quality and stations in life give value to their approval.

Dr. Gibson and Mr. Young take pains to say they have been watching the magazine "grow." There is something behind that fact of growth which does not meet most eyes. Whatever ceases to grow begins to die, whether it be a language, a tree, a people, or a publication. CANADA-WEST is growing, has grown, and will go on growing. But it was fully formed in the beginning, and from the first has had the qualities these gentlemen point out. Its growth is simply that accretion in power which comes with time.

Mr. Calloway is right when he says we "cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the Northwest." We believe we have had a beneficial effect on all of Canada from the first; that we are having it now, and best of all, that we are increasing it with the natural effect of growing momentum. A monthly magazine of this kind is a living power, a necessary factor in the life of the country. As the country grows, so will CANADA-WEST grow. Each in its degree is dependent upon the other, and each is and should be proud of the other.

A GREAT STORY COMING

THE White Plague! The curse of hypercivilization, the thing against which all the Western World is bringing

to bear the best forces of modern skill and knowledge.

The "thoughtless marriage" of today, founded upon any basis not intellectual, and disregarding the welfare of future generations.

These two things form the twin core of a remarkably fascinating romance, "The Chongeling", written by Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, which will shortly appear as a serial in CANADA-WEST. Especial pride is taken in announcing this story. It is the first big work of a comparatively new author, but it will make her known wherever strong narrative, sound sociology and profound human interest are appreciated. It is above all a story, not didactic nor controversial, but heart-felt, and plainly told. The inculcation of the moral is not obtruded, but for that reason it has more power.

Good, well-sustained stories are about as hard to find as white crows. "The Changeling" is better than merely good—it is fine. The readers of CANADA-WEST may settle themselves down to the expectation of a genuine enjoyment in the reading of it.

WHY DEER GO SOUTH

"SOME mysterious force is at work in Manitoba. Many herds of deer and caribou are crossing the line and invading the lake and forest regions of Northern Minnesota. Travelers from the Rousseau River country report herds of both deer and caribou moving southward. They appear to be heading for the Red Lake and Red River lake and forest country, where, owing to the activity of the Minnesota game wardens, they will be given an hospitable reception."

The foregoing is quoted from the editorial columns of a leading Minnesota newspaper. A little thought might have enlightened the editor as to the "mysterious force." What drove the game northward in the past? The advance of settlement and civilization.

What is now driving the wild things back again to the south? Precisely the same cause—the enormous increase in population and its spread into every corner of Manitoba. Even the deer and the caribou have recognized the fact that the province is destined to be

filled with grain fields and lowing herds—that it is no longer a feeding ground and runway for them and their kind. With the sure instinct of the forest creatures they are trekking to the unsettled regions of northern Minnesota.

PROSPERITY TALK

SOME of our friends who like to hear of our progress judge, rightly, that we enjoy hearing of theirs. From a number of letters we select this one from an Oregon farmer who settled in Saskatchewan and "made good":

"THE EDITOR:—I left Benton County Oregon, in September, 1904, for the great Canadian prairies. Like thousands of others I was, to say the least, greatly surprised to find such an immense stretch of rich virgin prairie still almost unoccupied in the very heart of North America. The splendid crops of oats, wheat, barley, potatoes and hay I beheld in the settlements along the railroad made me very eager for a piece of this rich soil. I soon located in the Goose Lake country and have been here ever since. We have here a great stretch of the rich, deep clay loam of the Saskatchewan—a soil heavy and hard to break, but particularly well adapted for the retention of moisture and production of the bright No. 1 hard wheat, and great crops of oats, barley, flax and potatoes, and almost inexhaustible. It is a great pleasure to own a prairie farm free from hills, stumps and stones. Scattered buffalo bones were all I found to interfere with my plowing here. The great drawback to us here has been the distance to the railroad, but that will soon be at an end. Both the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern are now rapidly pushing their lines this way. Despite this, we have done well. On account of the rapid upbuilding of the country we have found a good market right at our doors. Last season I had sixty bushels of oats weighing forty-four pounds to the bushel per acre. Some of my neighbors had still greater yield. Wheat yielded from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. This district is early, and we were not damaged by frost. We have all done well here, and I could name many Americans between here and the towns, who came here with means to go ahead, who have done big things already.

"I am glad I came here. It was the best move I ever made. The best prairie can be bought here for from \$12 to \$16 per acre. The climate is dry and healthy. This is the regular Saskatchewan fall weather—frosty nights and bright sunny days—ideal for threshing and hauling out of wheat. The trails are dusty, as thousands of wheat teams are moving towards the elevators. The sight of it makes one stop and wonder what it will be in a few years when the immense prairies get under cultivation. Heavy

snowfall is the exception here. Snow generally falls in December and goes off in March. It sometimes gets very cold, but the Saskatchewan farmer does not fear the cold. Winter is his season of rest. With the first or second crop he builds a comfortable house for himself, and warm stables for his horses. He need not, like some, be poking about in the mud all winter attending a few beasts for a livelihood. Very truly,

"ALBERT NELSON.

"Milder, Saskatchewan."

This is a cheerful story—the kind that CANADA-WEST delights in hearing and printing. When the man on the soil is prospering, the country, in spite of the manipulations of "high finance," is bound to prosper with him.

THE KIND THAT HELPS

PRAISE and substantial support from a very busy man of large affairs means more than praise alone from one of ampler leisure, because a busy man's attention is not to be engaged by any subject of merely ordinary or passing merit. John Jansen, head of the house of John Jansen and Sons at Lanigan and Humboldt, in renewing his subscription to CANADA-WEST, takes pains to send with it a brief note that says as much as most people could crowd into a full page letter. "I think very much of the magazine," he writes, "and have encouraged quite a few to subscribe for

it, and shall continue to do so in the future." Mr. Jansen is a model of those who express themselves in deeds rather than words. There are many others moved by the same spirit to the same course. They show how and why CANADA-WEST has made good from the beginning. We have the growing support of the strongest of those who are building up the country.

OUT OF THE MAIL BOX

IN OUR mail box each morning we find a goodly array of letters, and we like to give our readers an occasional glimpse into them. Here are two that are typical:

"Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find renewal order for your valuable and interesting magazine. I am much pleased with it, and put in a good word with my friends whenever opportunity presents. Yours truly,

"J. E. McBRIDE."

"Sirs:—I want you to send CANADA-WEST to my father, Mr. E. C. Mulvey, Warwick Road, New Barnett, London, England, for which I enclose one year's subscription. I am delighted with the magazine, and am sure it deserves a big reception in the old country, considering how interested Englishmen are in Canada at present. Faithfully,

"W. CHAS. MULVEY."

To our ears these words have a pleasant sound, and we hope that many of our readers agree with them. But let us know what you think of us.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

"THE EMPIRE BUILDERS" is a look of poems by Robert J. C. Stead (William Briggs Company, Toronto). As the title suggests, the poems have to do with that conquering spirit of optimism which is making the Canadian West the wonder-world of the nations. The courage to dare, the will to do, the strength to keep happiness in the heart—these are the characteristics to which Mr. Stead sings his songs of praise.

A companion to "The Empire Builders" is "A Canadian Book of Months," verse and prose, brought out by the same publishers. Suzanne Marney is the author and she has achieved something fresh and original in year books. The spirit of each month is set forth in a

poem and also in an essay. Perhaps "essay" is too formal a word for the intimate, delightful, dainty conceptions in prose which make the book a welcome addition to the boudoir table. So fervent a lover of nature as the author would better eschew the writing of verse. There are many rhymers but all too few prose-writers who possess the power of imparting to the reader the gentle peace of nature and the potency of her charm.

THE HARVEST OF MOLOCH

MRS. J. K. LAWSON in "The Harvest of Moloch" (John M. Poole & Co., Toronto), has written a powerful novel, in which the tender love story of Geoffrey Webster and Violet Mickledool beguiles the reader,

while the author grapples with the burning question of intemperance. In her dedication Mrs. Lawson strikes the keynote of the book:

"To all who dare speak the truth;
To all workers in the cause of temperance
everywhere;
To the assailants of Moloch; and
To the victims of Moloch,
This story is dedicated."

The Scottish "national vices" are portrayed with no uncertain pen. Keen observation and powerful thinking have combined to produce a romance of more than usual interest, tragic in the main, but enlivened by refreshing gleams of humor. The characters are living, breathing people whether working out their destiny in the simple environment of homely Scottish life, or in the larger freer atmosphere of our own Canadian West. Human nature is shown to be the same wherever found. Under both skies is waged the unending struggle between good and evil, love and hate, between error and justice.

TOWN AND TRAIL

GERTRUDE BALMER WATT has made her name pleasantly familiar through her breezy, hearty sketches of Alberta life in *The Edmonton Saturday News*. A collection of these appreciative bits under the title "Town and Trail" has been issued in book form by the News Publishing Company of Edmonton. They deal largely with the open country but interspersed among the outdoor tales are a few stories of city life—"just for variety," as the preface says; and mighty good variety they make.

This is the second book of the kind from the same pen. The first "A Woman in the West" was well received and widely read. The stories in both of them are all in a vein of their own, suffused by the vigor and spirit of the open, healthy west. They do not suggest other writings, but somehow in their verisimilitude they recall Ralph Iron and the quality that gave instant success to "The Story of an African Farm." To say so is not to make a comparison, but to accord a rather high meed of praise.

THE OLD LOYALIST

MR. A. R. DAVIS, C. E., has produced in "The Old Loyalist" a decidedly interesting book. The novel is well constructed. It has many thrilling incidents. Mr. Davis has chosen for study a modern period, a period when the Dominion was in the making. His stage is the Bay of Quinte district, and his time extends from 1866 to 1891.

As a mere story, "The Old Loyalist" is entertaining; the dual romance that runs through it is well handled. But, after all, the plot is a mere sugar-coating to attract idle readers to a study of manners and men. The great interest in the book is the portrayal of men and women in the vicinity of Adolphus town at the time of the Fenian Raid and Confederation. Squire Clinton and his sweet-faced little wife are drawn with a powerful pen, and are truly types of the United Empire Loyalist who settled in Canada after the Revolutionary War.

As a bit of psychology there is nothing better in the novel than the drawing of the character of Horace Sullivan. He is consistent throughout. He was what he was by heredity and conformity to type; being so fathered and so mothered, he could not have been otherwise. The most original bit of work in the story is that splendid creation, Quinte Brown, a centenarian negro, the self-constituted guardian of the Clinton family, a relic of slavery days. The characters are, with the exception of Sir John A. Macdonald, imaginary. Sir John is true to life. The tribute of Squire Clinton at the close of the story to that great empire-builder will find an echo in every heart. More and more Canadians are realizing with Squire Clinton that he welded together "a great nation out of a few scattered disjointed Provinces."

The chapters dealing with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway are particularly fine. Mr. Davis is at home in this field and his illuminating account of a construction camp is well worth close study.



QUITE RIGHT

"YES," said the suffragist on the platform, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

"There is one way in which they never suffered," said a meek-looking man, standing up in the rear of the hall.

"What way is that?" demanded the suffragist.

"They have never suffered in silence."

RONDEAU

THE good old times of lordly cheer,
When courtesy reigned on this sphere,

When "devil carts" were one-horse shays,

And polite parlance yeas and nays,
To many glamorous appear.

They laud the log fire, and revere
The strident-voiced chanticleer,
Their theme emphatic is always
The good old times.

Let bygones be, I'll drop no tear
O'er hissing punch—just make mine beer,

The steam heat flat, the cars, the blaze

Of incandescents nowadays
Make me regard with knowing leer
The good old times.

THE FUNERAL CAME TOO LATE

BILLY MARTIN, aged four, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed: "Oh, mother! Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?" Permission was given, and when Billy returned he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral.

"They did not have it at all."

"And why not?"

"Mother," was the answer, "the cat was too dead."

THE OLDEST OF PROFESSIONS

AN old friend of the family had dropped in to see a young lawyer whose father was still paying his office rent.

"So you are now practising law," the old friend said genially.

"No, sir," said the candid youth. "I appear to be, but I am really practising economy."

SCORED A SUCCESS

"BORUS, that last magazine story of yours made a hit with me."

"Glad to hear it, Naggus. First time it ever happened. Was it the plot of the story that caught you, or the execution of it?"

"Neither one. It was the novelty of it. There was no bridge playing or automobile riding in it, and the hero didn't smoke cigaroots."

FROM ACROSS THE WATER

THE Park Orator—Oh, ye flinty-hearted scoffers! Is there nothing that will touch your worldly hearts? What can I do to move you?

The Voice from the Crowd—Pass the 'at 'round, guv'nor.

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off)—Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you?

Porter—Eh, man, yer laggage is no sic a silly as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train.

The Indignant One—The idea of 'im a-telling me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've buried ten o' my own!

"Whit way hae ye gi'en ower smokin', Donal'?"

"Weel, it's no sich a plesure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain tebaccey costs ower muckle; and if ye're smokin' anither buddy's ye hae to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw."

Stranger—This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?

Resident—No; we just endure it with resignation.

THE LITERARY EDITOR'S
LAMENT

"OF making many books there is no end."

A truer word the Preacher never penned.

But if the books came thick in those days, wow!

What would he say if he could see them now!

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

THE river in one of the Western States had executed one of its lightning changes and dug a new channel for itself, thereby cutting a man's farm in two.

The farmer was sitting on the bank of the river, gazing disconsolately at the opposite shore, a quarter of a mile away.

"Water has been pretty high here, hasn't it?" asked the passing traveler.

"Toler'ble, like," answered the farmer, without looking around.

"Looks as if your bank had been caving in."

"Sort o'."

"Has it done any mischief to your land?"

"Mischief!" said the farmer, slowly turning his head and looking at him.

"Say, Mister, see that patch o' ground over there on the other side?"

"Yes."

"There's twenty acres in it. Well, that used to be mine. T'ain't now."

"No? Changed hands, has it?"

"Changed hands! You dern fool, can't you see it's changed banks?"

The traveler rode on, and the farmer continued to sit and gaze at his lost acres.

TOO YOUNG FOR SURGERY

FIRST Little Girl—"Have you been operated on yet for appendicitis?"

Second Little Girl—"No. Mother says I am backward for my age."

RONDEL

OH, my heart goes pitter-patter
When Priscilla pours the tea,

Dressed in domesticity,
While she treats in cozy chatter
Of each simple household matter—

Frank and friendly as can be.
Oh, my heart goes pitter-patter

When Priscilla pours the tea.

If that fragile cup should shatter,
Slipping from her hand so wee,

As she raises it to me,

How the nasty stuff would spatter!

Oh, my heart goes pitter-patter
When Priscilla pours the tea.

BUT THAT'S DIFFERENT

"WHY do women enjoy weeping at a matinee?"

"I don't know," answered she.

"Why do men enjoy getting angry at the umpire?"

DISASTROUS REACTION

"I WAS awfully worried about Johnny when he had that last sick spell," said Mrs. Lapsling, "and when the doctor told me he was going to get well I went fairly deleterious with joy."

PUNS

"WHY," asked the youngest of the neophytes, "why should truth always rise again when crushed to earth?"

"Because of its elasticity," answered the corn-fed philosopher. "Don't you know how easy it is to stretch the truth?"

Algy (whose incessant chatter has scared away the fish)—Oh! I say, now, you've caught a dozen and I none. What do you fish with?"

Old Angler—"With bated breath."

Passemus—"Do widow's weeds ever bloom?"

Pardonius—"Certainly; they produce orange blossoms."

"I'm like a tree," said he to her,

"I'm rooted to your side,"

"Not like a tree," said she to him,

"You never leave." He died.

NOT A FLOWER

"WILLIE," said a very dirty little boy's teacher one morning, "you do not smell very sweet; go home and have a bath and come back to-morrow morning."

The next day Willie appeared with his face red from scrubbing and handed the teacher this note:

"Teacher

"Willie ain't no rose don't smell him teach him

"Mrs. Page."

POOR GEORGE

MISS IVA DE CHIPENHAM, a lecturer, holds that beautiful thoughts make beautiful faces and figures, and that ugly thoughts deform, even as unwholesome work does, says an exchange.

"By taking thought," said Miss de Chipenham, "you cannot, perhaps, add a cubit to your stature, but you can eradicate round shoulders and sponge wrinkles away.

"Our thoughts mold our faces, form our expression. Thus they give us away. They give us away as much as the spoken thought of a Winnipeg girl once gave her away.

"This girl sat in a dim lit parlor on a winter evening with a young man. A fire of oak logs blazed in the grate, and, looking into the pink and gold heart of the flame, the girl, who was very pretty, murmured:

"How divine, my dearest Hilary—"

"But the young man frowned and stared.

"Hilary?" he said. "You mean George, don't you, pet?"

"The girl flushed and bit her lip.

"Oh, dear," she said, "how silly of me; I thought this was Saturday night."

NOTHING DOING

"I TELL you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."

"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly court jester, "all our coffers are empty."

INVOLUTION

"I UNDERSTAND he's a firm believer in evolution."

"Well, he frequently makes a monkey of himself."

WHY NOT MAKE A TEST CASE?

FRENCH Countess (formerly a rich American)—I protest against this outrage! Why am I arrested? Tell me instantly!

The Gendarme (pointing to the Count)—Wis pleasure! Madame is arrested for maintaining a nuisance.

PROPER QUESTIONS TO ASK
UPON MEETING AN AMERICAN FOR THE FIRST TIME

HOW much is he worth?

Is he married, single or divorced?

Does he play poker or bridge?

Who is his favorite author—Ade or Chambers?

Does a quiet place disturb him?

Does he own part of his own home and the rest mortgaged in an automobile?

Was he once a Democrat?

How much does he hate or adore Roosevelt?

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. V.

London, March, 1909

No. 5

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BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

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BY L. M. MONTGOMERY?

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THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office, Winnipeg

THE MENDICANTS

We are as mendicants who wait
Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
Upon an unknown age of gold.

O foolish ones, put by your care!
Where wants are many, joys are few;
And at the wilding springs of peace,
God keeps an open house for you.

But there be others, happier few,
The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
And care not how the world may plod.

They loiter down the traffic lands,
And loiter through the woods with spring;
To them the glory of the earth
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They, too, receive each one his Day;
But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
Above the dignity of kings.

—*Richard Hovey.*



Drawn by Fred Lathrop Arnold.

Porridge—See page 309.

"THE OLD LADY WAS ALL SYMPATHY, OH, NOT FOR THE MAN BUT FOR THE BIRD,
'CAUSE 'UM DID GET SUCH A SHAKING.'"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V.

MARCH

NUMBER 5

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.

BY LOUIS KON

First Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

VERY ECCELANT EDITOR:—There exist many kinds of disease, some of them may be observed only in some parts of the world, as reasons of climat, geographical situation and so far, but it exist one very bad and dangerous disease, which has his victims all over, without regard on climat, geographical situation, class of society, sex, or part of the world—it is so called "writting-mania."

"Writting-mania" is known as long, as teaching of reading and writting, and the possibility of curing this disease, at present, is yet as small as curing of stomach-cancer.

For instance myself, a very good Christian, a man of very human opinions, capable excavator, painter, clark, railroadman, canvasser, lumberjack, etc., as every one has to be in this country, a man whose life cred is one of the ten commandments, i.e., "do not do others, as you would have them do on to you," can not keep me away from this awful disease.

The difference between the "writting-mania" and all other diseases is on this point, that not the victim is

suffering from it, but the editors and very often readers of different magazines, periodicals and newspapers.

The time I want to describe my experience in Canada was unfortunately a leap year, that means a year, when average human being has to think, if can not take, three hundred sixty and six times, instead of 365 about breakfast, dinner and supper; also in the period of very strong financial crysis in the States; immense profits of different trust corporations; great fights between Hackenshmidt and Gotch, Taft and Bryan; in the time of overflow of Canada with Salvation Army emigrants (as it was expected a war between the humanity and devils), and many, many more or less important politycal, historical and social questions, very well known to everybody, even without a slightest knowledge of Esperanto, but who reads the daily, weekly or monthly publications in any language.

I was born in a beautiful country, very similiar to the Canada, regarding the greatness of occupied area, vegetation, climat, soil and mineral richness,



HOME! WHERE ONE CAN'T ALWAYS INDULGE IN FREE SPEECH, OR GIVE VENT TO HIS
POLITICAL BELIEFS

but where a man, who do not have the same opinion as the government, or his officials, about anything at all, what strikes his mind in daily life, or do not belong to the government church (church and government in my country is the same meaning, but different pronunciation) is called and fined as a most dangerous murderer or is sent to a very, very cold country, which in geography figures under the name of Siberia.

It is quite simple and easy to understand, that some people becomes desperate in such conditions, and notwithstanding great love and attachment to his mother-country, customs, habits, folk and friends, looks in the large world after any new and more free fatherland, where he can freely talk even about reduction of liquor licenses, or compulsory education and choose together with his fellow-citizens his own government; free think and talk and push ahead the civilization.

About sixteen months ago I was in the ranks of desperados and common sense told me, that is more wise for one to start the life once more, start to learn strange language and customs, as to be the target of exercise of the Russian soldiers or policeman in such a human invention as is the smokeless powder.

Farewell dear and sweet home! May be I will see you again in some

better days, when you will approach a little nearer to the civilized times, when you will recognise the sensible and cordial desires of your sons to put you in the row of civilized countrymen. May be never again! Last sight, few hard sighs, last farewell, thousands of different reminiscences and thoughts and on the road of new life.

As a school boy I received very often beautiful books, describing Canada and Indians life. It was my greatest pleasure after reading few chapters, to swing in imagination higher yet, as did the author himself and see myself as a chief of some Indian tribe, riding on the wide open prairies and haunting the innumerable herds of buffalo.

In those pictures as a kid I have seen Canada but how different and surprising I found the very country a year and few months ago!

Before I could study the country, I have had to experience a great deal of troubles, which began from very starting of my journey to my new fatherland.

For average man the meals hours are usually pretty agreeable parts of the day. For me, on the steamer between Liverpool and Halifax, they were the most painful.

Fancy, dear reader, that you are really hungry. You sit down at the table with other fifty persons and the waiter waiting for your orders held before you the bill of fair, written in a

language, which you can read, but do not understand nor pronounce.

You show to him any one name with your finger, and the obliging waiter with slight smile shows you a plate of potatoes, standing opposite your nose. You drop few lines farther on the menu and he shows you salaries and young onions, or some fruit or cheese, which are on the table from very beginning of the dinner. You start to be uneasy and shutting down your eyes you point any one of the many names printed of the menu and after few minutes the same kind waiter serves you with some sauce and pastry or ice cream.

In the meantime your neighbors from both sides, as well as your vis a vis, enjoy different of your favorite meat or fish dishes, which make your mouth water. But you can not, because you do not know the names and do not know how to ask as simple question as "what is that," or "how do you call it." For to-day ice cream

for dinner. To-morrow we will try to point something more solid.

Probably a really Canadian would have gone strait to the kitchen and would pick up from the pots and pans anything more becoming to his appetite and taste, as I would do now, but it was before my Canadian experience.

Our steamer approached to Halifax in the late afternoon hour, and all I could see on the coast were the many lights and white snow spots, all I could hear it was indistinct whistles and noise.

How great thing is imagination. In the white snow spots and the many lights, I have see Indian wigwams and tents, in the railroad whistles and bells and factories noise, I have heard the dancing and singing of Indians.

My disappointment in the next early morning was awfull. Ports and fortresses of Halifax with sticking out heavy guns of different sizes, masses of smoke, hanging from factory chimneys, sound of railroad engine bells, towers of



churches, lighted with rising sun rays, were before my sight—but not one Indian, not one Wigwam.

However, I consoled myself, that farther from the coast, in the heart of the Canadian prairies my expectations will be not disappointed.

I inhabited in the Capitol of the golden North-West.

Broad streets and sidewalks, electric street-cars and light, fancy carriages and autos, very nice and big sensible high buildings, up to date cafes, restaurants and hotels, most fashionable goods in lovely trimmed store-windows, a few theatres and every comfort, charm and luxury of an modern city. Is this really Canada? Canada about which I read so many romances in my young years?

Fortunately I made acquaintance with some gentleman, who spoke one of the languages I knew, and he was good enough to be my guide in the strange place.

Mr. X., my guide, was one of the prominent politicians in the city. He spared not time to show me universities, colleges, school buildings, public libraries, parks, banks, and everything at all the city possesses. My admiration and acknowledgment for the Canadians and their progress in every direction was too great to describe.

"But how about Indians, whose I was so anxious to see," I asked Mr. X?

"Indians?" repeated Mr. X., "O, pretty good; if you want see the life of savage Indians, their customs, dresses and so far, you have wait till the summer, when Barnum and Baileys' circus comes to our city. Our Canadian Indians you can see right here." And he pointed three gentlemen which walk across the street.

"You see," said Mr. X., "the Indians in this country sing God Save the King and My Old Centucky Home; read magazines and subscribe matrimonial newspapers from Chicago; play cricket, hockey and diablo; ride in street cars and automobiles. They eat plum-pudding and oysters cock-tail; they purchase phonographs and sweet caporals; they very often say: 'Come one, have a drink,' but they never got it. Why? probably white

people is too afraid he short himself on liquor."

"And the Canadian buffalos I read so much about?"

Mr. X. turned to the West and said: "In Banff, 992 miles from here on the Canadian Pacific Railway's main line, in direction to the Pacific coast, there are the genuine hundred and eighty-four Canadian buffalos, beside good many crowd of buffalos you can see on the streets of our city, for, as people says, many years ago, some of the Indian gods have changed a number of buffalos into the human beings." I suppose he meant his political oponents.

Few days after, came to me one of my countrymen, who was living in this country for some years and was interested in political affairs.

He proposed to me to go on the country and held political meetings among foreigner farmers.

Would I possess the strength and skill in boxing, my countryman would doubtless receive few heavy punches for such an impertinent proposition.

"Here," said my friend, "are pamphlets and booklets in French and German, here platform of our party and of the opposition, here different newspapers. Read all this stuff through, and be ready in a week to start your work. In two weeks election. Further informations you will receive for the departure. Be sure."

"But I have not the slightest idea," I wanted say to my visitor, but in the same moment he was away.

Hundred and twenty hours during this week I was busy in reading the political material and educating myself in political matters of my new fatherland.

Six days before election at half-past one, p.m., I was standing on the station of a small town.

"Bonjour, monsieur Kon," I heard behind me, and healthy, strong and with rosy cheeks farmer shook hands asking follow to waiting sleigh.

"It is very far to your farm, sir," I asked my new acquainted. "Not very. About eight miles. But we have the next meeting place about twenty miles from here in a Galician colony and I would be very pleased

to hear you addressing this meeting to-night."

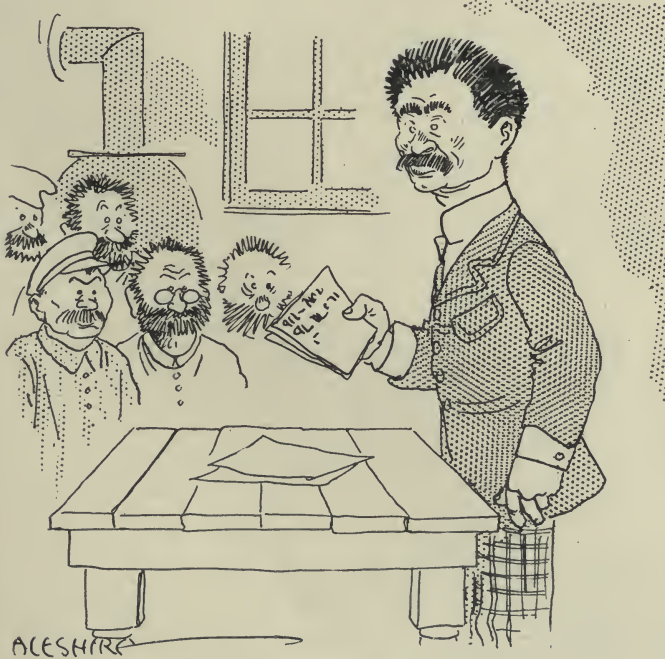
In a small room were forty-six men, beside few women and children, sitting on the brick stove. After lovely ride on the fresh air, the atmosphere was so stiff and overloaded with tobacco smoke, that I was afraid to loose the control of mine brains, including my political knowledge, so hard conquered during the last week.

All of the present at the meeting farmers were at least living in Canada three years, and very many six, eight and more, but none had the slightest idea about importance, even signifi-

It was a meeting of six and a half hours. I have had a hard fight to make the people understand that I am not a real estate agent, nor travelling salesman and that my object is to explain platforms of both parties and show the difference between A and B.

It was not use to talk about McDonald's, Mackenzie's, Tupper's or Laurier's government, or Greenway's or Roblin's regime, government telephone system or school flags question, as very many of the present did not know how to sign cross, or O.

One of the present Galiciens asked me if his wife's cousin, Mr. Potylink



I MADE POLITICAL SPEECHES TO MY COUNTRYMEN

cation of politic. They were sure, that political parties are some business companys, doing as butcher or second-hand dealer some kind of large business, but how, who and what kind of business it is, they did not know and were not very anxious to learn.

In their own country, they were not allowed to get in politics. That part of progress belongs there to the rich people. In this country, they do not understand the language and they can not read the papers.

who is living in Brandon, votes for my company.

Notwithstanding I never heard before about such a place as Brandon, nor such a name as Potylink, I expressed my supposition that he does. After my reply the same gentleman said:

"Look here neighbors, you know how smart and clever was Potylink in old country. It is quite true, that he never was working in this kind of business as this gentleman (pointing towards me), but he was the biggest

hog dealer in our village and if he is for this company, we should be also."

Next morning, Monsieur P., my impresario, awakened me at 4½ in the morning with following announcement:

"Say, good man, get up. Breakfast ready. At nine o'clock meeting eighteen miles from here." During five days three meetings daily in Russian, Polish, German, Galicien or French, among different advanced in political matters people.

Then back to my room and learning the meaning, prononciation and spelling of such prosaïque words as chops, pie, and so far.

It was a hard game, especially the sound "th." Notwithstanding I possessed a pretty large stock of words in my memorie, the English speaking people could not understand me of cause my wrong accent and prononciation.

Once I went in a hardware store, with intention to buy a rifle, certainly learning before this word from a dictionary for a half one hour. On the road between my room and the store I have see so many strange to me words on the business signs, which I used to pick up and my brains were so overtaird from long learning of the word "rifle," that when the salesman asked me what I want, I said "a skunk."

"I beg your pardon," repeated the clark, "what do you want?"

† "A skunk" was my reply again.

✠ Slight smile on the clean shaved face

of the salesman, perhaps supposition that something is gone wrong with my mental power and a very gently reply:

"I am very sorry, but we don't keep neither living, nor mounted skunks; good bye."

Asking for loafers in bakery instead of loafs, or sawdust in grocery instead of sodas (crackers) was very common.

In meantime I received a position of an editor of a foreigner newspaper.

I was very happy of this work, as writting for newspapers was my favour occupation in the old country. But, alas! the editor of this paper who with one printer has had to fulfill all functions from chopping wood and writting editorials, to sweeping the prinderie and carry to post office the boundles of printed paper, had to be a trained pugilist, to defend himself from the people of different opinion about any at all question mentioned in this newspaper.

The subscribers were good enough to accept the newspaper, but scarcely 0.005¾ payed for it. The publisher pretty soon ended the accounts, paid to me 22 dollars and fifty cents for six week glorious editing, and taking a big chew tobacco, said:

"May be in some better days we'll be more successful in such an enterprise. Now, I start to deal with old country sausages and sauerkraut. It is more profitable and sure line to deal among our people."

Now I will tell you more on the next time. Selah!

(To be continued)



THE LAY OF THE LAND

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

"A city hammers and polishes its denizens into a defined model ; it worships standardization; but the country encourages differentiation, it loves new types."—DAVID GRAYSON.

WHAT a sermon could be preached from this simple statement! Only those who have lived both the life of the city and the country can understand the full sweep of possibilities in this quiet and serene text. Perhaps I should go still further and say that its complete appreciation is possible only to the man who, having passed a boyhood in the country, has heard the keen, alluring call of the city, obeyed the summons, and become for years a struggling unit of the great sum total of a city's population—then has recovered his poise and returned to a

closer and finer contact with the country than would have been possible to one who had never suffered exile from its wholesome and constructive influence.

At any rate, it is from such a viewpoint that the author sees this problem and offers these comments on the spirit of David Grayson's wise words. And let me confess, at the start, that I cannot think of the man who has no connection whatever with the soil as more than half anchored; he seems, at best, but a potential drifter on the current of life, a being whose existence is had in a secondary and artificial



THE MAN WHO HAS RETURNED TO A CLOSER AND FINER CONTACT WITH THE COUNTRY

world without that intimate and cleansing contact with primary and elemental things essential to a clear, sane and wholesome perspective of life in all its relations and values.

During the last generations there has raged a disease that may fairly be called "*city-mania*." From the moment a boy in the district school has shown the promise of abilities a little above those of his fellows his eyes have been turned toward the city as the only goal worthy an ambition. Of course there have been exceptions, but this has been the rule. And the movement has not been confined to the "bright boys," either; the average boys and the dull boys have followed in almost endless procession. They are still following in increasing numbers but not, I believe, in increasing ratio—for we are upon the fringes of a new epoch in population adjustment which will be known as the "*Renaissance of the Soil*."

That such a movement is close at hand is well recognized by those who have their ears close to the ground—ears trained to detect things of just this sort. Only a few days ago I spent several hours with the Assistant Secretary of the Department of Agriculture of the United States government and, while he studiously held himself to the line of official conservatism in his expressions, every fact disclosed by his conversation emphasized the imminence of this condition, of this active and vital movement. The Department of Agriculture is urging the appropriation of millions of dollars for the establishment, in every state of the Union, of agricultural high schools. Its intent is to open to the youth of the United States a new agency for a scientific training in agriculture.

There is but one deduction to be made from this fact: governments—and especially democratic governments—do not act in matters involving the expenditure of millions of dollars without the knowledge that there is a definite demand for such action; a situation which presents all the compulsion of an emergency which must be met and provided for and which

will be justified by the moral support of the citizens of that government.

Unless the officials of the United States Government having charge of its agricultural interests recognized that we are close upon this Renaissance of the Soil, would it have secured and expended the vast sums for the training of scientific farmers which have been appropriated by Congress within the last few years? Or would it seek at the hands of the people millions more to be expended in still more advanced and progressive work along the same lines? The movement to the soil is not only imminent, it is actually upon us—and, it is a great and happy thing to recognize and welcome it! And this is not by any means confined to the United States: the Canadian Government has recognized this quite as clearly and has, perhaps, gone to greater lengths in providing for it, in making it easy for the youth to hear the call of the land instead of the lure of the city.

Western Canada, of course, has more to offer in the way of agricultural possibilities than has any one of the older countries. Her splendid prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, were so long misrepresented in regard to climate and soil, by those interested in preventing settlement, that it is only within the last quarter of a century that people in any considerable numbers have gone in there, and although each year now sees an increasing host marching Canada-Westward, still the areas are so vast that the Government can hold out as great opportunities as ever,—greater in fact, for year by year, hundreds of new miles of railroad gridiron the country, opening vast areas to comfortable and profitable farming. During the last fifteen years a great influx of people has increased the population of these provinces from 219,305 in 1891, to 893,351 in 1907. Yet the map published by the government showing the parts of the country that have been taken up, looks like a skeletonized leaf, with the railroads for veins.

Between the railroads, with their fringe of population, there are great

tracts of unoccupied lands, especially in the newer provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Southern Manitoba has been pretty thoroughly covered with rails, and consequently is well settled, but the other two provinces have thousands of acres of government land left, and the railroads are making them accessible as fast as human power can accomplish it.

Then let all this serve as a prelude to the statement that in a new and more compelling sense than ever, the youth of America are confronted with a choice between the country and the city, and that it is up to them to sit down soberly and "get the lay of the land,"—to face the facts and

engineering, medicine, or literature, or to the business of trading in the strictly commercial sense. If so, go after the thing you are "born to," and go hard. But if, like the majority of men, you are not sure of your "foreordination and election" to any of these callings, but possess good average abilities in several directions, then it is well to pause at the forks of the road which lead on the one hand to the city and on the other to the country, and ask yourself several searching questions.

Let the first one be: *What will I get out of it*—of the city life or the country life—in the long run? And if you make the comparison a mere



THEY HAVE BEEN TURNED TOWARD THE CITY IN ALMOST ENDLESS PROCESSION

adjust the eye of ambition to the far perspective and see if the light of Destiny has not shifted from the crowded, struggling city back to the land.

Admit at the outset of this readjustment of view that some are born to commerce and to the professions which minister to it, and to divert them from this natural destiny would be a sad mistake. Determine if you belong to that contingent which is foreordained, so to speak, to the profession of law,

matter of figures, you will miss the main thing in the whole matter. *Not all the trial balances of life can be struck in figures.* In fact, the best and the most substantial ones are incapable of expression by this medium.

Lately a magazine editor said to me: "I have a friend who holds a big position which brings him a salary high up in the thousands; he bought a farm a few years ago, and whenever we meet he wants to talk farm to the exclusion of other topics. He was so

enthusiastic the last time we were together that I asked him when he proposed to give up his position and devote himself entirely to farming. His answer was: 'Bless you, man! I couldn't afford to throw up my position; it takes a good share of my surplus earnings to keep that farm going!'

"Then he explained that this did not mean an absolute loss on the operation of the farm, but that he was always putting more into the place than he took out of it. But the change which that farm has made in my friend is remarkable; I believe it has added years to the length of his life and I know it has paid him rich dividends of happiness of a very tangible and solid sort—the kind that lasts. More than that, it has made him a much broader man; he can now see things from the viewpoint of a producer; his sympathies are no longer those of the conventional city man but those of a real representative citizen of the country at large; his farm has helped him to think more and to think out of the beaten track. There are to-day thousands of these well-to-do city men who have gone in for 'fancy farming,' who, to use their own expression, are 'working to support farms'—thousands of them where there were only hundreds a few years ago."

"On the other hand, what about the farmer who makes his acres pay him handsomely?" I asked, as a feeler, of my editor friend.

"He has increased in numbers immensely, but his betterment in condition has gone ahead at a still greater ratio," he replied. "There was a time when the farmer who made money skimped along, worked himself and his family into early wrecks, and got nothing out of life beyond the balance between expense and income. Farmers of this sort are growing scarcer every day, but there are some left and always will be. *Men of this sort fail utterly to raise the best crops that a farm can produce, namely, wholesome and happy human beings.* But there is a big class of farmers, which is growing bigger each day: those who make their farms produce pleasure, contentment,

and the solidest sort of happiness, and at the same time, can show a substantial profit on each year's operations.

"Some day I am going to print an article by the right man, showing that the man who is called 'fancy farmer,' 'agriculturist,' 'fool farmer,' and the like, is far less foolish than the farmer who gets money and *nothing else* out of his farm. The 'fool farmer,' to my mind, is the man who only sees drudgery and dollars in what he is doing; to whom a tree is not a thing of beauty, but simply so much cordwood with roots to it, and who would cheerfully see his farm gutted by steam shovels if he could get a little more out of it that way than by developing and cropping it."

This editor saw what thousands of other broad men are seeing, and what those of us who are near the soil *know*—that this century is feeling the beginning of a tidal wave running soilwards! That there is scarcely another field of effort open to the investment of capital and energy where there is such a chance for good judgment and superior executive ability to make themselves felt in results that pay.

To turn again to Western Canada for illustration—for after all, the most striking agricultural results are being obtained there—it is only necessary to keep one's ears open to hear story after story, well authenticated, of the returns that the man who thinks as well as works, gets from his land. Experimental farms have been established all through the country, and are distributing their knowledge widely. The "summer fallow," originated by Angus McKay at the experimental farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and universally adopted by the thinking farmers, is saving the wheat lands of Western Canada from the fate of the wheat lands of Illinois, Wisconsin and other western states—exhaustion.

The Governments, both Dominion and Provincial, are expending much money on educating the farmers, and the soil will reap the benefit for all time. *Intelligence pays.* From the homesteader, who came with barely enough to scrimp along through the first year,



A FARMER'S HOME IN WESTERN CANADA

to the man of money who was willing to trust his capital to the great rich earth, the man understanding modern methods points enthusiastically to his harvests. And not alone to the harvests of golden grain, surpassing anything to be seen elsewhere, but also to the harvests of health that come from the pure bracing air and outdoor life, and of contentment that springs from the broader view which is the gift bestowed by nature on those who dwell with her. There is a great appeal in those wide free prairies of Western Canada. The mind of the landlover, even though his lines be cast in other places, harks back to them with pleasure.

There was a day when the farmer who thought a little ahead of his neighbors was immediately branded in his community as a theorist. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that not so very long ago the farmer who really attempted to depart from traditional rule-of-thumb methods and do a little

thinking on his own hook was commonly despised as impractical. This is one reason why the young man who is fairly well educated, up-to-date, and full of ambition, is inclined to look upon farming as a narrow, limited and sordid calling in which the ability to do the hardest physical labor from sunrise 'til after dark, and to scrimp and squeeze, are the main elements.

This is very much the way it used to be, but things have changed marvelously in the farming world in the last few years; agricultural science has done things which have compelled the rule-of-thumb farmers to open their eyes and recognize that knowledge of natural principles, of the *why* and *how* of things, brings substantial results; that it gives mastery over conditions instead of merely playing hide-and-seek with them.

If the young man is looking for a field in which he can make himself "*fel!*," in which there is wide play for



A HOME IN THE "WARD," TORONTO

all the sound capacities in him, he will look long for an opening which will yield quicker and surer response to all the faculties, than modern farming.

Let me cite a case directly in point. Early in life the only son of a Chicago millionaire showed a decided talent for painting. He studied in the European art centres and had the satisfaction of seeing his paintings given places of honor in the great salons of the continent. At length, however, he returned home and married. His father was the owner of thousands of acres of choicest farm lands in the middle West. The young man visited these farms and became interested in them. He had imagination enough to see the possibilities of farming conducted to the highest state of practical and profitable development. "Art is all right," he said, "but dealing with the forces of nature and making them produce for the good of mankind looks attractive to me."

That young man, the son of Samuel W. Allerton, is now one of the biggest farmers in the State of Illinois; his farm is about 9,000 acres in extent and is one of the famous places of the state. He has built a beautiful farm house which has all the luxuries of the city, with a thousand delights with which he could not be surrounded in a city. *He is proof against any temptation to return to the city.*

Progressive farmers from remote parts of his state, as well as from other states, visit the great farm to study his methods. His work is making all who come in contact with it realize that there is such a thing as big farming; *that here is a career giving full scope to the ablest energies of the ablest men*; that to be this kind of a farmer is to play a thinking part.

Samuel W. Allerton himself—the father of the young man mentioned above—has written a little book called "Practical Farming," in which he makes the statement that "*the farmer is king.*"

Here is what he says: "People generally think that farming is a laborious occupation, but by the ingenuity of our machinery manufacturers, the burden of farming has been reduced so that very little laborious

work is done on a farm. In fact, it is the most independent life a man can lead; and, with rural free delivery, and by taking a good newspaper, the farmer can know what is going on in the world. Life on a farm gives children a good constitution and, with our free schools, their opportunities are better than those of the boy raised in the city.

"So far as living is concerned, the farmer is one hundred per cent. better off than the people living in cities. I took a friend of mine down on a farm once, and he remarked that he supposed he would not get much to eat. I said that, as he was raised in Vermont, he would probably get along with a rind of pork and bread and milk. He replied that he could get along if he got plenty of good bread and milk. We drove up to a farm house, and I told the lady we would like some dinner. She said it would be ready in two hours. After my friend ate his dinner he commenced writing, and I asked him what it was about. He said he was making note of the fact that although he had eaten at Delmonico's and Kinsley's and a good many other places, this was the finest dinner he had ever eaten. There were thirty-seven different dishes on the table, and all raised on the farm, excepting the coffee, sugar, salt and spices."

There is a sermon here. Think it over, boys!

The modern farmer *lives*. So do city-folk, but eating and sleeping are not all of life; and yet the farmer gets the best of these. The real gain is inward, morally and mentally—though the outer and mere physical gain is not to be despised. The *true* place for all is in the open. Free air over a free soil, for free men. All there is in the world came out of the ground—is coming out of it. The young men who turn to the primal pursuit of the race are doing the best work of the race. They *produce*, that all may live. But in doing this, they also give themselves the scope and power to see widely, to develop along the best lines of their own natures. The country truly "*loves new types.*" It creates them, giving room for *individual* growth, which the city would stifle.

LEFT IN CHARGE

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S OFFICER IN THE
EARLY DAYS

BY W. E. TRAILL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THESE are, I fancy, but few white men now living who were resident in the Saskatchewan at the time of the first, or what is now generally known as the Riel rebellion. Therefore I think that the following experience of an old timer may not be without interest to the Canadian public.

The winter of 1869 and '70 found me stationed at Fort Pitt as clerk, under Mr. W. A. Watt.

We were, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: W. A. Watt, chief trader, gentleman in charge; W. E. Traill, clerk, married; John Rowland, interpreter, Orkney half-caste, married; William Rowland, laborer, Orkneyman, married; James Rowland, laborer, Orkney half-caste, married; Fred Rowland, laborer, Orkney half-caste; Joseph and Alex. Morin, hunters, French half breeds; Louis Lourceon, French Canadian, married; Joseph Pacquette, French half-breed, married; Morin, French half breed, cattle keeper; Charl Bourgard, laborer, French half breed, married; Alexan Bourgard, laborer, married, French half breed; Charlebois, horse guard, French half breed, married; Muskego, Swampy Cree, French half-breed, married; George Donald, blacksmith, Sioux half-caste; William

Reid, fisherman, Orkney, married; also belonging to the establishment, but stationed for the winter at an outpost called Saddle Lake, John Sinclair, married; Johnston, laborer, Orkney; Louis Assiniboine, French half-breed.

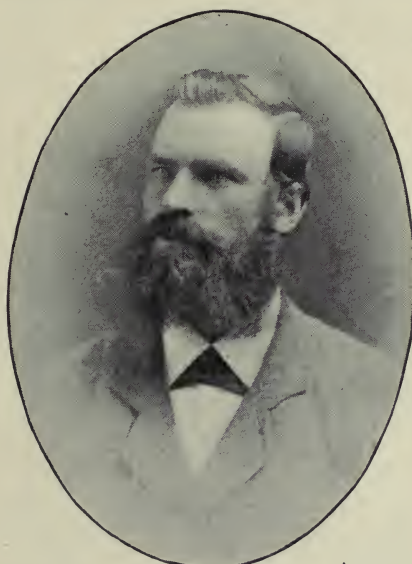
The fort, at that time, was one of the most important establishments in the Saskatchewan, and was both a fur and provision post. The finer furs were collected from the Wood Crees, who

hunted in the woods to the north, and provisions and coarse furs, such as buffalo robes and wolf skins, from the Plain Crees, who roamed the plains and subsisted entirely on the buffalo.

The Plain Crees were at that time very numerous, though the small-pox epidemic of the following summer made fearful ravages among them. I am fully convinced that the mortality was much greater than was generally supposed. I left Fort Pitt the following

spring, prior to the outbreak. Four years later I returned and for several years paid more or less extended visits, but met with only one-fourth of the Indians who used to trade there.

That winter, the usual January packet or express did not arrive. It was due at Carlton about the first of January, from the East, and at Fort Pitt a few days later. It was rarely

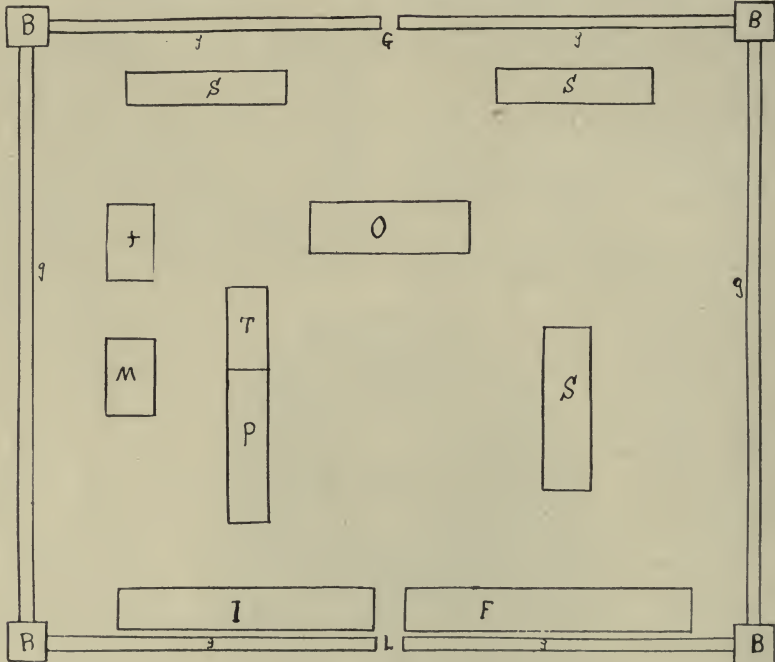


W. E. TRAILL

known to be more than a few hours late, and never over two or three days.

The non-arrival of the express caused us great uneasiness, as we had been there for three months without news from the east. Toward the end of March, C. F. Lawrence Clarke arrived from his post, Carlton House. He brought us the startling news of the uprising of the French and the occupation of Fort Garry by Louis Riel; of the murder of Scott and of the stirring events of that eventful year.

company's staff was composed chiefly of French half-breeds with a few Orkney men. These men, although good servants, could not be relied upon when it came to a trial of strength between the loyal whites and the French. Our principal establishments on the Saskatchewan, of which there were four, were strongly stockaded. We had a good supply of Enfield rifles, with ammunition, a small brass cannon at each of the forts, Carlton, Pitt and the Mountain House, and two or more



SKETCH OF THE PLAN OF OLD FORT PITT, DRAWN FROM MEMORY BY W. E. TRAILL

O Officers' House S Servants' Houses F Fur Store I Indian House T Trading Shop P Provision House
G Gate g Galleries B Bastions f Forge M Magazine L Lookout Gate

To make matters worse for us in the Saskatchewan, he also brought news of an intercepted letter written by a prominent resident of Qu'Appelle and addressed to Riel. The writer stated that he had at his command five hundred mounted men, ready at a word from Riel to start for the Saskatchewan, to raid and take possession of all the company's posts.

Now it must be remembered that the

at Edmonton. Of what avail were these, however, against an invading force, when we had only a few European servants upon whom we could rely? To arm our servants of French extraction would have been exceedingly risky—to turn them out would have been to make them open enemies.

After a lengthy council of war, it was decided that Messrs. Clarke and Watt should proceed to Edmonton to carry



BIG BEAR TRADING AT FORT PITT

the news to Mr. Christie, the chief factor in charge of the district, and thereto decide upon some definite course of action. The following morning this plan was carried out and I was left in charge of the fort, where, incidentally, we had had an incipient rebellion of our own for some weeks.

Although we had had no definite news from the East, the Indians and half-breeds had been better informed. We had heard rumors of trouble and bloodshed at Fort Garry, and the Indian runners had brought news of a great battle that had taken place at Lower Fort Garry. They said that blood was knee deep in the fort after the battle and that the French were masters of the country and intended to kill all the English. As we all know, there was very little ground for such tales, but the natives believed them implicitly, and consequently our French Canadian and French half-breed servants were not disposed to be very obedient.

The women had certain duties to perform, such as clear-

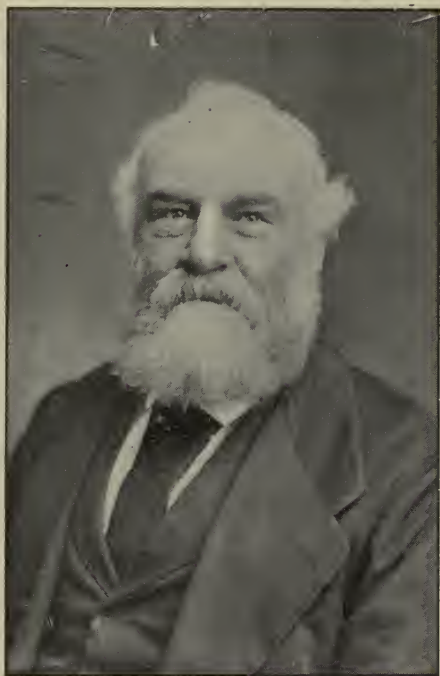
ing out all the snow after a storm, keeping their individual door yards swept clean (a sanitary precaution which the H. B. C. particularly insisted upon), and taking up the potato crop. These duties they flatly refused to perform and Mr. Watt had, as flatly, refused to give the women and children rations. Upon leaving, Mr. Watt had charged me to give no rations to the families unless they complied with the rules. This was, no doubt, good discipline, but under the circumstances, very doubtful diplomacy.

I would here remark that the men were very much afraid of Mr. Watt, who, although he had only one arm, had the heart of a lion, to say nothing of a bit of temper. On the other hand, they did not stand the least in awe of me.

The amount of provisions consumed daily was considerable. The ration of fresh buffalo meat was eight pounds per diem for a man, four pounds for a woman, and two pounds for each child,



W. A. WATT



W. J. CHRISTIE

independent of age or sex. Even that liberal allowance was thought insufficient by the natives. Most of the men owned horses of their own and when a party was sent to the plains, either to hunt or to trade provisions, they took carts with them and returned with a large private supply of meat. This custom was very irregular and Mr. Watt had orders to bring about a reform, but he did not receive the support he should have had from headquarters. In consequence of his endeavors to carry out his instructions, he was both feared and disliked by his men, and as I tried to carry out his wishes in all things, I came in for a large share of ill feeling.

On the departure of Mr. Watt, the men took the earliest opportunity to test their strength. Saturday was ration day and the postmaster, Logan, weighed out each man's rations and gave the regular call. Instead of the women coming for the rations, as usual, eleven men filed into the provision store, the rest being outside the fort on various duties.

The first to come forward was Charl

Bourgard. When Logan offered him his ration, he said, "That is my ration. I want my family's ration, too."

I, mildly but firmly, reminded him of his orders and asked him if he were willing that his wife should do her accustomed work.

He answered, "No, my wife is not engaged by the company, and she is not going to work for them."

"The Company," said I, "is under no contract to feed your wife and family, and until she does her work, I cannot give her rations."

He then said, "I'll kill one of the company's cattle. Beef is better than buffalo meat." I was unaccustomed to such insolence and ordered him out of the building. As he merely laughed at me, I caught hold of him and had no difficulty in throwing him out of the door, but in so doing, I lost my footing and fell. Before I could regain my feet, he wheeled, rushed in through the door, passed me and made for the axe which we used for cutting up pemmican.

I called out to Logan, "Don't let him have the axe," but he made no attempt to interfere. I followed Bourgard and closed with him, receiving a blow from the axe on the back of my head. We were so close together that the blow lost much of its force, though it still had sufficient to stun me. I threw him, but fell senseless on top of his body. When I recovered consciousness, he was dragging me about the floor by the hair. At that moment my wife and the fisherman's wife rushed in and succeeded in rescuing me. It appears that when we fell, he struggled from under me and again seizing the axe, drew it full swing to give me the "coup de grace." As he raised the weapon over his head, old William Rowland wrenched it from his hand. It was then that he seized me by my hair.

Although half dazed and bleeding, I wanted to renew hostilities, but had sense enough to listen to the entreaties of my wife, who, being alone, was naturally frightened. Therefore I had to content myself with calling the whole lot of them a pack of cowards. The next day was Sunday and no work

was done. On Monday, I ordered the men to their various tasks, as usual, giving Bourgard some work by himself, as I did not wish him to be with the others more than was necessary.

The day following proved cold and rainy and I did not send the men to work outside. It was the duty of Alexan Bourgard, a half-witted paralytic, to supply the officer's house with wood. He had to haul it from the woods, cut it into fire billets and fill up the several wood boxes. During the course of the morning, my wife came to me and complained that the fires were low and that there was no wood, so I ordered Logan to send Alexan for it. After some time had passed and the house was getting very cold, I went to Logan again and demanded to know why the wood was not forthcoming. He explained that he had given the order but that Charl Bourgard had said his brother should not go. I told him to repeat the order, but he said, "Mr. Traill, if you must have wood, I will take an ox and get a load, but there is no use my ordering the men. They won't budge."

I told Logan to go back to his quarters and, saying nothing to my wife, went to my room, took a revolver, loaded it and put it in my coat pocket. I plainly saw that the men thought I was afraid of them and that they could defy me and I determined at any cost,

to have the mastery. I then walked over to the servant's house where Logan had told me the Bourgards could be found. I stepped up to Charl and ordered him to take an ox and cart and go for some wood at once. I presume that he saw blood in my eye, for he dropped his cards and started for the stable without a word.

From that hour, I had no further trouble with any one of them. Mr. Clarke returned from Edmonton a few days after these events and when I told him about the trouble I had had, he advised me to give over the charge to Logan and come down to Carlton, as he considered my life in great danger. This I refused to do. He then, as my superior officer, wrote out a written order to that effect. As soon as his back was turned, however, I threw the order in the fire. It has always been a satisfaction to me to know that I did not show the white feather and desert my charge.

Mr. Christie, on some pretext, kept Mr. Watt at Edmonton until they all came down the river on the first of June with the Boat Brigade, en route for Norway House and York Factory. I accompanied them to Carlton, where I remained during that eventful summer, with orders to make myself generally useful and to await the decision of Council as to my future appointment.

A SYMPHONY

BY E. LAURENCE LEE

I'VE heer'n folks say "this ol' world's roun',"
 An' others, that "it's flat."
 Some sez "the durned thing's upside down
 An' out o' plumb at that."

But let 'er shape be what it may,
 Jist do yer little share,
 Of right an' jestus every day,
 An' you'll find th' ol' world's square.

PORRIDGE

BY LOUISE DARBY

Author of "The Loggers," "A Nurse from Teulon," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED. LATHROP ARNOLD (SEE FRONTISPIECE).

IT WAS a beautiful evening in August. The yellowing wheat fields stretched in great smooth billows to the horizon, broken only by a straggling line of poplars along the coulee. Over all, the glow of the sunset, lingering in the clear prairie air, cast its enchantment, turning the world into fairyland and even glorifying the rough shack and log barns that stood in the shelter of the trees. But the man riding slowly up to the shack seemed oblivious to the charm of the night and rode with both hands on the high pommel of the saddle, his broad shoulders drooping and head bent in dejection. At the door he threw himself off, hitched the little horse, and walked in without knocking. A medium-sized, wiry, alert-looking young fellow writing at the table by the window, looked up as he entered.

"Hello, Bertie. What's up? You look glum; too much Aunt Emma?"

The accent was decidedly American and the dark eyes gleamed with kindly mischief as they rested on the disconsolate young giant who flung his soft hat into the corner with a muttered exclamation at the other's words, and then threw himself into a chair, stretched out his long legs, and folding his hands behind his curly yellow hair pressed his head down into his chest.

"There, there, don't swear at the poor old lady. What's she been up to now?"

"She's not so old," pettishly, "but what the dickens I am going to do with her, I don't know. Isn't it a bally shame, after I've lived down the curse of being an English remittance man to have this—this incubus hoisted on to my shoulders?"

"Why I thought Aunt Emma was

sent over by your loving relatives to cheer you up and make a home for you, poor bachelor. Does she make you change your boots when your feet are wet?"

"Ah, come now, stop your chaffing, Jack, or I'll go back to my happy home—and Aunt Emma." With a low chuckle; "She told me yesterday that my wild life on the frontier had made me lose all sense of proportion; no one at home would have the bad taste to live in such a little house and have such big barns. I knew that there was no use in explaining to her that that is the very reason that I am not receiving an allowance from home any more. But what's the use of having made good? It's all spoiled now."

The dejected head sank lower and the long legs stretched still farther across the floor.

"You seemed chipper enough when you started for town this morning, and you haven't seen Aunt Emma since. What *has* happened? Spit it out."

Bertie slowly raised his head and looked rather sheepish as the color deepened in his sunburned blonde skin.

"You would swear if you were in my boots. I was in McFarland's waiting for a clerk when two girls came in. They were both good to look at, but one of them was a ripping sort. Such a color and soft brown hair and glorious eyes, the kind that bowl a man over. When she spoke, with her low English voice I knew at once that she was from home. Just then Mrs. McFarland's canary began to sing, and she began to laugh softly. 'That bird,' she said, 'reminds me of the funny little lady who was on the train with us coming out; did I ever tell you about her, Milly?'

"Well, Milly hadn't heard and the pretty girl proceeded to tell her all about the queer old thing. They talked softly but clearly, and I could not help hearing, especially when they laughed. Had a hard time keeping my own face straight until — Well, it seems that this old woman, who was on the train when my beauty came out, had a canary in a cage hung by the window. At one time the only empty seat in the car was the other half of the old lady's and she sat on the aisle side. A man got on, and bowing politely as he stepped before her, bumped his head on the cage and got all the water from Dickie's bath down the back of his neck. The old lady was all sympathy, oh not for the man, but for the bird 'cause um did get such a shaking'. That sounded uncomfortably like some of the speeches I hear at home these days. But the girl went on telling how a little while later the old lady heard the person ahead of her say that there was a mosquito on the window and she leaned over the seat eagerly, saying, 'Oh, a mos-kee-tow, I never saw a mos-kee-tow; could I put a pin through it and stick it on a card to send home?' How those girls did laugh! But that wasn't all of the old lady's performances. My pretty girl was sitting in front of her one stifling hot afternoon when she heard an exclamation of horror, and turning around found the old creature, the picture of modest confusion, murmuring behind the hands that hid her blushing face: 'It is positively indecent, positively indecent! Such things would never be tolerated at home. Why, that man is actually taking off his collar!' I was trying to hide my own laugh when I heard her say something about Miss Courtleigh. Then I knew that the funny lady was Aunt Emma. . . . And that blessed family of mine sent her over to cheer me up!"

"Hard lines, Bertie, and no mistake." Jack did not quite dare to suggest that the family perhaps wanted to get rid of Aunt Emma. "It certainly is hard on a good-looking chap like you to have a pretty girl make fun of his pet particular aunt. But, cheer up, the pretty girl doesn't know that

Miss Courtleigh *is* your aunt, and you can manage to get introduced to her and not let her know the dreadful truth."

"Yes," doubtfully, "I did follow her about and found that she is staying with Mrs. Grant who would introduce me, of course. I started for the house once but remembered the mos-kee-tow and turned and rode out of town as fast as I could go. Everybody knows about Aunt Emma, and she will be sure to find out."

Jack shot a keen look at the almost recumbent young Englishman. "I do believe that you are really hit at last, you hard-hearted Britisher. My advice to you is to go in next Sunday to call on Mrs. Grant and meet the fair one. By the way, you haven't told me her name yet. You will have one evening to yourself before she learns about the aunt—and you know you *are* rather stunning in your glad rags."

Bertie Hardcastle rose to go with a thoughtful air. As he went out of the door, he said:

"Her name is Frances Farnham. Perhaps—yes, I believe I'll try it. But it's rather awful to be laughed at."

"Keep up your nerve. Now cut along, or you will have Aunt Emma coming down the road to find out whether one of those wicked men has been shooting you."

With the last word, Jack hastily ducked behind the door to dodge a hurtling stick of fire wood.

Sunday night, Jack was again sitting at the table drawing plans for the house that was to replace his shack, when there was a clatter of hoofs, the door burst open, and Bertie threw himself into his favorite chair.

"Jack, she's great!"

He stopped and gazed dreamily up at the ceiling, his head resting in the hands clasped behind it. "Just the sweetest, prettiest, finest little girl," he murmured to the rafters. Then, sitting up with energy, "If only—if only I could—why, Jack, I would like to draw some plans for a house myself. But what would I do with Aunt Emma?"

The long legs shot out and his head sank on to his chest as his hands sought

their favorite resting place among his curls.

"It's no use. I could never ask a girl to marry me with Aunt Emma in the house, and she has only just got here after that tremendous journey. I can't ship her right off now, even if she would consent to be shipped, which I doubt. The worst part of it is that it's pure kindness on her part. She thinks it's an awful country and that I'm a noble exile whom it is her duty to comfort. I have tried to make her understand that wild horses couldn't drag me back to England but she is convinced that it is only a part of my 'noble self-sacrifice,' and is bound to make things pleasant for me. Oh, Aunt Emma isn't half bad, if she weren't so bally queer."

Bertie relapsed into a depressed silence, his usually dancing blue eyes hidden under a frown. Jack regarded him with amusement and some concern; for the big Englishman had been very indifferent to girls so far, and naturally would take this case particularly hard.

"Cheer up," he said at last, "go in and win Miss Frances, and by hook or by crook we will find some way to get rid of Aunt Emma."

Bertie had brightened visibly at the name of Frances, but shook his head at the mention of Aunt Emma."

"I am afraid it can't be done," he said, slowly. "I am sure that I could never do it." Then, hopefully: "But you ought to be able to concoct some scheme. You're a Yankee."

Jack pulled thoughtfully at his pipe.

Finally, "How old is Miss Courtleigh, anyway?" he asked.

"Not so awfully old. She dresses as though she were sixty, but really she is only about forty."

Again there was a long interval of smoke-filled silence while Bertie Hardcastle dreamed of Frances, and Jack Graham racked his brains.

At last the American slapped his knee and exclaimed: "I've got it!" The two edged their chairs close together and talked in low tones like a pair of conspirators, as indeed they were. At the end of an hour, Bertie shook hands for a long time with his friend.

"You're a wonder! If I don't make that go, just——"

"Sure you have the whole plan straight? Let me know how it goes and don't forget that McDougall loves porridge."

Bertie was humming softly as he rode over the prairie through the soft starlit night.

Sunday afternoon again, and Jack was smoking in the shade of the shack, when a curly yellow pate and a pair of dancing eyes peeked around the corner.

"Guess it must have worked," said Jack.

"Worked!" Bertie threw himself at full length on the ground as he spoke. "Work, well I should say it did. It all went off so well that I feel like saying 'king's ax' whenever I think of those two bamboozled creatures. I am almost afraid of you, myself, the way you can strike the weak points in a person's armour."

"Stop grinning and tell me how you managed it."

"Exactly as you told me to. Monday morning early I mislaid my wrench and rode over to McDougall's to borrow his. He is really an awfully decent sort of chap and I felt like a sneak when I asked for the wrench. Of course he asked me in and the shack was filled with an infernally smelling smoke. The old boy explained that he had just burned his oatmeal porridge. I told him some of my trials with the cooking, and then added that they were all over now, as an aunt of mine had come from England to keep house for me. 'By the way,' I added, as carelessly as I could, 'why don't you drop in to supper some evening?' He seemed so pleased that it did not take me long to set the time for that very night. You know how it is when you have made an awful mess of a meal, everything burned or raw, it seems pretty good to get a chance to eat something cooked by a woman.

"But, Jack, I did feel like a base deceiver as I rode back to tell Aunt Emma about the expected guest. She learned to cook before she came out, and having an idea that we only had a few of the plainest things in this outlandish part of the world, she made a

specialty of oatmeal and such things. She was tickled at the idea of company, and began right away planning a regular feast. But she never mentioned porridge and I tell you I was hard put to it before I could work her around to the idea. I drew a touching picture of the poor old Scotchman with his favorite porridge all burned up. At last she yielded to my barbarous idea, but it was decidedly under protest. She cooked all afternoon, and by the time McDougall came she was quite flushed up and, honestly, she looked almost pretty. She never does look as old maidish in the house as she does in that awful thing-um-a-jig she wears on her head.

"McDougall turned up promptly, all toggled out in honor of the occasion. You should have seen his plump face scrubbed and shaven within an inch of its life and smiling its courtliest on the lady. How he did eat! Bowl after bowl of porridge disappeared like magic and after each one he turned a heavy compliment to the cook until her cheeks grew pink with pleasure, and she was all in a flutter. When the last bit of pudding had disappeared, I set them down to a game of cribbage and went out into the kitchen and washed the dishes. Thought the old lady deserved something for the way she had fallen in with my plans. They had a fine time fifteen-two, fifteen-four-ing to their heart's content. But I nearly had nervous prostration when that darned bird began to cheep. She usually makes a fool of herself over the little beast, but she only turned a moment and remarked; 'Did um wake up?' and I breathed easy again. Well, the upshot of it all was that McDougall went home looking as pleased as Punch and Aunt Emma favored me with some remarks on the superiority of Scotchmen."

"And here endeth the first lesson," murmured Jack.

"You needn't be sacreligious, but things were in pretty good shape, weren't they? I was dying to push right on to the second the next morning but remembered your sage advice and decided to give him time to reflect on the advantages of having a nice woman

for a housekeeper and perhaps—burn some more porridge. So I let the next day go by without making any move, but Wednesday I invited Aunt Emma to drive into town with me. Such beastly luck! Met Miss Farnham and Mrs. Grant, and of course there were introductions, and I knew that Miss Farnham was wondering how much I had heard in McFarland's store last Saturday. Aunt Emma spent most of the drive home telling me how kind Miss F. was on the way out and even helped her to carry her things to the hotel when they arrived in town. Aunt had sixteen bags and bundles and the bird cage, actual count, no joking. I groaned in spirit when I thought of that girl surveying the conglomeration with those laughing eyes of hers and then helping to carry the stuff. I was so disgusted that I almost forgot to go around by McDougall's, but came out of it in time."

"Just as well you did, or you might have been carrying Aunt Emma's bundles yourself for some time to come."

"Queer, wasn't it; as we went up the long rise near McDougall's, those ponies cut up like fury and ran into the fence and smashed the pole?"

"Bertie, you are a shameless young dog, risking your aunt's neck in that reckless fashion."

"Shameless, nothing; who planned this play, anyway? To get on with the story. Just as had been foreseen by Mr. Jack Graham, a gallant Scotchman came to the rescue of the frightened Fair One. Do you know the old girl was game though, never made a sound, just sat still and hung on. When McDougall lifted her down, she was pale, but that was all. Actually I was a bit proud of her. McDougall led her tenderly up the hill while I stayed behind to straighten out the horses. I fussed around as long as I dared, and then went up to the house to find out what was doing. McDougall had her in his big arm chair with a cup of fresh, hot tea, and was hovering over her like a hen with one chicken. The color soon came back to her face under the combined influence of tea and compliments. When she asked about the broken pole

I had to confess that it was all spliced up, and that we could go on as soon as she felt equal to it. But McDougall rose to the occasion like a major, and insisted on our staying to supper. Aunt Emma did a polite amount of hesitating and finally accepted. McDougall retired to the kitchen and I pretended that I had some more work to do on the pole and ducked out for a smoke. About half an hour later I wandered past the kitchen window, and there was Aunt Emma presiding over the stove and McDougall waiting on her. You should have seen him handing her the salt with his best court bow! I decided that I wouldn't be missed if I had another pipe, so I left them in peace for half an hour, but I took pains to interrupt them before they were quite ready for me, just to show them how nice it would be not to be interrupted at all."

"Who's devilish foxy now?" interposed Jack.

"Proud of your pupil; aren't you? There was porridge again for supper, and for the good of the cause I choked down a bowlful. I just hate the stuff, though it is awfully ungrateful of me, I know. McDougall played the host with his best air and even ventured one or two sly jokes of which only Aunt Emma was supposed to see the point.

"Well, I washed the dishes again, while those two paid each other compliments over their game of cribbage, but I didn't mind that, I can tell you. Friday went by without a sign of McDougall, and I could see that Aunt Emma was restless and excited, but her state of mind was nothing to the ferment I was in. When all day Saturday passed without his turning up, I was in a blue funk for fear the old boy was shying off. In the evening we were sitting, pretending to read, when that canary began to sing, and Aunt Emma actually scolded the precious pet and quenched him under a cloth. A moment later we heard hoof beats and she flushed up right guiltily, and I opened the door and then ducked without stopping to make any excuse. I went to bed and to sleep before he left, so I don't know how long he stayed, but

this morning I hoped that Aunt Emma would have some news for me. But she never said a word about McDougall, just looked a bit thoughtful and important. I was that disappointed! I was afraid that if he took much more time in coming to the point, he would think of the joys of bachelorhood and cool off. You can lay half a crown I was relieved when he walked in a little before noon. I was just on the point of excusing myself as usual, when I discovered that Aunt Emma had left us, and that the old boy was hemming and hawing and blushing like a girl. He made a long, elaborate speech and finally it dawned on me that he was making me a formal proposal for Aunt Emma's hand! I wanted to shout, but controlled myself, and played the part of the nearest male relative of the bride-to-be. I made the proper speeches, brought Aunt Emma in, kissed her, congratulated McDougall and then ducked over the hill to give those calves an exhibition of dancing. Then I lay down on the grass and roared at the thought of myself as guardian of a sweet young thing like McDougall's bride."

"Congratulate you, Bertie. You've done a good job, really a very decent one, for an Englishman. When is the happy day to be?"

"Two weeks from next Wednesday. McDougall is in a devil of a hurry to get the maker of porridge under his own roof and Aunt Emma has all her outfit that she brought from England, so there is nothing to delay them. She did protest at first at deserting me, and I had a hard time not to seem too ready to get rid of her. That's the whole story. Now, I'm off."

"Off! So soon? I might have known that those London made riding togs were not for my benefit. May I be permitted to inquire whom you are going to see?"

By this time Bertie had reached the corner of the shack; his tall, well-set-up figure showing to particular advantage in the perfectly cut coat, breeches and puttees. As he disappeared around the corner, he turned his head and his face wore a broad grin as he flung back: "To Miss Farnham to announce Aunt Emma's engagement."

WHAT WILL A WILD THING DO?

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami", etc.

THE moose comes down in season, the ice goes out when the sun comes north, the salmon run and the flowers bloom; all things happen in their appointed time—but the white man does never the same thing twice alike. That, in substance, is what one of Jack London's Indian heroes says of the white man.

But it is also a fact that other animals are equally erratic. To say a moose, a bear, a beaver, a lynx, or any other animal, will do this or that under certain given circumstances is to find more exceptions than are necessary to prove a rule.

Different men have different notions about what to do in the wilderness. Most men keep perfectly quiet when fishing. The Indian guide holds his light craft over a clear pool, slaps the water at the edge up against the side of the canoe, and the soft noise which he makes calls the black bass from the deep water of Temagami. But the fish has more sense than he gets credit for, and the wild duck is as easily fooled as other fowls. The Canada lynx has worked out a scheme for luring the duck to destruction. He works on the duck's curiosity, just as the Indians did with the buffalo in the good old days before they knew the danger of fire-arms or the taste of fire-water.

One Indian would approach a band of buffalo until one of the animals observed him. He would then crouch and wave his blanket quietly until the curious one began to approach. Still waving his blanket slowly, he would retreat until other members of the band would begin to follow the curious one. Now the Indian would increase his speed until the whole band of buffalo were on the run. At a convenient place the Indian would dodge behind a

rock or tree while the herd rushed madly on to destruction, dropping into the pit that had been prepared for them.

The lynx, coming to a lake in the long Northern twilight, approaches quietly where the wild ducks feed. He hears them, but he is careful that they do not hear him. Indians and other nature students have watched. When the ducks put down their heads, the lynx puts forth a padded paw and pats the water gently. When the ducks lift their heads to harken, the lynx stops. By and by, the duck, whose curiosity has overcome her, swims cautiously to the point where the ripples run. The lynx remains motionless until the duck stops to feed, when he pats the water again. Now the duck shakes the water from her wet head and watches the little wimples in the weeds. Each time she comes nearer and nearer to whatever has disturbed the quiet of the lake. In time she comes so near that the lynx, with a lightning-like movement, reaches out, strikes her head and bears her away, often without even disturbing or attracting the attention of the rest of the flock. More often than otherwise, the duck that dies is the only one of the family which has an opportunity to learn the cause of the ripples which attracted her and lured her to death, and, of course, she can't tell the secret of the lynx and his *modus operandi*.

* * * *

Mr. Hugh Lumsden, chief engineer of Canada's new Transcontinental Railway, was deer shooting in Ontario when his dog drove a red deer into a lake. Two men, who were not experts with a rifle, followed the deer in a canoe. They fired all their cartridges

at the deer's head and then, rowing up alongside, they attempted to kill or capture the deer. The red deer lay over, flapped one hind foot out of the water and drove it through the canoe. The boat was upset, the occupants barely escaping with their lives, leaving all their ammunition, as well as their rifles, at the bottom of the lake.

* * * *

Jim Friday, the famous half-breed guide of the Temagami district, drove a moose into a lake—Indians in want may kill a cow moose but a white man may not, even in self-defence—followed her and drowned her in thirty minutes. Friday is wise in the ways of the wood folk, and he believes that a moose, unmolested, might swim for half a day, but if hard pressed by a canoe, it is soon overcome by the excitement of extra exertion and the rapid beating of its wild heart. Upon another occasion, one of the Friday family killed a moose with an axe, after overtaking it in a canoe.

A younger brother of the guide, Willie Friday by name, went out in winter with only two cartridges and tried to kill a moose for the Friday family. He stationed himself on a runway, and in a little while another brother and a dog chased the moose by. Willie put the two cartridges into the great animal, but failed to stop him. He followed and found the wounded moose standing perfectly still under a big cedar. The boy secured a long pole, to the tip of which he lashed his hunting knife, and then stealing cautiously from tree to rock, from rock to tree, keeping always out of sight, he rested the long shaft on a dead limb and was just about ready to drive it to the moose's heart, when the twig snapped off, attracting the attention of the wounded animal. Instantly the moose turned upon the boy, who stumbled and fell. The moose, mortally hurt, plunged blindly with his great feet, stripping the clothes off either side of the boy's body, but wounding him only slightly. The boy rolled under a fallen tree trunk and escaped.

As the bull moose turned, the dog, coming to the rescue, seized the brute

by the nose and hung there. The boy Friday rolled out from under the log and escaped for reinforcements. Returning, the brothers found a red spot on the snow, and that was about all that was left of the dog. The moose still kept his feet, and now the Indians exhausted their ingenuity in trying to finish the animal, for they were sore in need of food. Finally, they hit upon the novel idea of felling trees upon him, which they did, with the result that the monarch of the forest was finally despatched.

* * * *

A story writer, who thought he knew, but did not know, a great deal about wild animals, was fishing in Lake Temagami with two friends, Rudolph Kauffmann, part owner of the *Washington Star*, and Dr. John E. Jones, U. S. Consul General at Winnipeg. One afternoon, with his Indian guide, the story writer came upon a big bull moose bathing in Lake Wasacsamagami—The Lake of the Shining Wood. Taking advantage of the animal when his head was low, feeding upon lily pads, they came up within a few hundred yards of the animal, when he turned, gazed at them for a moment, waded ashore, and trotted off through the dense undergrowth, crashing tree limbs with his great horns and the windfall with his feet. The Indian shot his canoe around the point of the island upon which the moose had disappeared, grunting "he come in again." While the white man was wondering how the Indian knew, they rounded the point just in time to see the moose putting to sea. He was headed for the mainland, but by hard paddling the Indian cut him off, and drove him back toward the island from which he had come.

At this juncture, Dr. Jones and his Indian hove in sight, and now the two canoes convoyed the moose to shore. The story teller urged his Indian to go faster without any definite notion of what he would do with the moose in case he captured him. It was an immense beast, as tall as the average pacer at a country fair, but much stronger. The Indian hung back and the author urged him, tapping the moose gently with a ten-foot bait rod.

Seeing the Indian was afraid, the white man said, "Will he turn some times?" And the Indian answered, "Yes."

"Would he crush our canoe if he struck it?"

"Yes."

"If he came at us could we escape, or would he surely overtake us, overturn us, crush us, and kill us?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the white man, "I do not want to die."

"Yes," said the Indian. "Me, I don't want die, too."

By this time the moose found bottom on the rocky shore, scrambled up the stony bank and trotted away through the dense forest, while the white man and the red man sat rocking in their canoe, and listening to the crash of things as the big moose moved on deeper and deeper into the fastness.

In camp that night, the story teller told this tale, not as fiction but as a simple fact—for it seemed simple to him. Kauffman laughed at him. Then the adventurer called the doctor to support him, which he did valiantly. Yet the editor would not believe. Thereupon he called the Indian, who nodded and grunted as testimony to the accuracy of the story. It is hard for a fiction writer to be accused of exaggerating when circumstances compel him to tell the truth, but there was no convincing Mr. Kauffmann.

Two days later, the other canoes returning to camp came upon a cow moose feeding on the shore of a shoal lake. It is interesting and fascinating to watch a wild moose, frolicking and feeding in the lilies of the lake. At first you would say she was only frolicking, as she turns to the right and to the left, grabbing the lily pads in her haste to finish her supper and return to the shelter of the forest. More than anything else, she resembles a waltzing horse at a circus, only she never turns completely around. In her anxiety to finish her meal in the shortest possible space of time, she invites disaster, and makes it impossible for her to keep anything like a sharp lookout, because of her own hurry.

In this instance, the moose feeding

down along the shore, drew nearer and nearer all the while; and, as often as the moose busied herself with her supper the light canoe shot forward; when she lifted her huge head to look for an enemy, the Indian in the stern of the boat remained motionless. Almost invariably, when she lifted her head, she looked, not toward the lake, but away to the wilderness, where doubtless a baby moose lay sleeping on a bed of moss. When first sighted, she was perhaps half a mile away. When half that distance had been covered, the white man in the bow of the boat almost tried to hold his breath, so eager was he to get up with the moose, and convince his friends, one of whom was the skeptical Kauffmann, that he really and truly could tame a moose. Glancing back he saw the other canoes threading their way through the islands of the larger lake.

Each time the moose busied herself, the forward canoe lessened the distance between it and the animal. Now the occupants of the canoe could see the water dripping from her wet nose, when she lifted her head to look away to the woods. This was the last chance—they knew this, the Indian and the white man. The white man took up his paddle, and when again the brown head came up and the frightened eyes of the mother moose saw the canoe bearing down upon her, she turned and swam ashore with all her might.

Within a minute, or two minutes at the most, the first canoe was between her and the shore. She went about and headed for the island, and a moment later all the canoes were upon her—Dr. Jones on the left flank, the story writer and his Ojibwa on the right, with Kauffmann and his man, Friday, bringing up the rear. There was but one thing for the moose to do, and she did it to the best of her ability, but with two men paddling in each canoe she could not escape.

The story writer, whose true story of the bull moose had been questioned by his guests, bent on outdoing his former exploit, urged his Indian alongside. Dr. Jones, equally anxious to convince Mr. Kauffmann, called to the story writer to "spank her." And he

spanked her. As he did so, every muscle of her body stiffened. Jim Friday, never dreaming that the white man would do so, shouted to him to pull her ear. The white man pulled her ear, while the moose's body lay under the side of the canoe, for the moose swims very low. To the amazement of the Indian and the other white men, the moose did not resent this familiarity, perhaps because she was too much afraid.

Misunderstanding her apparent acquiescence, the white man, wild with enthusiasm, put a hand on the nose of the moose and ducked her. As the moose went down she drifted perhaps three or four feet from the canoe, and when she came up, she put her ears back on her neck, precisely the same as a mule will do when driving at another mule in a barn lot, and drove

for the white man. She was a sight, as she advanced with open mouth. Instinctively, the white man kneeling in the boat crouched backward, lurching to the right and nearly overturning the canoe. The knees of the moose broke the surface of the water in her wild effort to trample the canoe under her, and in a moment, her huge head shot over the canoe just in front of the white man. Incidentally, the head of the moose is what kept the boat from turning over.

It all happened in about two seconds, but it added several gray hairs to the story writer's collection, and there was a distinct sigh of relief from the other white men, when with a quick movement he thrust the moose's head from the boat, the Indian backed water, and allowed the frightened and furious animal to escape to the island.

GRIEF

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

THERE is a common form of misery
 That tears away all cloaking and disguise,
 That thrusts its weakness in its neighbor's eyes,
 And says to all men: "Look, and pity me!"
 There is a grief whose forceful agony
 Will not be hid, though hard the spirit tries—
 A grief whose wretchedness to heaven cries
 In street and market-place, where all may see.

Ah, these are bitter! But we never hear
 The hopeless misery that withers some—
 The inward desolation black and sere,
 That longs for rest, where rest may never come!
 The blasting woe that cannot force a tear,
 The heart that slowly breaks, and yet is dumb.

THE MAN WHO BEAT THE DEVIL

(With acknowledgments to Abbe Caron)

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES



HIS is the tale of the man who beat the Devil with the strength that was in his great body: a tale of Edouard Tasse, whose legendary fame is known to all who work in the big woods of Quebec.

I tell it to you as it was told to the shanty men at the camp at La

Tuque by Mon Vieux Pierre, dit Le Corbeau. When pipes were lighted around the big fire in the chantier, the talk turned upon the great men of the woods, the bullies of the St. Maurice and of the Ottawa and of Quebec City in the good old days, when the coves beneath the frowning cliffs were crowded with full rigged ships loading timbers from the rafts for all ports of the world. Rafts floated down the St. Lawrence from all its tributaries in this golden age of the lumber men.

"O dat was tam' we're happy, an' man dey're always singin';

For if it's hard work on de raf, w'y der's your monee sure.

And ev'ry summer evenin', Old Bord a Pluffe, she's ringin'

Wit' en roulant ma Boule, an' J'ai-merai toujours."

Of this great host of good woodsmen, the names that have been handed down are those of the great fighters, wherein Jean Baptiste shows his affinity to all the races of primitive, vigorous men since the world began. These men of brawn, rejoicing in their strength, joyous in battle, or in the hours of danger on the drive, as ready to risk their lives to save others as to seek out and smite a foe; insouciant, recklessly daring, melodramatic, modest; with hearts of children and muscles of iron:

these are the heroes of the woodsmen and the rivermen. They gave themselves with abandon to the task at hand, whether to their work in the forest or to carousing when the drive was over, or whether to fighting like jousters of old for the pure excitement of the battle with other woodsmen who placed side by side with them in the bog woods, would be as sworn brothers. There is a strain of the Gascon in the Norman French who make up the crews of the big lumber camp. The glory of being the bully of the camp or the river was their only reward for years of hard fighting. But it was in the blood of these men to conquer other men. For them there were none of the sordid emoluments of the prize ring. They were brutal but not mercenary. They



"O, DAT WAS TAM' WE'RE HAPPY"

were first cousins in another epoch of the Three Musketeers. They responded to the primal impulse in the blood of the primitive man. But the enemy of to-day was the friend of to-morrow. The bully was the kindest of friends, and a tender lover and a grown child with his own children. There is wisdom in the French proverb, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders: "He has the virtues of his faults and the faults of his virtues."

Edouard Tasse, of the parish of the Forges of St. Maurice, is among these heroes, the man to whom attached the greatest and most sinister fame. There are those, not a few, who make the sign of the cross at the mention of his name.

Mon Vieux Pierre had been recounting glorious battles at Quebec between the rivermen and their natural enemies, the 'Longshoremen, referred to as a class, as "Les Ahem: M—— Irlandais." Thus it has come about that if you, being English speaking, anger a French Canadian anywhere in Quebec, he may surprise you by describing you as "a blankety blank Irishman."

Joseph La Ferrier, a true Norman, a tall youth with fair hair and blue eyes, fixed earnestly upon this Pierre, the bard of the bullies, asked,

"Is it possible, perchance, that you ever knew Edouard Tasse?"

Silence fell upon the group as the question came eagerly from his beardless lips, and mon Vieux Pierre puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a few minutes.

"Mais oui," he replied, gazing abstractedly into the haze of smoke, and speaking very quietly for a time. "Once when I was a small boy I had the good fortune to see him. What a man was that! There are none like now, that's a truth! Him, my father knew familiarly, and they were friends since many years. They worked together and fought together like brothers, in the woods and on the river, there's many a year since. My father gave up the woods for the farm at Berthier, but of all his companions of those other years, he guarded in his heart the most tender souvenirs of Edouard Tasse. He came to see my father once when I

was very young, but I remember him well. Mon Dieu, what a grand man! And such droll things he told me about the woods, making me to dance upon his knee. He had a good heart, that great man!

"The things I tell you now, I heard my father tell, there is many a night since, by the fire of a winter evening, when the neighbors assembled in our kitchen. When they spoke of his misdeeds my father would always say 'Malgre tout, this was a rich character.' Always, his heart was tender for the friend of his youth.

" 'I will surprise you, it may be, mes amis, in saying he was a bon garçon, such as one rarely meets, but doubt not my word, for this is the simple truth.' So have I heard my father say again and again. 'And, mon Dieu!' he would say, 'what strength and skill! Such a man when the logs jammed! That man knew not fear! He was a friend of pure gold.' But it may have arrived that my father was blind to his defects. It is possible. All the world, he would say, loved to work under his command. He was the best foreman on the St. Maurice or for the long drive on the river, or to bring his raft safely to Quebec.

" 'Allons, mes enfants,' he would cry to his men, 'put a little heart into it and we will rest ourselves shortly.' And what pleasure to see how things marched then.

"When the rest came the men would laugh and bandy jokes with each other, forgetting thus their fatigue, and in an instant would again go gaily to work at his cheery shout, 'Allons mes enfants, un petit coup de couer maintenant.'

"When night came none felt fatigue, and in short, more work was done than under a foreman who always stormed at his men.

"No man so much a fool as to dispute the word of Edouard Tasse. I need not tell you my friends that, always, every year, Edouard Tasse had the best gang in the woods. Bien; and such gay hearts as they were for either work or fighting."

"I have heard my uncle tell," said young Laferrier, speaking with the

reverential tones proper in mentioning a great man, "that Edouard Tasse was the greatest fighter in all the big woods of Quebec."

"I do not go to tell you of his fights," replied Le Corbeau. "That man had more joy to fight than to eat. The desire for battle was plus fort que lui, and it seemed he loved a man who could give him a good battle. Thus it was he was without spite and a good friend. I might tell you of his fight at Quebec, blow upon blow, with Mike Hennesy, the bully of the quays, whom, in fact, he threw into the sea, and since this Mike went to drown, he pulled him out, though the sea was running like the rapids of Shawigan. What a drollery it was that ever afterwards those two men were friends, almost like brothers. To make a friend of an Irishman of Quebec, a thing remarkable certainly!

"But I go to tell you of the fight Edouard Tasse had one night with the Devil, himself.

"Mais oui. C'est la pure verite," he said as the men gasped in astonishment. "You know the parish of the Forges of St. Maurice. It is a strange place, shut off from all the world, and with flames bursting from the chimneys



BLOW UPON BLOW, WITH MIKE HENNESY

of the iron forges night and day. All the world knows that the Devil has been seen in that vicinity by many persons and in many strange forms. They say he has been seen to sit amid the flames in the chimney of the furnace for hours. I speak of what I have been told. Myself, I have not seen them.

"Edouard Tasse was of this parish.

He was accused of two great faults, that he blasphemed and that he conversed with the Devil. I have heard our good Cure say that the first fault produced the second. But my father always held strongly that this was a thing most astonishing in a man of his character. He said that people failed to understand this man, that the Devil had followed him everywhere to tempt and conquer him but could not. That is possible. I know it not myself.

"People say that Tasse one day caused himself to be driven from Three Rivers to the Forges by a carter of that city. All went well until they came to a point known as La Pointe au Diable, when the horse stopped short in the road, and nothing could persuade him to march. Edouard Tasse disembarked from the sleigh, and, walking several paces in advance began to talk with some person who was invisible. The driver heard two voices, both different the one from the other, but he could see but one man. Meanwhile the dispute was very lively. He was almost dead with fear, but what could he do? That horse would not budge. After disputing a long time avec on divine qui, Tasse came back to the voiture and said "go on now." In short, the horse started off, and of himself travelled at a good trot to the Forges.

"These things being made known, contributed to make Edouard Tasse an evil renown little to be envied. But all the world talked of his battle, en regle, with the Evil One, and so it is that many will make the sign of the cross on hearing his name.

"On dit, that one night, he forbade any one to leave the house where he lived, and there were those who murmured but none was fool enough to disobey a man such as he.

"Bien. About eight hours, a voice called Tasse, and he went out. At once a fight began that caused all to tremble with fear. Blow upon blow fell, and they heard cries like a cat and groanings, most terrifying. Several times the fighters fell against the house causing it to shake to its base, and the plaster to fall with fracas. The children cried, the women fainted and

the men blanched with fear that Tasse would be killed by the Devil.

"Not so. At the end of half an hour, the battle ceased, and Edouard Tasse entered the house. He was covered with sweat and with blood. His shirt was torn to ribbons, and his body cut and bleeding.

" 'I knew it well,' he cried, several times, 'that he could not beat me, I had not any fear.' "

The men who had been hanging on his words, stirred uneasily as mon Vieux Pierre ceased to speak, and a sigh of relief was heard. Then after a moment pipes were relighted.

Le Corbeau puffed at his pipe for a time till it was well alight and continued to speak in low, reverent voice amid the silence of the room.

"Edouard Tasse," he said, "has been dead and buried in the Church yard of St. Boniface now since several years. He died in the sentiments of a good Christian, as I have heard, with my own



"I KNEW IT WELL," HE CRIED SEVERAL TIMES, ' THAT HE COULD NOT BEAT ME' "

ears, the good priest say. After all this is not a thing astonishing, for as my father so often said 'malgre tout, c'etait un rich caractere.'

"I believe well, me, that with many faults he was un bon garçon, such an one as one rarely meets, and his heart was well placed.

"I am proud that a man of the St. Maurice was able to beat the Devil who followed him so long, being jealous no

doubt of his power. It is possible that this is the first time he was beaten by a man. It is a thing most consoling also that as he beat the Devil in life with his own proper hands, that he beat him at the end by means of Our Holy Faith."

The men of the chantier went off quietly to their bunk, and shortly silence reigned in the big cabane in the pine forest at La Tuque.

WA-SA-YAW-PUN

AN INDIAN LEGEND

BY E. J. MITCHELL

UP in new Ontario—the land of promise to many a discouraged soul, the land of sturdy men and brave women, of vast forests and spreading plains, of placid lakes and murmuring rivers—one scene there is that, as one of "the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall," forges the strongest link that binds my affection to that goodly land. Perhaps it is the towering rocks that for ages have held in its narrow course that branch of the Winnipeg River which leaves the Lake of the Woods but a short distance above Ka-ka-be-kitchewan Falls; perhaps it is the beautiful, wood-fringed lagoon where the water-drops, reunited, rest after their precipitous plunge; or perhaps it is the fall itself, with its rushing water, its dashing spray, and its incessant roar that makes the scene in unfading beauty so clear to my memory through the years; but the beautiful Indian legend of the Ka-ka-be-kitchewan Falls adds a romantic interest to this spot which Nature herself made for just such scenes in the drama of life.

Nor is the Lake of the Woods with its thousands of wooded islands rising here and there from its crystal depths, any less attractive or at all lacking in interest.

Long before the white man had entered this sanctum of Nature, two brave tribes of Indians—the Sioux and the Ojibway—struggled in the varying fortunes of war for its possession. At

one of the fiercest engagements the victorious Ojibway had captured a number of prisoners upon whom vengeance, so sweet to the heart of the red man, would soon be wreaked with all its torture. Among the captive Sioux braves was the son of a notable Chief. Tall, fearless, and as straight as the arrows in his quiver, he soon became the object of admiration on the part of the Ojibway squaws, and of envy and hatred on the part of the young braves, and ere many suns had risen his scalp would have graced the belt of one of them had he not found especial favor in the eyes of *Wa-sa-yaw-pun the only daughter of the Ojibway chief. Admiration soon ripened into mutual love—the love of the red man that knows no bounds and bids defiance to all obstacles. Realizing the dangers to which her enemy-lover was constantly exposed, she managed to convince her father of the great importance of their capture and persuaded him to spare the life of this important Sioux that they might hold him for a ransom. She, herself, would be the guard and armed with a huge bone knife and a tomahawk, guarded their victim with all the vigilance of the death-watch. Thus the opportunity for escape came, and one black night when Gitchee Manitou, the great spirit, gave vent to his anger with the spoilers of men in

*Wa-sa-yaw-pun, an Indian name, meaning "The coming day-light" or "The first rays of dawn." This beautiful name is a favorite one for the first baby.—THE AUTHOR.

lightning bolts and peals of deepest thunder, guided by the occasional flashes of lightning, the lovers made their escape.

Next morning the Ojibway camp was astir with the rising of the sun, and hundreds of war canoes in the form of a great crescent, had set out to scour the Lake of the Woods in search of the fugitives. There was but one direction the elopers would take—westward, where a few miles down the river they would join the Sioux tribe and be safe. There was but one means by which they might hope to avoid capture, and that was to proceed with all possible haste in canoe by night, and remain in hiding during the day in the shelter of the friendly rocks or woods. Thus hindered, they lost much time, and on the third day, when within about an hour's journey from the falls, as they lay hidden in a rocky cavern, their pursuers passed and bivouacked for the night on the trail around the falls. Then when the thick darkness of night afforded a kind protection, the fugitive brave stole silently along the shore and soon came in sight of the camp fires of those who craved his blood. Back to his waiting bride he turned, with hurried footsteps, breathing an anguished prayer to the Great Spirit to protect them in the perils that awaited them. "They hold the trail," he whispered as he made the canoe ready for departure, "Come."

The pale light of the new moon glitters and dances upon the wavelets; the spell of the night is over all nature. But now the noise of the waterfall, at first soft and tremulous but ever becoming deeper and louder as they near it, is born to them on the night breeze. Swifter flows the river as the canoe dances and darts over the foaming waves. Hark! what sound breaks the silence of the midnight? A weird Indian chant, now low and soft as a lullaby, now high, loud and triumphant until its echoes ring from rock to forest. Instantly the Ojibway camp is astir. Running to and fro they ask one another "What is it; what does it mean?" But an old and scarred warrior—the hero of a hundred battles—says as he strains his ear to

catch the sounds, "It is the death song of the Sioux."

Next morning, searchers found the bodies of the lovers clasped together on the beach of the lagoon below the falls. With a blood-curdling war-whoop a young brave sprang forward and was about to scalp his dead victim but the old Ojibway chief as he knelt, grief-stricken, beside the body of his daughter, angrily shoved him away, saying "They were one in life, they shall not be parted, or harmed, in death."

The Eastern sky was aflood with a blaze of glory when another crescent shaped body of Ojibway canoes swept down the river toward the Sioux camp. This time the crescent was reversed, significant of a peaceful mission. In the centre of the crescent, in tow of the chief's bark, was a white canoe containing the bodies of the Sioux brave and his faithful bride, surrounded by tomahawks, bows and arrows, and hunting knives for use in the happy hunting grounds; and in the stern and bow was a blazing torch to light the spirits of the dead on their way. Behind the funeral canoe was another piled high with furs and many peace pipes, and tobacco perfumed with aromatic barks and berries as a peace offering to the Sioux tribe.

Since then, peace has reigned on the Lake of the Woods. Never since has the wild war-whoop echoed among its rocks and trees, and never again shall those sturdy monitors of the past witness such deeds of chivalry and love as have stamped their impress upon the very face of Nature.

* * * *

At dead of night, in the month of cherry blossoms, when the Spirit of Night has drawn the curtain of sleep over woods and lake and river, just as the new moon sinks behind the distant tree-tops, a phantom canoe with two occupants steals silently out from the shadows and noiselessly glides down the swiftly flowing river. Just as it reaches the brink of the cataract a shudder passes over the flowers and trees, and the night wind sobs as it whispers "Wa-sa-yaw-pun, Wa-sa-yaw pun."

OPTIMISM IN WESTERN CANADA

BY EDGAR W. DYNES

WESTERN Canada is a great country. You know it—you have heard about it—you have read about it. When you travel half over it you find that it is greater yet, and when you travel all over it—that is as much as is possible for one individual—you find that it is greater still.

It has millions of acres of occupied wheat lands and millions more awaiting the advent of the industrious settler to make it produce bumper crops of No. 1 hard. Its grazing lands are not excelled on the continent, while its fruit lands are the pride of the Empire. For years British Columbia fruit has been carrying off gold medals in London, and not long since in a western contest it obtained first prize, and for the first time Hood River had to take second place. Its mineral wealth is prodigious, and it boasts the second largest copper smelter in the world. Its timber wealth would seem to be almost limitless, while its fisheries are an asset, the true value of which can hardly be overestimated. Better still, its men and women will assay in quality of mind and heart with any race on the face of the globe. And yet—and yet there is something else.

"What is it?"

"Yes, what is it?"

You notice it the very first person you meet when you get off the train. It sticks out all over a westerner. You meet a Yankee who has just come over from the land of Uncle Sam and it is the same story again. You can see it in the twinkle of his eye. You meet an Englishman who has just settled on his one hundred and sixty, and he has it too.

Talk to a Russian who has just arrived from that land of darkness and oppression, and it doesn't take you long to find out that he has it worse than any of them. But why lengthen

the list? All healthy people get it when they come to Western Canada, and most sickly people get healthy with it. So it is all the same anyway, and it is all explained by a little word of eight letters—Optimism.

I attended a revival meeting in a Winnipeg theatre—that is, a business revival meeting; and of course it was there, too. The mercury outside stood at about twenty-five below, but everyone was cheerful and no one seemed to care. Police Magistrate Daly was one of the speakers. He remarked facetiously that an optimistic spirit and a smiling face were so interwoven with the progress and development of Western Canada that in future any one discovered not wearing a pleasant smile would be fined "Twenty Dollars and Costs." From what I saw, no one is very likely to get his wallet fattened by laying informations, even should the informer get half the fine.

Such was the merry spirit that characterized this meeting of hard headed, keen, shrewd and enthusiastic Winnipeg business men. True, a season had just passed that was not any too encouraging, but what of that? It might have been worse, they said, and with their faces to the front they cheerfully looked ahead, and never once behind.

It was a representative gathering. The largest theatre in the city was crowded to the doors. On a huge banner thrown across the stage were the words "Forward Winnipeg." All seemed to catch the enthusiasm of the hour. There were lawyers and doctors, bankers and capitalists, politicians and boosters, professors and preachers, real estate men and merchants, and they all seemed to be affected with the same kind of microbe; and a happy microbe it is—a hopeful, fighting, conquering optimism.

I walked through the city. I saw

its wide, well kept streets. I admired its beautiful homes, while its great wholesale blocks filled me with amazement. I went through a monster retail store that employs two thousand clerks, and I saw the largest individual railway yard in the world with its miles and miles of track.

"What is it," I said to myself, "that has made this city?"

"What has raised her in a little over twenty years from a mere hamlet to a great commercial metropolis?"

And as I paused there seemed to come floating over to my ear in the clear, frosty air, these three words—Faith, Hope, and Optimism.

Yes, I thought—that must be it. In the early eighties the government at Ottawa said that this great country from which Winnipeg now draws its revenues, was fit for the buffalo only. But there were here and there a few who came, who stayed, who stood when others fled, and who have won a home and a land.

But Winnipeg is only one. There are others.

On the north bank of the Saskatchewan is another city of promise. A few heroic pioneers made their home there in the early eighties. They had faith in their choice then, they have had faith all along, and now with the dawning of greatness their optimism of old is strengthened by the success of to-day. For is not Edmonton reckoned as the coming great city between Winnipeg and the coast?

Years back, on the shores of the far Pacific, a band of men were industriously clearing a plot of land. The trees were large and the stumps many while the roots were thick and ran down deep, yet they worked on. Then Vancouver went on the map one morning, stayed on, and has kept on staying on ever since. To-day over seventy thousand proud and happy westerners make their home in the city on English Bay, and they think their city is about the only one there is.

The same story is being repeated at Prince Rupert, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The pioneers are gathered there now and as history repeats itself the growth of

Vancouver will be paralleled in the growth of the city farther north.

British Columbia was "a sea of mountains," Edward Blake said twenty-five years ago, but to-day it is the home of more than three hundred thousand optimistic westerners, who would rather live in the shadow of its peaks than anywhere else in the world.

Optimism!

What is it? What creates it?

"I don't understand it. Is it in the western air you people breathe out there?" says my eastern friend.

"No, I think not. I don't know, but I have my own idea. Methinks it comes from the ground."

"From the ground! How? Where?"

Let me explain.

A generation ago a little party of settlers came to the prairie. Frames like Spartans they had, and the hearts of heroes beat in their breasts. They sowed. It grew. That was an encouragement.

Every one had said that it was all alkali, and that nothing would grow. By and by the frost came and their hopes were shattered, but their hearts were still brave. They sowed again, and as the cultivated area increased, the frost disappeared. Then came the grasshopper. He stayed and he ate. They tried again and again, but how often their efforts met with failure! Gideon's three hundred stayed—the remainder left. Then after a half dozen years of struggle their efforts began to be crowned with success. Then they began to figure—well, you can grow wheat successfully in this country, after all. And there are millions of acres of it.

"Say, Bill! You send for John and Mary to come. I'll send for Hannah and Frank." And the Johns and the Marys and the Hannahs and the Franks have been coming ever since.

Then the business man came.

Two prospectors are working their way across our western plains. They are footsore and weary, but they press on. Their pack-horses are weary, too, yet they manage to subsist upon that which they pick up at night while their masters are asleep. At length they reach the Rockies. They travel her

and there, over mountain and across ravine. By and by they make a strike. Yes, and better than they had ever expected.

"I guess Edith can have that piano now," said Bill, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Yes, and I can build that home for Kate, now," said Joe. "And this is only the beginning. There is a country of tremendous size and greater mineral possibilities here. Let us tell the boys back home about it." They told the boys. The boys came, and have been coming ever since.

"Why," he said, "there is going to be a great lot of people out here to sell to. I guess I will bring out Rose and the family and some of the fellows down our way that are eking out an existence running corner groceries." And they too have been coming ever since.

Men of all professions have come, have seen, and in turn have taken the same western disease—optimism. They see the same things as the pioneers, witness the same results, note the same progress, and with hardly an exception the marks of the disease are sticking out all over them like so many bright buttons.

The fact of the matter is they be optimists because there is nothing else to be. Western Canada has no place for the knocker or the idler. He should stay at home, and if he ventures west of the great lakes, he generally goes back home. He notes the different atmosphere at first. It doesn't

suit his taste, and he seeks a more congenial abiding place.

So only the workers come, the workers succeed, and they take the worker's disease—Optimism. Hope is the forerunner of effort. Followed by faith it brings success, and in the face of constant success and greater future possibilities, what wonder is it that westerners become optimistic?

Taking the total area of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, we find that only one-fifth of this acreage is occupied. Then further we find that only one-fifth of the land occupied has been brought under cultivation.

Going to the farther west, we find that competent mining engineers state that hardly five per cent of Canada's Pacific province has been prospected. With only a small part of the prairie provinces brought under cultivation, not to speak of their other resources, and with the mining industry in British Columbia just beginning to dawn, not to mention its agricultural, lumbering, fruit and fishing interests, it can be easily understood that the people of Western Canada have a foundation like the rock of Gibraltar for the faith that is in them.

And as the years roll into decades and the decades into a century, there will develop here a new nation that shall still be a part of the old; that will compare in wealth and growth, and last but not least, in the character of its people, with any nation on the face of the earth.

THE PATHWAYS

BY S. E. KISER

ACROSS God's wide eternity
 The little paths that mark
 Where *men have passed* are like the light
 That briefly shows the meteor's flight
 Down, slanting, through the dark.

A SCRUB OAK IDYL

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN.

FOR three days after Ben Williams' quarterly trip to Calgary he was a pessimist of the deepest dye.

The programme rarely varied.

In the glow of a prairie sunrise he rode off blithely, at ease in the saddle, as only a rancher can be; at peace with the world, his heart a trifle lighter, his purse a trifle heavier than usual; a good figure of a man, and well enough looking for a middle-aged bachelor. As he rode he whistled "Green Grow the Rushes, O!" the tune the young folks of the Bowbell section danced their maddest to at social gatherings, or sang "Nellie Grey," the one song known to him. Sometimes he mixed the two, and the coyotes slinking to cover after keeping respectable people from slumber half the night with their yelping, the gophers waking up to life and its cares, the prairie hens, patiently and proudly spreading their plump bodies over the nests of white eggs, the strutting cocks, the wild ducks hiding in the rushes fringing the solitary little lakes, and the few mortals who happened to be abroad, heard the plaintive:

"O, my poor Nellie Grey, they have taken her away,

And I'll never see my darling any more."

quickenèd, lengthenèd, shortenèd, rejuvenated, made over to fit the hilarious tune of "Green Grow the Rushes, O," and sung with heartiness by a tenor angel in soiled buckskin, astride a wicked-looking broncho.

He came back—well, to quote Mrs. Kelly—the least said about his coming back the better. Then began three days of pessimism at Scrub Oak Ranch.

In the very height of an attack came Eileen. Ben had not expected this—nobody had save Mrs. Kelly. Young Davidson had ridden over to Scrub Oak, met Mrs. Kelly outside, told her a secret which she, good soul, had known for weeks and weeks.

Antoine, putting an eave-trough on

the "lean-to," had been able to catch scraps of conversation, but not to piece them together in a way to make sense. From the manner in which Davidson jerked out his words, and his general air of shamefacedness, Antoine judged that he had gotten in some scrape, and, naturally, had come to Mrs. Kelly for advice. It was a wise move. Why that, "Now, don't you worry a single bit; everything will go along all right," was enough to cheer up anybody. More muttering on the part of her visitor, then Mrs. Kelly's clear laugh, and "You'll be of another mind before long. Wouldn't change places with the Governor-General, I'll be bound. The first—oh, and last—pshaw! They all say that. Naturally, naturally; her being so young and far from home. To be sure, I'll go over and mother her a bit. I'll get my work pretty well forward this week. Then Eileen will come and keep house for a spell, and I'll be free. Made you happy? Well, a little happiness doesn't hurt anybody. Don't mention it," with a parting wave of her fat arm, "accidents will happen in the best-regulated families."

On her way to the house the artful Antoine had waylaid her, with: "W'at's up w'it Davidson, eh? Mos' break my neck tryin' to hear w'at he say."

"It's most a pity you didn't," and Mrs. Kelly had passed on, all mystery and importance.

The following week was a busy one at Scrub Oak. Monday Mrs. Kelly washed everything that was washable; Tuesday she ironed the same; Wednesday she mended shirts and darned socks each spare minute; Thursday garden fence and clothes line were resplendent with quilts and blankets, while within doors Mrs. Kelly swept floor and wall and ceiling, and raised a glorious dust, which was her manner of conducting a spring housecleaning. Friday and Saturday she baked and brewed, till even



ONE BY ONE, SIX STALWART COWBOYS MARCHED FORWARD

six-year-old Ted was impressed by the accumulated store of cakes, pies, rolls and gingerbread. "Going to have a party?" he asked, smiling up at her from his perch on the kitchen table. She shook her head: "No, little man; I'm going to a party," with a wise nod at nobody in particular.

"It must be a surprise party, Aunt Kelly," the lad was up on certain social features, "a really surprise party."

"No, sir," laughing to herself, as she peeked into the oven at a leg of mutton sizzling in its own fat, "it's not any surprise party, this one."

Sunday afternoon she donned the military coat which refused to button over her portly figure, and the hat with the peacock plume, and drove away in the road wagon with only Ted for company. Lo and behold, next morning there was no Mrs. Kelly pervading the breakfast table, with hot cakes, coffee, and good advice. Instead, was a girl past her first youth, the slimmest, neatest thing, with braids of brown hair wound round and round her head, and dark eyes which saw much and said little.

"Boys," said Aylmer, the foreman, who sat next her, "this is my sister, Mary Ellen, or Eileen, as she likes to put it, who has come to run things for a week or ten days. She's a tenderfoot," giving her a swift glance of pride, "came out two months ago, more on

account of her health than for any hankering she had for prairie life, and is doing so well they wouldn't know how to get on without her over at Cawdor Castle. She's Uncle Mac's right-hand man. Sis, the family circle."

One by one, six stalwart cowboys marched forward, wrung her hand, and hoped for her better acquaintance. Ben went last. What did it matter that she was fairly young, and good-looking? As for desiring her better acquaintance it was a polite falsehood—there was no better acquaintance, no better anything. He was but just returned from Calgary, and by the pain of his head and heaviness of his heart, knew that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.

The newcomer was not unprepared for the pessimistic tendencies of the big sallow man who scowled at the world in general, and made but a pretence of eating. Mrs. Kelly, at the parting of their ways yesterday, had warned her on this wise:

"Then there's Ben Williams, as good-natured a man as ever lived 'cept when he takes spells of abusin' everything under the sun. My dear, don't you worry if he happens to talk contrary. He gets so low-spirited sometimes he'd deny the sun was shinin' if he could."

"He must have jaundice," volunteered Eileen. "Is his skin yellow?"

"As saffron," with a nod of assent. "It looks like jaunders, an' acts like jaunders, an' I'm not sayin' that it mightn't be jaunders." Mrs. Kelly had not lived in this old world for fifty odd year without learning the wisdom of being ambiguous at times, "but you can't get him to take medicine. One thing," dismissing the matter like the mistress in craft she was, "he's always at his nicest just after it's over. Hope you won't find the work too hard—let things slide, my dear. You won't get lonesome with Ted at your heels where ever you turn. That tow-headed mite is wise as an owl, and so full of questions I lay awake nights studying how to keep from lettin' him find out how precious little I know. Good-bye, my dear, I wish I was goin' back with you, but you see," sinking her voice to a stage whisper, "poor Mrs. Davidson, yes, a young bit of a thing, an' her mother some two thousand miles away. Her first, too. I couldn't get out of goin', wouldn't if I could, the Golden Rule, you know. As my father used to say, 'we're born but not buried,'" this last with a speculative survey of the other's charms, "an' never can tell when we'll need kindness and care ourselves. Good-bye again. I declare I'm right down homesick to begin with."

On went Mrs. Kelly toward the Davidson shack, on went Eileen with Ted toward Scrub Oak. "Eileen," came a parting call, "if Ben Williams acts cranky as all outdoors, don't pay any attention to him."

She didn't pay the least. He was unreasonable enough to feel aggrieved—what good was a woman if she couldn't sympathize and argue with a fellow? His "spell" was deeper and longer than usual, but it vanished at last, and he was the old kindly Ben once more. He made friendly overtures to the new housekeeper, but she paid as little attention to them as she had paid to his moroseness. Once or twice he found her dark eyes resting on him with an expression which made him uneasy and a trifle ashamed.

One evening, as Eileen washed the dishes in the "lean-to," she heard Ted coaxing Ben for a story. "Don't tell

me about little Sammy, that heard the Lord calling him," went on Ted, eagerly, "nor Moses left in the rushes, nor Joseph put in the pit by his bad brothers. I know them by heart. Tell me a new one, a bran' new one."

"All right," cheerfully, "we'll try David and Goliath."

When her task was done and the boy fast asleep, Eileen broke the silence. "I thought you said you were an atheist, Mr. Williams?"

"The youngster has to be amused," he answered, stiffly, "and these are all the stories I remember. He's an orphan, poor little chap!"

"You've no right to tell them to him if you do not believe they're true," urged Eileen.

"I tell them as—as allegories, Miss Aylmer," this with some triumph.

Eileen smiled. "Who stamped so much Bible lore on your memory?" she asked.

"My mother," he answered. "She was in bed for most a year when I was like Ted here, and as near as I can make out, I didn't do a thing but hang 'round her clamorin' for stories. Bein' sick, I s'pose, made her set so much store by the Bible—anyway, she dosed me with it strong. An' the funny thing is I never forgot; know more Scripture to-day than that young preacher out at the Forks, though I ain't seen inside a church this ten years. You think me a pretty bad man, Miss Aylmer?"

Discreet silence on the part of Eileen. Ben might be a bad man, he might, but with those honest blue eyes of his she doubted it. However, it was well to keep him humble.

"Women build so much on church-goin'," he went on, gloomily, "they don't mean to, I s'pose, but they help make hypocrites right an' left. Now I know there's right down religious men, good all through, we'll leave them out, they're not a big bunch, but what does the common everyday chap go to church for?"

"To please the Lord," asserted Eileen, promptly.

"Not much; to please some woman, the wife who lives with him; the mother who used to live with him, an' who, somehow, keeps hold of him, a sister, or

some girl he is settin' his cap for. He makes out he's aimin' for a better life; he's got to pretend somethin', but he's a hypocrite, an' knows it. I've had my fill of hypocrites. My oldest brother was one; led class-meetin' at eighteen; fine specimen of early piety. The old folks believed in him. He cheated me out of seven years' hard work, sent me out here a poor man, an' he told a lie to—to a friend of mine an' set her against me. But they kept on believin' in him, an' I knowin' him for a d——, I beg your pardon, Miss, knowin' him for the hypocrite he was. It cured me of the church-goin' habit. Mother an' father are gettin' pretty old, but they write me letters yet, tellin' me to be a good boy, an' askin' do I go to church. I answer back that I'm no great shakes, that I don't go to church now an' never expect to. What are you thinkin' on so hard?"

Eileen hung up the dish towels on the line behind the stove, buttoned her sleeves round the plump wrists, then, with her hand on the door leading to the living room, faced about. "I'm thinking," her brown head on one side, a pucker in her forehead, "what a blessing it is that you haven't a wife to be hindered, instead of helped, and little folks to follow your example. Providence did well to keep you a bachelor. As it is——"

"Providence had nothing to do with it," he broke out, wrathfully.

"As it is," unheeding the interruption, "you can't do much hurt—a bachelor's influence don't count in a community."

She disappeared into the other room. Ben swore softly to himself, and longed with a great longing for the day when Mrs. Kelly would return, and this stuck-up, self-sufficient piece go her way.

Yet when his desire was granted, and Mrs. Kelly resumed operations, brisker, better-tempered than ever, he was not wholly satisfied. Eileen went, but somehow he could not banish from his mind the questioning expression of her dark eyes, the disapproving shake of her dark head.

He did not make the usual January trip to Calgary. His reason for not



EILEEN

doing so, as he was at pains to explain to Mrs. Kelly, was that the weather was so blamed chilly a man had to keep on the hop or freeze to death.

"Just so," agreed Mrs. Kelly, "there's no fun goin' to town when one can't stand 'round and look in the windows."

He smiled grimly, picturing himself posted before a store window.

March was full of sunshine and soft streaks of warmth. Mrs. Kelly made out a list of things she wished purchased. Ben would make the trip now. Sure enough in the glow of sunrise he rode away as of old.

But he did not ride home as of old. It was a sober, clear-eyed Ben who followed the trail in the soft spring twilight.

No man is an atheist in the spring-time. He can meet the arguments of the most learned theologian and make light of them, but the sap stirring in the trees, the unfolding leaf, the hardy blade thrusting itself forward, the flower making ready to bloom where snowdrifts spread but yesterday, these take hold of his scepticism, scatter it to the winds. Every springing tuft of

new greenness whispers "immortality," the earth is full of God.

"The world is a pretty good place, after all," he said to himself, and drew in a deep breath of the fragrant air, "folks ought to be happy—and good."

He met the young preacher riding to the Forks. "Good-night, Ben," he called, "we open the meeting-house Sunday, hope you'll be on hand; haven't time to stop," as Ben drew rein, "the Drains have sent for me; their little girl died to-day." Ben stared after him. "Poor John and Esther Drain!" he muttered, "but" brightening, "they have each other. It's not like bearin' things alone."

He fell into melancholy, called to mind that he was forty-two years old and without home or home ties. Heigh-ho! he marshalled the marriageable women of his acquaintance before him—Harriet Green, too young; Widow Armstrong, too old; Miss Brewster, he frowned. "It's no use," dejectedly, "I've left the matter off too long; the ones I could get I don't want, and the one I want—not that it matters much who an old chap marries."

Like many another he was ready to own to himself, but to no other, that Solomon was wise, real wise, and never more so than when he said once on a time, when this old world was centuries younger than it is to-day, "her price is above rubies." Almost unconsciously he turned his broncho toward the home of the Macbeths, a one-story log structure which rejoiced in the name of Cawdor Castle. It was his duty to tell them about the opening of the meeting-house on Sunday, plainly his duty. He would not go in, a call would bring old man Macbeth to the gate.

The lamp was lighted, and through the uncurtained window he could see a woman walking briskly from table to cupboard and back again. It was a pleasant picture. The door opened to allow the same woman to step outside and shake a snowy tablecloth. Two things Ben had a weakness for, a well-cooked meal and a bright hearth. This weakness deepened into sentimental longing—the woman with the white cloth waving up and down in her strong

arms seemed to typify home, cheer, happiness.

All at once he knew that it mattered a great deal whom one "old chap" married. She must be just a little severe of speech, tall, trim, with braids and eyes—yes, eyes. He would get her, too, if he could. "Eileen," he called, "Ho, Eileen, come down here, I want to speak to you."

She came, but with her coming, his boldness and new-found courage ebbed swiftly. She seemed so far above him.

"I don't s'pose," he jerked out, hurriedly, as he shook her hand, "I don't s'pose you'd go for a drive on Sunday afternoon, along of me?"

Eileen shook her head. "I teach up at the Mission Sunday afternoons," she explained.

Silence. Eileen folded the tablecloth with extra care. Ben patted the broncho's neck so assiduously that knowing animal became suspicious, and made as if to go forward. Then:

"I might give you a helping hand at the teaching; am pretty flush at Bible stories, you remember."

"You said," she began, but, like the wise woman she was, did not finish. "To be sure you can. The boys would far rather listen to you than to me. I generally start about two o'clock. It's a full afternoon, remember, supper at the Mission, and service after. Not that you need wait, Mr. Williams, the young minister sometimes drives me home."

"He needn't put himself to that trouble next Sunday night—or any other night, if you just say so, Eileen," leaning from the saddle. "I've been feeling ever since I knew you that I'm a bundle of badness. Couldn't you try an' lead me, or drive me into a better way of livin'?" Ben's voice was good. Eileen had remarked it before.

"Gracious! Mr. Williams! How would a woman of my size set about leading or driving a man of yours? You'd make two of me."

"Eileen," solemnly, "size don't have a blessed thing to do with it; the littler the woman the easier her task—that is, if she can bring herself to care—you—that is——"

"Come right in and have your supper," she broke in, smiling at Ben in a way she had never smiled on the young preacher. "I'm not going to have you throw it up to me later on that you were too tired and hungry to know what you were doing when you proposed."

"Look a—here," stubbornly, "I want your answer. Eileen Aylmer, will you marry me—not on purpose

to reform me, mind you, but because you have a—a likin' for me? I'd do anything in the world for you. You ain't afraid to trust me, are you?" He flung himself out of the saddle and came towards her.

She hung the tablecloth on the gate post, went to meet him, laid her slim hand in his big one. "Afraid to trust you? No," she said, simply. "You've given yourself a bad name, and tried hard to live up to it, but at heart you're good as gold." Her voice was very soft.

"We'll make the old folks a visit," he announced, joyously. "I'll write 'em this very night and tell 'em that though



SHE LAID HER HAND IN HIS BIG ONE

I haven't found religion yet, I've got the next best thing, an angel, to go partners with me," and before the eyes of the two innocent young Macbeths watching proceedings from the hedge, he bent and kissed her.

As Ben was beyond blushing for himself, we blush for him. The sky was blue-grey, flecked with rose and purple, laced with gold ribbons; the wind swept softly over

the prairie: the breath of briar and leaf was everywhere. Nobody could remember how old he or she was on such a night. Ben forgot a score of years. Eileen forgot—well, quite a number.

"You're sure you ain't marryin' me solely on my account?" he queried, anxiously, "not to reform me—that is, not for that alone?"

"But you particularly wished me to do that same," she reminded him, laughingly.

"Yes, but that was before I got a good look in your eyes, Eileen," he returned, with a boldness which took away his own breath.



THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor. He holds that while the new lands of the world, and especially of Canada, furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization." To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case. He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population—westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement, but held back by the pressure toward the great cities.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Let us not ask Canada or Great Britain what the flag of Canada is going to be in future years. Let us ask commonsense and the laws of nature. And let us do so coldly and impartially, as men and not as children.

So far as any threatening changes arising through mixed population may be concerned, Canada has no example to guide her but that of her sister to the South. The laws of our American Republic, God knows, are bad enough and badly enough enforced. Suppose we set them outside the discussion, and ask what the laws of *nature* have done for the Republic.

At once we come to the singular fact that in the American Republic there are all sorts of persons but Americans! There is no more interesting study than that of a population map, showing the different nationalities. It is to be discovered that the only American part of America is a thin strip of country in east Kentucky and Tennessee and a

part of Virginia. The rest of the map is spotted with the foreign-born. This American part of America does not emigrate and does not change largely. In American cities the "American vote" is a jest, it is negligible. In the late city campaign in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the candidates for city offices were Messrs. Meisenheimer, Buchholz, Lenicheck, Abert, Altpeter, Aswald, Bogk, Perthesius, Fass, Gerhard, Stern, Meyer, Busacker, Baudauff, Ramien and Runkel! There were two other candidates, Brand and Bell, but in deference to Milwaukee sentiment, it should be pointed out that the name Brand is not English, but German!

In a late caucus in New York City representation was loudly demanded for the Irish, the German, the Slav, the Italian, the Russian, the Austrian, the Hebrew, the Polish, the Greek, the Scandanavian and the French vote. A meek man arose and ventured to suggest that something ought to be

done for the American vote! At once twelve languages and some eighty dialects arose with the indignant protest, "Throw the d—d, ignorant, know-nothing tyrant out of the house!"

In another United States city there have been arrested for murder, according to the press reports, three eminent citizens whose names are Zajackowski, Marucik, and Szynczak. One does not know the name of the Sheriff who arrested them, but they were escorted before Coroner Frank Luehring by detectives Schweitman, Hildegand and Biersich.

There is no wish here to jest at names or nationalities; but on the other hand, there is no hesitation about following the truth wherever it may lead. It chanced to lead, through unsupervised immigration and through the guidance of personal greed, *directly to the extermination of the American race.*

The poorer Europeans, the ones that can starve best, crowd out the fuller-flowered product of a more easeful civilization. The gnarled plant which can starve well crowds out what is perhaps a more beautiful one. Race suicide in America is a condition. It is directly due to no one thing *except competition.* The poor Europeans work more cheaply than Americans. The average per capita income in America, *including millionaires,* is about \$450 per annum. That is the status of the average American citizen, including all his acres. Now, a native born American cannot support a family on that sum, and the result is, *he does not have that family to support.* The cheap European weed is killing out the American plant, just as the English or German sparrow is killing out the American song birds; just as the German carp is killing out American fishes. In each case it is the result of natural laws. As the writer has never been obliged to make a living in any political calling, he may afford to speak the truth regarding such matters—something which few politicians and few publishers have cared to do.

Now then, the cheaper European is starving out the descendants of the vigorous Scotch-Irish, of the old men of

the Palatinate, of some of the German States who made the hardest of the early American frontier stock. The Republic owes less to England than to Scotland and Ireland. Why? Because the environment of Scotland and Ireland was that of survival, of struggle. *They did not have cities.*

The Republic, in these new days of unrestricted immigration, proceeds to prove these things all over again. Her cities are as those of England. She finds few great men there, still fewer second-generation great men. In all her history America has found her greatest men in the small community or in the country, and many of her greatest men have come from the West; that is to say, *environment produced the creature.*

Now, environment does not stop at imaginary lines between nations. Mr. Sifton, for instance, was not produced by the Liberal party, not produced by Canada; he was produced by *an environment.* Perhaps we may go so far now as to see more easily that flags also follow environments; and that, whether or not one flag shall always float over Great Britain and Canada, the latter country must *eventually conform to the terms of the environment of the American continent.* This will happen, whether or not we like it, and whether or not we foresee it coldly and impartially.

The garments of the great Republic are divided among the peoples of the Old World. Without doubt she has suffered a certain racial deterioration; without doubt, had her population been left more fully to take advantage of the splendid human environment, Republican America would in time have produced an art, a literature, a civilization, a philanthropy, a scheme of government which would have done something for the human being; which is to say for the world. Shall Canada repeat this sort of history?

The speech of the Hon. Clifford Sifton in the House of Commons, May 31, 1906, in defense of his immigration policy when Minister of the Interior, was, in spite of its political color, one of the most thoughtful and most thought-provoking speeches ever made

in any house of government on the American continent. Its tone is as firmly against British arrogance and intolerance as was the speech of Patrick Henry in the Old Virginia of another century. It carries the same insistence that humanity must advance; and that the *average man*, not the privileged few, must rule the deeds of the world. Wittingly or unwittingly, Clifford Sifton and Patrick Henry argued shoulder to shoulder; consciously or unconsciously, they spoke for the extension of *human opportunity*; although the one argued war, the other peace.

For ten years a certain railway in Western Canada had run two trains a week across a region which, in joint Canadian belief, was a desert. Certain men asked this railroad for a chance to do business in that country, but the railroad replied that it would not even establish a station unless these business men would pay the salary of an agent! One hundred and twenty-three thousand settlers were asking transportation. The railroad had not even a station agent to take their money! One recalls the funeral of the lazy man who on his way to the grave was offered a quantity of corn if he cared for it. "Is the corn shelled?" he asked, as he sat up in his coffin. He was informed that he was expected to shell his own corn. "Then let the funeral go on," he replied wearily, and so lay down again in his coffin and let it go on. We do not railroad in that way now.

The men who paid the salary of the new station agent, who put up a new hotel and boarded thousands of intending settlers free, were the men of the syndicate who came to the Minister of the Interior and offered a dollar an acre for two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land direct from the government—not mentioning several hundreds of thousand acres which they purposed buying from railroads. Under the Sifton administration this land was sold, with the restriction that in each township of it twenty homesteaders and twelve land buyers should be

established; a bond of fifty thousand dollars being required by the government for the performance of the condition. The financial figures, it may be seen, would to-day be called in the picayune class; yet that was one of the great transactions of history, and there was fought one of the decisive battles of the world, when this American syndicate persuaded the old railway company to allow them to pay the station agent's salary! This battle was nothing but the triumph of the truth, that in these days men ere long must begin to get back to the land.

For these syndicate workers, fresh from labours of a similar nature in the United States, that was simple which for Canada had been difficult. What they did is very recent history. Indeed you may find in files of Winnipeg journals, of no ancient date, criticism of the government for allowing these hundreds of American immigrants to be thus "buncoed!" To-day, on the other hand, the government is criticized for buncoing Canada by letting in so many Yankees to compete with the Englishmen! They do compete, and they will compete. We do not need contemplate the annexation of Canada to the United States, for that can not now conceivably be; but we can see easily enough the annexation of *both* Canada and the United States to the flag of destiny. We can see the ghost of Patrick Henry standing at the shoulder of Clifford Sifton, arguing for the extension of human opportunity; and arguing with insistence that that opportunity shall be equal for all.

We may find profit in going over this proposition for sake of fairness. In 1896, from the Dakotas to Edmonton, and from Manitoba to the Rockies, there lay locked up in railway reserves forty million acres of land, to be earned through future compliance of the railways with their building grants. We have seen how much enterprise one minor railway showed when it refused to put in a station in what was called the "Saskatchewan desert" — now one of the richest portions of the Dominion!

(To be continued)

THE WIFE THAT FAILED

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

SPEAKIN' of matr'mony reminds me of the first year I was in the country.

I rode a plow fer a while fer a farmer at Indian Head, but I found that was causin' lassitude, and that was what the old man chased me off the farm down East fer, and I didn't want hist'ry t' repeat itself, fer he used a club t' emphasize his adjectives.

So I drew my pay and headed fer Moosejaw, kicked around town fer a while, and would hev been there yet if old Joe LaRose hadn't happened along lookin' fer a man.

He sized me up and sez he, "Can y' ride?"

"Ride what?" sez I.

"A cayuse," sez he, "what else is there t' ride?"

I told him I could, pervidin' the lady that broke it hadn't got hurt.

"Come on," sez he, "I'll give y' forty a month, an' if y' can't do any thing else y' can wash the dishes an peel murphys down at the shack."

"Well," sez I, "forty a month t' act as second cook fer a gang of one ain't too bad, so I guess I'll join your crew."

Well, Joe and I batched it fer a while, and I could see there was somethin' a-worryin' him

and I figured it out mentally in my head that, as Shakespear says, "Man ain't made to live alone."

So I sez to Joe, "Was y' ever in love?"

He looked at me hard fer a minute, then says, "Love, the devil, what y' mean?"

"Well," I sez, "yer a fine lookin' speciment of human flesh, and I wonder some nice girl hasn't picked y' up."

Well, Joe straightened hisself up and looked as proud as a circus horse, and sez he never had time in his young

days fer courtin', and say (y'd 'a died if y'd seen him sizin' hisself up in the broken lookin' glass), fer if ever y' saw Joe LaRose y' saw the worst specimen of God's handiwork that ever He turned out. His face always remind-ed me of a Hereford cow lookin' thro' a bush after a heavy rain and he walked like a wounded alligator.

Joe went out, walked around the ketch-corral a few times, then come up to me and sez: "Say, what's a feller t' do that wants t' get spliced and they ain't no girls handy by?"

"Write to the query columns of one of the papers," sez I, "they know it all."



"Y'D 'A DIED IF Y'D SEEN HIM SIZIN' HISSELF UP IN THE BROKEN LOOKIN' GLASS"



HE EXPECTED TO SEE SOMETHIN' MODERN

Joe never took but one paper in his life, so he took a piece of paper and a 'delible pencil, and, writin' to the editor, says: "Please tell me how to get married and I'll try and git y' two new subscribers."

The editor answered and thanked him ahead of time for the new subscribers and said, "The way I did was to cross the line, get a license, then hunt up a justice of the peace, hustle the girl down to the office, and then defy the old man to do his worst, but," went on the editor, "I'll send the paper fer nothin' t' yer two new subscribers if you'll tell me how to be happy tho' married."

When Joe read the answer he said, "damn!" and then sot down and wrote an ad. like this: "Wanted, a wife by well-to-do Canadian rancher, must be goodlookin', hev black hair and vi'let eyes; not skittish, guaranteed t' work well in double harness, and of the female sect. Enclose stamp fer reply."

Then he sent a copy t' the Press.

Say, I know y' won't believe me but Joe sent me over fer the mail, and I hope t' die if I didn't hev to borry a gunny sack from old McDonald, the postmaster t' carry home the billy doos; and say, the scent on 'em love notes was suffocatin'. Why, when old McDonald was sortin' the mail he had t' keep a bottle of square-face at his elbow t' keep from faintin'. I don't know whether it was the odor of the perfume or Mac's a-punishin' the booze, but they was enough water run from the corners of my mouth t' make the Moosomin fire brigade turn green with envy.

Sich a time as me an' Joe had a-readin' the tender missives. They was nearly all alike, willin' to go anywhere er do anything, and all endin' up with the same pityus appeal.

At last Joe came t' one that seemed t' take his fancy. She says: "I saw your ad. in the paper, and am writin' this t' let y' know I'm comin'. I leave here day after t' morrow, an', if y' don't get my letter in time t' meet me at Moosejaw, I'll take the Willow Bunch stage on Monday and git off at yer post-office. Y' can meet me there an' get spliced."

Say, the next few days around that shack was like hell on a holiday. I borrowed a pair of sheep shears and trimmed Joe's locks. Then the next ordeal was gettin' the under-brush off his chin. The sheep shears wouldn't do enough damage t' his chin so I honed a old razor on a piece of grind-stone and planed it off in sections.

Joe dove under the bunk and produced a suit of store clothes, shook a nest of young mice out of 'em, then proceeded t' put the finishin' touches on with a horse-brush.

The day the stage was comin' Joe hitched up old Baldy t' the buck-board, and says t' me, "Y'd better put on yer boots an' come along, fer we'll need a bride's-maid."

I kinder kicked on that, fer Joe had put on our socks hisself and they was a hole in the side of my boot. When I told Joe he sez, "Rub yer foot, where the hole is, on a piece of rusty iron an' it won't be noticed."

When the stage rolled up to the P. O.



"STAND T' ONE SIDE, Y' SLAB-SIDED EEJUT, I'M GOIN' T' WASH MY HANDS"

we saw It. I knew Joe was a bit disappointed; he expected somethin' modern, but it was more anteekeer than he'd reckoned on. But Joe was the gamiest man I ever knowed and didn't flinch. We all hiked over t' the Mission, said our little I-wills, then hit the trail fer the shack on our honey-moon.

Me'n Joe never spoke a word all the way home,—we never got a chance. She said she loved the prairie with its wide expanse of nothin', an' she said it must be lovely on a horse ranch, at evenin', when the horses come lowin' up the lane.

"An," she says "this will be jist lovely fer, y' know, I'm a poetess, an' y' must be near t' nature if y' write poetry."

"Well," thinks I t' myself, "yer pretty close t' nature's greatest effort now, when yer settin' on the seat with Joe."

Then she started t' chant rhymes. I don't remember 'em now, fer I was tryin' t' keep from explodin'; I saw

Joe watchin' her with a "Well-I'll-be-damned" look.

We sailed up t' the shack with a fair breeze and dropped anchor.

The missus stepped inside, looked all around, and says, "It ain't very big, but I guess it'll do."

Then she started shooin' the calf out, so Joe untied it from the table leg and takes it over t' the corral. She wasn't there two hours till y'd know they was a woman about the house. She made me take the old hen that was settin' on some wild goose eggs under the bunk and put them in the shed—and we had to leave the harness in the buck-board. Then she flatly refused to leave old Jess and her pups at the foot of the bed. As I carried 'em poor little innocent pups out into the cold world, thinks I to myself, "There's nothin' so cruel as a stepmother."

I cut her some wood and started a fire and she got some supper.

Me'n Joe sot down to the table, and Joe says:

"Well, this looks like livin' white

folks' fashion. Did y' do it all yer-self, dear?"

She says, "Yes, honey." Then she throws her grub-hooks around Joe's neck, and kisses him on his fair young brow, and slobbered over him fer five minutes. Then she starts to come around t' my side and I picks up the box I was sittin' on, and, swingin' it in the air says, "Keep back, gol darn y', if y' try that on me I'll brain y'," sez I.

She looked fierce for a minute, then says: "Stand t' one side y' slab-sided eejut; I'm goin' to wash my hands."

Next mornin' she told Joe she was a-goin' t' send fer her brother t' stay with her and do the chores when Joe was away.

Joe says, "You'll be all right with him," meanin' me.

"With him," she screeches, "d' y' think I'd stay alone with that?"

"Well, ma'am," I says, "Y'd be perfectly safe with me." And I meant it.

But she'd hev none of me, so I packed up my belongin's in a bandanner and hit the trail fer old McDonald's, and gets a job fer my board.

At last her darlin' brother arrived and, between the two of 'em they persuaded Joe t' sell off his horses and go in fer cattle, as they liked the split hoofs the best.

So Joe starts pushin' his horses up t' the grain country in bunches and sellin' em', fetchin' home the long green and cachein' it under the bunk, until he had nigh on five thousand good Canadian bucks stowed away.

One day at dinner Joe says he guesses he'll take the dough and go down to Manitoba and buy stockers. He says he can go in on the stage in the mornin'. As Joe was quietly unfoldin' his plan, her wife-ship up and does a fit.

She rolls her eyes up inter her brain, throws 'er grub-hooks over 'er head and slopes t' the floor like a avalanche, lettin' a groan out of 'er like a disabled fog-horn.

"My God, Sally's dyin'," yells her brother; "go fer a doctor, quick.

Poor Joe, he stood fer a moment

transfixed by the tragical scene. Then, quicker'n y' could deal a han' he had old Baldy saddled and was off fer the dope-dealer, who lived about twenty miles away.

In about four hours Joe and the medico came up on a gallop.

Joe made a rush for the shack and opened the door.

Horror upon horrors, sich a sight as met his eyes.

The mattress on the bunk was turned up, the money gone. One of her sweet-scented love notes was layin' on the table.

Joe picked it up and tried t' read it. At last he turns t' the pill peddler and says:

"Read that—read it," he says, "and tell me what that dod-gasted toad that I've been love, cherishin' and obeyin' has got chronicled on that parchment."

Old Killenquick hemmed and hawed for a minute, then read:

"To my dear Joseph:

Do yer courtin' in the meadow,
When you smell the new-mown hay,
Do yer courtin' on the door-step,
As you watch the Milky Way;
Do yer courtin' in the parlor,
In the kitchen—any way—
But always do yer courtin'
In the good, old-fashioned way."

Joe came over t' McDonald's that night on Baldy—the buckboard and team, of course was gone—and told us all.

I went back and took up my abode with Joe.

Everything's been quiet since till day before yisterday, and that's why I'm in town.

A Englishman came along, lookin' fer lan' and had dinner with us, and, after he'd fed hisself, and lit his pipe he says t' Joe:

"Why don't y' git married, Mr. La-Rose?"

It jist cost Joe twenty dollars and costs, and I brought the beef-eatin bloke inter the hospital to-day.



THE SONG OF A CANADA FAKER

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

Author of "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead."

I'M shiverin' so that I can scarcely write,
The mercury's at ninety-nine below,
We've had two years and forty days of night,
An' there is eighty-seven feet of snow.

The boilin' water in my kettle's froze,
The fire is froze beneath the steamin' stew.
There've been no Northern Lights for weeks, for those
- Are frozen and the Truth is frozen through.

It's got so everything is frozen here;
I write this frozen song for frozen gold,
And as I write I shed a frozen tear—
Jack London wouldn't call this *really* Cold.





Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell and Grace Williamson Willett are to perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actor or actress in each production. This month we have selected "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill.—THE EDITOR.

IT is four o'clock on a February afternoon and in the living-room of the small home of the Quixanos, in non-Jewish quarter of New York, Mendel Quixano, a middle-aged Jewish musician, is dismissing one of his pupils. The furnishings of the room are a curious mixture of shabbiness, Americanism, Jewishness and music. Over the street door is pinned the Stars and Stripes. Photographs of Lincoln and other American heroes share places of honor on the walls, while a grand piano and a desk, littered with manuscript music, denote the profession of the occupants.

Vera Revendal, a beautiful girl, with a touch of the exotic in her appearance, knocks at the door and asks for young David Quixano. She is bidden to enter to wait for him. David appears, singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Vera asks him about the concert for crippled children from which he has just returned, and he says, "Ah, it was bully. You should have seen the cripples waltzing. If they hadn't the use of their legs, their arms danced on the counterpane; if their arms wouldn't dance, their hands danced from the

wrist; and if their hands wouldn't dance, they danced with their fingers; and if their fingers wouldn't dance, their heads danced; and if their heads were paralyzed, why, their eyes danced. God never curses so utterly but you've something left to dance with! I couldn't play their bones straight, but I played their brains straight. And hunch-brains are worse than hunch-backs."

* * * *

"Oh, I love going to Ellis Island, to watch the ships coming in from Europe; and to think that all those weary, sea-tossed wanderers are feeling what I felt when America first stretched out her great Mother-hand to me! All my life America was waiting, beckoning, shining—the place where God would wipe away tears from off all faces. To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed—shining over the starving, stony cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia. When I

look at our Statue of Liberty, I seem to hear the voice of America crying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' "

He is almost sobbing with emotion. "America is God's Crucible, the great melting-pot where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming. 'Here you stand, good folk,' think I, when I see them at Ellis Island. 'Here you stand, in your fifty groups with your fifty languages and histories and your fifty blood-hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, into the Crucible with you all.'

"God is making the American. Eighty millions over a continent. The real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the Crucible, I tell you. He will be the fusion of all races, the coming superman. Ah, what a glorious finale for my symphony—if I can only write it." He goes to his desk.

Vera asks to see the score, but he protests that it needs an orchestra. She suggests that she might play the piano and he the violin and tells him that she has received her musical education in St. Petersburg.

"You are a Russian," asks David, in surprise, "of our race?"

"A Russian but a Christian," answers Vera, "exiled for my revolutionary principles. I was born in Kishineff——"

"Kishineff!" cries David, thrown into a perfect hysteria of emotion at the word. He declaims against the "murderers."

He seems to see some terrible vision and gasps out, as in a trance, "I see him again looking on with his cold butcher's face! Oh, God!" He rushes from the room.

Mendel, who is David's uncle, tells Vera that the boy's father, mother and sister were massacred before his very eyes in Russia, and that David himself was left with a wounded shoulder which interferes with his violin playing. "Always when David has one of these terrible visions, the one thing he seems

to see is the cold, fiendish face of the Russian officer who supervised the slaughter."

Vera is filled with compassion and determines to help the young musician with his composing, and later, in pursuance of this thought, she brings an American millionaire, Quincy Davenport, with the conductor of his own private orchestra, Pappelmeister, to hear David's symphony. Pappelmeister approves of it and David is called in to learn the verdict.

Mr. Davenport promises to produce it before the smartest audience in America, with a British duke and an Italian prince to hear "a young man's scribblings," but David turns on him. "Is it true that you are in pleasure? Are all the stories the papers tell about you true? That you were married in a balloon, that you live in America only two months in the year and then only to entertain Europeans who wander in these wild parts? Is it true that the palace where they will hear my 'scribblings' is the same palace whose grounds were turned into Venetian canals where the guests ate in gondolas? And the same night, women and children died of hunger in New York! (Furiously). And these are the sort of people you would invite to hear my symphony—these gondola-guzzlers! These magnificent animals who went into the gondolas two by two, to feed and flirt! I should be a new freak for you for a new freak evening—I, and my dreams and my music. Not for you and such as you, have I sat here writing and dreaming, not for you who are killing my America!"

"*Your* America," interjects Davenport, "you Jew-immigrant."

"Yes, Jew-immigrant! But a Jew who knows that your Pilgrim Fathers came straight out of his Old Testament and that our Jew-immigrants are prouder of the glory of this great commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. It is you freak fashionables, who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarizing your high heritage and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature. I come from Europe. I

am one of her victims. And I know that she is a failure, that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of mankind lies in a new world. And here—in the land of to-morrow—you are bringing back all the follies and fetishes of yesterday: trying to bring back Europe, Europe with her comic-opera coronets, and her worm-eaten stage decorations, and the pomp and chivalry built on a morass of crime and misery. But you shall not kill my dream! There shall come a fire round the Crucible that will melt you and your breed like wax in a blow-pipe. America *shall* make good!"

Davenport is dumfounded. Pappelmeister goes to David with outstretched hand and cries, "Hoch, Quikano! Hoch! Hoch!"

"Poppy," thunders Davenport, "you're dismissed!" and goes furiously from the room.

"Oh, Herr Pappelmeister," cries David, "you have lost your place."

"And saved my soul," replies the old musician, "dollars are ze devil," and he goes out.

Then ensues a tender scene between Vera and David, wherein they confess their love and plight their troth before Vera leaves.

David's uncle, Mendel, comes into the room, and to him the youth confides his new-found happiness. Mendel is enraged and cries, "You cannot marry her. She is a Christian! It is not so much the synagogue—it is the call of our blood through immemorial generations."

"You say that!" cries David, "You, who have come to the heart of the Crucible, where the roaring fires of God are fusing our race with all the others. The pride and the prejudice, the dreams and the sacrifices, the fasts and the feasts, things noble and things sordid—they must all into the Crucible! The love that melted me was not Vera's. It was the love *America* showed me the day she gathered me to her breast."

Mendel burst into passionate denial. "Many countries have gathered us. Holland took us when we were driven from Spain, but we did not become

Dutchmen. Turkey took us when Germany oppressed us, but we have not become Turks."

"These countries were not in the making," answers David, "they were old civilizations stamped with the seal of creed. Here we are one people. Here Jew and Christian are one people. Here, in this new, secular Republic we must look forward——"

Mendel interrupts, "We must look backward, too."

"To what? To Kishineff—to that butcher's face directing the slaughter? To those——"

"Hush! Calm yourself," says Mendel in alarm.

"How else shall I calm myself save by forgetting all that nightmare of religions and races, save by holding out my hands with prayer and music towards the Republic of man and the Kingdom of God? The Past I cannot mend. Take away the hope that I can mend the Future and you drive me mad. . . . I keep faith with America and America will keep faith with us."

Mendel, in a burst of fury orders David from the house, thundering at him, "Go! You have cast off the God of our fathers!"

"And the God of our Children?" asks David, as he leaves the house. "Does *He* demand no service?"

* * * *

Quincy Davenport discovers that Vera Revendal is the one thing he has wanted in all his selfish, millionaire life that money cannot buy for him. So, in a last effort to break off "her entanglement with this low, Jewish immigrant," he sends to Russia for the Baron and Baroness Revendal, who come to Vera in her sitting-room at the Settlement. The Baron, despite the fact that he had exiled Vera from her home, on account of her revolutionary sentiments, still loves his daughter, while the Baroness, his second wife, whom Vera has never met, is a flippant, selfish worldling, incapable of affection or sympathy. The Baron is only too willing to prevent the marriage of Vera with one of "those Jew-vermin," but he doubts his ability to control the unconquerable soul and indomitable spirit of the girl who defied his most



CHRYSTAL HERNE, WHO CREATED THE ROLE OF VERA REVENDAL IN THE
"MELTING POT", WRITTEN BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Christian majesty, the Czar, "who is God's vicegerent on earth."

Vera enters and is astounded at seeing her father and his wife, but after much conversation, she persuades the Russian to receive the hated Jew as his son-in-law and telephones for David to come over. The Baroness goes home, the Baron accompanying her to the hotel, but promising to return.

When David arrives, he and Vera discuss the prospects opened by Pappelmeister's offer of the position of first violin in his new orchestra. The symphony, David's own composition, is to be produced on the roof-garden of the Settlement on the evening of the fourth of July, and the lovers happily discuss the possibility of their immediate marriage, and exchange vows of love.

"Not all the seven seas could part you and me," says David, and getting out his violin begins to play, when the door opens and the Baron Revendal appears. The violin falls, with a crash. With a hoarse cry of "The face, the face!" David, with the movement of a sleep-walker, goes toward the paralyzed Baron, and puts out his hand to touch him. With a shriek—"A-a-a-ah! It is flesh and blood; no, it is stone, the man of stone! Monster! You! Who looked on with that cold face of hate while my mother——" He raises his bow frenziedly. The Baron whips out a pistol and is about to shoot when Vera intervenes.

"Ha," screams David, "you want my life, too. Is the cry not yet loud enough? Can you not hear it? The voice of the blood of my brothers crying out against you from the ground?—It was Easter—even the Jew boy felt the spirit of love brooding over the earth, though he did not then know that the Christ whom holy chants proclaimed re-born was born in the form of a brother Jew—and what added to the peace and holy joy was that our own passover was shining before us—I was playing my cracked little fiddle—little Miriam was making her decrepit old china doll, one eye, no nose, half an arm, dance to my music. We were all laughing, when suddenly my father flies through the

door, desperately clasping to his breast the Holy Creed—we cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth, there is no longer a tongue. When I came to myself, I saw lying beside me a strange, shapeless something. By the crimson doll in what seemed a hand, I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of beauty and perfection beside all that remained of my sister, of my mother, of greedy little Solomon. Oh, you Christians!—the Jew didn't see rosily enough for you—the Jew, who gropes in one great crimson mist."

Vera cries frantically: "Father! Tell me this is not true—it was the mob that massacred—you had no hand in it—you *did* check the mob—*did* tell your soldiers to fire ——"

"At any Jew who tried to defend himself," interrupts David, bitterly.

"God!" moans Vera, and then going to David, she addresses her father, saying passionately; "Often, after my enchanted moments with David, there would come a nameless uneasiness, some vague instinct, relic of the long centuries of Jew-loathing, some strange shrinking from his Christless creed. But now," (turning to David) "now, David, I come to you and I say in the words of Ruth, 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God.'"

David remains impassive. Not looking at her he says, in low, icy tones, "You cannot come to me. There is a river of blood between us."

"Were it seven seas, our love must cross them."

"Easy words to you. You never saw that red flood bearing the mangled breasts of women and the spattered brains of babes and sucklings."

Vera kneels beside him, tries to put her arms about him, but he pushes them away, shuddering, "Take them away! Don't you feel the cold dead pushing between us?"

Vera, unfaltering, offers her mouth, "Kiss me."

"I should feel the blood on my lips."

"My love shall wipe it out."

David unwinds her clinging arms and springs to his feet. "Love! *Christian* love!" (Laughs frenziedly.) "For this I gave up my people and darkened the

home that sheltered me. There was always a still, small voice at my heart calling me back, but I heeded nothing—only the voice of the butcher's daughter. Let me go home. Let me go home."

The Baron goes to Vera, opening his arms, "Here is *your* home, Vera."

Vera recoils, with a shriek, "Those arms reeking from that crimson river? You heard what he called you. Not soldier—butcher! You thought you were ordering your soldiers to fire at the Jews, but it was my heart they pierced. I hate you! I curse the day I was born your daughter," and bursting into frenzied sobs, she rushes from the room.

The Baron picks up his pistol and hands it to David, "Shoot me."

David looks quietly at the pistol and puts it down on the table. Without a word, he picks up his violin and gropes his way blindly from the room.

The fourth act shows the Settlement roof-garden on July fourth, everything wet and gleaming after rain. David is discovered alone on a bench. His symphony has been performed and has met with great success, but all is as dead sea ashes in his mouth, until Vera comes to him to offer the thanks and congratulations of the Settlement.

She says, "I watched the faces—those faces of toil and sorrow, those faces from many lands. In some strange, beautiful way, the inner meaning of your music stole into all those simple souls."

"And *my* soul," asks David, "what of *my* soul? False to its own music, its own mission, its own dream. I preached of God's Crucible, this great new continent that would melt up all race-differences and vendettas. And God tried me with His supremest test. He gave me a heritage from the Old World, hate and vengeance and blood, and said, 'Cast it all into my Crucible'. And I said, 'Even Thy Crucible cannot melt this hate, cannot drink up this blood'. And so I sat, crooning over the dead past, gloating over the old blood-stains—I, the apostle of America, the prophet of the God of our children.

Were it seven seas between us, you said, our love must cross them. And I—I, who had prated of seven seas."

"Not seas of blood," said Vera, "no man could have blotted that out."

"Yes, 'by faith in the Crucible,'" replies David. "From the blood of battlefields spring daisies and buttercups. But in the supreme moment my faith was found wanting. You came to me, and I thrust you away. Ah, you cannot forgive me."

"Forgive? It is I who should go down on my knees for my father's sin. Shall the shadow of Kishineff hang over all your years to come? Shall I kiss you and leave blood upon your lips, cling to you and be pushed away by all those cold, dead hands?"

David takes her hands, "Yes, cling to me, despite them all. Cling to me, till all these ghosts are exorcised. Cling to me till our love triumph over death. Kiss me, kiss me now."

She gives him the Russian Easter Kiss, the three kisses of peace, and he says, calmly, "Easter was the date of the massacre. See! I am at peace."

He looks out from the roof-garden over the harbor of New York with its gleaming statue of Liberty, where the crimson glow of the sunset makes the sky one glory of burning flame. Exalted by the spectacle, he exclaims: "It is the fires of God round His Crucible. There she lies, the great melting pot. Listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward." (Raises his hand in benediction over the shining city.) "Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions fated to fill this giant continent. The God of our *children* give you peace."

AMONG THE HABITANTS

BY RUBY M. BOTHWELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THESE early years of the twentieth century, when the Giant Progress is striding in seven-league boots to the uttermost parts of the earth, reducing peoples and habits and customs to a dead level of sameness, it is refreshing to find an accessible corner to which he has not yet penetrated.

French Canada is to-day almost as untouched as it was a century ago by the changes which are bringing even the dreamy mystics of the Far East into line with the more practical and adventurous spirit of the Occident; and the tourist who seeks the health-giving air of the St. Lawrence will find along its shores a people as primitive as the heart of a poet could desire. The inhabitants of the little picturesque villages which cluster on the banks of the mighty river of the north are purely

French. As far as their language, their laws and customs are concerned, they might be the very same people whom Jacques Cartier left to face the rigors of a northern winter three hundred odd years ago. They have retained their characteristics as they never would have done in revolutionary France, for the easy British rule has left them almost entirely to their own devices. Imagine thousands of British subjects, in the most loyal of all the British colonies, living under the protection and enjoying the prestige of the Union Jack, yet unable to speak a word of English. The consequence of this isolation is that they have become far and away the most interesting race in North America.

Life in these quiet places is delightfully primitive. Remote from the



MADAME NARCISSE, GRANDMOTHER OF A WHOLE VILLAGE

marts of men, the habitants are dependent upon their own resources for many of the necessities of life. Every house has its outside bake-oven—a thing of brick and mortar, with a rude lean-to to protect it from the weather;—the spinning-wheel is as necessary an article as the sewing-machine in a more modernly-equipped household, and the floors, often rough-hewn, are covered with cataloges, the rag carpet beloved of our grandmothers. Jean Ba'tiste's pipe is filled with tobacco of his own growing, and it is only of very late



AN OUTSIDE BAKE-OVEN AT LES EBOULEMENTS, P.Q.

years that the music of the scythe-sharpening has given place to the click-clack of farm machinery; while there are few barns that do not contain a queer survival of the past in the form of a threshing-machine not unlike a merry-go-round.

The beauty of the scenery by which they are surrounded may have something to do with the content which fills



A SPINNER AT HER WHEEL

the lives of these people. All about them rise the velvety heights of the Laurentian Mountains, dark green near at hand, merging into deep blue farther on, then melting away into the misty distance; but always mysterious, always exquisitely beautiful. The aspect of the sky, the river, the everlasting hills themselves, changes incessantly. Sometimes they are grey and chill, and full of a strange, pensive sadness; but oftener they are radiant with light and sunshine, the wind racing, the clouds scudding, the waves dancing, life everywhere pulsating with joy. Sometimes, as night comes on, the fog drops a



A WAYS DE CROSS



THE WATER SUPPLY

heavy curtain over hill and river, and then the weird wail of the fog-whistle sounds out of the darkness, and the ships crawl past in fear and trembling, gliding into view here and there, where the mist is thin, like silent ghosts of craft wrecked long ago.

Simple, polite and picturesque to a degree, these representatives of the France of other days live on the lonely shores of the majestic river, year in and year out, through

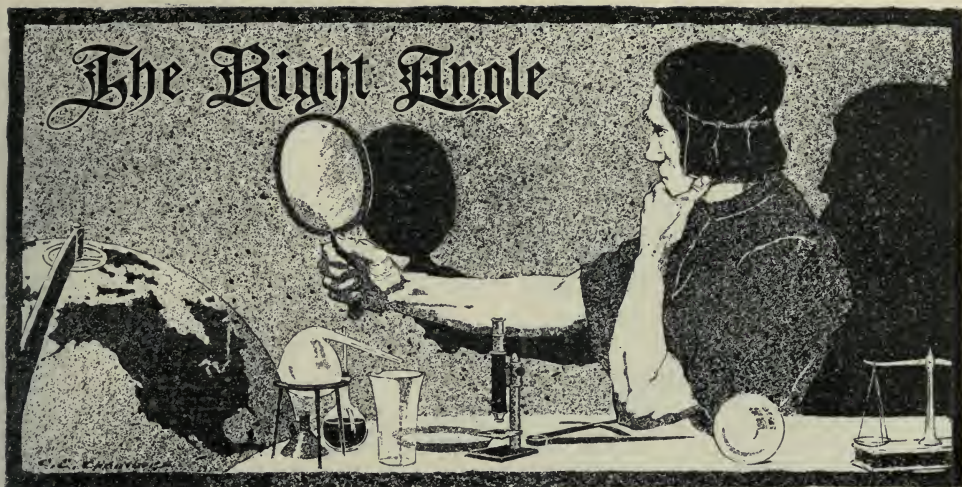
the long, dreary, winter, and the short, perfumed summer — patient, frugal, sober and God-fearing — never troubling their heads about the rest of the world with its fashions and follies, never caring to go beyond their own parish, content to end their days in the low, white-painted, dormer-windowed houses that sheltered their grandfathers; and thereby escaping the heart-burning and misery that so often fall to the lot of a more ambitious people.



A TYPICAL FRENCH-CANADIAN HOUSE



THE OLD CHAPEL OF TADOUSSAC, BUILT IN 1647



OUR CHANGE OF PRICE

AFTER April 1, 1909, the price of CANADA-WEST will be fifteen cents the copy, and \$1.50 by the year.

This change is not arbitrary, but follows the emergence of CANADA-WEST into the higher-priced grade of magazines. In quality of contents, in scope of interest, and in the beauty of its pictures, CANADA-WEST for many months has been level with other magazines that command the higher price. Its circulation has grown in Canada with rising rapidity from month to month, because it is Canadian to the core. And since it gives to Canadian readers what they cannot get in other publications in that class, it is by just so much more worth the same price they pay for the others.

Those who are now on our subscription list may renew for one, two or three years more at the old yearly price of one dollar—the renewal to begin with the expiration month of their present subscriptions. But on April 1, the new sales price of 15 cents will become effective to all buyers; and the new yearly rate of \$1.50 to all new subscribers.

SIR THOMAS AND MR. CARNEGIE

SIR Thomas Shaughnessy's suggestion, in the February CANADA-WEST, that a non-partisan tariff commission be created in Canada met with a strong response when, on February 15th, Andrew Carnegie, in a New York

interview, followed with a suggestion of the same sort for the United States.

"Our trouble," said Mr. Carnegie, "with revisions of the tariff will be greatly overcome by the appointment of a non-partisan tariff commission. This should constitute a staff of able, disinterested men, charged with studying conditions in our own and all other manufacturing countries."

The view held by Sir Thomas is identical with that held by Mr. Carnegie, and contemplates a separation of matters intrinsically commercial from those concerned with general internal politics. The question of tariffs cannot be approached at all without almost at once developing fine distinctions and subtle conflicts of interest, which in the broad economy of nations ought to be adjusted by means free from partisan influences. This is the point advanced in common by both these representative men of great affairs.

A GOOD MAN GONE

MORE than his country and his immediate friends suffered loss when Thomas Lowry died in Minneapolis last month. Not only his business interests but his genial personality, his ready sympathies, and his breadth of view had made him known and won him warm esteem east, west and north. Mr. Lowry was one of the group of able men who in the eighties did so much to advance the cities of Minneapolis and



THE LATE THOMAS LOWRY
President of the "Soo Line", who died Feb. 4, 1909

St. Paul, which are and have been, more than any other cities of the United States, concerned with the growing affairs of Manitoba. He brought the traction system of Minneapolis from a rudimentary condition into metropolitan efficiency, and fathered rapid transit between the twin cities. He was one of the principals in the development of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, and at the time of his passing was President of that Company, as well as of the Twin City Rapid Transit Railway.

Mr. Lowry was of the kind who confer prosperity upon others and the public while winning prosperity themselves. He began life with empty hands, and died rich; but his fortune was made by sheer force of his own genius, and never in any way or degree at the cost of others. His successes were solid as well as brilliant. He left behind him no ground for criticism in the mind of any man, and this is much indeed to say of one whose native force was great as his.

THOSE TRADE CHANNELS

THE ingenious and mercurial gentlemen who enliven that canyon of finance known as Wall Street have been shocked into a discovery that freight traffic, like water, is bound to follow the most natural channels—or like electricity, the line of least resistance. A well-known New York financial journal on December 18th, had this to say:

"The warnings so often given in this column, and merrily ridiculed by Wall Street, assumed the serious aspect they deserve to-day, when a sub-committee of the Trunk Line Association of America announced that the Canadian Pacific railway has actually invaded New York city and is taking about 250 tons of freight daily for the west by way of the New Haven. The railroads of the United States are absolutely helpless to prevent this competition, which is backed by shorter lines, lower capitalization and a record of management free from graft. The New Haven will be asked to fix prohibitive rates on Canadian Pacific business, but if it does so the Canadian Pacific can smash the tariffs and demoralize every railroad in the northwest, for the earth is round like a ball. The situation developed is very serious, and comes as a surprise only because it is a year sooner than expected. This is vastly more important than the fact that a few stock operators are building a new smelter. It is a basic trouble. It may put an entirely new face on the situation in the stock market. It is an invasion that the interstate commerce commission cannot control."

In spite of the fact that the railway companies in the States have had knowledge of this in advance, they seem to have been caught napping. The great trunk lines of Canada are legitimately entitled to the traffic that, in the operation of those principles which broadly underlie all commerce, will naturally flow to them; and what is more to the point, they are bound to get it.

THAT'S THE THING

IN the February "Right Angle" there appeared a letter from Mrs. J. J. Armstrong, of Lake Francis, Manitoba, expressing appreciation of Cy Warman's poem, "Little Wild Goose," which was published in CANADA-WEST for November. Mrs. Armstrong told how her own little boys "never tired of hearing it," and suggested that the grown-ups could very well spare Mr.

Warman for a time "if he would promise to write a volume of such lovely tender things for the little folk."

The grown-ups might not all be quite so willing to cede Mr. Warman to the children, but the compliment was none the less graceful and grateful. Mr. Warman read it and was touched as only a writer can be when a bit of his best and finest work has found a happy lodgment and response. He has written a note somewhat to that effect, and adds, "I am sending you a verse on this. Listen:" Here is the verse:

"Not alone the little cheques our sonnets bring,
Nor the raptures of the singers when they sing,

But the story we impart
If it reach a mother's heart,
And the hearts of little children—that's the thing!"

It is the thing, indeed. Nothing is finer than the verse or story or the story in verse that reaches the springs of sympathy in children. These most merciless of critics respond with all their warmth to simple truth, but no beauty of treatment can save an artificiality from instant rejection. Perhaps in the ultimate estimate the truest, if not the greatest poet is the one who can do what Mr. Warman has done in "Little Wild Goose"—reach a mother's heart, and the hearts of little children.

EARL GREY APPRECIATES "LETTERS OF A REMITTANCE MAN"

IT is not often a work having a serious purpose and honestly written escapes criticism and stands in the receipt only of discerning praise. This is the happy lot of the "Letters of a Remittance Man," by W. H. P. Jarvis, recently published serially in CANADA-WEST. A few nervous people have seemed to fear that "such a representation of Canada's treatment of young Englishmen" might prejudice this country with the people at home. That is about the only comment which could be construed as possibly adverse. Earl Grey has written to Mr. Jarvis a contrary opinion. By permission of Mr. Jarvis, His Excellency's letter is here reproduced:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

DEAR MR. JARVIS,—I should like to con-

gratulate you most heartily upon the service you have rendered both to Canada and to the incoming stream of young Englishmen, in the "Letters of a Remittance Man." They give a much-needed hint, in the friendliest manner possible, to young Englishmen coming to Canada. If they would read and take the lesson to heart, they would save themselves much suffering and trouble; but perhaps it is vain to hope that a man of the temperament of Reginald Brown could be induced to change his attitude by any other than the bitter medicine of personal experience. I remain, yours truly, (Signed) GREY.

If anyone is qualified to gauge the effect and value of this particular story, Earl Grey is, most surely. His appreciation is graceful as well as sound, and a compliment of the highest order to the author.

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF LOUIS

M. B. ALESHIRE'S name is not among the least of those which adorn the pages of CANADA-WEST, though the roster is long, and lustrous with high reputations. Mr. Aleshire has much of the gift of Phil May in pen-and-ink drawings of character, but his sense of the satirical has carried him from the field of plain illustration into the more widely popular one of cari-



Photograph by Matzenc

M. B. ALESHIRE



ARTHUR STRINGER IN THE TROPICS
(At Barranquilla, Colombia, 1908)

Early in the spring his new novel, "The Gun Runner," will be published in New York and Toronto. The scene of this story is laid in South America. Later in the year, Mr. Stringer is to begin work on a novel of life in the Canadian West.

cature. It is fortunate for those whom he takes for his subjects that his sense of satire is modified by a warm humor and kindliness; else might he make many a good man squirm, as others do who are less gentle, though no more keen. There is little room for acids in the nature of a man who comes of an English mother and a Holland-Dutch father, as he does.

Mr. Aleshire is illustrating "The Letters of Louis," now current as a serial in CANADA-WEST.

A PICTURE LESSON FOR THE EMPIRE

THE London Graphic in a recent issue gave several pages to an account of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the new All-Canadian Transcontinental railway. The article, which is profusely illustrated, is one of the most illuminative that any old-country publication has given to a Canadian topic. It is written with understanding, and,

with its pictures, conveys a strong and valuable impression of the scale on which a great railway is developing the country. Publication of such material in a leading and popular journal, at the capital of the Empire, is a pointed commendation of Canada to all the other dominions.

The map of the line, from ocean to ocean, is a striking exposition of the magnitude of the Grand Trunk Pacific enterprise. All the pictures are good, but the double page showing Prince Rupert, the western port and terminus, is not only faithfully panoramic in its many views but an achievement in photographic art.

"GIVING TO HAIRY NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME"

DE WOLF HOPPER is telling the people in the States that in Winnipeg in winter time it is so cold that "polar bears wander into the dining-room and pick up the crumbs," and people "come to the theatre in evening clothes and buffalo robes." He adds, by way of frosty concession, that the sleighing is fine. "But," he says, "you can get the same thing much cheaper nearer home. Just wait for a real cold day, put on your pajamas, sit on a cake of ice near an open window and ring a bell."

We are glad to know what Mr. Hopper thinks—or thinks he thinks—and we are sorry that he did not like the climate. The next time he visits Winnipeg in winter, the citizens will try to make it warm enough for him, and if he comes in summer, he may look for a frost. Winnipeg is generously accommodating.

Nobody doubts Mr. Hopper saw weird costumes and polar bears. But these phenomena are not local. Zoology in special has qualities that haunt. But what produced polar bears? Instead of wolverines? Or Wapiti? Were there olives, or what fruit, at the bottoms of the—the—finger-bowls in that "dining" room? The different effects of submerged savories on different people offer a study of recondite obscurity on which Mr. Hopper, by furnishing particulars, might throw some light.

STUDENT AND INSTRUCTOR

THROUGH efficient special service rendered the government, W. L. Mackenzie King has of late been so much in the public eye that his rise to higher favor is among the early possibilities. His ability has been recognized beyond our own boundaries, and this has brought to the editor of CANADA-WEST a note from Mr. King's former instructor, Dr. Charles R. Henderson, one of the most eminent sociologists of the United States. It is a very pleasant note, and illuminative of a good teacher's attitude towards the work of his pupils.

"My old student, W. L. M. King," writes Dr. Henderson, "has arrived." And adds, with touching truth, "a teacher's salary is his means of living; his successful students are his reward." There is something noble in that saying. In this most material of all ages, there still remain a few men who devote their lives to the common good in its larger aspects, and through whom the world progresses toward higher states and the triumphs of peace. Dr. Henderson is of that order. He



DR. CHARLES R. HENDERSON

might say with the great Agassiz, "Money? I have never had time to make money."

THE MAN WHO WROTE "A SYMPHONY."

THERE is sound-hearted cheerfulness and homely philosophy in the little poem, "A Symphony," in this number of CANADA-WEST. The author lived its sentiment, in his own life—a life that was cut off all too untimely, a few weeks ago. He died suddenly, of quick pneumonia, in the midst of his activities and in what should have been the mid-forenoon of his career.

Edward Laurence Lee was a young man, of sturdy English derivation. He was an actor, and a good one, but back of that a poet, whose gifts were just beginning to receive a fitting recognition. The pity of it is that in his death there died so many unborn things of his brain for which the world would have been better. Mr. Lee was a singularly upright and unselfish soul, who loved his chosen art, but loved his fellows more. "His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a Man."



W. L. MACKENZIE KING



ORIGINAL PROVERBS OF THE HOUR

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

1. It isn't the long spear, but the steadiest that impales the big salmon.
2. A little devil devilleth the whole dump.

3. Every man has his price, every woman her caprice.

4. All's well that mends well.

5. All the world's a stage; and for the most part, it's a bumpy road it travels over.

6. If you call a man "a vulgar fraction," he gets mad. Tell him he is a pure circulating decimal, and he beams all over.

7. An archer is known by his game, not by his arrows.

8. An honest lawyer is the scarcest work of God.

9. The cow with the short temper shouldn't have long horns.

10. "A custom more honored in the breach than in the observance"—a mother's patch on her boy's trousers.

11. Thirsty men catch at straws.

12. He who fools with dynamite is soon parted.

13. Our relatives we inherit; but, thank God, our friends we find ourselves.

14. Misery loves company; but rational company doesn't hanker after misery.

15. It's a poor story that ends two ways.

16. It's a rare coat that has no turning.

17. Those who sit in play houses shouldn't throw vegetables.

18. The Bobby catches those who help themselves.

19. It is easier for a camel to get into heaven than for a shabby man to catch the eye of the beadle.

20. A bird on the plate is worth three on your bonnet.

21. What is love without another.

22. Those who love in glass houses are apt to be kodaked.

23. God help the man who can't help himself these days.

24. A lie nailed in time saves nine.

THE FORCE OF HABIT

TOUCHED by his sad story, a Montreal woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy-looking hobo who had applied at her back door. "Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?" "No, mum," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."

HIS FUTURE

SHE—"What does the baby give promise of being?"
HE—"A town crier, I reckon!"



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CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. V.

London, April, 1909

No. 6

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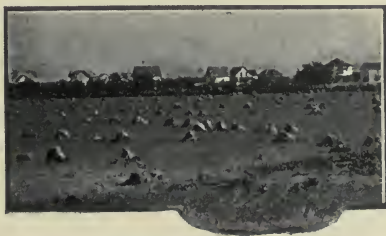
THE SOUL OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

BY CY WARMAN

The life blood of old Egypt courses with the muddy Nile,
The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who guard the empty street;
The peace of many nations rests behind a thin red file,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

The thin red line may riot where but lately it salaamed,
The sentinel may slumber and the mob possess the street;
Old Egypt may know famine and the muddy Nile be dammed,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan remains—a grain of wheat.

Let nation banter nation with its battle flag unfurled,
The state may stand secure a space behind a frowning fleet,
God's sunshine on Saskatchewan, whose fields shall feed the world,
For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a golden grain of wheat.





Drawn by John Drew.

A Bundle of Letters—See page 381

"LAST NIGHT YOU WERE LEANING ON THE BACK OF MY CHAIR BEFORE THE FIRE."

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V.

APRIL

NUMBER 6

THE RURAL NUCLEUS

BY CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON

Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago

FIRST PAPER.

ON a mixed train, rather than in a Pullman car, one has leisure to get acquainted with the people.

My next seat neighbor in Alberta was a Ruthenian priest; I could not speak his language and he had not yet learned English, but the German tongue was common to us both. This man reads masses and preaches every day in a different village and travels most of the time. On the same car was a farmer with his wife and four children. Their cows, horses, furniture and implements were in the freight cars ahead. Just before they left the train the mother proudly confided to the stranger the fact that the neighbors near their homestead were eager to have them come, as there had been hitherto only eight children, and they wanted her four to enable them to ask for a school grant. Babies start civilization.

When a dozen children arrive in a district, the wheels go around; neighbors begin self-government by voting a school tax. Their first political act is an agreement to transmit the traditions of culture to their offspring. This tells the story.

How different it was in our frontier

days in the middle west of the United States, where our fathers found no system awaiting them and were compelled to establish subscription schools and trust to luck to find any wandering teacher, "homeless pilgrim of dubious fame," who would promise to whip their big boys and teach the girls to spell. In contrast with Western Canada and its parental government, there was no system of grants to struggling settlers, no organization of inspectors, no normal schools to improve the quality of instruction. It was a bare-handed fight with nature, Indians, malaria and social chaos. Western Canada is treated as the child of the Dominion, and gratefully responds.

The Mounted Police makes its helpful influence felt everywhere and in many ways. Before criminals or vagabonds can get a footing, this marvelous force secures information and acts with vigor. If it is heard in winter that a family of immigrants far from a town is in danger of suffering, a member of this corps sees that they have fuel and food. These stout-hearted fellows have earned the confidence and gratitude of men, women and children. They vividly represent to eye and soul



PROFESSOR HENDERSON AND HIS "PRAIRIE SCHOONER"



LUMBER FOR NEW HOMES NEAR SASKATOON



TAKING A BINDER OUT TO HARVEST



CHURCH, FIFTY-FIVE MILES FROM SASKATOON



FIRST HOME OF MR. TANACK

A Devonshire man who arrived in Canada in 1902 with nothing. Now he owns 150 acres of land, four horses, two cows and twenty hogs. 24

the paternal care of the Dominion for her scattered children.

The provincial school authorities have ample legal power to set up a school and all its machinery and to turn out dishonest or incapable elected officers; but the power remains in abeyance, it is not necessary to use it except in rare instances. The people desire schools and readily join hands with the provincial authorities. Over nine hundred petitions for school districts have been favorably answered in Saskatchewan alone, since September, 1905. These people have come into the region on railways rather than in ox schooners, and they have brought with them in their minds and wills the patterns and models of a civilized state. While they themselves live in sod cabins, they build neat frame school houses as shrines of learning.

The pure fountain of the new life is the home. The sod hut with leaky roof and sifting sand is a temporary makeshift. The bride cries a little when she first sees it, but resolutely goes to work to make it habitable. When the missionary superintendent is entertained he sleeps behind a piano, with a decent calico partition to protect privacy. In the front yard is a tennis court, with the chalk marks on the close-browsed buffalo grass. There is play as well as work. Art is added to gross utilities. Near Saskatoon is a fine modern frame house, spacious and luxuriously furnished, and in the yard still remains the poplar log cabin used by this same family ten years ago. That reveals the to-morrow of the new immigrants, and they lie down in their carpetless cabins to dream of a mansion under these skies.

In this nucleus of a village the post office comes early, for these people wish to keep the sacred chords of memory musically vibrating between them and anxious friends over sea and far away.

The postmaster keeps for sale articles convenient for domestic consumption and use, and his stock, carried seventy-five miles from the nearest railway station, tends to grow more varied as means keep pace with wants. The women hang up pictures of Parisian styles against the sod walls soon after

they are out in Paris itself, and the postmaster-merchant must obey their orders. He is an Armenian with a French Canadian wife. The French doctor settles near, with time in this bracing climate to indulge in farming and land speculation. The blacksmith earns enough to support himself, and add to his homestead a tract bought on long time from the railway company.

In the western Canada of to-day, we find new factors of conflict, new arrangements of interests, new combinations of men of distinct origin and varied social aims. No one element can be dominant in any absolute sense, for each nationality is strongly represented and tenacious of its ways. All is now fluid; the hard crust of custom is broken by the hammer of necessity; men must learn tolerance. Most of these men are young, and the futures of their brain-cases are not quite closed up with bony tissue; the senile element is wanting; traditions were broken when the old home cast the superfluous youth upon their own resources and made them swim or drown.

If the western frontier, as the New



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

England poet claimed, produced the "first American," Abraham Lincoln, we can already discover the composite face of the "first Canadian" in the new universities of the border. New England is just a chip off the old block, a section of old England set down on a rocky region in cold east winds; while the rich clay of the prairie was the stuff for making a Lincoln, so powerful, tender, democratic, gracious, optimistic even in sadness and trial.

Out in Saskatchewan, and there in Alberta where the gentle prairie rolls to the feet of the snow-crowned Rockies, by the firelight in sod cabins young men are dreaming of influence and power at Ottawa. If experience in the United States has any value, these young stalwarts, accustomed to breast storms, defy difficulties and make beginnings, are to make themselves more and more heard in the councils and parliaments of the Dominion, and in the royal halls of London.

More and more, for very long ago they began to make places for themselves, these men of Western Canada, nurtured upon the prairies, and instinct with the genius of a newer, broader national life. The names of Frank



THE LATE JOHN NORQUAY



HON. F. W. G. HAULTAIN

Oliver, Walter Scott of Regina, and Clifford Sifton, stand well up near the top of the liberal party's roster, as those of F. W. G. Haultain, Richard McBride, and the late John Norquay do among the conservatives. These are names of power, sprung from the western plains, and their owners surely stamped new policies and purposes upon the time.

This is an age of adventure as truly as that of Columbus was, and here is a new world with a chance for genius.

Therefore it is interesting to catch even a passing glimpse of this first act in the drama of the frontier life, to taste the sweet water as it flows fresh from this recently discovered fountain of eternal youth. We stride the river near the spring; later we shall see it draw to itself many a vassal stream, and still later, like an equal it shall greet the sea. The baby who is now watching his father break the tough sod will, ere the world grows much older, go to one of the legislatures to help apply British law to new conditions, to make precedents yield a mine of meaning whereof big-wigged judges never dreamed.

The invitation of some friends to set down some fragmentary impressions made by a visit to the prairie

provinces in the summer of 1908 was the occasion for this article; and the pictures here suggested gave hints of a dream empire fast making itself into a reality.

There is an old story of the giant whose daughter picked up a ploughman and his team in her fingers and asked her colossal father what the thing meant. He said to her, "We must leave this land, for this tiller of the soil will rule the earth; we must depart." So one may see the monsters of the untamed north, the wicked lies about the soil and climate which affrighted men, take their flight before the brave families who have bought their titles to the region by driving furrows through the grazing and hunting land.

An interesting character in a rural community is the agricultural laborer, or, as he is generally called, the "farm hand."

The prospects for the Canadian or American laborer are always good, and fairly good for Scotch and Scandinavians, while those of English, German, Irish and Welsh depend on their quality. Probably in the Northwest Territories there is no permanent class of agricultural laborers. With very ordinary ability and economy a good



HON. FRANK OLIVER



HERE SHE COMES



THERE SHE GOES

worker can get enough ahead to enter land and buy the necessary equipment for a fair start in life. The social position therefore is simply temporary and the supply of farm laborers depends upon constant immigration of persons without means, or young men who have their fortunes to make. The transition from wage-earner to land owner is made without break, because frequently the laborer is gaining possession of land and live-stock at the very time he is in the employ of some farmer.

The shortness of the season, however, makes it necessary to gather the crops very quickly, and this involves a very serious problem of wandering gangs of threshers. The problem is known all the way from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Circle, and no one has ever yet offered a satisfactory solution. It is a life full of temptations, uncertainty, gambling chances, and disintegration of family ties and influences. The danger of the situation is felt especially in the cold weather in the cities where



VONDA, SASKATCHEWAN



A SOD HOUSE AT HARRIS

the members of these same gangs are gathered in cheap boarding houses with money in their pockets and without domestic guarantees of clean life.

We make no pretence to offer a panacea in this connection. We may well hope that many of these young fellows will become interested in land ownership in the west and settle down to a rational mode of existence, and there is some ground for hope that this will be done.

Outside the towns in the central provinces the homes of neighbors are sometimes only a few rods apart, but sometimes a mile in settled districts. Most of the people have frame houses of one and one and a half stories, 14 feet by 20 feet and 30 feet by 36 feet in extent. One gentleman writes, "there are all sorts of people, the student is here and the mentally lazy, also the vulgar and the refined in sentiment, but perhaps on the whole a low average when there are many immigrants."

Most of the farms are 160 acres in extent, although some are as high as 1,500 acres. Perhaps one-fourth of the people have from 320 to 640 acres.

One farmer we may mention has 640 acres of land, which he bought in 1906 at \$35.00 an acre. It is worth \$40.00 now. The soil is clay loam and the farm has 400 acres in wheat, 100 acres in oats, 10 acres in pasture and garden, 120 acres in summer fallow, 10 acres waste and slough. This farm is assessed for taxation at \$5,600.00. Few cattle are kept as there is little pasture and winter feeding is long. Seven head of cattle are worth \$230.00. This description might be repeated hundreds of times, although it must be

confessed that my correspondent was an unusually efficient man and the example may not represent averages.

One statement about taxes is that a land tax is levied of 5c per acre. There is a supplementary tax of 1c per acre and a school tax of 7 to 12 mills on the dollar of assessed property. Land is assessed at present market value, and the house for 50 per cent. of its value.

In the settled districts good common schools meet the needs. In villages the houses are built of stone or brick and fairly well equipped. Usually there is one teacher to a school and all the elementary branches are taught. There is as yet no tendency to consolidation, although it is under consideration of the provincial authorities. Natural science is taught by familiar talks of the teacher on nature and agriculture. Schools are visited at least annually and sometimes more often by a government inspector. The government makes a grant to each school based on the reports of the teacher, inspector and trustees. The trustees pay the teacher about \$60.00 a month. The school board has power under the law and fixes the rate of taxation. The school house is used as church, hall, academy, and for band concerts. School libraries are growing and furnish the beginnings of the local supply of books.

These are a few hints of the wealth of energy which is transforming the face of nature and subduing her long accumulating forces to human uses. Only those who have grown up under these conditions know the problems of the people and can voice their de-

mands there where law is made. The generous food, the crisp air, the rush of novel ideas, the pressure of novel experiences, the training of the schools, will give men of the region compelling convictions and eloquence of expression. All will talk, but certain choice sons will become oracles of the multitude. In the school district men will learn to reach agreement by argument from facts verifiable by all; some few of them will be further trained at Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton; and the select leaders, men of largest vision, will be sent a long journey to speak for the prairie democracy at Ottawa, and they will have a message worth hearing and necessary to heed. They will not be tame and easy to

lead, for frontier life teaches men blunt phrases and direct speech. Conventionality goes for less in Saskatchewan than in Ontario and Quebec, and the corporation which takes advantage of the western man will not have a second chance. Property rights will be respected; Shylock's bond will be sacred; but the knife must take no blood, nor more than just the pound of flesh. Those who have not shrunk from the frost and blizzard of the plain will not be cowed by magnates, not bought for bribes. If one is deluded or debauched now and then a brave, determined and intelligent people will find a legal way to right the wrong and unhand the worker in his struggle for existence and progress.



HOMESTEAD OF MR. MCKEE, THIRTY-NINE MILES FROM SASKATOON. HE HAS BEEN ON HIS FARM FOR FOUR YEARS AND HAS 450 ACRES OF CROP

TO VI-VI

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

O H! maiden know, the summer flower,
 Born of the sunshine and the shower,
 Bring tender thoughts, each happy hour,
 Of thee, fair maid.

In thee, thy past and destiny
 A tender purity I see;
 Thy heart once won would constant be,
 In light and shade.

Thy love would lift, ennobling all,
 Thy voice to me were Duty's call;
 With thee I would my life enthrall,
 Nor fearing aught.

May fortune guide us each to each,
 That thy true soul my heart may teach;
 That to new heights I then can reach,
 Nor earthly wrought.

MAGGIE'S PARADISE

BY ANNE HARD

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK D. SCHWALM



THE school was east of Saint Lawrence Main, the long street with the City Hall near one end and the big French Hospital near the other. West of this street is the English Montreal.

East of it everything is French, except an infusion of Irish.

The excellent Mrs. Gassette stood before the pupils and condescended to their plane. Mrs. Gassette lived west of the big street, and was a fervent enthusiast in that section of the uplift movement which promotes nature study as a primary ferment. She described in elaborately simplified phrases the paradise that could be made of a vacant lot with a few packages of seeds and some loving care. She herself was prepared to sow the seeds, but the loving care upon which she dilated with glowing rhetoric was to be furnished by the one-hundred-and-forty little hands before her, and the seventy little hearts beating at that moment, unseen, but vibrating, she hoped, to her suggested idealities.

Mrs. Gassette did not realize that the vacant lots of the neighborhood, which she took for granted, would, all told, furnish a paradise for about one-tenth of the neighborhood's population. She did not realize that the "loving care" would have to consist of strenuous work on the part of men and teams and horses. She did not realize that "loving care" must include water, or it won't help a garden much; that all the water in the neighborhood came from sundry small taps in sundry dark closet ways or family kitchens; that a bathtub was an unknown quantity, and

a garden hose an unthinkable abstraction.

The children, who had listened to her with such apparent conviction, and who had received the little tomato plants in pots which she distributed, evidently had more practical minds, for one by one, as they left the school building, they sprinkled the seeds along the pavement, some in fantastic patterns, some in little heaps, which the cellar rats soon found. The little potted tomato plants they carried home to eke out a miserable existence on window sills, or meet a sudden death by tumbling into areas.

All but Maggie Burns. She was "different." In the first place, she was Irish. That implied some degree of loneliness in a French neighborhood. And then, she used to sit on the lowest step of the front tenement and watch the others playing till they had become quite used to leaving her out of their games.

Maggie had listened to the description of a neighborhood paradise with all the imagination of her race on fire. As she left the school building, she thrust the seeds deep into the pocket of her apron and hugged the potted tomato close under her arm.

"What you will do wiz 'eem?" Louis Pache was asking her, as "the lines" brought them near together in the hall.

"Take 'em home."

"Huh! Me, I s'all trow mine away," he whispered, as he tore a tiny hole in the corner of his package.

Maggie scarcely heard him. Already she was, in her mind's eye, going around the block in which she lived, hunting for a vacant space in which her loving care could make a paradise. There was a row of wooden houses, with no space in front, and their very back

yards boarded over—then turn the corner to the left and there was a brick building and then a groc'ry store, and then a s'loon, and then a hay-an'-feed store, and then another s'loon—and so on. Not a bit of *ground* where seeds could make a paradise. But stop! Yes, there was! Just in the next block—not in her block, but across the street from the back of it—there was a vacant lot.

Maggie hurried over to it the moment she was out of school, and sat on the edge of the sidewalk surveying it. At one side stood some broken down wagons. It was edged with rubbish and garnished with rusty barrel hoops. In the middle, it had been cleared away or trampled down by the feet of the big boys who played ball there evenings.

Maggie got a stick, and selecting the furthest corner, began to push away the rubbish and to smooth a place for her garden. She was all alone when she began, but before she had finished, Louis Pache joined her. He watched her for a while in silence, but before long, something of her enthusiasm seemed to fire him, and soon he was scraping and loosening the earth with her. Then he brought water from the nearest saloon and helped her to pour it in splashes on the drooping bit of green and on the finger marks in the loose earth which marked the burial place of the seeds.

"Do you think they'll grow?" she breathed ecstatically, when their task was finished.

Louis shook his head.

"Oh, why not! You helped me to plant 'em, 'en you ought to think they'll grow then!"

Louis had instincts, but no reasons. He only put his hand to his mouth and howled so as to attract the attention of his gang as he chased after them around the corner.

* * * * *

The first thing every morn-

ing when Maggie awoke she ran to the window from which she could almost see the lot where her garden was growing. For it really was growing.

Teacher, called in but a day or two before to give expert advice, had diagnosed the little outcroppings of green and the spindly yellowish shoots as "n'sturtions" and "sweet 'lissum."

Every day, Maggie stopped on her way to school and again on her way home. She would lie down beside the little plants and examine their leaves, and watch how the light seemed to slide off the surface and how like fine lace were the little veins beneath. And then the glory of the first bud, tentatively poking a delicate yellow nose out of its green cap, when the 'sturtions began to bloom!

Yet the joy of joys to her was the tomato plant. A 'sturtion is a flower and flowers are beautiful, but so is a tomato plant, which also has blossoms, but think!—You can *eat* a tomato.

So it was before the tomato plant that Maggie burned her incense, before



"WHAT YOU WILL DO WIZ 'EEM?" LOUIS PACHE WAS ASKING HER



HE WATCHED HER FOR A WHILE, IN SILENCE

the tomato plant, now spreading in fine green luxuriance. The branches were as pretty as ferns, the little yellow blossoms were like pale gold, but, most wondrous visitation of all, slyly peeping beneath the lowest branch, slowly orbing and plumping, like twin beauties of one family, rubbing their shiny edges and mutually waxing in mysterious possibilities—were two little tomatoes, still small and hard and green, but prophetic of the perfect fruit.

Maggie never dared to touch them. But twice every day she cautiously parted the rank foliage and peeped in to assure herself that they were still there.

By this time, school was over, and Maggie was taking care of the children while her mother went out to wash. This gave her many hours near her treasures, for she could take the children over there to play, except on Saturday. On Saturday she had to scrub the stairs and do other work which helped to pay the rent. So it was late on Saturday before Maggie could get over to see her little paradise. As she approached, she broke into a run, for the premonition of danger was heavy upon her. She could hear the big boys at their game of ball and the little boys squealing from the base

lines. There was something about those cries of excitement that made her realize for the first time how precarious an existence her precious plants were really leading.

As she ran up to the lot, breathless, her worst fears were confirmed; for sitting almost in the middle of her garden plot was a big boy, while another had thrown his coat and hat upon the ground near by.

All the fury of Maggie's Celtic ancestors burned in her heart and sent red spots up before her eyes. Rushing into the midst of the players, she hurled tin cans right and left, shrieking at the top of her small lungs:

"You murderers! You murderers!"

Like a tiny whirlwind she descended upon them, pushing, biting, scratching, throwing anything she could seize. And so astonished were the players that even their stolid roughness was melted before the fire of her approach.

Half sheepishly, one of them bent over her as she threw herself upon the ground beside her paradise.

He listened, while she sobbed out incoherent words. Then he said:

"Hola, Tober, take up your hat an' your coat—allez!"

It was the voice of the captain of the gang, and Tober slowly obeyed, while Jean Sapin quietly moved over a bit and sat down upon an overturned barrel. The game was on again.

Maggie, her back to the players, tried to estimate the damage that had been done. It was growing dark, but not so dark but she could see that the two little green spheres which were the perfect centres of her being, were still safe.

She was leaving the lot, and the boys were going away in twos and threes, when the Captain called her back. She stood hesitating, anticipating further unhappiness. But almost without a word, with that perfect understanding which belongs to your city gang, the boys began to pick up old barrels at the back of the lot, and breaking the staves apart, to stick them into the ground so as to form a rude picket fence about the little plot of green in the corner.

"V' la!" Tober said, as they went by her into the gathering dusk of the

evening. "Your jardin ees safe for a w'ile, yes?"

This happy recognition by the gang of big boys insured peace to Maggie's soul and calm to her garden. Whatever sceptical or unsympathetic remarks were made by the mothers of the neighborhood never reached her ears, or did not matter if they did, for they were uttered in French. The little boys did as the big boys did, and the girls were rather inclined to gather in little groups at the edge of the sidewalk and watch Maggie at her labors. But they soon grew tired even of this, and once behind her little barricade, Maggie was safe from interruption.

* * * * *

At last there came the glorious day when the under one of the two green spheres began to show a delicate dawn of red. Maggie was so excited that she shouted aloud and danced up and down. The advent of the 'sturtions had been borne with comparative calm, and the sweet 'lissum had silvered with only the tribute of a cordial greeting and premature plucking at her hands—but a ripe tomato! A tomato such as one goes to the store and buys and carries home and eats with salt on it or sugar and vinegar if you have some! A tomato is —

"Louis, do you think a tomato is cousin to a watermelon?" Maggie asked,

as she lay flat on her stomach, smelling the strong spicy odor of the leaves.

"But, no. A watermelon 'e is a watermelon. 'E shall 'ave no cousin, no!"

"But it's red and juicy and seedy. Say, I think if I couldn't be a watermelon, I'd rather be a tomato than anything else."

"Me, but no—I would be a man," proceeded Louis, with literal mind.

"Would you pick it right away if you was me?"

"No. Let 'eem grow aw'ile. Mebbe she gets bigger."

Maggie's little eager fingers touched the fruit, lingering on the shiny surface.

"The grocery man said it was better when it got ripe on the vines," she said. "I guess we'd better go and leave it. How long do you think it'll be before it'll be ready to pick?"

Louis assumed a judicial attitude.

"Mebbe she will be done to-morrow," he said.

Maggie beamed.

"Mebbe it takes a veek," he added.

"I'll ask my poppa," Maggie said, as she left Louis at the stairway. "He lived in the country onct."

* * * * *

Not a meal in the Burns household but had been given up to discussions of the future glories of the garden. Mrs. Burns, at first cold, had gradually been thawed into acquiescence. The pres-





"DON'T FEEL SO BAD, DARLINT"

ence of the 'sturtions had cheered their evening meal, which had often been wont to languish for conversational topics, but Maggie's triumphal announcement of the imminence of a tomato started it off with a burst of fireworks. The twins were too little to understand, but Tommie, aged three, was promised a private view on the next day, and papa was always interested.

"I'm thinkin' the wan tomato will have far to go to feed so many, Maggie," he observed, as he slid another knife-load of potatoes into his mouth.

"Oh, but there'll be others! Lots! There's another one almost as big as this one, right beside it, and places where it's gettin' all knobbly and more blossoms—but, poppa—you lived in the country onct, how long before it'll be done? It's most red now."

Burns cast a comprehending glance in his wife's direction.

"Mebbe the marn, me darlint," he said.

"Oh, poppa! Do you think so?" Maggie slid down and went around to her father's chair. The light touch is found not alone in the homes of the mighty. "Would you have time before you go to work tomorrow to just look at it and tell me how long it'll be? It's real pink now!"

"We're working clear out beyond Maisonneuve now, but I dunno but I can oblige ye," he said, as he lit his pipe and went over to the window from which Maggie could almost see the lot where her garden was lying peacefully in the artificial moonlight of the summer night. "I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll make a date for ye to take me there the first thing when I come home, before supper."

"Then ye'll wait fur himself," said Mrs. Burns, "Ye'll promise not to go till himself comes home and takes ye. Ye're there too much, I'm thinkin'."

* * * * *

Next morning Maggie was up in a moment at her mother's first call, helping to fill her father's pail, to cut the bread and make the tea for breakfast. She scrubbed that day as she had never scrubbed before in all the eleven years of her life. She sang loud carols to put the twins to sleep. There was a tomato-colored glow over the boards that she touched. The twins' cheeks showed pink. She looked at the old gray shawl her mother wore as she went off to her work, and before she had turned the corner it had changed into a rose colored garment of silk.

Only the remembrance of her promise to her mother prevented her from rushing away to her vine.

She dreamed of what she would do another year. Now she had planted 'sturtions, and 'sturtions had blossomed for her. She had set out a tomato plant, and lo, she was about to reap a tomato. Another year she would be bolder. She would lure more tomato plants from the club lady. She would have more seeds—perhaps pansies, too, and mebbe—

"I wonder do roses grow outdoors?" she remarked to the unheeding Tommie.

And Maggie wandered a whole day in a dream-world filled with dream flowers, where tomatoes ripened amid roses, and pansies elbowed 'sturtions for growing room.

At last it was twenty minutes past six, and papa was due. Mama was already home and had begun to take her things off, when Maggie's quick ear distinguished her father's tread. In a moment they were off together, Burns lighting his pipe and Maggie making intricate dance steps about him as they went. They reached the corner, and Burns went straight by the s'loon, with a casual nod to the man coming out with a foaming growler, straight on, and round the next corner.

Then they stopped and stared.

Two big sand wagons were standing in the street. A pile of great, jagged, white stones lay near them. The sidewalk had been taken away at one point and already a wide, sandy path had been made over the clay of the lot.

Maggie's paradise had been invaded.

Maggie slipped her hand into her father's and with lagging footsteps approached the place.

"It's all over, poppa."

She didn't even wish to cry. Only her throat hurt terribly just where she swallowed.

"Magsie, girl," Burns said gently, "we'll go there and look, annyway. Mebbe it isn't so bad."

He knew all the time his words were hollow, but they went on as he suggested.

Gone was the barrel-stave fence. Where the 'sturtions had made a golden flame a great cavity now yawned. There was not a trace of the tomato plant which yesterday had promised such royal fruitage.

"They're goin' to put up a building, I remember now, I heard so," Burns murmured.

Maggie was silent, her eyes staring.

"Don't feel so bad, darlint," Burns' own voice was husky. "Ye'll plant more next year and I'll help ye to watch them. And I'll buy ye the seeds."

"Poppa!" Maggie cried, "Dear darlin' Poppa!" She was sobbing on his shoulder. "Where will I plant 'em so they'll be my very own tomatoes, and no one can take my tomatoes away from me and put a building on it?"

Burns shook his head.

"Don't ye be worryin' about that now," he said. "Mebbe another year."

But as they walked home in unhappy silence, Burns himself wondered where, in all that desert of gravel and stone and brick, they could find another nook for Maggie's paradise.



WORLDLY GLORY

BY S. E. KISER

WEALTH, talent, wisdom, and renown
 I'd scorn, to be once more
 The new boy in a little town,
 To strut and swell and soar.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

'T WAS spring when first I saw them.
The flowers grew around
The broad and cool verandah,
And the vines had burst the ground.
They were laughing there together
With a rippling, careless joy,
A woman and a baby
And a little crippled boy.

He had a little woolly sheep
That never ran away.
He could not walk; he could not talk;
And yet he seemed to play.
He had a sunny face, and he
Was merry-eyed and coy.
He laughed and crowed and gurgled,
This little crippled boy.

The woman had the sweetest face
I ever hope to see.
It smiled, and yet 'twas passing sad,
Or so it seemed to me.
She kissed the little golden head,
And stroked the woolly toy.
I guessed she was the mother
Of the little crippled boy.

'Twas autumn when I passed again,
The vines were parched and drawn
The flowers all had faded
In the boxes on the lawn.
I saw a sad-eyed woman
And a baby and a toy;
But I missed the childish laughter
Of the little crippled boy.



HELEN A. CUNNINGHAM
President Woman's Political Club,
"The Militants"



MABEL PETERS
President New Brunswick Suffrage Association



MARGARET GORDON, M.D.,
President Toronto Suffrage Association

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN CANADA

BY LAURA E. McCULLY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

QUITE recently when the subject of woman's suffrage was brought up at a reception of university women, a charming girl declared warmly that "petticoats had no place in politics."

"I agree with you," exclaimed one who bears proudly the title of suffragette. "Let us enter our new sphere in some costume more sanitary and beautiful than this!"

The first speaker, a recent graduate, took up the cudgels on the side of the home, its possible neglect, the future of the modern child, and other considerations with which we are all familiar. Someone protested that the same arguments were used to keep women out of colleges fifty years ago, and under pressure, the graduate acknowledged that she would not have attempted to go to a university in those days.

Her view-point is the typical and

consistently conservative one. Against the suffrage movement, essentially radical, is bound to be arrayed the opinion of the cautious people who are found in the rear instead of in the van of every reform.

Not that we disparage our conservative women. They are the ballast of the community, and are as much a bulwark against our sliding back as against our going forward. Every self-respecting movement must aim to respectfully convince them of its respectability, without resentment of the fact that the very stability of their position is founded on the achievements of the radicals of yesterday.

The history of the movement for suffrage in Canada is, as to its inception, one with the history of the struggle of women to enter our universities. Dr. Stowe Gullen, a representative woman, is the head of the movement, as was her mother, Dr. Stowe, before



DR. EMILY STOWE
Founder Canadian Suffrage Association

her. The latter, one of the first women to practise medicine on this continent, was forced to go to New York for her degree, and returning to Canada, followed her profession till her death. When refused the privilege of taking a course in chemistry at the University of Toronto, she remarked, "Your senate may refuse to admit women now, but the day will come when these doors will swing open to every female who chooses to apply."

The answer was, "It will not be in our time." But Professor McCaul, the spokesman of the Senate on that occasion, lived to see women in all the various colleges.

The first meeting of the Canadian Women's Suffrage Association was held in the City Council Chamber of Toronto, on the 9th day of March, 1883. Among the officers chosen were Dr. Stowe, Sarah A. Curson, author of "Laura Secord" and other poems, Captain MacMaster, and John Hallam. During the early stages of the movement many press notices fell to its lot. After the lapse of years, it is interesting to note that the general trend of these was much the same as of those of the present day. The *Toronto Globe* gave

flattering accounts of the society, while other papers preferred to ridicule it. One article written at the time is supplemented by a quaint caricature in doubtful perspective, of a supposed meeting where the ladies sit in rocking chairs while an excessively unprepossessing sister addresses them as follows:

"We claim the right to put on man's toggery, smoke our Havanas, go to the polls to vote, and fight in all street riots when required."

The censorious critic will find a note of prophesy in that newspaper story of two decades ago. But in justice we must remark that while the latter half touches your suffragist of today, the former is true in still greater measure of that section of women which most opposes suffrage,—the privileged upper class.

At one notable meeting early in the society's history the members were addressed by the Reverend Anna Shaw, James Beatty, Q.C., occupying the chair. The assembly included G. W. Ross, then Minister of Education in Ontario, Mr. Harcourt, Hon. A. S. Hardy, and Rev. Dr. Wild. In



ESTELLA CUNNINGHAM
A leader among the women medical students
of Toronto

a speech made at Vaughan about this time, Sir Oliver Mowat said that woman had only to ask for the vote in order to receive it. Very recently the writer, who had the honour of being asked to address a club at which the speaker of the evening was the Hon. G. W. Ross, was assured by him that he hoped for the success of our movement and considered that a liberal government would readily grant the franchise if a sufficient number of women demanded it.

It is interesting to mark that Sir James Whitney, upon receiving a deputation bent on the same object, declared that the women of Ontario might have a vote if they wanted it, but he didn't believe they did. So we see that the title "liberal-conservative" has more meaning than the uninitiated might suppose. The fundamental principles of both parties include the ideal of following the line of least resistance, and are

thus highly democratic in theory if not in practise.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the history of the Canadian Suffrage Association in detail, but merely to mention certain notable events. Early in its career it was honoured by the visit to Toronto for convention purposes of Frances E. Willard, an ardent supporter, and Julia Ward Howe. It was at this convention that a delegate from the

Women's Medical College first addressed a suffrage meeting. At the time, Professor Goldwin Smith was as notable and polished an opponent of women's radicalism, as he now is of preachers' orthodoxy. He remarked on one occasion that "Miss Susan B. Anthony proposed to regenerate society by turning over the government to the ladies," which statement, mild as it may seem, brought down on his head the decided and uncompromising denial of the Rev. Anna Shaw.

The movement now began to form a strong affiliation with the temperance movement, as is seen by contemporary articles. Assisted thus, and also by the vote passed in favour of the extension of the franchise to women by the Methodist Church of Canada as a body, the society organized several invasions of the provincial house. Mr. Mowat, as a practical politician, refused to do more than offer encouragement,



LAURA E. McCULLY, M.A.

which simply showed the need for redoubled effort on the part of all friends of the cause.

About this time the Countess of Aberdeen lent her countenance to the work being done in Canada, and paid a personal call on Dr. Emily Stowe. The society was also encouraged by the action of the women in England, where suffrage included among its supporters the Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Emerson Tennant, Vis-

countess Harborton, the Dowager, Countess of Devon, Dr. Barker, Dr. Anderson, and many other titled and professional women. A contemporary newspaper comments on the argument of disqualification for military service as a reason against woman's franchise, then being put forward by Henry Labouchere, as antiquated. Yet only last summer a leader in the London Times contained practically no other cogent reason for the withholding of the suffrage.

The work was growing and spreading to other provinces. The women of Manitoba will long remember the name of Dr. Yeomans, a pioneer of great energy, and the Reverend Dr. Thos. Webster, who early lent the society his name and countenance. In the maritime provinces Miss Mabel Peters is a leader, spending her time, money and tireless energy in petitions to premiers and legislatures, distribution of literature, wholesale organization, and public speaking. Miss Peters is a notable woman, and one who has "not only stood for suffrage, but run and pushed for it as well."

"The old order changeth," and in 1903 there passed away Dr. Emily Stowe, long to be remembered by grateful Canadian women for her work in forcing an entrance into the colleges and mothering the movement for woman's enfranchisement.

Considerably before this time Mr. Jas. L. Hughes, of Toronto, had identified himself with the suffragists. During recent years he has held the position of president in old and new organizations, the last being the branch society for Toronto recently formed. Dr. Margaret Gordon will succeed him for the following year, as Mr. Hughes lives the strenuous life and wishes to be, temporarily at least, relieved in this duty.

What shall I say about the personnel of the society? A woman's first impressions are conceded to be better than her best judgments, so I propose to tell you of the dinner held by a down town club at which I was first introduced to my friends of suffrage fame. Not yet out of college, I had had scarcely time enough to think of

the question, and was correspondingly amazed to find myself at the table of honour where sat the speakers of the evening. I was struck with two or three faces out of the many, and upon asking learned that a handsome, grey-haired woman, with a touch of the leonine in face and bearing, was the wife of Mr. Jas. L. Hughes. Beside her sat Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, the well-known author and business woman, her hair and eyes matching her black jet dress, and a fire of energy in her changing expression. On the other side of the table sat Dr. Gordon, broad-minded, with a keen sense of humor, a motherly woman, kind as she is radical,—one who wears her passport in her countenance.

As the meeting progressed I learned that I was to be called upon to speak as a representative of the college women of Toronto. As I had never made a public oration before, I said what I thought rather than what I intended to say, so that when I sat down I found that I was a member of the Suffrage Association, and so have remained and probably shall.

Miss Helen Cunningham, who was my cicerone on this occasion, is the president of the Women's Political Club, the militant section, and declares herself to the interested friend or curious reporter as being ready to torment members of parliament, march through the streets in long procession, or raid a sleepy legislature. She is scarcely more than a girl in years, though her attainments include a conservatory certificate in music, and her degree as optician—obtained with some ninety-five per cent. of the possible marks. But she is absolutely devoted to the suffrage movement, possesses steady enthusiasm, and seems fairly consumed with an untiring energy that stops at nothing. In one summer she organized twelve branch societies with a list of two hundred members, including socialist women on the one hand and college graduates on the other.

Under her leadership, the writer has spoken to various patriotic and civic societies in the open air at Toronto and Orillia. These were, so far as we

know, the first outdoor meetings which have marked the suffrage propaganda in Canada, and we modestly claim some significance for them, since they were noticed by headlines in leading papers.

I have purposely put off mention of Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen till now, as she merits a place by herself. She is president of the Canadian suffrage women, and about her achievements and personality I can only say that the former speak for themselves when we recall that she is the pioneer of her profession in Canada. To appreciate the latter, it is only necessary to meet the lady herself, which busy as she is, you may at any time do by writing the word "Suffrage" on your card or whispering it over the 'phone.

It is often asked why, if women in general desire the vote, motions to that effect are not passed at meetings of National Women's Councils. The answer is that franchise work is mainly metropolitan in its scope, whereas women coming up to the Councils have seldom studied the question and are surprised to find that suffragists are not uniformly unattractive unmarried women well over forty. Regarding Mrs. Wells, the British suffragette who has been "touring the colonies" and lecturing on her experiences in Holloway gaol, the remark was heard, "Who would have expected to see a stunning woman in a Paris evening gown after that cut in the paper?" The offending cut was one of Mrs. Wells in prison garb, and she is prouder of it than of her best portrait.

No opinion could be more apropos than that of Sir Wilfred Laurier, to whom the women recently applied for his views on this lively topic. He announced with gallantry and discretion, to the effect that while he quite appreciated the attitude of the ladies, it was to Premier Sir James Whitney that they ought to apply to put them on the voters' list. Wily Sir Wilfrid, who can thus neatly make interest for himself and trouble for his opponent without the expense of a single promise or invective! If only your radical could emulate the man who has already arrived in his motto of "*suaviter in*

modo" while retaining the reformer's slogan of "*fortiter in re*," in what an Utopia should we dwell, provided always that a working majority would lend its ears to the Perfect Politician!

Pending this, Dr. Margaret Gordon says, "Let us work. There will always be people to denounce a new movement as crazy, but let us work! I'm a radical, I suppose, for I've always believed in this thing and always shall. So did Lincoln, Longfellow, Mill, Henry Ward Beecher, and so does Theodore Roosevelt. I would go to prison to-morrow if it would help the cause along, but we must educate opinion before anything can be done."



AUGUSTA STOWE-GULLEN, M. D.
President Canadian Suffrage Association

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY GRANDFATHER

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

I DO not know whether I am too old for thirty-seven, or whether thirty-seven is old enough for my experience. I am looking at a magazine in which are two contributions that have upset certain notions I have entertained about myself. At the foot of page sixty-eight there is a poem of eight stanzas of four short lines each, called, "A Fine Lady." It is signed "Ethel Anderson." On page sixty-nine there begins a rather long,—I wonder if it is long-winded—article on a literary controversy, by "A. J. Anderson." Ethel Anderson is A. J. Anderson's daughter. I am A. J. Anderson. She is twelve. I am thirty-seven. Hitherto I have scarcely taken family responsibilities seriously. I have thought of myself as a young fellow just learning the art of lucrative penmanship. Almost before I have felt my feet I have become a literary grandfather. And I don't know whether to be sad, or glad, or mad. Truly, I might be all three by turns and neither long, and it may comfort a surprised spirit to set forth why.

No friend is available just now to tell me what "advancing years" really means. It is one of the things, like wisdom teeth, that you must find out for yourself. I have made a beginning, and I am secretly as abashed as I have known others to be over their first pair of spectacles. At thirty-six I was a young man. At thirty-seven I do not know what has become of me; except that I am a literary grandfather, and I am finding out things, which, if I had had any real grip of penetration, I should have discovered long ago.

For example. Men and women pass me, walking up and down the hill that lies between home and the trolley.

That may not be so much because of advancing years as of advancing weight and unwilling wind. Bigness has its detractions, and flesh its weariness. These many years I have known that slenderness was no longer an attribute of mine. But I did not realize that I was becoming slow.

Cricket was a blessed pastime with me. They said I was a good judge of a run. Their judgment was sound. The end of cricket for me was produced by change of home to another continent. For ten years I have played only in my mind. There I was as good as ever,—until the other day. I used to think of possible afternoons with the old club, and saw fine stories growing on the score-board. But now? I would surely play too late for the bounding ball. In truth, I wouldn't play at all; even if any young fellow were generous enough to ask me. Grandfathers have no business to be capering clumsily for the derisive pleasure of unthinking spectators.

Again: I have ceased to mount stairs two steps at a time. Fifteen years ago, three-step leaps were a diversion in domesticated travel. A change has come over my habit of sitting cross-kneed—the easy swing of one leg over the other has departed. When I stoop to untie my shoes, I rest one on the upturned sole of the other. It saves stooping,—and it reminds me of my father's advancing fifties, and his failing seventies. I discover more, indeed, than that. For some time Ethel has brought slippers, and has occasionally untied laces for me, at close of day. That cannot be any more. She is a fellow contributor to the magazines. Her contribution is printed before mine. The elder may serve the younger.

But there is no substance in this melancholy. Nature will have her way, even with thirty-seven. The truth is, I felt older at nineteen than I do now. There will come a time (please Heaven) when silvered hair (if any be left) will be a pleasing view in the glass. "If you live to be as old as I am," said a bright nonagenarian spinster to her nephew, "you will come to feel that death is a need, like any other requirement of the body. I used to think of death as a terrible experience. I saw my father die, and straightway went out and exulted that he had lived so long, and so well."

Let me not be lachrymose, or even self-consolatory. For I am really more glad about "A Fine Lady" than I can tell. The first time I saw myself in all the safe anonymity of print there came over me a feeling almost as if I had committed a crime; and I wondered whether the editor who had accepted the article had any idea of the unimportance of the person who had dared to approach him. That was a long time ago. The awful editor of that time has since asked me for signed contributions; and boasts, I believe, that he discovered me.

Since that first venture I have become even print-hardened. I have sent hundreds of editorials to the printer without correcting their original form. I have watched men reading them in the street car without a shadow of feeling, except, perhaps, of compassion for their indiscrimination, or for the loneliness that drove them to the serious page for relief. I regret to say that the happiness of writing has come to centre in the resultant cheque. I have tried to convince a few friends that I am cynical. They always laughed at me. Henceforth I shall laugh at myself.

For I am more excited and delighted to see this little girl's name on the page before mine, than I can tell. Her poem is a perfectly natural piece of childlife, with enough swing and go, melody and originality about it, to

satisfy me that she has the vital, fatal gift of words. Forgive the enthusiasm of a literary grandfather. She would be amazed to read this. And I am not a senile critic. "A Fine Lady" was written as a school composition. The head mistress saw it and decreed that it should be spoken at the break-up concert. There it was received with every mark of favour by an intelligent, highly critical audience, including the parents who restrained their pleasure.

It is a deadly dangerous exercise for a father to chatter about the deeds of his offspring,—even to himself, as I am doing now. But consider the position. I have never ceased to wonder that a pen should supply the worldly needs of my family. When I went to a weekly newspaper straight from the farm, I worked under a fellow whose arrogance was as colossal as his range of ability was small. For three years he led me a suffering novitiate's life. Nothing was right. Nothing could ever make my work right. I have never wholly recovered from the feeling he cultivated in me,—that I was an interloper, a writer on sufferance, a journalistic accident.

I must owe a great deal to that time. Among other things, it brought me in later years, from young writers who had been helped over the wastebasket, words of appreciation that were sweeter than honey from the comb. If you want to do anything better in honest journalism than give two or three young people their chance, you have a great advantage over me.

Well, then, do you wonder that I am glad because I am sure there is a child in our house with the promise of literature in her,—and genuine first fruits at twelve? Her quality is fine—fine as the spun gold of her hair. She gets that quality from her mother. But I am the grandfather of that poem, surely enough, and there are more where it came from. That is compensation in plenty for feeling a little too old at thirty-seven.



A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

BY MARGARET KENNA

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

THERE they lay on the table before me where they had fallen from the tiny black ribbon I held in my hand. Even the ray of sunshine that glinted across them seemed sacreligious in its touch.

He was dead now, the dear lad who had treasured them—and I was left alone, alternately trying to realize my loss and then, when the truth of it swept over me, cursing the fate that had brought him down to this land of fevers and sudden death. I knew that the desire to make a fortune had not taken him all the way from his British Columbia home to this strange South American country. There had been something more than that, though he had thrown himself into the work with an energy that seemed almost desperate. All the hardships and dangers of the life he had shared uncomplainingly, even cheerfully, as if the physical peril and discomfort made easier some secret pain. I used to look at him sometimes, when he was off his guard and the handsome, sensitive young face was full of brooding melancholy, and wonder whether it was that affair of which I had heard just a rumor before I left home, as much as his father's loss of fortune and subsequent death, that had made him go so far from his old home and associations.

I had been glad enough to have him join me, we had been good friends though not particularly intimate in the old days; but in the short time that we were together in the alien land I grew to love him.

His was essentially an attractive personality, due partly perhaps to the very unusual beauty of his face, which lost no whit of virility and strength through being modelled on the exquisite lines that the old Greeks put into their marbles. He was a brilliant young fellow, too, the admired center of the younger society set. All of his acquaintances seemed to expect great things of Richard Marvel, though just before I left some faint criticism, more implied than spoken, had tintured the universal praise.

I tried after he came down to join me to recall what it was that I had been told about the young girl whose name had been lightly coupled with his. She was a person, I remembered to have heard, without family, a dweller in Bohemia and a writer for magazines. To the Marvels, or rather to Mrs. Marvel, I knew that would represent a stratum of society too low to be considered except as something to avoid. I had thought at the time that in all probability the matter had been an ephemeral thing, but, afterward, with Richard's young face show-

ing lines that had not been there when I left, and the spells of brooding silence into which he fell, always ending with a more determined plunge into hard work, I was not so sure. Once while he was searching his knapsack for something he wanted to show me I had seen a packet of letters tied with a black ribbon—the same packet that lay on the table before me while I went over and over my memories of my dead friend.

He had taken up the letters that day with a touch that was a caress, and both I and the object for which he had been searching were forgotten; then suddenly he had put them back, closed the knapsack and bolted out of the shack and I had seen him no more till night.

He used to hear regularly from his mother; sometimes he read her letters to me. They all spoke of her pride in him and her confidence that he would win back for them both the wealth and the position in the world to which they had a right. I had known Mrs. Marvel rather well in the old days. She had always been gracious to me, approving my family connections and overlooking my lack of fortune. She was a woman who compelled people to her will. Richard and his father had always been more or less ruled by her, partly because of her imperiousness and partly because it was the nature of both of them to consider a woman as a creature set apart and superior.

Dick always worked harder than ever, if that were possible, after he got one of her letters, but he was nevermore cheerful for them.

I knew that the boy was overworking and warned him, but he only laughed. He was utterly worn out when the fever took him, and there was no help near enough to do any good. Oh, how I blamed myself for not having looked after him better! I tried to say something of the kind at the end, but he stopped me.

"It's all right, Ned," he said with a shadow of his dear old smile. "You did your best." And after a little; "My mother will go to her people—they can give her what I could never

have won for her." Then he asked me to bring him the packet of letters.

"Take them—afterward, Ned," he said. "I want you to read them and—to understand," and then, still holding them with that touch that was like a caress, he went down into the valley where the shadows lie.

It was not until I had left the land that had taken my friend and come back into the wholesome north that I could bear to untie the black ribbon and read the letters as he had wished.

There were not very many of them altogether and the first two or three were no other than any young woman might write to a man in whom she had found some interesting traits. They were full of enthusiasm and scoffed gently and rather prettily at his conservatism.

"Life is so tremendously interesting," she wrote, "I don't see how anyone can be so serious about things as you are. Sometimes I wonder if you don't save all your seriousness for me because you think I need it." She told about her work and about the medical lectures she was attending with the idea of using the knowledge she gained in something she was writing.

In the next note she describes her little apartment, "where everything is artistically shabby and never in order but just dear for all that," and her little French maid, Anne, and the chafing-dish luncheons, and she devotes quite a page and a half to the delightful tiled fire place in the sitting room. "It is a bit cracked as to its tiling," she acknowledges, "and the draft sometimes seems to be down the chimney instead of up, but it is the work of a real artist and the delight of my eyes."

The third letter was an argument—evidently continued—on the superiority of the modern French drama over the modern English. No one of these earlier letters evidenced any particular amount of interest in the young man to whom they were addressed. Rather they gave the impression that she found him a sympathetic listener to whom to tell her many and varying enthusiasms, her intense zest in life.

They had met, it was evident, at the



"I TRIED TO SEE IN THE FLAMES THE WOMAN YOU HAD DESCRIBED AS YOUR 'IDEAL'"

little Italian restaurant where she took her dinners and where Dick was in the habit of going when he was staying down town for the evening. Each one of her notes referred to one from him, and it was quite clear that she had not made the advances, although there was a free and easy responsiveness in her letters, the frank camaraderie much affected by dwellers in Bohemia and yet of the kind that, as I read the girl's letters, gave me no impression of affectation.

The notes became more frequent later; evidently when more than a day passed without Dick's being able to get away from his engagements to dine at the restaurant, a letter took the place of the meeting.

"This is the rest of my answer to your letter," she wrote. "You claimed that I only half answered it last night. How the hour slipped away! I came home and sat in front of the fire, wondering whether you were enjoying your theatre party and wondering too—a little—what you were saying

to the Daughter of the Aristocracy whose escort you were. Will you tell me the next time you drop down from the glories of the upper circles to dine at a shabby restaurant with a shabby little girl?"

It is at the next meeting that he asks if he may come to see her at her apartment.

"I should have asked you long ago," she wrote, "but somehow I had a feeling that it would be rather better for you not to come. Little as you talk of yourself, I know something of what your position is and of what it is within your power to make yourself and what your friends would say to your throwing away your time in the skyey little dwelling place of an obscure authoress. But when you asked I said 'Yes' for lack of strength of mind to say 'No.' Now, if, reflecting, you agree with me that it is better for you not to come, be sure that I shall not be offended should you stay away. Whichever you do I am

"Your friend,

"Margaret Graham."

That he did not stay away is evident from the next letter:

"Dear Mr. Marvel,

"When you had gone last evening I came back to the seat you had left vacant in front of the fire and tried to see in the flames the woman you had described as your 'ideal.' Perhaps I chose the flames as the place where I should desire to see her. I don't like 'ideals' that make me realize my own shortcomings. Her face, you said, was an index of her soul, sweet, womanly, patient—oh, how many more adjectives that Margaret Graham knows not at all except by name—and you said something about the way she dressed. I could quite see her with every detail perfect from the collar to the hem of her subdued and ladylike costume; and I was wearing a rakish yellow and black tea gown with an inkspot on the sleeve. Do you wonder that I thought unkindly of your 'ideal?' Still I would not readily consign her to the flames. *Au contraire*, I hope you will find her. Meantime please don't tell me anything more about her. Another thing I want you not to do, and that

is to depreciate yourself and your ability and your prospects to me, that I may not see too plainly the difference between us. I know what you are, and I am proud and glad; I would not have you a whit less gifted, less popular, with a career before you less brilliant, even that my friendship might count for more in your life. I can't claim all the attributes of your 'ideal' but I am not entirely selfish.

"I received the violets and your card with the 'good morning' on the back. Shall I thank you here, in writing, or will you come to-night to be thanked by the lovely perfume that haunts every corner of my sitting room? No, I will thank you now. You must not come again for a long time—a week at least.

"Your friend."

This is the next one, dated a fortnight later:

"Dear Dick,

"Do you know I have been sitting for quite five minutes looking at that beginning. It is the first time I ever wrote it and I have not written you at all for two weeks because—what did I tell you before when you asked me for the reason? I will tell you the truth now. It is because I know that I ought not to write to you nor to let you come to see me. It is true, Dick, dear Dick. You are neglecting your engagements and your work, you are having to scheme and lie in order to see me. You must not do it.

"I had made up my mind to tell you all this last night when you were leaning on the back of my chair before the fire—do you remember? And then you bent and kissed me. You had never kissed me before. I could not tell you after that, so now I am writing it. You must not come any more, you must not write to me, you must just—forget me. Yours,

"Margaret."

The next was two days later and very brief.

"What a tyrant you are! And I fancied I had but to speak to make you give up coming. Oh, Dick, what a difficult, beautiful, maddening, exquisite world it is!

"Anne has washed the wine glasses.

You were so cross because she left them the last time. There are real pine knots with the woods' smell in them for the fire place. There is your favorite chair waiting—and, waiting also, is

"Margaret."

I took up the next letter with a troubled heart. It was all too plain whither they were drifting. "I want you to read them and to understand," Dick had said to me. I was beginning to understand and I found no blame in my heart either for my friend or for the girl. They might have been wiser no doubt, but when we begin to blame for lack of wisdom where shall we stop? Had I not known Mrs. Marvel I might have said to myself with easy criticism, that Richard should have brought his mother to see Miss Graham since he must have realized that their affection for each other was far beyond the outermost bounds of friendship. Had the girl's unconsciousness of the growing depth of her own feeling been less apparent I might have relieved the pain in my heart with anger against her. I seemed to hear Dick's voice repeating "to read them and—to understand," as I unfolded the letter: "Dearest,

"I have been thinking over what you said to me last night but I cannot do as you wish. You see I am so sure that it is for my sake that you wish it, for my sake that you insist that a marriage would not hamper you in your career, nor make a breach between you and your family. I am half afraid to shock you by telling you how little the ceremony means to me. I suppose it is my inheritance and my upbringing. I have told you that I never knew my mother and that my father who was an artist and a writer, scoffed at all conventions. He died when I was fifteen, leaving me with nothing in the way of resources but a trifling bit of ability and an eager interest in life. Yes, something else he left me. He had, with all his faults, always held a certain ideal of manhood before me and that, I suppose, is why I had never cared for any of the men who cared for me. Until you came no man was anything to me. But you can see why my ideas

are not those of you and your friends. That you should love me, dear, is to me a gift so perfect that nothing could add to it, not even the sharing of your name. What can it matter by what name I am known to others since I am

"Your Margaret,"

There were two or three other short notes, written in the following week, full of happiness. Then came this one: "Dearest,

"In the two days that you have been kept away from me, the thoughts that have been as vague shadows fleeing before the sunlight of your presence, have taken form and entered into my heart and they will not leave me. All day, here by myself, I have gone over and over the past month and, dear, the being so close to you has made me see things as you see them. I don't know now whether you are right. I have tried to say to myself that there is no absolute right, no absolute wrong—that it is our education, our environment, that makes us differ. But I can feel it your way no matter how much I argue; and I cannot feel it any other way. All day and all night it has stood out before me as if it were branded in scarlet on the walls of my rooms how you would look upon any other woman who stood to you in the relationship in which I stand to-day. And yet, even now, I cannot bring myself to wish that the thing which we have done were undone. Do not come to-morrow. Let me think——"

It broke off there and there was just a line written the next day.

"Can't you see that since my own feeling has made me realize yours it has changed everything? Oh, why do

I care so much—so much! I ache with shame—I, Margaret Graham!"

The envelope of the last letter in the bundle is worn and frayed as though Dick had carried it long before it was put with the others into the black ribbon. The postmark of a small sea-side town is almost erased, but shows a date a month later than the one I had just laid down, and was just before the death of Richard's father:

"In the dreary days of this past month I have conquered as many temptations as there are hours in the day and days in the month. No one of the many times that your feet have mounted the steps to my door have I been unconscious of your presence, have not longed to rush to you; not one of your letters have I returned unopened without agony in my heart. But I have conquered myself, Dick. Until to-day I have feared to test my own strength by answering the note that came in reply to my last letter written a whole month ago. No, I will not marry you. In those happy weeks before I learned to judge as you judge, I learned many other things about you and your life and plans and learned too much ever to be persuaded that for you to marry me would not be the end of all of them. Do not blame yourself. You never meant it so. I am going away—out of your life. Good-by,

"Margaret."

Below two lines were written in pencil:

"Grey rocks and greyer sea and the surf
along the shore,
And in my heart a face my eyes shall see no
more."



CANADA FAKING DIES HARD

ONE effect of the attack made by CANADA-WEST upon the fakers of stories about this country has been a distinct change for the better in the output. Our articles by Arthur Stringer, declaring the imposture, were so specific in their charges, and the names impugned so high among the popular ones of current fiction, that instant attention was commanded all over the world, and the bubble was broken. Though the fight is won, the echoes of it continue, and some of these are worth recording.

First, because most recent, is the announcement of certain eastern magazines that Harry Vincent Radford is "about to undertake a long and perilous journey to the haunts of the wood bison, with the aid of snowshoes and dogs, and provisioned with compressed foods of the most nourishing varieties in the most easily portable form, as befits an enterprise so hardy." "A journey on snowshoes across some six thousand miles" of silent wilderness being no slight matter, the latest that science and experience can suggest must be provided, that the long and dangerous search for the bison may not end in a few scattered bones denting the otherwise unbroken drifts. Thus New York has sent Mr. Radford forth, with all that human foresight could provide, and followed by a prayer that

"His aim may be truer, his rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the faithful
endurer,
Who fears naught but Heaven on his way
through the wood."

Mr. Radford set out with all this taken for gospel, the gospel according to London and other accepted apostles of fakerism. He was made to believe his life was in his hands, but accepted the hazard in the true spirit of journalism and exploration—six thousand miles, snowshoes, dogs and all. On inquiry, he admitted as much; but with the common sense of Mr. Samuel

Gerridge, he "didn't 'owl about it." He is in Canada now, disconcerted perhaps, but not disheartened, to find that he won't have to get an Arctic outfit after all, and that so far as hardship goes, there is little difference between Athabaska and the Adirondacks. Like Montgomery's "pelicans," the bison are friendly. If he will just sit down with his camera and wait, they will come up and be snapped.

The herd of five hundred or so that roams the rich grass country and the woods of the Peace River district, and go as far north as the Great Slave lake, is well enough known to be officially enumerated, and protected by a strict game law. The fakers have less excuse for ignorance of this than they would have had if bands of these animals had not been visited and freely photographed by Mr. Thompson-Seton and his friend Mr. Preble of the United States Agricultural department, in 1907. The "dangers and vicissitudes" of the trip are specified in the All-Red book issued by the Edmonton Board of Trade, which gives the time-tables of some twenty regular routes of travel (with fares and hotel accommodations) across the whole of that most agreeable land to as far east as Hudson Bay and as far north as the upper Yukon.

Mr. Radford is booked for a delightful summer in a rich and beautiful region, and being a brilliant writer as well as a truthful, he is certain to give the eastern public a series of informing papers. A fair indication of the spirit in which he has been received and the indulgent tolerance shown by the press of Canada to the faking powers that proclaimed his departure, is shown in an article in The Montreal Herald:

"We heartily welcome the traveller, the explorer, or the journalist to our northern latitudes and can assure them of a most cordial welcome at all of these outposts of civilization. The exploration of the land beyond the railway, in search of knowledge

which is bound to be of great interest and highly educative to the people of Eastern Canada and of the United States, is indeed a worthy object for a cultured writer and intrepid explorer like Mr. Harry V. Radford; but to talk of taking a snowshoe journey of six thousand miles in search of 'our long sought wood-bison' that have been photographed, shot at, and otherwise persecuted for years, seems hardly reasonable.'

Mr. Radford is the victim of a libel, and as such he deserves the sympathy, not the censure, of all good Canadians.

ALL THE WEST THERE IS

(From the *Edmonton Saturday News*.)

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, the distinguished young Canadian novelist and poet, has done genuine public service in exposing some of "the Canada fakers," who in the magazines and newspapers have been misrepresenting this country for the sake of making good stories. Mr. Stringer's original article, which appeared in *CANADA-WEST*, has received attention all over the continent. One of the worst offenders, Mr. Lawrence Mott, whose liberties with Canadian geography and the general conditions of Canadian life have been referred to from time to time on this page, comes back at Mr. Stringer in this month's *CANADA-WEST*, in a letter in which he bumpiously asserts an acquaintance of many years' standing with the country to the north of the 49th parallel. If this is the case, his short stories are the less excusable. Readers of *The Saturday News* will remember his Mounted Police hero who started out one day from Hazelton and arrived the next at Spirit River, some seven or eight hundred miles distant, with the Rockies intervening. They will also remember the band of desperadoes which infested the quiet little Peace River settlement, which was the policeman's destination. If Mr. Mott and others of his school wish to imitate Bret Harte, well and good, but we must strenuously object to their giving the impression that in the Canadian West the conditions prevalent in California in its most lawless days are being duplicated. It is our pride that law and order follow settlement wherever it proceeds on Canadian territory, and we must most respectfully ask Mr. Mott and other purveyors of lurid fiction to make use of some other part of the globe in placing the events described in their thrillers. We do not want to be picturesque in the eyes of the popular magazine reader at the expense of truth. Mr. Arthur Chapman, whose clever verses in the *Denver Republican* have been frequently copied by *The Saturday News*, has a story to tell in a recent contribution to that paper, the spirit of which

applies to Alberta quite as much as it does to Colorado. It is earnestly commended to Mr. Mott. It is entitled "The Novelist in Cactus Centre," and runs:

"We was visited in Cactus by a classic-featured gent,

Who said he was a writer, and informed us he was bent

On securin' local color for a novel of real life—

Where the picturesque cowpuncher wins the schoolma-am for a wife.

"So we took him to the Bar X, where we told the writin' yap

That he'd find real Western color ever ready and on tap.

And the foreman, Six-Gun Roberts, made him slave the livelong day,

Fixin' irrigatin' ditches and a-feedin' stock with hay.

"He hustled wood for fires till his arms was most broke off,

And he hollered at the milch cows till he nearly got a cough,

And when he says, 'Beg Pardon—but trot out your western biz,'

Old Six-Gun says, 'Keep workin'—this is all the west there is.

" 'For it's time to teach you writers,' goes on Six-Gun, speakin' stern,

'That the lane of Western fiction is most due to take a turn;

There ain't no hullsale shootin's allus goin' on out here,

'Cause the bad men up and vanished when we lost the old frontier.

" 'So,' said Six-Gun, 'jest keep workin' and a-workin' nail and tooth,

Till you're sure that when you're writin' you can tell the world the truth;'

But that night the writer vanished, and the Bar X was forsook,

And we're wonderin' in Cactus if he'll ever write his book."

WHAT IS TRUTH?

TO THE EDITOR:—Lord Macaulay in one of his essays uttered a protest against the habit of drawing general conclusions from particular incidents. He gave the story of the Englishman who declared the whole French nation indelicate because he saw a footman take sugar with his fingers.

Even so Mr. Arthur Stringer in his "Canada Fakers" transgresses. But he is the more blameworthy in that he commits the exact offence which he is so severely reprimanding. I refer particularly to his criticisms of Sir Gilbert Parker. The latter in his book, "The Chief Factor," has two of his characters about to fight a duel in a mooseyard. Mr. Stringer remarks, "It is my firm

conviction that the author has confounded the word 'moose-yard' with 'barn-yard.' It is equally my conviction that Sir Gilbert has never looked upon a moose-yard, much less to travel through one in winter time. For a moose-yard is nothing more than an intricate net-work, a wandering maze of deep tracks, or rather of deep gutters, an irregular series of trap-holes two feet and more to the bottom."

I take direct issue with Mr. Stringer and maintain that Sir Gilbert Parker is right. I have had occasion to carry out reconnaissance surveys for a Canadian railway in the depths of the forest-belt which extends across the continent. I went into the forest on my snow-shoes in the autumn, and only discarded them when the snow, receding from the tree trunks, and falling far below the wet-line on the bark, told me that spring had come. For miles we had cut our line through the forest. Four to five feet of snow on the level had buried the moss, and the young trees and sprouts on which the moose and caribou feed. But the trees which we had felled formed a new and unusual source of forage for them, and day after day, at a safe distance in our rear, the moose pruned, with unrelenting severity, every twig and bud within reach. When we returned to our camp at night our snow-shoe trail would often be so utterly ruined by the moose wallowings that we would be compelled to make a new one. Very often we would note in some well protected covert a "moose-yard" where a herd of moose had come together, and where the snow had been trampled to a comparative level. Not as nice as a paddock to be sure, but decidedly superior to anything which could be found in those regions. If Sir Gilbert's combatants could not agree to fight their duel at the Hudson Bay Post, I know of no better place than a frequented moose-yard. In both cases it is the resort of the animal instinct of secrecy.

Nor is Mr. Stringer more fortunate in his criticism of the character who plays the flute. He says "Sir Gilbert's tendency leads him to depict his characters as marching across the snow in the dead of winter while one member of the band blithely defies sub-zero weather, and trippingly plays the flute. Now just how this placid-souled gentleman fingered the stops is a very nice problem, when an unmitten hand will show signs of frost-bite, before even the 'aria' of 'Annie Laurie' could be rendered." Mr. Stringer unwittingly recants, and admits there *are* cold spots in Canada. There are hundreds of thousands of good Canadians who do not believe that snowballs and oranges grow on the same tree, good "red-blooded" Canadians, too. It is too much to ask them to turn out in the nude, and keep warm by faith.

The essence of Mr. Stringer's statement is that it cannot be done. A champion of all that is Canadian, has he never heard a bugler or a life-and-drum band at a military post in mid-winter? Where has he been?

More than this, it is a coincidence that I happen to use in a crude way the instrument in question, and I may say for Mr. Stringer's information that one *can* play in "sub-zero weather" with perfect ease. For days together I have worked instruments in the field at 20 below zero, with constant handling of book and pencil, wearing a close fitting silk glove, and at intervals using a bare hand. This is no more impossible than playing the flute, and on a bright still day such as we so often have in winter, and at from zero to ten below, the latter may be easily done, even bare-handed. If I am not mistaken, some of our Canadian snow-shoe clubs invoke the aid of musical rhythm on their marches. Within four weeks I asked the colonel of a Canadian regiment, who is an ardent lover of wood and snow-shoe, and who many a day has headed the march-out of his men—all on snow-shoes, if the regimental band marched and played on such occasions. "Of course they do," was the reply. "In weather below zero?" "Yes, often." There are few who have a monopoly of general knowledge.

But aside from all of this, what is the principle involved? This is the real question which Mr. Stringer's criticism opens. It is not matters of fact, except incidentally which concern us. It was fiction only which the book claimed to be. If one writes fiction is it necessarily assumed that he writes correct history, geography, or natural history? If so, what shall we do with Longfellow and his notoriously bad history in "Evangeline," or Milton's conception of astronomy, or Rider Haggard's straining of natural history? What is the decree of literature on this point? Is there one? Assuming for the moment that Mr. Stringer is right from point of fact, is he justified in the severity of his remarks and sweeping condemnations from the point of fiction? These books were put forward as fiction, and are not supposed to conform to the isothermal lines and barometric variations of the weather bureau reports. It seems to me that the question is whether the moral of the production is effected. What shall we do with Æsop, who attributes speech to wolves, lambs, asses and oxen, not to mention birds and reptiles? We have passed childhood, and are happy in its many recollections, but alas for those who come after! No more shall they journey to the moon, nor the centre of the earth! No more shall the story of Robinson Crusoe fascinate the passing hour, nor Gulliver lead them into his wonderland. All have been swept away by the pitiless besom of Mr. Stringer. I take it that the classification of literature is similar to that of plants and animals, in which the lines are purely arbitrary, in which no fixed principle is involved except that he who classifies shall justify the act or process by the production. Wisdom is justified of her children. We allow Æsop the liberty of attributing impossibilities because he makes such excellent use of the privilege.

This is the only test which can be applied. It is the parable of the ten talents over again. Has Sir Gilbert made good use of that which he was allowed to deflect from the concatenated order of fact? If so he goes down to his house justified. If an artist finds in a stone wall the materials of beautiful statuary, then pull down the wall, for fine statuary is better than a stone wall. Let Mr. Stringer stop the hole with weather-bureau temperature reports, and the depths and distances of moose-tracks. When he has himself failed in attempted delineation of fact, it is not certain that he could produce figures more ornamental than the hole which he left. Matters of fact are immaterial in fiction if the sense of proportion is maintained. It is when the mountain labours and brings forth a molehill only that the result is contemptible. Where would have been the world's literature to-day if it had been tied down to details of fact? Three-quarters of our best literature could never have existed. Will Mr. Stringer venture to set such bounds to poetry? I think not. It is the thought which makes the prose and the poetry. Let it be clothed in any artifice of speech or circumstance which best adorns it or makes it most receptive to the mind.

He takes objection to Mr. Service's poems. I believe the author is an ex-R.N.W.M. Police, and has been for years a resident near the Arctic circle. It will occur to most people that a man of his abilities and experience can be trusted for fair delineations of fact. No people in Canada, barring perhaps the Hudson Bay Factors, know the Northern country better than they. In fact, Mr. Stringer hardly disputes his descriptions, but finds fault upon general and very indefinite principles. From discussions which I have heard, I do not think Mr. Stringer's criticisms of Mr. Service's poems will carry much weight.

Mr. Stringer has missed the whole gist of his theme. Sir Gilbert's book may have been the weakest of all books, but Mr. Stringer does not intimate so. If it has enunciated strong thoughts, if the reader has risen from its perusal with a better view of life, if it has made virtue attractive and vice repulsive, if it has furnished a portrait which may adorn the memory, make us laugh when we are depressed or strong when we are weak, who cares where the thermometer stands? Mr. Stringer's article betrays symptoms of his having read the book in a bilious mood. He "tears a passion to tatters." Does he propose to read three-quarters of the best literature of the language out of existence?

Painful devotion to detail under any and all circumstances is the characteristic of a putterer. It is not safe to make sweeping assertions at any time, especially when they are founded upon caprice, rather than principle. Too often they involve their author. Mr. Stringer may perhaps express

the sentiment of the Psalmist: "In my haste I said all men are liars."

Regina.

WILLIAM RAND.

THE foregoing letter raises a question whether Mr. Rand himself, by a "painful devotion to detail," has not obscured his own perception of "the moral effected" by Mr. Stringer, which is that prevalent fiction concerned with Canadian scenes and people broadly and deliberately misrepresents the country at large in every sense and from every point of fact. The attempted parallel with Aesop, Defoe and Swift is drawn from planes of literature in which the moral is openly effected by allegory or imagination, and therefore is no parallel at all. The writings attacked by Mr. Stringer are strictly within the limits of that literature which deals with places and people as they are, not by photographic or reportorial methods, but by such a concrete representation of condition and character as delivers a faithful picture of both. This is the modern and legitimate form of fictional narrative. Its virtue lies in its treatment of facts in the mass. Its value consists in its power to convey a clear and true understanding to its readers, no matter where they are, or how little they personally know of the subject. Either through ignorance or by the wilful sacrifice of truth to sensation, the writers arraigned by Mr. Stringer have sinned against the fundamental canons of their own art in this regard, and in so doing they have persistently libeled half a continent, and all that in it is. That was the charge, "the moral effected." Criticisms of Mr. Stringer's own lapses in detail, if lapses they really were, merely pick at the edges. They do not invalidate his case. The details criticised by Mr. Stringer himself were in no way the essence of it.

For all that, Mr. Rand's letter is extremely interesting where it touches his personal experiences. Even though it ceases to be convincing when it enters the domain of literary law, it still remains interesting, because of its earnestness.

THE RIME OF THE FAKERS

IN FIVE PARTS

BY ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

PART I.

IT IS a man named Stringer,
And he swelleth in his chest,
"They've maligned m' native countree,
The land I love the best.

"They've told a tale of Icy Woe,
Of a country God forgot,
Of Terror and Eternal Snow—
In sooth, I like it not."

The Editor, he beat his breast,
He could not choose but hear.
And thus spake on that writer man,
In accents bold and clear:

PART II.

"O! Canada, my native land,
Thee, thee, I've ne'er forgot,
Tho' once I hied me to the States,
And lucre there I sought.

"For, when I'd made my little pile,
To Kent I did return,
And made me there a garden home,
E'en gods would scarcely spurn.

"And once I rode me to the West,
All in the summer's prime,
In days of sun and golden grain,
When weather was sublime.

"Day after day, day after day,
I rode in parlor car.
With goodly company by my side,
Nought could my spirits jar.

PART III.

"O! Canada, I love thee well!
Maligners I'll expose,
From Kipling unto Lawrence Mott,
Each one shall get his dose;

"Service and Whitney, liars all,
And e'en Stewart Edward White,
London, a fake for all his fame,
Rex Beach with Siwash white.

"And ladies, too, I'll ne'er o'erlook,
A-joshing with the sun,
Harding Davis, De Morgan, too,
And Parker, the great big gun;

"For each with tale of gruesome awe,
Hath added to his fame,
And each hath rolled the shekels in,—
Gadzooks! It is a shame!"

PART IV.

The writer man, he mopped his brow,
And then he drew his bow,
And goodly game fell at his feet,
The fiends that plagued him so.

All in that hot and copper clime,
The land that he adored,
From lusty throats there rose a cheer,
For Stringer's stocks had soared.

PART V.

He liveth best who faketh best,
In stories great and small;
And he who tells the tallest one—
He liveth best of all.



THE QUEEN OF ST. DAMIEN

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

Author of "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FERGUS KYLE

WHEN Marie Chantelle fared down the single street of St. Damien, it was the passage of a queen. Her supremacy over the hearts of the dwellers in this little hamlet, set upon the banks of the Gatineau in the heart of the Quebec forest, was so assured as to call forth adulation rather than open conflict, even from her own sex. Any of them would willingly play second fiddle in her harmony of beauty that she might bask even in the reflected sunshine of masculine attention, the direct rays of which came to Marie as of royal right.

The village was but a clearing in the great, sombre woods which hemmed the upper waters of the river, and depended for its life on the needs of lumber camps ranging through their depths, and upon the passing visits of the "Jacks" with their brothers the river-drivers. Jean Chantelle, Marie's father, won his livelihood by providing shelter and good cheer, largely liquid, at the resthouse of St. Anne, named for his wife who had been dead these six years.

Of all the rugged men who paid her willing though abashed tribute, two were selected by the heart of Marie for especial consideration. Jacques Papineau, the dandy of the village, had worked two years in Montreal where he had gleaned material for wondrous tales of lighted streets and the whirl of a gay life unknown to the quiet annals of St. Damien. To these Marie would listen with the absorbed interest of a child. Jacques did not hesitate to tell her that it was only Marie who could hold him to the humdrum life of the backwoods when the lights and life of the city called. He said further,

and said it with a bold daring that made the girl laugh uneasily, that he only waited the day when he should take her from the shades of the forest to the city where they should know these joys together.

The other was Tim Shaunessy, "Big Tim," they called him. He was the giant of all the gangs, and his great strength and courage called to the primal in the heart of the untutored maid of the Gatineau. Of course too, there was Pere Lefevre, but one's regard for "The Little Father" was a fixed quantity as to the nature of which there need be no speculation.

Everyone loved Pere Lefevre. Even



IT WAS THE PASSAGE OF A QUEEN

Big Tim, who mistrusted all Frenchmen, had been won by his sunny ways and cheery interest in all matters touching the hearts of his people. When charged with this obvious digression from his bitter hatred of the race, he said, "Th' Little Father's differunt. There's thim as comes to us here an' in camp beseechin' th' bys to come to church wid a voice that 'ud drive anny man to Satan, but, th' Little Father, Och, ye can't kape away frum cunfessin' to him if it's only to tell him ye're afflicted wid urthly love fer him an' feel the little mon blushin' ferninst th' curtin'."

It was her regard for Jacques and Big Tim that disquieted Marie. She was but seventeen and the idol and slave of the poor, rum-sodden Jean Chantelle. Her's was a labor of love for which love was the sole reward, for though Chantelle pere owned the sole hostelry in the village, the saloon which was its most paying feature, and Jean's curse, must needs be left to the care of old Paul Denouf, a sort of porter-bartender, who gave away and drank about as much of its stock as he sold. Thus the pictures painted by Jacques were a constant lure, while she could not look at the great shoulders, and massive, kindly face of Big Tim without conjuring up visions of sheltered rest.

But the sun will shine, and Marie was happy with the joy of Youth. She went about the rangy little hotel and the rough street of St. Damien with a smile on her lips, and a song in her heart, growing grave only when Jean was exceptionally drunk. Then she pondered on Jacques and Big Tim.

These formed the problems of the life of this girl in the depths of the Canadian forest. She often consulted with Pere Lefevre on Jean's weakness, but of that other question the Little Father knew nothing, and even in her own heart she approached it with diffidence.

One morning Marie did not saunter along the village street, extracting her meed of praise as was her wont, but hurried on blindly, with labored breath, until she reached the house of the good cure. She knocked hurriedly, and as

the Little Father opened the door, a wild-eyed girl stumbled into his arms.

"Come with me," she gasped. "That Jean, my father, he is sick, so sick, and I can do nothing. Will not the Little Father hurry?"

"My child, I will come, yes at once I will come, but first I will get the medicines that shall make him well."

Thus the Pere Lefevre strove to quiet the girl as he led her to his great chair before the fire, and busied himself collecting the few rude remedies with which he was wont to defer his last ministrations to the souls of his people. When he had gathered them they set out for the hostelry.

They found Jean Chantelle in the corner of the room where he slept. The little man was in a frightful condition.

"See," cried Marie, "Like this he has been for hours, and I can do nothing. He does not know me. He is mad."

The good priest soothed her as best he could.

"You Paul there," he cried to that worthy who stood hesitating at the door, "Run, get me some of the boys, quick!"

"Jean," he said to the cowering figure, "Jean, get up."

A moan was the only answer, and the little boniface shrank yet closer into the corner. The priest could do nothing, so he waited, soothing the frightened girl, until Big Tim's great shoulders appeared in the door-way.

"Put him to bed, big man," said the priest, and led Marie to her chamber at the other end of the house, where the sound of Jean's ravings came but faintly. Here he left her.

The Irishman watched many days and nights beside the sick man, and Jacques too, offered himself for this duty. Marie would bring food to her father, and sometimes she stayed to talk with his nurse. On these occasions, when Big Tim was on watch, the great Irishman would sit in abashed silence. Not so Jacques Papineau. Again and again, he would draw for her the old luring pictures of "Life" and Montreal until her eyes would grow lustrous with wonder.

Coming into the sick room one day, Marie found Jacques seated in a chair removed from the bed upon which Jean was sleeping quietly.

"What you think about in so deep quiet, you big man?" she inquired mockingly.

"I was think, Marie, of the beautiful forest flowers," replied Jacques. "Deep in the woods they bloom, many thousands of them, and no one ever sees. All waste!" He paused, and looked at her with dark compelling eyes.

"You, my petite Marie, are like those flowers, a little forest flower that bloom and no one ever see. Only these oxmen that know not beauty. They trample those flower with their great feet as they pass through the woods, but they never see. The flower is beautiful, but it is pale. If it could see the sun, the great sun of life, then it would have color and more beauty."

"But too much sun fades flowers," said Marie lightly, trying to shake off the hold which the man's words gained on her."

"Ah, but they have lived, they have lived," cried the man. "The terrible thing is not to die, ma chere, but it is that we die, and we have never lived."

"Mo'real must be a beautiful place, Jacques," said Marie, seeking to bring the conversation to a safe and material basis.

"Mo'real," he snapped his fingers, "Mo'real, it is not anything, though it is beautiful. But Paris, New York—these I have never see, but one day in Mo'real I shave a man, an artist, an' he tell me of this Paris. There, men know what it is, this beauty which you have. There the women know and care to keep it always that it may not die. Some day I—we—shall go to these places."

"Some day I shall go to Mo'real," said Marie, "I hear that there one may earn much money to wait in the cafes



BIG TIM STRODE TOWARD THE DOOR

and in the great hotels. Is this so, Jacques?"

"Certainment, I know many place where you might go, with your beauty it would be easy, but Marie, I love you, I will buy the barber shop that I know of, and we shall——"

The sick man stirred, and Marie hastened to the bed to tend him. She left the room with no further word to Jacques, but the picture he had painted lingered in her memory. That night in her dreams she fared boldly forth to Montreal, and even to the great Paris where in that paradise of milliners and modistes, she disported herself with the gay creatures of her dreams.

It fared ill with Jean Chantelle. Years of excess had racked his frail body and the terrible paroxysms, in which it took all the great strength of Big Tim to hold him to his bed, wore

him out. He lingered a little while and then succumbed.

They buried him in the graveyard of St. Anne's and Pere Lefevre said masses for his soul in the small church, for Jean had willed most of his worldly wealth to the care of that soul for the welfare of which he had devoted so little of his thoughts in life. Thus Marie was left none too well provided for. Her father's death seemed to crush the girl. She was seldom seen on the street of St. Damien, and one day she disappeared from the village.

It made small difference to the general life of the village, this disappearance of Marie. Cosette Vernal became the belle of what little society flourished in the forest hamlet, and soon sniffed at the idea that there had been another. The young men transferred their allegiance with a readiness that would have been surprising had there been anyone to be surprised. Only to Tim Shaunessy and the Little Father did her going leave a void, for Jacques had gone away a week before Marie left the village. Such is the passage of a queen.

The Little Father went about his duties with the shades of sorrow set a little deeper in his sombre eyes. His ready smile was a bit less youthful than it had been, while Big Tim grew morose and restless. The sunshine seemed to have gone out of the great Irishman's days, so he spent most of them in the back bar of the hotel. There in the dim lamp-light he consumed much whiskey. At last he drifted to another gang of river-drivers, "O'Brien's Squad," a crowd of rough fellows whose work took them away from the village.

Marie had gone away in the summer. It was well on in the following spring that O'Brien's squad made Montreal. Tim turned up in the Canadian metropolis more morose and sullen than when he had been last seen in the little village of the Gatineau. The intervening months had wrought a change in the man. Now he rarely jested, fought quicker, and consumed unthinkable quantities of raw whiskey.

Lurching through the French quarter of the city with a number of his com-

panions on the night after their arrival, he drifted into one of the low music-halls which mark that section of Montreal. Someone was singing a French song of weary wit as they entered. Girls who might have been pretty had they removed the disfiguring mask of rouge, clumsily applied, went about the tables around which were seated groups of men, largely "Jacks" and river-drivers.

Big Tim dropped into a chair at a table by the wall, and having ordered a drink, sat brooding with his chin on the heel of his hand.

"Won't the gentleman buy a little drink?"—

Tim was startled. He seemed to know the voice, but the words that had been spoken had no association with the vision it recalled. He turned quickly, and beheld—Marie.

The girl shrank back in terror.

"Oh, it is you," she exclaimed in a tense voice while her face went white so that the rouge showed in two horrible red discs upon her cheeks. "Oh, please let me go," she pleaded as Big Tim's hand closed on her wrist. The Irishman drew her gently toward him.

"Well, little gurl," he said, quite as if he had met her upon the street of St. Damien. "Shure ye're not well. The city air is bad. I'm sick mesilf fer the Gatineau."

The girl swayed on her feet, and looked with fascinated eyes upon the face of the lumberman.

"Please, please do not tell them," she sobbed, "that you found me in such a place as this."

Then all her strength went, and she sank into his outstretched arms.

Big Tim stood up, bearing the slight form, and strode toward the door. The proprietor of the place, a little weasel-faced creature, not understanding, came forward to stop his progress but the rest of O'Brien's squad closed about him and the giant passed out of the door with his unconscious burden.

"A cab, Tom," he said to one of his companions, "Call me a cab," and though a river-driver rides in a cab about as frequently as in a hearse, the man obeyed.

The big Irishman carefully laid his burden upon the cushions, then he entered, and they were driven away.

As they drove, the girl explained that Jacques Papineau had urged her to go to Montreal, telling her how easily she could get work. He had gone ahead, and had written her to come; that he had secured an excellent position for her. Then she had come and Jacques had met her, and taken her to that place where Tim had found her.

She had wanted to leave, but she had no money, and was ashamed to write to St. Damien for aid.

"Little gurl, poor little gurl," whispered the great Irishman, stroking her soft hair, as it lay on his rough shoulder.

"Shure, ye'll hev forgotten it all, whin we're married, dearie," he went on, as softly as his great voice could speak.

"Married——" faltered the girl, "you—you . . . surely you don't want to marry me—after this?"

"Want to marry you, is it?" queried the big man, who found no room in his great heart for such problems as disturb his lesser brethren of the higher culture, "Faith, whin we find a praste, I'll be after showin' ye how I want to marry you."

Then he raged against Jacques, "That Frinch divvil," until Marie smiled through her tears reminding him that she too was French, whereupon he subsided, rumbling into his great, flaming beard.

He was for setting out to find his enemy, but the pleading look in the girl's eyes, and the blanching of her sunken cheeks beneath the rouge, drove him to give this up, though he did it almost grudgingly.

A week later, two familiar faces were seen in the little village of St. Damien. The woods were just beginning to take on their spring freshness. About the feet of the pines a few early forest flowers were growing.

Pere Lefevre was the first to meet and greet them, and the Little Father's face was bright with joy.

"Is it that I shall have the happiness to marry you, my children?" he asked after they had recounted some part of the chances that had brought them together.

Big Tim's smiling countenance was shaded for a moment by a tinge of regret, and there was a touch of the apologetic in his voice as he answered.

"Ye see, 'tis this way, Father," he explained, "that wuz the furst thing I thot uv after gettin' her, but there's thim that talks an' so—well 'tis done already. But Father dear," he continued, inspired by a great idea, "Shure it's you that shall be doin' it all over agin just fer luck an' the luv I bear ye."

And so the queen of St. Damien came to her own again. But this time she sought and cared to reign only in the heart and home of Big Tim Shaunessy.



MAKING GOOD

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT

SEE here, my man, in lieu of this long face,
This making moan because you're bound to earth,
Just bravely substitute a willingness
To do the daily task, and prove your worth.

Don't try to rend the Heavens with your hands,
Nor strive to conquer worlds as yet unknown,
While failing to perceive the little things
That must be done—that really are your own.

Do not assume some tragic pose, and vow
(Forgetting there is needed bread to earn)
Your soul soars far above the common clay;
That God-ignited fires within you burn.

You're ill-advised to idly stand and cry:
"Why, 'tis unjust that I this part should play!
Forsooth, I'm cast from vaster mould than this!
My feet must follow some more wondrous way!"

Your kinship with the gods you'll sooner prove,
If, laying hold of what lies nearest hand,
You form it to the pattern of your mind—
Obeying Life's inexorable demand.

"Low aim is sin," 'tis said; "not, having failed."
A truth that is. But man must sight his strength,
The while, at problems in proximity
Ere he can compass much in Life's short length.

When limitation scars you with its sweat;
When genius scorns your claim of brotherhood,
Take up the tiresome tasks that all must meet,
And, doing each, you'll win by "making good."

THE REIGN OF THE PSYCHIC

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

WM. DE MORGAN in "Alice-for-Short" has this to say:

"Peggy went on demolishing the evidence she had not heard.

She was only following time-honored precedents in her treatment of the miraculous and the supernatural. A few of these, taken at random, are, judgment first, data afterwards; supply of data, at choice, from one's own stock; an unfair bias against other people's spooks; an ascription, by implication, of cretinism to previous investigators; and so on. However, one generally makes up for one's behavior toward the psychical researches of others by the excessive partiality, amounting sometimes to coincidence, with which one treats one's own."

Some of us who have read that paragraph believe that the English author may have, by some psychic phenomenon of which we are not yet aware, been able to take our exact measure, even though we are divided by the broad Atlantic. Probably more to the point in mind, however, De Morgan goes on to say, further over in the book:

"The discussion of the ghost goes on as such discussions do, not exactly confirming the opinion of the controversialists (for they may have none), but strengthening their respective determinations to uphold the first thesis to which each had committed himself. This is called sticking to the point and each enjoins the other to stick to it at intervals; always meaning his own point, not the other's. If the discussion is about a ghost, neither cares much about the question, but each is usually in love with his own self assertion."

To this picturesque way of putting one phase of the question, I add that psychic problems attract the public mind periodically. Wild imaginings are coupled and confused with scientific

statements and in the end no one is quite sure which is which.

About the only remarkable thing in the present craze among the people of the United States over psychic questions is that it proves that excitable people—and perhaps all of us—travel around in a mental circle.

Man seems quite capable of making a great show of himself while doing a dervisher dance within his own shadow. To take the thing up more or less logically, to-day it is a chase around the ring for money, then it is a wild scramble around the same ring to spend that money. Having become quite dizzy in the operation, man determines there is not much in the old-fashioned morals that is worth while, so he goes chasing after divorce and pondering upon soul affinities. When he is quite exhausted over that pursuit his attention is attracted by some moral wave that is sweeping those in his vicinity and he begins making revolutions again, being quite as intemperate in the last as he was in the first. Finally, when quite exhausted and physically run down, he sits down to ponder the things that are to make up life when his physical body shall be completely worn out. Then he begins peopling the surrounding air with familiar spirits which, sometimes, he draws into his immediate family circle, and he becomes quite as confused on this topic as he was on any of the others.

The secret of the whole thing has been that he has been whirling around so fast in such a small circle that he has quite lost his sense of direction and says queer things, of which he would be ashamed if he were not so dizzy.

Often in zoological gardens I have fashioned another simile for human progress which does not differ in meaning but presents the subject in a slightly different and perhaps more

dignified light, seeing the animal is large and formidable. Caged tigers have a fondness for seeking a means of escape between the bars. At one end of the cage they jump upon a bench, then down to the floor and along the bars to the other end, where they jump upon the other bench and so on for hour after hour. We might say the tiger lacked reasoning powers or he would figure out sooner or later that those bars are permanent and that he might as well lie quietly and take his captivity as a matter of course. I suppose that when the tiger jumps upon a bench he thinks he has made progress and that when he jumps down on the floor again, he supposes he is indulging in penetrating research into the question of personal liberty. Since his performance is carried on through many consecutive hours per day, the tiger must think himself an expert on the question of liberty when he reaches ripe old age.

Maybe a tiger lies down and dreams of liberty, now and then, or walks in his sleep and thinks that his circles around the cage are wanderings in trackless forests; it does not lessen the fact that he is still the prisoner of man.

Who knows but that, when we are enjoying a business boom, we are merely, for a little time, upon the bench at one end of the cage. Maybe, when we are passing through a temperance wave, we are on the bench at the other end. When we are delving into psychic matters or asleep in our corners, dreaming, we may be down on the floor with our noses against the bars, thinking what a glorious frolic we could have if we could get beyond that clump of trees just in front of us that obstructs the view of what lies beyond.

It really matters little what we think about it; we are still prisoners of the flesh, doing our little turn on the treadmill as our fathers and their fathers have done before us.

If you don't like that view of it, maybe we are like the car wheel with flat places in its rim. It makes progress, to be sure, as it is whirled over the rails, but each time it turns over there is a succession of bumps that become a little more pronounced with

each revolution, showing that former revolutions have left their impressions also. If it is more comforting to think of it that way, I shall not try to rob you of that little solace.

Those who have good memories and are even passably versed in history realize that about—oh, well, the date does not matter—so many years ago the people of the United States believed firmly in witches. England has been bothered by a dozen discussions of abstruse topics of this sort and now the United States seems to be enmeshed in a tangle of psychic discussion which is the same old question in a slightly different form. They are talking of hypnotism for the cure of disease—in this morning's paper I read that the English church has taken up the question of the cure of disease through the exercise of certain powers claimed by Christian Science—they are devoting millions of words in newspapers and magazines to the subject of mediumship, clairvoyance, mental telepathy, obsessions and the state of the soul after death.

Recently one newspaper and one magazine devoted a good deal of space to a scientific exposition of the belief that cats have souls. Another newspaper to-day makes the statement that recklessness in drivers of automobiles is due to a certain breaking down of physical powers and a certain psychical exhilaration which comes through the excitement of high speed, and so it runs on to the end of the chapter. Naturally, if the latter surmise were true, every automobile owner would be a psychic and every railroad engineer would sooner or later turn into a lunatic, quite beside himself unless travelling at seventy miles an hour and destroying life and property at every railroad crossing.

People from the States have gone so far in their enthusiasm over this subject that any man with a smattering of science in his head may flock by himself, originate a new idea, and become the head of a cult. A little later I may decide to organize the society of sane thinkers and assume some such high sounding title as was suggested by the German poet who wanted to establish

a hall of fame, made up of those who had most of their mental "buttons." If I do, you may depend upon it that the organization will not be promulgated until the present flurry is nearly over.

If the more-or-less-gentle reader will be kind enough to backtrack a few hundred words and turn to that paragraph which begins with: "To take the thing up more or less logically," he will find my ideas on the subject quite clearly expressed. It must be remembered that the people of the United States have just passed through ten years of strenuous business activity; naturally they are tired. They have had seven years of exciting discussion of the proper attitude of man toward the government, of government toward the man, and of man toward man; that has also frayed out the nerves and undermined the physical constitution. They have come suddenly to a halt in both matters and are like an automobile the engine of which is turning over rapidly without the transmission clutch thrown in; they are trembling with the impulse to do something, but don't know just what to tackle next.

Again, if you please, remember that last summer was unusually hot and inordinately dry. Any physician will tell you that minds are much more likely to lose their balance in July and August than they are in January and February and that the sanest people live in the colder climates. One scientist, Dr. Loeb, went so far as to say that heat is the essence of life and proved it by showing that the caterpillar eats up a plant until noon and eats down until sunset. Going a little further into the root of the thing, the scientists—speculative scientists perhaps, but recognized just the same—declare that the seat of reason is the last place attacked and the last to recover, when disease is present in the body, or has been present but has been removed.

It is submitted as a bare possibility that the Canadian's neighbor just over the border may have become enervated by the prolonged strain, slipped a cog during the hot dry spell, and is having

some little difficulty to get the machine in operation again.

All that has gone before has been laying the foundation for a structure that, when finished, is to appear very much like one of those buildings that cover a great deal of ground but don't go very high in the air, like an armory or a skating rink, for instance. I want to tell about the newest and what claims to be the oldest thing in psychical research, The Great School. Please to observe that in every detail the structure conforms to the foundation; its activities have burst out periodically and have come at times when the people have been excited over questions of that sort. Moreover, its foundation is entirely in psychical matters.

When first I squatted on the trail of The Great School it seemed to me there was only one man in it; that was an attorney in Chicago who had dropped his regular name and has assumed, toward the world, the cognomen of "Dr. St. John." Among the elect he is known as "K. T." Since then I have found a number of others, among them Dr. H. Lindlahr, of Chicago, Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, and lately it has been intimated that Ibsen was also of the cult. The greater part of the membership has been and is now in India, knowledge of the school having been brought to this country by an Indian about twenty years ago, the first convert being "Dr. St. John."

It has been "Dr. St. John" who has given the psychical information to the world, and Dr. Buck who has really told something of the history of The Great School. With your permission I shall relate a few of the claims made by Dr. Buck and then give a smattering of what "Dr. St. John" says and believes. Please to remember, again, that in what follows I am acting in a reportorial capacity; I am letting the ideas of others sift through my brain and trickle out through my fingers, via the typewriter.

The Great School, according to Dr. Buck, is the repository of about everything that is authentic in religion and history and the one channel that has not been corrupted by "Black Magic."

which, being literally translated, means the workings of the Devil—the real live personal Devil. This “School” originally was in Egypt, where it constituted the priesthood. It tried to establish a school for the dissemination of facts concerning the hereafter—whence it obtained these facts does not appear—but was frustrated in its efforts by the fact that Black Magic entered the School and perverted the teachings. It was then that the Great School abandoned Egypt to its fate and the nation’s fall from power in the world followed.

The next effort was through the formation of the Masonic Lodge, the organization of which is exactly identical with that of The Great School. To the Masons was given a mystic word that would act as a passport from the lodge to The Great School, permitting the man who knew the word to move up through the Masonic Lodge to The Great School and then to become a master, with complete knowledge of the hereafter and the power to rise to great things in the spiritual world. After a while, the mysterious word was taken away from the Masons, who, according to this author, have been saying much about “the lost word.” (Not being a Mason, the accuracy of that statement can neither be denied nor affirmed by me).

Next, an effort was made through Christ to present the truths of The Great School to the world, and for three hundred years thereafter the truths he presented took possession of the people with such a tremendous grip that “Black Magic” was all but thwarted. It finally succeeded in getting a footing in the church and by perverting the teachings of Christ, to throw mist in the eyes of the people.

Now another effort is being made to give these facts to the world and it is said by those in The Great School that “Dr. St. John” has been chosen as the spokesman; all of those who write authoritatively about the School do so with his consent and only after he has edited the copy. It is intimated also, that sooner or later, the Masons will be given back the “lost word” and will be the instrument through which the

truths of The Great School are to be given to the people.

By way of putting a tag on this part of the yarn and pinning it down specifically to the introduction I might say that when each wave comes it is surely going to be permanent; prosperity is going to last forever, the liquor traffic is going to be wiped out for good and all, and the knowledge of psychic affairs is never going to be lost again. That is what they are claiming and believing about the present wave of psychical research; it is going to establish permanently and forever the reign of The Great School on earth. Oh, very well, we will let that pass.

It is not the intention here to print a new lexicon, nor even to attempt a material revision of Webster’s, even though a few words are to be explained. According to the new cult, every man is a psychic, because he possesses an immortal soul, but those who are known to the world as “psychic cases” are persons who have had their souls tampered with and have become “obsessed.” Writers have been quarrelling over the meaning of the word “hypnotist” and even over the term to express exactly what has been done when a person passes into a cataleptic state at the “suggestion” or “command” of another. To The Great School this is simple; it means that one person by an absolute command that cannot be disobeyed, takes possession of the will, and therefore of the soul, of another, and through the soul controls the will, that is able to start the reason to work, to use the material gathered by the “consciousness.” Thus the hypnotist has at his command all the information gathered during a lifetime by the person hypnotized.

Clairvoyance, mediumship, clairaudience and obsession have been, to the lay mind, terms that are about as transparent as a mountain of granite; to The Great School they are as simple as the fact that “i” and “s” in conjunction spell “is.” They mean that a person on the earth plane has been taken possession of by an individuality on the spirit-plane; the latter makes free to capture the soul, to get command of the will and to proceed through it to

use the records on the brain of the person "obsessed" to communicate to the world. Incidentally the obsessing spirit quite frequently uses the human body to satisfy every manner of passion possessed by the spirit while it was still incarnate.

"Dr. St. John" claims that when a person is hypnotized or when he is taken possession of by a spirit from the other world, his soul is in danger of destruction, and unless freed from this agency it has started upon "The Way of Death." If the soul is kept independent in its action it may go on expanding or unfolding indefinitely until it has developed into a god. This expansion is to take place through thirteen different stages of development and in each stage a period of some 500,000 years is comparatively a short time.

After looking over this array of facts presented by The Great School, it would occur to the average individual that this old world has been pretty thoroughly dominated by "Black Magic" since the foundation of the present race of mortals. The School claims that "Black Magic" has taken possession anew of some of the churches that are trying to cure disease by hypnotism; they are curing bodily ills while destroying the soul.

All of that sounds very convincing, does it not? Perhaps I might, if it were not for one thing, go chasing after The Great School and enroll myself as a member or, what is still better, get into the Masonic Lodge, which is

ultimately to be given back the "lost word," and become the means of saving the race. The Great School holds that the soul, which is eternal, is supreme in the body, therefore that a man's physique is nothing more than an ugly garment which he must wear until the clock set in the centre of it runs down. Yet they infer that, to a certain extent, the body can control the soul—that is, the suit of clothes can dominate the man, or the watch in my pocket can wind me around the post of its main-spring.

This piece of logic is put out in this way: no man becomes obsessed unless he is physically negative (in other words is run down, or has eaten too much meat); unless he has lost control of himself through anger, through laziness, or through some great excitement, such as a religious revival or a political campaign; or, unless he has been domineered over by somebody, such as a hypnotist who is physically stronger.

The rest of you "folks" may think as you choose on this subject, but I am still of the opinion that I control my clothes and my watch and that what is on the inside of me has a pretty strong grip on the body.

Dr. Moulton used to say in his lecture on King Lear's flashes of "peculiarity" that eventually led to his insanity: "It is a wave; it will return."

In putting the finis on this psychical craze, I shall use the same expression: "It is a wave; it will return."

FATE'S A WOMAN WITH A WOMAN'S WAYS

BY S. E. KISER

FATE'S a woman with a woman's ways—
With all of woman's weaknesses and wiles—
Her favors are for him who sings her praise,
To him she turns with fondest, sweetest smiles.



PARENTS WOULD KEEP AWAY THEIR CHILDREN FROM THE STABLE WHERE I WAS CLEANING MY MULE

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.

BY LOUIS KON

Second Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

I WENT back to study my English, but at the same time was haunting after job.

Certainly I could not take any work which would suit me, as in this country without knowledge of English a man can be just a common laborer. But I was anxious to work among English speaking peoples, to learn the language. Here began the experience.

I found a place as a porter in some hardware store. As a green man, whos knowledge of English was equal to zero, my occupation was to clean store, offices and windows, carry barrels and different cases.

After few days we received a lot of eighty barrels of tiles for stove-mantles and I had the honour to be appointed to pile all this stuff on the shelves in basement.

During fortnight from early in the morning, till six o'clock pile the tiles! I suppose, that even most patient and bloodless man could be mad, would the

tiles not be of different colors and size. I was nearly crying and as soon I was through with this interesting work, I took my departure from my place, as other shipment of tiles was expected.

I don't presume that any of my worst enemies I could hate in such a degree as those tiles.

My progress in English was awful slow and when I was talking to some English speaking man, he certainly listened to me, for Britishers are gentlemen as a rule, but he said usually "yes," when doubtless it should be "no," and "no" when it should be "yes," or was laughing in the most sad parts of my talk and was very grief in the most gay.

Very often some more frank man said to me that he knows what I mean but he don't know what I am talking about!

Looking again for a work I came across a following advertisement in one of the local newspapers: "Wanted

young man of good appearance for splendid proposition, no experience needed."

I don't need to mention, that everybody is at certain extent self-conceited, especially on the point of his good appearance. I looked about half a day in the mirrors of different furniture and dry goods stores, have study my good appearance en profile and en face, I spend fifteen cents for shoe-shine, thirty-five for shave and herpicide. I took a clean handkerchief, and took elevator to the 6th floor of banks chambers.

It was really a very sweet proposi-

tion—swiss chocolate for commission, brand unknown, season long after Christmas and far to Easter.

Small parcel of samples, small box of taste samples, package of show cards, blessing of "boss" and beginning of a new very chocolate-life.

During a week I have distributed all show-cards, the store-keepers eat away all my samples, and I brought so many orders, that the commission covered only expenses of street-car tickets, washing cuffs and collars, and purchase of mostache-wax, so indispensable for my good appearance.

My "boss" a German-Canadian,



HE WAS LAUGHING IN THE MOST SAD PARTS OF MY TALK

encouraged me, explaining that "pretty soon will begin the right season and a splendid business will be done." But I resigned of my swiss-chocolate career, as I could not talk English enough to assure my customers about sweetness, purity and delightness of my brand.

However my employer had some other line of goods, which he thought will be the right sort for me.

They were Parisian hand painted oil pictures, painted by most prominent French artists, who sold their master pieces probably by yards, or pounds.

"Well," said my master, "you note on a piece of paper the addresses of private residences of different people in the most wealthy quarters of the city. You take your old cloak, I have seen you to have on some day, and with few pictures as samples you start to visit the people.

"Ask always for the Missis and say that you came few days ago from Paris to sell certain amount of pictures, painted by yourself and your friends."

The promised 50 per cent. commission and a badly need of a spring suit surmounted my deep dislike for peddling.

It was a beautiful sunny morning. I took the Broadway car and descending on some corner I directed my steps to the first address of my few yards long directory.

As more I encouraged myself to enter the house and ask for Madame, as clearer I heard the reply, "no peddlers allowed in this house," or "if I need anything I know very well the stores, where I can buy everything." Consequently I was very afraid, that the "society of elementary arts and prohibiting ladies and girls to chew the gum," will ask the immigration authorities to deport me from the country for depravation of artistic taste of Canadians. *C'était plus fort que moi!*

I brought back my samples and explained to my employer, that I met the ghost of Rafael, Michel Angelo, Holbein, Van Dyck, Botticelli and others creators of art, who positively forbid me to peddle with such artistic hand painted oil pictures.

I felt a strong want for some steady and hard work, as idling during few

months shaken yet more my nerves, disturbed during three years of Russian revolution.

I took "job" on the railroad grading in Saskatchewan and paying my last dollar bill to the employment-agent. After few days I was in the railroad camp on the prairies, about 85 miles away from the next railway station.

It happened first time in my life to be so far from civilization, to see how rapid, progressive and solid the railways are build in Canada, to see such an immense space untouched by humanity, and prove the life of a manual labor.

The living in tents, sleeping on self-made bunks, covered with hay and blankets, eating soup, meat, vegetables, fruit-sauce, pudding and pie on one and the same tin plate, drinking coffee or tea from a tin cup and to be always on the open air, was strange and very pleasant to me.

I was surprised how the Canadian laborers are well fed. I will not talk about my country, or Italy, where the chief nutriment of labor class are potatoes and buttermilk or fruit, and meat for Christmas and Easter, but even in Germany or France the middle class don't eat so many and different dishes. Porridge, tea or coffee and milk, pancakes or toast, potatoes, warm and cold meat and cakes for breakfast. Soup, two kinds of meat, two or three kinds of vegetables, pudding, two kinds of pie and few kinds of cakes and tarts, tea, coffee, for dinner, and the same menu for supper, probably can and should satisfy the most particular people.

My first work was using of pick and shovel, and as I was not accustomed to the manual work my hands were all in blisters, my back did awful pain, the fingers during the night became so stiff that in the morning I could hardly wash myself, but such a sleep and appetite I never knew before.

After short time lifting of very heavy rocks, working during ten hours a day seemed to me the most pleasant game I ever had before. My nerves very rapidly started to mend, and muscles and bones become more elastic and enduring to the hard work.



I BROUGHT BACK MY SAMPLES AND EXPLAINED TO MY EMPLOYER

I struck hapily a camp, where nearly all laborers were English speaking people and I started pretty soon talk English, having as teachers Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Yankees and Canadians.

After short time came along the promotion to a dumpsman. It means a gentleman, whose duties are to stand all day in sand, dirt, or clay and direct the approaching teamsters "gee" or "ha," and when they reach the proper point yell "dump" in two tones higher as the high C, which make so famous Caruso.

I liked this work very well, because the dump was the best observation spot to look at the beautie of sunrise and sunset.

Such a richness of colours in all possible shades; such gold and purple

colour as they can be seen by sunrise and sunset in West, are unimaginable.

All landscapes, representing this part of nature's beautie, painted even by the best and most known artists decorating the galleries of Louvre, Luxemburg, Berlin, Rome, Vienna or Munich are very slight imitations. But describing the nature belongs to the Kipling and to the men possessing his talent and receiving his contribution for every printed word.

The different works I had to perform during mystay in the railroad camp were very amusing and interesting for short time, as they gave exercise only to the physical strength, leaving the brains in deepest sleep. Therefore the days spendet on the sand started to seem to me too uniform.

Remembrances of good old days and

the comparison of my new life conditions with the old ones were so rapid changing in the mind, that very often I forgot to yell mine all days prayer, consisting of "gee," "ha," "dump" or "stop." Sometimes I supported myself on the shovel or pick with sight directed in remoteness, thousands miles away from dump, sand, shovel and pick, whistling Shuman's "Dreaming," or Gajhowskis' "Sonate Patetique." Then sweet voice of teamster, announcing, "Ah governor, fine sand, where do you want it?"

My next work was driving team, but not every teamster was born Friday and on the 13th of some month as I had the luck. Therefore not every one received a team consisting of one horse and one mule. The zoology teach us, that mules are in very close relation with asses. It means, that they don't have very much respect for drivers. However they are smart enough to remark very quick if the driver is green on his duties and they do not spare troubles to him at any time.

Anyhow it was a change. Getting accustomed with different parts of harness, wagons, cleaning team and stable gave me chance to enlarge my experience.

Now I understand very well why my parents were against my visiting of stables as a child, saying, that the only thing I could hear there is very bad language. Poor good people! They never dreamed that other parents would keep away their children from the stable where I was now cleaning my mule and horse.

The change of Rogers' and Gallets' "Vera Violetta," or Atkinson's "May-flowers' perfumes," to the smell of stable and the close neighborhood at table of my works' comrades among which prevailed the opinion, that for an average man the using of soap and water, or comb and brush is absolutely sufficient before Christmas and Easter, as well the wish to see some other part of Canada, caused my resignation in the railroad camp.

The heads of the firm I was working for in the construction camp belonged

to the geographical society, the chief object of which was to make acquainted the largest number of people, without difference of confession, age or nationality, with the Canadian Prairies—and therefore they did pay the laborers in time checks, which are changed for bank check in the head office, about 87 miles from the camp.

It was a very smart idea from the geographical and sport point of view, but did not agree very well with my pockets, from which a vacuum pump could pump out plenty of air, containing all kinds crumbs of tobacco, broken matches, buttons, dirt and sand, but not a piece of noble metal in the form of coin.

I packed together my propertie, which the sheriff would not probably find sufficient to cover the laundry bill for two collars and one handkerchief. Having fastened on the back the blankets, I started to walk to some town in the Saskatchewan Valley, where according to our present financial system I could exchange my performed work for a piece of paper, the possession of which would open for me the hearts of bartenders, grocers, clothiers, restaurant-keepers and such.

To walk the distance of 87 miles may be a trifle for a Russian army's officer, who hearing the Japanese "banzai" is able to run away few thousand miles, but it seemed pretty hard to me.

As it was a new railroad line, the settlements were very scarce, and the only sleeping accommodations for travelers was the largest-in-the-world-hotel. "Open Prairies."

It was the most proper hotel for my fashionable clothes and financial situation. However, it did not protect from moskitos, grass hoppers which runs races on my face, gophers, which tried to find out the taste of my hair or moustache, and from the rain.

I suppose that for this four days walk the Lord forgave me more sins than he would even for the pilgrimage by foot from Halifax to the Pope's Capitol.

Yours respectfully,
LOUIS KON.

THE TOWN THAT TOPSEYED

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," Etc.

WHAT follows is not a "story."
It is not a "general article."
It is a series of snapshots of life—the life of a town.

It was in the late "fifties" that General Denver camped at the mouth of a little stream that crept across the cactus-covered plain and emptied its short measure into the Platte some sixty miles east of Pike's Peak. He planted a cherry seed and called the little stream Cherry Creek. Other pilgrims passing that way called it "Denver's Camp." The camp grew and they called it Denver City. When it became a city, they cut it down to Denver.

General Denver died. His town went on; it never boomed—it just Topseyed. The life of a boom is measured by months, and it seldom runs over a year.

Eight years ago the writer went to Winnipeg for the first time, tried all the hotels, and finally returned to the first, sleeping on a cot in the front hall. Winnipeg was at that time just beginning to grow. Each season since, I have gone out again, and, until lately, had to wire ahead, or put up with inferior accommodations. The city had been growing at the rate of ten thousand a year, and the hotels did not grow with the city.

An hotel and railway station combined has been built by the Canadian Pacific at a cost of two million dollars. Then the terminals of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern will cost three millions, and as the Grand Trunk management have decided to build hotels, they too will have one at Winnipeg that certainly will not be the least in the Canadian west.

There is probably not another city in the wide world to-day that is growing

as Winnipeg is growing, and where is the city with such a future in front of it? Enthusiastic writers have named Winnipeg the Chicago of Canada, the gateway to the west, the front door to the world's great granary, and it seems to deserve all this and more. It is the big end of the hopper through which now flow millions and through which within the next few years will flow annually hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat to the outside markets of the world. Even as I write, half a million bushels go out of Winnipeg every twenty-four hours; fifteen millions a month, and in that same short time a thousand strangers come and settle within her city limits, and a million dollars' worth of new buildings are added to the taxable property of this western metropolis.

Were it not for the fact that this wonderful development has been going on for years, we should call this a boom. Don't think that you can "get rich quick" on Winnipeg real estate. My notion is that city property is high enough now, when you come to contemplate the scale of this "far-flung" city. Main Street is one hundred and thirty feet wide, and as long as a sleigh track. It winds gracefully through the city as some of the streets of London do, and is not monotonous. Only yesterday it was the trail over which the trappers brought their furs to old Fort Garry. To-day, store-rooms on this old trail rent for \$2,000.00 a year.

Yesterday, Portage Avenue was a similar trail, leading in from the west that was then a wilderness shunned by all save the trappers and the Hudson's Bay Company. To-day, this broad boulevard and asphalted avenue boasts a department store that covers a city block. Winnipeg bank clearings

have already reached ten millions a week—doubled in a year.

It is at Winnipeg that immigrants break bulk. It is also the distributing point for the thousands of harvest hands that come in from the south and east to help in handling the harvest. It is the greatest grain market in the world, for dealing in options is not buying wheat. It is merely guessing what the price of wheat will be on some future day. The outlook for Winnipeg as a city is certainly far more promising to-day than the outlook of Chicago was fifty years ago. And what of the territory tributary to Winnipeg? It reaches from the boundary to the snow-hung, fur-bearing forests of the north; from Lake Superior to the foot of the Rockies; for little or nothing goes in or comes out without paying tribute to the great prairie city.

It took years for Winnipeg to live down the disgrace of her first premature boom. Even to this day men shake their heads and say, "Look at my neighbor. He went broke in the other boom!" To-day the men engaged in the development of the northwest do not desire a boom. They would be the first to deplore a revival of the insane practices of holding open-air auction sales of Winnipeg lots in the market places of Ontario towns that are old enough to know better. That is what they did twenty years ago, and they damn the country to this day because they lost money on lots that may have lain in a swamp or in the Assiniboine River.

But these very ones are being forgotten, are ignored in the rush of things. Whoever hesitates in this present-day movement is going to be left, for it will not wait. What was the march of empire yesterday is the Canadian quickstep of to-day. The Canadian West is a moving picture show, and Winnipeg has the centre of the stage. The city is full of heroic rich men, who had the grit to stay with a bad bargain and win out. These are not the type so often found in the west—the vulgar, pay-dirt millionaires who charter special trains and paint red streaks across the continent to drown their disappointment in drink when they discover that they are not noticed in New York.

They are serious, sober business men, who have faith in their city, and are helping to build it up. Many of them have moved from the two-story shop to the six-story wholesale house. They are growing with the city that is growing up with the country. It is the sort of city to appeal to the average optimistic Anglo-Saxon. It has the speed of the west and all the ear-marks of a metropolis in the making.

Taking the gloomiest view possible of Winnipeg, her promise is still fair. One, even two, utter failures of the wheat crop would only check for a moment the wonderful growth of wonderful Winnipeg—a possibility sometimes put forth by the pessimist. Therefore, I see no reason why Winnipeg should stop short of a million of population, and if I keep my health, I expect to see it at least as large as Chicago is to-day. It has as large and just as rich a territory to feed on. Moreover, it is the gateway. In addition to her other geographical advantages, Winnipeg is the great half-way house on three great transcontinental highways, and tens of thousands of tourists will tarry within her gates, buy souvenir postcards and prairie lands. The new-made capital of the prairie province is also the northern terminus of the "Soo," the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. It holds the "Mother House" of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Winnipeg is the great watering place for outward bound beef steers that are coming up from Southern Alberta in ever-increasing numbers, and will soon be coming down the Grand Trunk from Western Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta.

As to her morals, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Frank Carpenter, the well-known American journalist, who wrote recently: "It is a God-fearing, orderly, Sabbath-observing, church-going municipality." In all my travels I have never seen a city of the size of Winnipeg with so few surface indications of sin. Over against this expert evidence you must set the testimony of "Ralph Connor," the preacher-author, who says in substance that "Winnipeg is a dead-tough town."

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor. He holds that while the new lands of the world, and especially of Canada, furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization." To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case. He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population—westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement, but held back by the pressure toward the great cities.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

In 1896 the Canadian Pacific Railway passed its dividends, and its stock went down to fifty. Look at the quotations now. By the difference you may measure what has gone forward in little more than a decade.

Before 1896 Canada had not patented two million acres of land. Since then she has patented *twenty-two and a half millions of acres*. In his speech of March 20, 1908, Mr. Sifton addressed a different world than that which listened to him two years earlier. He said: "I think I need not apologize to this House for directing attention to western affairs, because I think we have arrived at the conclusion that the prosperity of the whole of Canada depends very largely upon the prosperity of that section. . . . I think there is nobody who is familiar with the facts of the case that will say there is any doubt that the immigrants we have received from the western States have

been in almost every case of the most unexceptional character, and have contributed very greatly to the development of our western country. I do not think any country could possibly get a better class of settlers than the western American settlers who have come here to our western provinces. They are vigorous, resourceful, law-abiding. They become citizens the day they arrive in the country, and at the earliest possible moment they become producers."

As yet greater earnest of his belief in Western Canada and its development, the same speaker went on to ask for the throwing open to homesteaders of thirty million acres more of land. He said: "I am satisfied that the result of throwing these lands open for homestead entry, would be at once to double the stream of immigration from the United States, and I venture the suggestion that if it were done, we should not hear after six months from

the opening of these lands for entry, any more about dull times or lack of confidence in that western country."

The opinion of this statesman of Western Canada therefore admits of no doubt. He believes in inviting the immigration of the fit, the strong, those for whom success in a new country is practically fore-assured. This is the policy which has established Canada in her fine new house, with new furniture, new servants, a better average daily table. *But what of the guests that now come to this wider door?* Here are those who did not find the door of the dingy apartment three flights up, where Canada lately lived. What of this stream of visitors from the cities of the Old World, coming to compete with the hardest competition that could be devised for them? It is right for Canada that this competition should be hard, folly for it to be otherwise. It is right for the policy of the government to have waiting for these weak, these others, strong, fit, hardy, experienced, able to push all weak men back from the coveted success. These sturdy western settlers will, if left alone, at once take the measure of all new come slum dwellers; if left alone, they will enforce the laws of nature; until in time they, having built up the flowering of a splendid civilization, will in turn be forced to give room to some sort of human plant which can stand starving better than themselves.

Now, can we begin to see some justice in even the most unwelcome of these statements heading our chapter? Can we see soberness on the face of the owner of Canada's new mansion house? Ah, behold Canada's poor relations flocking to visit her in her new house! Here come Canada's country cousins from the Old World cities! What shall she do with so many of the very poor, the products of bad human environment, men who are not fit to make their living? Canada suggests they go out into the garden and set to work; but the bread line in Toronto last winter shows that many of these poor cousins either could not or would not work. She asks them to go to the woodpile and saw wood to earn a meal; they reply by saying that they do not

know how to saw or split wood. Thank God, Canada has plenty of snow to shovel! Thank God, she still has railroads building, to offer labour opportunity! But some time all the railroads will be built. Who will own them? The men who can do nothing but shovel snow? Perhaps not.

It is the problem of government to get these poor relations out into the garden at work, where they can raise something. But we have seen that thus far government, plus charity, plus politics, plus race prejudice, plus all animosities and narrowness, has not been able to devise any plan better than the old one of letting the strong survive. What is going to be the result of *that*, if it be not modified? The poor relations will shovel snow; but gradually the outline and the color of Canada's flag will change. *She asks that, and invites that.* But what shall she do for these poor? That problem is now far bigger than the one ten years ago, of settling the supposed western desert. The latter problem was cared for on business lines minus human kindness. The newer one can only find settlement by business *plus* human kindness.

Shall Canada keep her new house in the old American way, in the old English way? The poor of all the nations of the world are waiting for her answer. The armies of socialism on both sides the sea, in every nation of the world, wait for her answer. The revolutionists of the world, one side or other of the sea, wait for her answer.

Canada, in her new house, must frame some answer founded on business and on human kindness *both*, not on business alone. Her cousins are thronging up the walk, idle cousins, weak and unfit cousins, lazy cousins, bigoted cousins; and, worst of all, so very many honest cousins who have never yet in all the world had a decent man's chance to do something for himself and for his family.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNMENT MINISTER

IN ONE of his poems, Victor Hugo pictures the Satyr of Mount Olympus

rising before the assembly of the gods. When they revile him, he answers with defiance. At last he takes from them their instruments of music, and plays before them. Spaciousness comes into his form. The immensity of the worlds arises in his being, and overthrows the throne of Jupiter.

A Socialist writer asks: "Now, is not Socialism this Satyr? Feeble, like him, at first, hairy, despised, behold him growing. He seizes the flute of Mercury. He grasps Apollo's lyre. He rises before those who count themselves immortal, and soon, his foot upon the throne, he, in the fullness of his power, cries out: 'All must give way. I am Pan!'"

We need not agree with all the conclusions of Socialism, but we may all agree that Socialism is the spectre of Europe to-day; that in time it will come to be the spectre of this New World. Why?

There are two answers. The first lies in our own industrial misdeeds. The second bases itself on the great truth that the message of the earth finds no voice in the estates of any aristocracy or the wealth of any millionaire. The purpose of the world was to *develop mankind*. Let us not revile this Satyr. He may grow too large for us one day. Let us not be Socialists, but let us none the less subscribe to the doctrine that some Socialism and some Religion and some Philanthropy have very much the same common denominator.

It was Honorable Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior for the Dominion Government, who declared that, all theories and problems aside, "the main purpose of any government ought to be to do good for the world". No one who knows the Minister of the Interior would venture to ascribe to him any Socialistic leanings. It is the function of any government official to act as a pillar for society as we now know it. But that there is a grave question remaining unsettled even in government circles, may be proved out of the mouth of the Minister of the Interior himself.

One high in power may be kind of heart as well as wise of head. He must

be ambitious for his own country's future; yet he cannot put aside his conviction that the purpose of that country ought to be *to do good for the world*. Here, then, is our problem. It is the conflict of the soft heart and the hard head. How can these two be reconciled?

As to the hardheadedness of the Minister of the Interior, there is no room for argument. His quality as one fit to survive is evidenced in his life's story. He came from the Canadian West by route of his own making. He lived the hard life of the prairies, and the conditions of that life offered him no fanciful theories. He knows his facts when he states any opinion as to policies concerning Western Canada. He has had very much to do with opening up the new lands of Western Canada; and never in his own country or in the republic to the south of Canada has he hesitated to express his belief as to the proper sort of citizenship, *if the welfare of Canada is to be considered*. He has openly encouraged the immigration of American farmers, because he has attached practical value to the demonstration they make of Western Canada's possibilities. He has set the Davidson type of practical farmer as the measure of the citizen desired for Canada. A product of the west himself, master of many stages in a western career, he knows what a man out there must be if he is to win. He knows that it is not the weakling who will win, and he has openly declared that what he wants is the best and strongest farmers of the world to come out and actually to farm. He has been against assisted city immigration. What he would like as an individual is of no consequence. What he would prefer as an officer of the government admits of no doubt.

For our present purpose, it will serve to take up the known preferences of the Minister of the Interior. Even a less shrewd and able man than he could not have failed to see the evils of massed shipments of incompetents. Many of these assisted poor have turned out well, have secured work in Canada, and can now look forward to a life of comparative comfort. But for all that,

the Government of the Dominion is sternly set on the proposition that the function of Canada in the world is *not* to furnish solution of London's problem of the unemployed poor. A publication inspired by the government at Ottawa has long ago pointed out the fact that many interested in assisting immigration have been more concerned with the welfare of England than that of Canada.

The Oliver theory is that of the success of the strong and self-reliant. It is that sort of success which he himself embodies. How, then, as an official of Canada could he approve plans whose aim and object is the selection of the *most unfit* citizenship for Canada? Has hasty philanthropy ever stopped to ponder on the extreme accuracy of such a statement as the foregoing? Has it stopped to reflect on the time and money which has been spent in selecting for Canada *the very choicest specimens of undesirables*?

No attempt is made to assist the emigration of the man who is in work, no matter how fit he may be for Canada, no matter how ambitious and efficient. *That* is the very man Canada ought to have; but unless he comes of his own initiative, he *does not come at all*. It is only a man who is *out of work* who becomes an object of solicitude to the emigration societies. But *what threw* him out of work? In all likelihood, he is out of work because he is weak, inefficient or intemperate. These are qualifications for *dismissal* from employment in England. They are alike qualifications for *dismissal* from the citizenship of Canada.

Yet it is precisely from that class that Canada is offered her citizenship; and *commanded* to take it, whether or not she likes it, because it is for the good of England!

Under the present emigration law

little supervision is possible for Canada over this collection work in England. That work is carried on by men who have no interests at stake, and who in many instances have had no experience in estimating the interests of others. Their labors are confined to the field of the *unfit*. Canada is calling all the time for good farmer material to come out and help her. She gets her answer in thousands who *never saw* a farm. What would a practical man from the western plains of Canada feel in regard to this—knowing as he must the stern requirements of life in the west, knowing also the danger of the de-Britishizing of Western Canada? He cannot consult the softness of his heart. Out of the hardness of his head he must say that Canada may not be used as British dumping ground merely for the sake of calling it British.

How, then, can Canada do the greatest good to the world? Ah, *now* we begin to close in upon our little question, to drive it into a corner. Thus far we have done little more than see how high are the walls which fence it in, how inexorable are its delimitations. One function of an author is to collect facts, viewpoints, theories; to report many different men fairly and intelligently as he may. We have undertaken to do that here. Perhaps thus we may gain additional validity for any conclusion which may later be ventured. Certainly it ought to be our purpose finally to conclude that the joint utterances of the Minister of the Interior need not be called wholly cryptic or wholly irreconcilable. We ought to be able to devise some plan—although no such plan ever yet has been suggested by public official or private citizen, so far as known,—*by which Canada can do the most good for Canada, and yet do the most good for the world.*

(To be continued)



THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S BARQUE, "OCEAN NYMPH," AT ANCHOR
BEFORE YORK FACTORY.

SURVEYING THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

BY ISAAC COWIE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE ocean being the international highway of the world, a country with a seaboard is on the earth's great thoroughfare, ready for business with all nations. Every city, every nation, ancient and modern, which has arisen to the zenith of commercial power and glory, attained that envied position by doing business on the great waters. To reach this great front street of the world nations have fought for a way, and millions have been expended on gigantic engineering works to approach it.

Perhaps no nation of to-day has expended so much money and ability, and these so advantageously, on its internal waterways as the German Empire. There, with characteristic scientific precision, it is calculated that the capacity of one horse to haul at the rate of three miles per hour is:

On a level road.....	2 Tons
On a railroad.....	15 "
On a waterway—From.....	60 "
To.....	100 "

And, consequently, four-fifths of Germany's inland freight trade is by waterway, instead of by railway. This cheap freight rate accounts for so many things being "Made in Germany", and

for their being sold so cheaply in markets beyond the seas.

Projected into the heart of North-eastern Canada is a great gulf of the Atlantic Ocean, Hudson Bay, as safely navigable during many months of the year as the Baltic in Europe, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence in America. And within seven hundred miles of this arm of the Atlantic lie the fertile prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, with no physical cause or impediment intervening to prevent the construction of a railway of the easiest gradients. In fact, following nature's drainages down hill from the prairie to the sea, train loads might be run by the force of gravity alone over many miles of the way; thus facilitating the movement of bulky and heavy produce requiring cheap transportation. "All along the river valleys to be followed are numerous water-falls, the power of which, converted into electric energy, would operate the trains with ease and economy; besides affording unbounded force to convert the raw grain into flour, and other finished products."

Whilst the ocean has been lying waiting to bear the argosies of golden grain across its bosom, and easy grades



S. S. NEPTUNE IN PORT AT HUDSON STRAIT

invite the construction of the iron road to it, the grain production of the prairies has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and has overtaxed the capacity of the railway companies to carry it to that other great and wonderful inland water route, from the head of Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

That the greatest girth of the earth is at the equator, and that this girth rapidly diminishes towards the poles are facts known to every school child; and yet we are apt to forget this rudimentary knowledge, and to be astonished when we are told that the western shore of Hudson Bay, which lies almost directly north of the west end of Lake Superior, is as near Liverpool as is the port of Montreal, and, therefore, that the whole distance between Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, and Montreal would be saved by a cargo of grain shipped for Liverpool at Churchill, on the west shore of Hudson Bay.

But this is not all. The centre of the great grain-growing plains in Saskatchewan lies much nearer to Hudson Bay than to Lake Superior. For instance, were two trains of grain, consigned for Liverpool, to start at the same time from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and

one train to go straight to Hudson Bay, and the other by the present route, via Winnipeg to Lake Superior, then by the time the one had reached Winnipeg on its way to Lake Superior (still 430 miles distant), the other would be

at Churchill, and as near Liverpool as Montreal. In fact, the whole distance between Winnipeg and Montreal would be saved by the Hudson Bay route.

It has been calculated by competent persons that, from the western prairies to Liverpool, via Churchill, wheat will be sent at ten cents a bushel, and cattle at \$15.00 a head less than by the present routes. That would mean an average additional profit of about \$2.00 per acre to the farmer on his wheat; thereby adding at least \$10 an acre to the productive value of his land. On a crop of 100,000,000 bushels, if shipped by the Bay, a saving of \$10,000,000 per annum would be effected. But even if its capacity at first were not so great, its existence would compel a reduction of existing freight rates.

The route is no new thing, but a very old one. It has been discarded, and for a time almost buried in oblivion. But old natural routes when abandoned have ever a way of reasserting their importance as times and conditions change.

From the time of the formation of



RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES

the Hudson Bay Company of London, in 1670, down to date their ships have made annual voyages to Hudson Bay; and after the North West Company of Montreal united with it in 1821, their trade, diverted from Montreal, flowed through



WESTERN ENTRANCE HUDSON STRAIT

the same channel. Up to the time of the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada in 1870, York Factory was the seaport at which was received all supplies of British origin required for the districts now known as Keewatin, the North West Territories and the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. From York, too, were shipped the valuable return cargoes of rich furs and peltries, collected at the isolated Indian trading posts of the interior, and brought down by canoe and rowboat to the sea.

If the exports were destined for the luxurious uses of beauty and fashion, the imports were such as came within the requirements of the simple and Spartan life led by the inhabitants of the Great Lone Land. The country was then merely the abode of nomadic hunters and trappers, who lived and moved out of doors, wresting subsistence from wild nature, aided in the struggle only by such articles of civilized make as an axe, a knife, a file, a

fire steel, a trap, and a gun and ammunition, with some fish net and snaring twine. These, the irreducible minimum, were supplemented by such desirable, but not absolutely essential, articles, as copper kettles, frying pans, blankets, shirts, trousers and capotes. Given these, a man in Rupert's Land was amply able to wrest from nature food and furs.

The vast wilderness of the interior thus sparsely peopled by natives with few artificial wants, by a few white traders scattered far and wide at the inland posts, and by an occasional missionary, all living on the produce of net and gun, and occasionally that of a small garden, required little from the great world of civilization. The cargo of a ship not over 500 tons burden, supplemented about every three years by the cargo of another small vessel, was sufficient for their annual supply. While, on the other hand, the precious return of furs was both in bulk and weight much too small to even ballast

the ship on her homeward voyage.

Consequently, with only one ship required yearly, and its arrival timed to receive the furs brought down to the factory up to the middle of September,



NEAR SOUTH EASTERN ENTRANCE HUDSON STRAIT, PORT BURWELL, JUST INSIDE CAPE CHIDLEY

ber, there was no need of attempting to make more than one voyage in the season; and it came to be believed by outsiders that this one trip was all that the climatic conditions of the Straits and Bay would permit—a supposition which the Hudson Bay Company did not discourage, and which in all probability many of its people themselves came to believe.

During the early days of Canadian rule in the West, the great and absorbing question was railway connection with the south and east. After these had been provided, first from the south, and afterwards by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal, for some years no one thought of the old Hudson Bay route. Then, about twenty years ago, there arose a violent agitation to build a railway to Hudson Bay as the panacea for all ills from which the farmers suffered. People went crazy over its possibilities—and impossibilities—claiming the straits and bay to be easily navigable by ordinary ocean tramps all the year round, “and longer too,” shouted an enthusiast at one of the frequent meetings. And so the route was damned, but not by faint praise.

At that time, and indeed for many years afterwards, the railways already in operation had not sufficient traffic to justify the expense of opening the Hudson Bay route. For this requires not only a railway, but also all sorts of government aids to navigation to render it available to navigators, without the special knowledge and traditions (including charts) acquired and kept as professional personal secrets by the old captains regularly frequenting the bay.

Accordingly, past and present administrations at Ottawa, at first perhaps merely to allay the outcry, but latterly meaning business, sent out several surveying and exploring expeditions, all of which added more or less to the needful knowledge. Finally, now in the fulness of time, with sufficient accumulated information and experience acquired by its own officials, the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, urged so to do by the ever-increasing production of the prairies, has decided

to build the road to the magnificent harbour of Churchill on Hudson Bay, to provide wharfs and storage there, and to establish lighthouses and other aids to navigation along the route.

So prodigious is the present and prospective production of the prairies, owing to continually growing settlement and cultivation, that long ere the Grand Trunk Pacific and Hudson Bay Railways are completed, their ability to move the crops will hardly meet the requirements of the West.

Naturally, the route does not find much favour with the little Canadians in the east, who think that all western grist should pass through their mill, forgetting that a prosperous west means a prosperous east also. There are also others who sincerely doubt the availability of the route. But all these doubts must be set at rest by the splendid summary of the reports of other government experts, such as Dr. Robert Bell, the well-known scientist, and the result of his own personal experience, extending over a number of years, given by Mr. A. P. Low, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, in his interesting book, “The Cruise of the Neptune,” 1906. He says: “There is no natural difficulty in the navigation of the bay and strait so far as depth of water, presence of obstructions and width of channel are concerned, and if situated in a more southern region the route would be an ideal one for the navigator. . . . Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay do not freeze solid, but are so covered with masses of floating ice as to be practically unnavigable for at least seven months in the year. The ice does not begin to melt until well into the month of June, and is not sufficiently melted for safe navigation with ordinary steamers until the middle of July. No ice is formed in the strait and bay sufficiently heavy to obstruct ordinary navigation until the latter part of November. . . . The period of safe navigation for *ordinary iron steamships* through Hudson Strait and across Hudson Bay to the port of Churchill, may be taken to extend from the 20th July to the 1st of November. This period might be increased without much risk by a week

in the beginning of the season and by perhaps two weeks at the close."

Admitting that the route by the bay opens two months later than that by Lake Superior, still by reason of the thousand miles of distance saved, and on account of its being on the ocean itself, on which all freight carriers can come and go, the capacity of the bay route is very much greater than that by the lakes and canals. During at least four months of the year the strait and bay can be safely navigated by all such vessels as frequent, without undue risk, the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

As the reader may ask what do I know about it, except from published reports, I may tell him that I have been there myself. On 2nd July, 1867, I sailed from Stromness, Scotland, for York Factory, on the Hudson's Bay Company's barque, "Prince Rupert." The ship was protected against ice in the usual manner of Arctic vessels, and was a very clumsy, slow-sailing craft. We sighted Cape Farewell, Greenland, on the 16th of the month, and Cape Resolution at the eastern entrance of Hudson Strait on the 23rd. There we saw a number of icebergs (not more than I have since seen on the Belle Isle-St. Lawrence route); but after getting into the strait we saw no more bergs, encountering nothing but loose ice, which only impeded our way when the wind was unfavorable. About half way through the strait this loose ice also disappeared. On the 3rd of August, when off Charles Island, we spoke the American whaling barque,

"St. Andrew's," of New Bedford, returning from a short cruise she had made that summer in the bay. On the 4th of August, we ran out of the strait, and, crossing the bay without seeing any ice, on the 12th, cast anchor off York Factory. This was considered an ordinary passage. Owing to the absence of ice and the prevalence of strong north-westerly winds in autumn, a usual passage from York Factory to London docks is three weeks, and the run has often been made by the old sailing ships in a fortnight. So, the distance to Liverpool being much shorter than that by Land's End and up the English Channel to London, ordinary steam freighters would easily reach Liverpool in two weeks.

From "The Hudson Bay Route," a pamphlet issued by the Department of the Interior of the Dominion of Canada, 1907:

RAIL DISTANCES TO CHURCHILL AND MONTREAL.

From:	To: Montreal.	Churchill.	Differ.
Winnipeg.....	1,422	945	477
Brandon.....	1,555	940	615
Regina*.....	1,780	774	1,006
Medicine Hat*..	2,080	1,076	1,006
Calgary*.....	2,262	1,256	1,006
Prince Albert...	1,958	717	1,241
Battleford.....	1,994	876	1,118
Saskatoon.....	1,924	806	1,118
Edmonton.....	2,247	1,129	1,118

* By direct line from Regina to Etoimami.

Average saving in rail transportation, 967 miles.

	Nautical Miles.
Distance from Churchill to Liverpool.....	2,946
From Montreal to Liverpool by Belle Isle.....	2,761
From Montreal to Liverpool by Cape Race.....	2,927



ENTRANCE TO DOUGLAS HARBOR, SOUTH SIDE HUDSON STRAIT.



Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, and Hugh Stuart Campbell will perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "The New Lady Bantock" by Jerome K. Jerome.—THE EDITOR.

THE NEW LADY BANTOCK

THE sunset of an early spring day filled with a cheerful light the gold and brown boudoir prepared for the new Lady Bantock.

The elder Miss Wetherell and the younger Miss Wetherell nodded their pretty whiteheads in approbation of the cordial welcome expressed by the room.

"She married him thinking him to be plain Mr. Wetherell, an artist. I like that, dear," said the elder Miss Wetherell, determined for her part to create a happy outlook upon the marriage of their nephew.

"She must be clever. She has been a hit in Paris a whole season. And you know, dear, how critical Paris audiences are," confided the younger Miss Wetherell.

"She is of good family, dear, Vernon writes," vouchsafed the elder Miss Wetherell, just as if the two sweet old souls had not read this particularly encouraging item together and spread it over the country. "Her uncle is a bishop in New Zealand, and a cousin is a judge of the supreme court in Ohio."

The younger Miss Wetherell stood in front of the fireplace, gazing up at the portrait by Romney of the first Lady Bantock, the noble and renowned Constance, friend and confidant of the elder Pitt, maker of history. The two Misses Wetherell hung the portrait here to keep an eye upon the new Lady Bantock and remind her of family traditions. May be she would not prove as impossible of amending as they feared.

A hasty hand on the door caused the two old ladies to turn. In another moment Vernon was hugging them like a boy.

Behind him advanced a very natural young person in a very fashionable gown and hat.

"I hope you are going to like me," she said, as if she were confident of their friendship.

The natural roses and healthy eyes under the vivid plumes won the gentle old ladies.

"My dear, I am sure we shall. It is so easy to love the young and pretty,"

warmly replied the elder Miss Wetherell.

"I'm glad you think I'm pretty," answered Fanny, removing her heavy velvet coat with Vernon's assistance. "As a matter of fact, I'm not. There's a certain piquancy about me I admit. It deceives people."

"She met me a month ago and married me last week," Vernon proudly surveyed her as if she were the *chef d'oeuvre* of an artist.

"It was quick work," laughed Fanny. "He came, he saw,—I conquered."

"You are quite sure you will never regret having given up the stage—the excitement," urged Vernon. As yet he had not told her of his rank.

"The excitement! Do you know what an actress' life always seemed to me to be? Dancing on a tight rope with everybody throwing stones at you. One soon gets tired of that sort of excitement. Oh, I was never in love with the stage. Had to do something for a living."

"Your relatives, dear," gently suggested the elder Miss Wetherell.

"I don't want to talk about my relatives," replied Fanny, briskly. "It was to get away from all that crew that I went on the stage. I stood them for nearly six months."

The door discreetly opened and closed. Bennett, the butler, advanced.

Vernon at the fireplace, and the two old ladies on the sofa, did not see Fanny's expression as she caught sight of him. She raised herself from the chair as if an unpleasantly familiar vision drew her irresistibly. Bennett, at first startled, controlled himself and greeted Lord Bantock with his usual passivity.

The family of Bennetts had served Bantock Hall for generations. Indeed, from the impressive butler to the dairy maid's helper, every servant on the place was a Bennett, loyal, industrious, religiously efficient.

"Tell cook to serve dinner later than usual, Bennett," said the elder Miss Wetherell. "Her ladyship must have time to dress." And the two old ladies withdrew with soft kisses on Fanny's cheek.

Alone together, Fanny seized Lord

Bantock by both shoulders. "Vernon, where am I?"

"Home, dear!"

"Yes, yes, but where?" she demanded, rather wildly.

Probably she was overcome by the magnificence of her new home. Now was the time to break the news to her.

"Bantock Hall, Ruthlanshire," he replied.

"Bantock Hall," she cried, aghast. Then she clung to him, pleading incoherently that he love her for herself alone, that her family should not make any difference.

He held her close. "I should have loved you had you been a beggar maid. I married you because you were the most fascinating, the most lovable, the most wonderful little woman in the world. However," he admitted, "I found out that yours was a very nice family—an uncle who is a bishop in New Zealand, a cousin a senator in Ohio."

"Who told you that?" she demanded, in a hard tone.

"Your manager."

Then the truth flashed upon her. George Newes, in his exuberant advertising ability, had made her out as desirable a match as possible. Would Lord Bantock have married her if he had known the real situation? His caresses did not assuage her torturing uncertainty.

Then Vernon left her to dress for dinner, and the butler again entered, closing the door softly.

Fanny faced him defiantly. "Well, uncle, what are you going to do?"

"That, my girl, will depend upon you, whether you prove an easy or difficult subject. To fit you for your new position a certain amount of training will, I fancy, be necessary."

"And who is to do the training?"

"I am. With the assistance of your aunt and such other members of your family as I consider can be trusted. I am old-fashioned enough to think of my duty to those I serve. If his lordship has done me the honor to marry my niece, the least I can do is to see that she brings no discredit to his name."

"He loves me as I am. He was tired of the colorless puppets in his own class," cried Fanny, indignantly.

"I won't submit to lackey training."

"At twenty-two, boys like unconventionality. Men don't. They've learnt its true name, vulgarity. Do you think I've stood behind English society for forty years without learning about it? What you call a colorless puppet is what *we* call an English lady. And that you've got to learn to be. You talk of lackeys. If your mother came from a family of lackeys there would be no hope for you. With her blood in your veins the thing can be done. We Bennetts," the old man seemed even straighter with majesty, "we *serve*. We are not lackeys."

Fanny's strongest inclination was to confess to Vernon at once. She had spent six months with the Bennetts after her mother's death, but had never been inside Bantock Hall before. But Vernon might not forgive her for her manager's deception. His ideas of caste were as strict as those of all of his class. After all, as Bennett suggested, no harm and much good might accrue from a delay.

"Well," Fanny asked, with a humble courtesy, though her tone was hostile. "Do I dine with his lordship or in the servants' hall?"

"Still the same impertinence!"

"I only wanted to know," naughtily, "my only desire is to give satisfaction."

* * * * *

In spite of Fanny's vigorous resolutions to submit gratefully to her relatives training, she was in disgrace with them by the next afternoon. They called her "the family cross," and Aunt Selina came to teach her her prayers. Jane Bennett, her cousin, an austere, heavy-faced woman, appointed by Bennett, because of her religious qualifications, to be her ladyship's maid, packed away Fanny's Paris gowns and insisted that she dress as did her late ladyship, in seemly stiff black silk, tight bodice, huge bustle, and a waterfall of curls confined by a blue ribbon—"Jane's idea of style". Fanny was in the difficult position of following her late ladyship. *She* appeared to have been exceptionally seemly. Now, Fanny happened to be two persons. Either she was an angel or else—the other thing. She resolved to go on

being an angel until it became physically impossible. And then—well, then, she couldn't help it, could she?

Every move she made conflicted with traditions hedging the conduct of a Lady Bantock. When she wanted to drive with Vernon, Bennett informed her respectfully that it was the custom of the Lady Bantock when in residence to remain home on Wednesday for possible callers. When George Newes, her former manager, came to see her, Bennett resolutely kept him below stairs as his white pot hat, tasselled cane and enormous cigar were not indicative of a suitable associate for her ladyship.

"What have I done," Fanny bemoaned. "Married into a family that keeps twenty-three servants, every one of whom is a near relation of my own. They honestly think that Providence has put it into their hands to turn me out a passable substitute for all a Lady Bantock should be; which, so far as I can understand, is something between the late Queen of Sheba and Goody-Two-Shoes. They're the people I ran away from—the people I said I'd rather starve than ever go back to. And here I am, plumped down in the midst of them again—for life. Surely the Bennetts are more like Vernon's friends than servants. Honoria, Grace, are pretty, healthy, and have better manners than most ladies. But a man doesn't marry into his own kitchen." She looked wistfully at the portrait of the first Lady Bantock. "I wonder what you would have done if you had got yourself into a first-class muddle. Oh, dear, I wish you could talk!"

* * * * *

The climax of Bennett's displeasure came the same afternoon. "Our Empire," the chorus girls with whom Fanny had played all over Europe, chancing to be in a neighboring town, drove over to call. Bennett refused to allow the "overdressed females" to enter. For the first time, even if it were for the last time also, Fanny asserted herself as mistress of her own home. Quietly, with unmistakable authority, she ordered Bennett to usher her friends upstairs.

Headed by "England," the girls



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

FANNY WARD

The English actress who has been so successful this season in Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The New Lady Bantock."

entered, laughing, crowding, jostling one another. They swarmed over the room, eyeing the furniture.

Fanny ordered champagne for them. Bennett protested that the key to the wine cellar was mislaid.

"You will find it quickly," commanded Lady Bantock. "And bring fresh tea and cakes."

A procession of Bennetts, headed by the butler, obeyed her orders with ceremony and alacrity, but with inward astonishment.

The champagne suffused "Our Empire" with impertinence. "England" chucked old Bennett under the chin. "Scotland" imitated his stately walk to the boisterous appreciation of the party. "Canada" made the dignified old piano keys canter to ragtime.

"Do your old stunt, dear," "Ireland" suggested to Fanny, in languishing affection.

Nothing loath, she caught up her train and began the simple song and dance that had brought her fame on the Paris boulevards, "Meet Me in Rose-Time, Rosie."

"Our Empire" volunteered the ballet delightedly.

Fanny seized her carroty-headed cousin, the footman, by the arm and insisted that he cakewalk with her across the room. Old Bennett watched her in passive horror.

Suddenly one of the girls discovered the lateness of the hour. The frolic relaxed abruptly as they made their adieux to catch a train, promising eagerly to come a Sunday and spend the day.

Vernon and the aunts returned as "Our Empire" departed. Vernon had met Newes on the way and brought him back to dinner.

"May I have a word alone with you, Lady Bantock?" Bennett said, in presence of them all, choking with indignation.

"Haven't time," Fanny replied, brusquely, rebellion hot within her. "Neither to-day, to-morrow, nor next month."

"You know the alternative." He turned to Vernon. "May I have a word with you, sir, in private?"

"Certainly," Vernon looked perplexed. "If it is very important."

Fanny had thrown off once for all her fear of Bennett's judgment. Even if she lost Vernon's love, she would no longer submit to being bullied. "One moment. What I have to say may render that interview needless. Request the housekeeper to come here at once."

When Susannah Bennett entered, Fanny drew a cheque book from the desk, and handed a cheque and wage sheet to Susannah. The aunts and Vernon, too astonished to interfere, watched her in silence. Five or six of the upper servants crept in behind Susannah.

"You are dismissed—all of you," Fanny said, firmly. "The check is made out for the entire family in a lump sum, payable to Martin Bennett; one month's wages in lieu of notice."

"Fanny, Fanny," cried Vernon, horrified.

"You don't mean it, dear," chorused the aunts, trembling with consternation. The Bennetts were an integral part of the family of Bantocks.

Fanny faced them. "I've deceived you all regarding my family!"

Newes raised a protesting voice. She silenced him with a little gesture. "I haven't a relative outside of England that I know of. My uncle is Martin Bennett, your butler. My aunt, Susannah Bennett.—Now, you know."

Vernon looked as unresponsive and cold as marble. The aunts cast down their eyes, like true gentlewomen, keeping silent in the face of disgrace.

Fanny, crying hysterically, shook Bennett's hand in farewell. "I'd have met you half-way if you'd have given me the chance."

She went the rounds of the group of Bennetts, bidding farewell to each. "Good servants never go begging for a place," she said. "And you may depend upon me for a character." Not one of them spoke. Bennett waved a dignified hand, and they formed an orderly file from the room.

The aunts slipped timidly away, Vernon followed them.

Fanny, alone, gazed at the first Lady Bantock, the powerful peeress who had built the line and founded the title. The grave, keen eyes seemed approving.

"I believe," Fanny murmured, with a sad little sob, "that you've been telling me to do it all the time."

* * * * *

The morning room of the Misses Wetherell was a strange scene at half-after six the next morning. As the two old ladies, in lavender morning gowns, crept from their rooms, they came face to face with George Newes, preparing breakfast over the grate.

"We can't ask the servants to get breakfast because they've been given the sack," he explained, and invited them to sit down to hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

He was in the midst of an indignant tirade against Vernon for not sticking to Fanny, for taking her away from her profession only to desert her at first sign of trouble, when Bennett entered.

"Good-morning," he said, as if nothing had happened. "I was not aware that breakfast was required earlier than usual. *Breakfast* will be served in the dining room." He removed the dishes from under Mr. Newes' eagerly retentive fingers. Bennett would fulfil his duty up to the last minute he spent in Bantock Hall.

Vernon's entrance was the signal for a general uprising. Newes ventured to express his indignation. Vernon coldly answered that he did not care to discuss matters with anyone.

The gentle Misses Wetherell fluttered to him. His forbidding expression of misery did not deter them from their purpose.

"We have something to say to you, Vernon. We were not able to sleep at all last night."

"She is so young."

"And so pretty and adaptable."

"But it was the deceit," he burst out.

"We wanted to tell you, Vernon; we think you ought to know. The first Lady Bantock —"

"She danced with George the Third!"

"She was a *butcher's* daughter!"

"And he was quite a *little* butcher, too. Of course we *never* speak of it. But we felt that you ought to know."

They kissed him pityingly and left him, his face in his hands.

A few minutes later, he raised his heavy eyes to see Lady Bantock before him, her hat, furs and travel-

ling-bag indicative of her state of mind.

He avoided her gaze. The thought of her deceit averted every newly-formed inclination to forgive her.

She begged him to take back the Bennetts. "I wish to feel that I have caused as little commotion in your life as possible."

"Whether you go or stay," he replied. "I shall be more comfortable if they are dismissed."

"I want you to know," she burst out. "I knew nothing of what George Newes told you until after we married—our marriage was all a mistake. It's wrong for classes to mix," she finished, sadly.

He faced her squarely. The misery and coldness were gone from his boyishly frank eyes. He had taken account of himself during the long, sleepless night. "The mistake was that if I had known that you were my butler's niece, I would have hesitated. I am a snob. I admit it. Now, I am asking my butler's niece to stay and be my wife."

She shook her head. "You are very kind."

"Oh, it isn't for your sake. It's for my own sake. I *want* you."

"I will stay," Fanny said, as Bennett entered with a huge covered dish. "If uncle gives his consent."

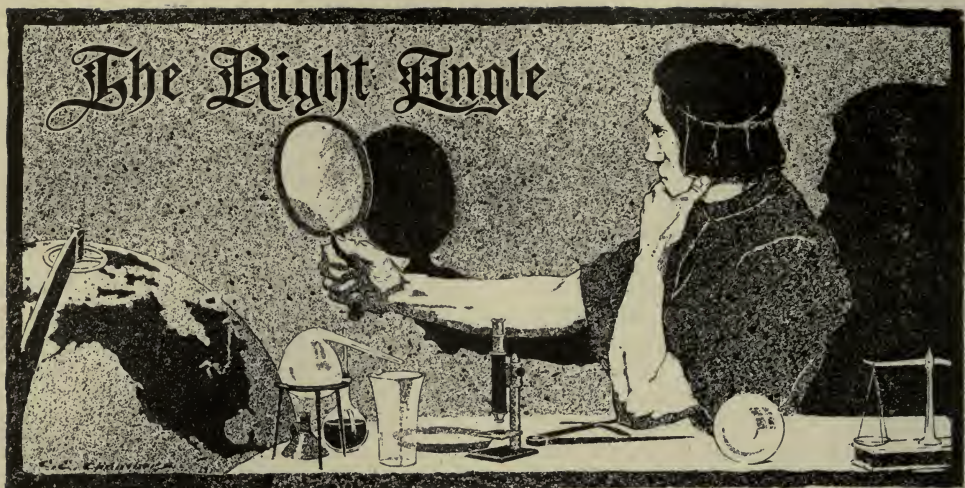
"Bennett," Vernon said. "I have asked your niece to stay here as my wife. She will if you give your consent. I should have asked you before."

In his surprise Bennett almost dropped the tray. He carried it weakly to the table.

"My dear Vernon," Bennett began. "I address you for the first and last time as your uncle. I have been told that my ideas are those of my own class." His voice grew more determined as he thought how Fanny's rebellion had changed his opinion of her ability to rule. "Yesterday I would have withheld my consent as she was not a suitable wife for your lordship—to-day I give it gladly."

Bennett's manner changed. He drew himself up ponderously. His side whiskers bristled with dignity. His eyes seemed to see nothing. He removed the cover from the dish ceremoniously.

"My lady, breakfast is served."



REAL LETTERS BY AN ACTUAL LOUIS

"THE Letters of Louis," now current in CANADA-WEST, are real letters. They were written at various places between Winnipeg and the Pacific, as Mr. Louis Kon himself moved on through the experiences they relate. They cover approximately two years, during which time Mr. Kon learned much, suffered much, enjoyed much, and took it all with the philosophic equanimity of a well-born man of the



LOUIS KON
Author of the "Letters of Louis"

world, not afraid nor ashamed to do any honest work his hands or brain could find to do. His development is told so well in his own English and his own way, that to edit or "correct" the manuscript would have been a shame. The letters are ingenuous and genuine, and Louis Kon is the actual name of the actual man who wrote them.

This is said because so many have mistaken the first of them for something like the "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Schoolboy letters are the output of a master of English, juggling with the language. The Louis letters are the output of a man who is doing his best to express himself in English, which he is only learning; whose native shrewdness, good humor, and innate force of character, make his story fascinating, and command respect for himself.

Strictly speaking, they are not letters, in the formal sense. They are a series of papers, and as such they are given—untouched, as they came from their author's pen. The third of the series will appear in the May number.

WHEN THE ANTHEM COMES

COLLIER'S is offering a prize of \$100 for the best words of a Canadian anthem, to be sung to the music of Calixte Lavallee's composition, "O, Canada." Translations of the words fitted to this music long ago by Judge Routhier are not to be admitted to the

competition because, as the announcement says, it is thought "it would be a fairer division of labor if Quebec having supplied the tune, the whole of Canada should be allowed to supply the words." The call is for "an original English poem, to this setting." The competition will be open until the first of June, and will be judged by Dr. Pelham Edgar, Professor of English in the University of Toronto, Mr. Hector Charlesworth, music critic of *The Mail and Empire*, and Dr. Edward Broome, choirmaster of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto. Manuscripts are to be sent to *Collier's*, King street, Toronto.

The progress and outcome of this effort to find a hymn that will express the genius of a whole people will be watched with interest. One thing about it is foregone: the words will be simple and their number few. The successful verses, if they are to find permanent adoption, will not be the products of literary strenuousness, nor academic methods. Lavallee's music was written almost thirty years ago, and has commended itself more and more with time, because it is simple, heartfelt, beautiful and pure—of the kind that lives. So must the words be. These are qualities found in all great things, especially in great hymns. The words of the noblest of anthems, the Doxology, were written by an English clergyman in 1697, and there are only twenty-six of them, in four lines. Yet the Doxology, in its swelling power and simple solemnity, voices to-day the deepest of all religious feeling. Let us see whether some Canadian, moved by the significance and dignity of this new theme, can fit it in twelve lines (the number allowed) with words that also have in them the power of life. They must be words that are not evoked by desire of reward nor hope of applause, but that shall well up from the very depths of a heart that is filled with love of God, of country, and the glory of the Crown.

"GETTING IT OVER WITH"

THE White Queen in "Alice" did her screaming first and had it over with before her finger was pricked and the blood came. It saved a lot of



H. F. GADSBY
Editor of the Canadian "Collier's."

trouble, and even if her finger were not to be pricked at all, still she had had her scream, and it was a relief to have got it out of her system. The correspondent who signs himself "A Young Canadian" in a letter to CANADA-WEST this month (see "Hough and His Judges") is having his scream, and by just so much as that is to the good—and no harm done or to be done by or to him, or anyone else. He sees the bogie of Annexation. That is what occasions the scream. The same furtive phantom has troubled the dreams of many, from time to time, as the hateful way is of all snarks, and boojums, and lobsters. It is a regular-going Mrs. 'Arris of a nonentity, recurrent at fitful intervals.

CANADA-WEST is wholly free to accept the Young Canadian's good wishes, on and under the conditions tendered. The "influence" he bodefully fears is not at work, because there is no such influence. So far as is known, the United States does not want Canada, and Canada does not want annexation. That is all there is to it. There is no reason why anyone should

work for what nobody wants. As Alcibiades said about democracy, "concerning a manifest absurdity, why waste words?"

"THE A. B. C. ROUTE"

IN POINT of the convention of railway men, bankers and provincial officials held at Calgary in February, the *Alberta Homestead* makes an appeal for public support of the "A. B. C." route to the Pacific. The initials stand for Alberta and British Columbia, and the appeal is based on the advantages that will flow to the farmers of those provinces through a short railway haul west to ports that never close, as against the disadvantage of a long haul east to ports that are open only about eight months in the year. The convention referred to was a concrete expression of a general economic need that is working its own way out toward results. The route to the West is already in use, though only in an incipient way. It is really tripartite, each of the three great all-Canadian railway systems being a part of it. The Canadian Pacific is already at Vancouver. The Canadian Northern is pointed toward that same port. And the Grand Trunk Pacific is creating a new outlet at Prince Rupert. The "A. B. C." route is more than a need, it is a fact already established, and one that is looming larger in the affairs of the west, every year.

THAT "JOHN BULL" TIRADE

FOR a long time English papers have denounced Canadians and Canadian journals for an alleged unfairness to England and to English immigrants, but surely no Canadian paper ever turned loose on England such an avalanche of abuse and unfair criticism as was directed against Canada recently in the columns of *John Bull*, an English weekly edited by Horatio Bottomley, M. P.

The writer accuses the Dominion Government of sending out false statements and pictures of the West, and says: "The real West, with its many absolutely treeless miles of brown, turfed prairie and the rude 'shack', ten feet by seven, is a picture that is alto-

gether too commonplace and true to appear in the publications of the Dominion Government." He admits that the Canadian is a hustler, but qualifies his comment with the declaration that our national mottos are, "do it now," "get rich quick," and "do others or they will do you." In pursuance of this theme, he says our work is slipshod and badly done and that the prairie "farmer bachelor" washes and shaves once a week, when going into town; cleans his teeth and bathes, never; and wears black sateen to avoid the necessity of clean linen.

One of his other statements is: "The phrase, 'word of honor', is one for which, unfortunately, there is no equivalent in the Canadian language, so, of course, we must not blame the Canadian who completely fails to understand such matters. It comes rather rough, however, on the new English settler, if he is fool enough to believe a man when he makes a promise. Before long, however, the Old Countryman learns his lesson and believes no one at all, distrusts even his own brother and returns to England, ultimately, a suspicious man for the rest of his days, which is perhaps as well. All's fair in love, war or Canada."

A somewhat sweeping arraignment, is it not? And even on the surface, most untrue. In the West, man's prosperity is measured only by his ability. As a people, we "hustle". There is no doubt about that. This is a young country, a new country, and every single one of us who is any good is anxious to help take off the newness. Of course we do not build as solidly as in England, where a country estate endures for centuries, because we do not build houses for future generations. In our own we may build again and again, and each time better with our improved fortune. When a man stocks a farm in Canada, he does not know but that the next year a new railway will tear shrieking through its heart and leave a town on his land. Every year, in our cities, our fashionable streets change their locality. The city grows. Shops and factories encroach on the residential district, and the man who built

a house "near" the downtown quarters finds that he must move to the suburbs if he wants to escape the smell of the shops and the smoke of the factories. So he sells his house for a factory site and builds a new place. Incidentally, he doubles his money. In Canada, we can't build for a century. The march of progress is too swift.

It is too absurd even to attempt to answer the charge that "word of honor" has no equivalent in the Canadian language. In every country one finds men to whom honor, in word and deed, is an unknown quantity, else would all jails be empty. In Canada, most of us are British, either by birth or ancestry, and it ill becomes an Englishman to make such a charge against his own kinsmen. There is an old saying about the "bird that fouls its own nest," that might be applicable.

Similarly, there are a great many more of the "great unwashed" in "dear old London" (where bath tubs abound) than there are in the great new regions of the West. It may be lonely out West, but the man who is getting his homestead, practically free, can scarcely expect the Government to build him a house with a porcelain bath, and to throw in a pianola and congenial companionship. If he is worth his salt, he will earn these things for himself, if he wants them, and the man who will not work for what he wants, does not deserve to get what he wants.

In the Empire there are always those who are "agin the government," and who are ever ready to decry whatever is new or enterprising or prosperous, or whatever they do not understand. But it is a bad habit, and a paper that bears the name of "John Bull" should be too big to yield to it.

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

FITFULLY, from time to time, comes a new story of gold in the ground, and a "rush" to get it out. But the old day of the grizzled prospector and the masterless man has gone, and with rail at the edge of a new camp and the appliances of modern science for the definition and realization of values, the



W. P. HINTON

Press despatches state that he will assume charge of the Grand Trunk Pacific's Passenger interests in the West early in April.

rush is not the suffering scramble it used to be. There is a new find at Sturgeon Lake, six miles from Wako Station on the Superior Division of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and if the reports now out concerning the gold per ton of material raised are true, the summer is going to be a very active one there. Two fully organized companies are already in operation, and individual miners are taking out something from the gravels—enough to inspire a lively interest in all that part of the country, and to stimulate travel. No Klondike is promised, but at any rate there will be no Klondike hardships, whatever the camp may turn out to be.



MERELY AN INTERMISSION

IN a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

SLIGHT MISTAKE

MINISTER—"Deacon Jones, will you lead in prayer?"

The deacon snores peacefully.

Minister—"Deacon Jones, will you please lead?"

Deacon Jones, (awakening suddenly) —"It ain't my lead, I just dealt."

WELL?

PHYSICIAN (answering telephone at 2 a.m.)—"Well?"

Phoner—"Thunderation, no! Think I'd be calling you up at this unearthly hour if I was well?"

PROFESSIONAL POSSIBILITIES

DISTRESSED at his son's refusal to enter the ministry and his preference for dealing in horses, a worthy farmer was telling his sorrow to a neighbor. "Oh," said the latter, "don't take it too much to heart. I believe Tom will lead more men to repentance as a horse dealer than ever he would as a minister."

THE WHOLE THING

"WHAT part of speech is woman, pa?"

"Woman isn't a part of speech, my son. She's the whole speech."

INDULGENCE

"I HAVE such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll.

"Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"

EASY ENOUGH

"WELL," pondered the new Answers-to-Correspondents editor, "I wonder how to answer this: Here's a subscriber who wants to know what's a good thing to take ink stains out of white flannel."

"That's easy," replied the sporting editor, "a pair of scissors."

MERE PRUDENCE

HER friends (in chorus)—"But what's your idea in not letting him propose?"

She—"Well, as soon as we are engaged it will be my duty to make him economize."

HOW HE KNEW

"DO you know, Sam, that a man does not have to do as much work as he did ten years ago?"

"Yes, sah, I know it, sah; why, I's been married nearly eight years, sah!"

HER MISTAKE

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."



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CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE WONDERFUL WEST

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

Fair as the dawn of summer morn,
Young as the babe but newly born,
Old as the hills that guard her shore,
Firm as their bases, evermore,
Strong as the never-failing Truth,
Sweet as love in the breast of Youth,
Wide as the course of an ocean wave,
Dear as the grass on a mother's grave,
Beehive of industry, haven of rest,—
Canada's beautiful, wonderful west.





Drawn by L. J. Herndon

The Guardian—see page 29

"I SAW, STANDING AS THOUGH IN MID-AIR, THE DIM BUT REAL OUTLINES
OF THE NAKED FIGURE OF DAN"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI.

MAY

NUMBER 1

MR. OPTIMIST OF CALGARY

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

*Author of "Canada Fakers," "The Gun Runner," "The Wire Tappers,"
"The Woman in the Rain," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Take me outward, tired of living,
To the land where life is new,
Where the Bow sings down the Foothills,
Flashing silver, twining blue,
Where the Rockies hold the sunset
And the coulees whisper rest,
Where the Trail goes ever outward,
Outward to the open West,
Where the emerald slopes of prairie
Turn to golden seas of grain,
Where the voice of hope reawakens
And the world seems young again!

John Arbuthnott.

I.

WE had left Gleichen well behind us when the last eastern star winked good-bye to our jiggling tail-lights. Then, as we emerged from our curtained catacomb-shelves and dressed, a band of pearl and salmon-pink showed above the grey-brown of the prairie sky-line. It would soon be sun-up. A new day, as bright and clean as a new penny, was falling from the mint of time.

I heard a peevish voice complain, beyond its muffling draperies that the car was like an ice-box. Then I heard the Oxford Man from the second berth forward renew his excoriation of the

colored porter, for his inability to fetch so foolishly trifling a thing as a cup of tea from the dining-car.

"Sorry, sah, but dar's nuffin' I kin do! He says he's hurryin' dat range-fire's fas' as he kin!"

"But *when* shall I have my tea?"

"You'll hab dat tea by de time we hit Calgary, for suah, sah!"

"And what is Calgary?" demanded the indignant voice behind the berth-curtains.

"Calgary's jus' Calgary, sah!" was the porter's somewhat puzzled reply.

"My word!" said the outraged Man from Oxford, resignedly.

But the brown-eyed youth at my side broke out, with a gasp of incredulity: "Can you beat it! There's a man who's never even heard of Calgary!"

"Say, stranger," interrupted a second and quite unlooked for voice from behind a second and quite unruffled pair of berth-curtains, "how'd a swig of Old Crow help out?"

It wouldn't help out at all. The Man from Oxford explained that he wanted tea, fresh-steeped tea. And

while this was being made plain a Cochrane horse-breeder protruded a large and indignantly tousled head from his curtain-vent.

"Some folks seem to think this here is a lecture hall on wheels. When I paid money for this berth I thought maybe it was a *sleeping car*!"

That shaft having sunk home, and the speaker having subsided, the three of us who had risen early retreated on tip-toe to the smoking-room, where the windows were up and a full six thousand magnums of uncorked champagne were already going to waste. By this I mean that a prairie morning-breeze was eddying and whistling in and blowing the towels off the racks,—a breeze that was fresh and clear and sparkling enough to make the newcomer more than a trifle light in the head. I sat inhaling it, without cost, until I was in love with all mankind, and got a cinder in my eye trying to catch a glimpse of the Rockies with the dawn-gold still on them.

I extracted the cinder without protest, for the prairie-land past which we arrowed was turning into a vast canvas of color under the Turneresque brush of the risen sun. Stretching away before the eye were vast reaches of wheat-field, the tint of Roman gold. Beside the Roman gold, here and there, was the apple green of half-ripened oats. Next to this, at times, would lie the maroons and browns of summer-discarded soil, and then the milky and tender yellow-green of newly sprouted winter-wheat—milky and tender greens which left each land-undulation as soft as a woman's breast, as vocal with promise and burgeoning-to-be and subliminal fecundity and unconscious passion to bear and yield and lavish and give as a million singing girls. It overawed and humbled me. It made me feel the age of the gray East out of which I had travelled.

I turned to the youth at my side. He was a companionable and clear-eyed boy of about twenty-five, I thought. But I could not be sure. The West, I knew, had the trick of touching manhood into early maturity. Yet it startled me a little to find this

youth engaged in counting a roll of bank-notes as fat as a baby's arm.

"I'm a new-comer here, and I'm afraid I'm rather green," I began.

"Yes; I know!" he had the cool effrontery to retort.

"I'm from away back East where the wheels move slowly," I went on. "And *would* you mind telling me where and what Calgary really is?"

"What Calgary is?" echoed my companion.

"Last night at dinner you said you were a Calgary man. I thought, from the way you said it, that perhaps it's a Secret Order. Then I thought perhaps it's a College where you"——

"Calgary's a *religion*!" broke in the youth with the clear, quick eyes.

"A religion?"

"Yes, a religion—something to believe in, to live for. It's the heart of the Land of Promise. It's the town the Lord make lucky!"

I began to understand.

"But I thought Rudyard Kipling tied that particular label to a town suggestive of pharmacothecal head-gear?"

"He did call Medicine Hat lucky—if that's what you mean. But I'm not preaching from a car-window. I *come* from Calgary. And Calgary's the town that can't hold back!"

"Yes, they told me that about Port Arthur, and then about Winnipeg. And I suppose they'll say the same of Edmonton and Vancouver and Prince Rupert."

The young man laughed his quick and easy laugh. He was western to the finger-tips; and you couldn't help liking the candor of his clear eyes.

"They're all lucky, of course," he conceded. "But Calgary's different! Why, look what we've got in this town of ours!" he cried, making a dive for his black hand-bag and pulling out dodgers and pamphlets and blue-prints and house-plans and folders and Board of Trade reports. "Take some!" he said.

"I'd rather you'd tell me about it!" I demurred.

"I can't tell you about it," he protested. "That is, I couldn't, and



From a painting by De Forrest Schook

THE ALBERTA HOMEMAKER

make it seem honest. Why, the bald truth about that town's so wonderful it takes a born liar to put it into words!"

"What have you got?" I asked, a trifle puzzled by the paradox that fiction alone could express facts.

"We've got everything a town wants! The only thing you'd miss would be salt water and liners, I suppose. We're the Denver of the North-West. No; I got that wrong. Denver's what you might call the Calgary of the South-West. We've got winter-wheat land, the best winter-wheat land on the map. We've got a soil you can't wear out in a hundred years. Fertilizing it is as foolish as talking of irrigating the Atlantic. And speaking of irrigation, we've got *that*, when we need it—for there's time when irrigation is rather more reliable than rainfall. Then we've got coal, anthracite at Canmore, for instance, and ordinary coal right here under the prairie sod—seas of it—seams of it sticking out along every creek-bed where a settler can

dig it out and team it away for the trouble. Then we've got three railways, and inside of a year we're going to have three more. And we've got pure water. And we've got power, regular Niagaras of power waiting for us, when we're ready to halter it and lead it down from the hills. And we've got climate; more sun than Colorado, and the Chinook to fan off the cold when it gets monotonous. And we've got winter-feeding range-grass. And we've got timber within easy reach of us. And we've got the best grade of building-stone ever quarried, enough to build twenty New Yorks, right at our side doors. And we've got the finest town site this side of the Great Lakes. And the prettiest little river that ever sang down through the heart of a city. And we've got scenery, these rolling foothills and the Rockies on one side of us and the sweep of God's own prairie out there on the other. And coming down to modern touches, we've got the best mineral springs in America, not two hours off,



"WE'VE GOT REGULAR NIAGARAS OF POWER WAITING FOR US, WHEN WE'RE READY TO LEAD IT DOWN FROM THE HILLS"

where we can boil the alcohol out of our system one day and go trout-fishing the next. And what's better than the whole combination, if I do say it, is the fact that we've got faith in ourselves and our future!"

"You almost believe in Calgary, don't you?" I ventured to remark.

"Believe in it? You can't help believing in it! Why, I'm one of the Cold Feet Band compared to most Calgarians! Drop in there any day and see if we're alive or not! I don't care what you call it—ozone, altitude, or just enterprise. But we've got it! Why" (and his face grew suddenly and suspiciously grave) "we've a man out here who's trying to Burbank the red-onion and the Irish potato into one family, so's to get enough water out of the potato's eyes to carry his crop through a sand-farm he's got. We've another inventor who says he's going to supply all Alberta with woven-wire as soon as he gets his grass-spider colony going—he's crossing 'em with wire worms, you know—intends to keep 'em busy weaving buffalo-fence!"

"Anyone out here ever cross rye and mint to get the juleps?"

He blinked, appreciatively, for a moment or two, and then became quite serious.

"You can't help being an optimist, in a country like this," he went on, and I could notice the flame of earnestness that burned up in his emotional young eye. "Let me tell you about a friend of mine and show you what I mean. This man took up land in northern Alberta. First he put up an eight-by-ten shack. Then he got his

crop in and did his fencing. Then next year he built a decent stable and bought implements and built a tidy little house. Then a prairie-fire came along and burned him out. It left everything as clean as a whistle. It took his grain and his stock and his stable and house and his implements and fences. It just turned that fat and prosperous section of farm into a smoking Sahara of ashes. The only thing left was the ruins of a cook-stove standing up on the prairie-floor like a tomb of all his dead hopes. A Calabrian earthquake and a tidal wave on top of it couldn't have cleaned him out more completely."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"I tell you what he *didn't* do! He didn't sit around and cry over that caved-in cook-stove. He went down to the spring and washed off the smoke and the singed hair-ends. Then he walked six miles to a neighbor's, and borrowed a team and wagon. Then he took a piece of his broken stove-top for a spade and drove down to a neighboring coulee bottom and grubbed out a few hundred Alberta wild-ferns. Dug 'em out with his stove-top. They're very nice, those wild ferns. Then he teamed them into Edmonton and sold 'em to city folks for table-plants. Whether or not those city folks knew why he was peddling coulee-ferns I can't say. But he sold his load, for a dollar a root, mostly. Then he bumped into the grandson of an English earl who was going home because the shooting didn't suit him and he couldn't get "Honey-Dew" for pipe-smoking. He bought a tent and

a sheet-iron stove from that earl's grandson. Then he blew himself to an axe and a side of pork and a hundred-weight of flour and drove home drawing maps of how he was going to put up that new shack of his. Of course there's nothing epic in it all. It's just every-day, ordinary optimism, the same as you'll knock into in any part of this province. It's just commonplace belief in what we've got ahead of us. And if you want to see good old-fashioned Faith with her sleeves rolled up, just drop off for a day or two at this town we're coming to!"

"Which town?" I asked, absently, for I was thinking of the man digging coulee-ferns with a broken stove-top.

"*The only one,*" was his answer, which struck me as worthy of record. "Calgary, of course!"

II.

On thinking it over, I decided to stop off at Calgary. I found myself pulling into a long and crowded station that stood side by side with a little Eden of flower garden. On this busy and bustling station platform

I saw red-jacketed Mounted Police officers, and a group of laughing girls with golf-bags, and young men with shot-guns and fishing-tackle and landing-nets, and older and stronger types of men with the 'prairie-squint' in their eye-corners, and men whose very shoulder-line and alertness spelt "Business." I saw well-dressed women leaning from motor-seats, and hats that seemed to have harked but a month before from Fifth Avenue, and that elusive ease and assurance which comes only with wealth and well-being. And there, in the thick of it all, I saw one lonely and motionless figure, isolated in the midst of a newer world, like a monument of the past. It was the figure of a blanketed squaw, within ten feet of where a touring-car motor threw its reek of gasoline to the wind, like incense to the gods of the future.

I found myself, indeed, not in a frontier town, but in a city that had found itself, that was sure of itself. I found it a city resting in a crook of the Bow River like a crow's nest in the crutch of a tree. Behind me were the



NOT ROSA BONHEUR CATTLE BUT CALGARY ALBERTA BEEF



"WE'VE GOT THREE RAILWAYS, AND INSIDE OF A YEAR WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THREE MORE"

sun-steeped prairies; before me lay the white-capped Rockies. Something about the situation of that town appealed to me. It lay there, half way between its heights and its lowlier plains, seeming to typify that nice adjustment of mind so precious to the soul of mankind, half-way between a wide and lowly humility, on the one hand, and a timeless spirit of audacity, on the other. I found a sense of permanence, too, in Calgary's buildings of grey stone. Structures of that self-harveyizing sandstone were not of the moment. They were not serried tongues of the temporal, like the false-facaded wooden shops that fringed the main streets of that Sargossa sea of settlements through which I had been passing, for hundreds and hundreds of miles. A skyscraper or two, and a brougham with a crest, in Winnipeg, had already taught me to expect the metropolitan touches. But that line of Calgary automobiles rather startled me. The Indian with the polished steer-horns and the Red-River carts were already anachronisms. If one of them remained, here and there, it was only as an historic remnant, lying about a fossil of dead ages, as an oath is a fossil of a dead faith. For Calgary is no longer an outpost. It would impoverish the romancer by its absence of "bad men". The groundswell of civilization has swept far beyond

Alberta; far beyond Edmonton, the oldtime "jumping off" place of the overland trail to the Klondike. It has crept into the fringes of the sub-Arctics themselves. For wherever black dirt is found the plow-share of man will follow. Those vast migratory movements of a race, imperial in extent as they are implacable in spirit, usually seem, to succeeding generations, the mere flowering of a romantic unrest. Yet they always hinge on material and commercial conditions. It is the eternal cry for bread that drives men to the Outward Trail. It is the ceaseless hunger for arable land that leaves him ever a wanderer. The bitterest struggles of all history, when once the mists of fable and romance have been dispersed, are found to be the struggles for those rich, alluvial plains of this world on which the wheat-berry will thrive. Man's historic contests have been for wider grain-lands. It is for the hard-shelled little wheat-berry that blood has been most lavishly shed. Men, in fighting for freedom, have in reality, fought for farm lands. It is not caprice and *wanderlust* and love of adventure that is opening up our remoter west. It is the hunger for a home. It is a white man's cry for white flour. I remembered, as I went dipping out towards Cochrane in a motor-car, that Klippart, the wheat-expert of fifty



THE MODERN FARMER ABANDONS THIS PROPERTY



AND IN THE WEST HE BUILDS HIMSELF THIS

years ago, declared America could grow no wheat north of Ohio. I began to wish that Klippart could have sat on the seat beside me. I should like to have led him to a wire-fenced section of the once open range where we could have stood shoulder-high in ripening oats that were to run one hundred bushels to the acre, and where we could have seen the separator-gange threshing out wheat that was running forty-five bushels to the acre, and barley a good two-thirds as heavy as the oats in yield. I should like to have carried Klippart up and down the length of all Alberta veined with its arteries of steel. I should like to have shown him, on every siding and in every railway-yard, the strings of "empties" waiting for their loads of grain. I should like to have pointed

out to him those thousands of hurrying corpuscles of commerce as they went rolling and dancing eastward, to feed a hungry and waiting empire.

But most of all I should like to have led him into contact with the spirit of optimism that dominates the West. It is not a psychological abstraction. It is a national asset. It is something so material that it has a market value. It is the direct antithesis of that "panic" feeling which now and then knocks the bottom out of Wall Street trading and wipes out of existence a potential ten millions of dollars in a passing ten minutes of time. It's a sort of communal Christian Science which ordains that thought shall not dwell on such evils as frost or drought or hailstorm, which commands that floods and prairie-fires and money



FROM THE CITY PARK, THERE CAME THE STRAINS OF A MILITARY BAND

stringencies must be ignored with Froebelian tranquility.

"I hope you don't mind the sun," said my hostess as the forty-horse-power motor sent us sky-hooting along the dustless foothill trail, "but, you know, the hailstorm spoilt our hood—we got caught in them—as big as robin's eggs!"

Her husband, who had just explained that it took sixteen miles of barb-wire to fence the bit of winter-wheat of his on our right, looked about with grave reproof.

"Hail-storms are quite unknown in this part of Alberta," he said, with an authoritative calmness that was actually a sort of sublimated combativeness.

"Of course, dear," she said, and was silent as the car danced down the dip of a hog-back and took the steeper slope before us like a pinnacle taking a midocean roller. Then she laughed (and I found, later, that her laugh explained an apparent *fault*, as the geologists say, in her line of thought).

"You know, I let my little girl play in the sand-pile where someone is building a house next to ours. She has

a weakness for funerals. She solemnly buries her three dolls in the sand and holds a ceremony over them. Last week I heard her intoning a farewell anthem to them. It was something like this:

" 'C. P. R. Subdivision Lots—Sixteen Per Cent. Second Mortgages—Calgaree, the kaween of the West—Num'er One Hard and forty to the A-a-acre!' "

And the child's father wanted to know what was funny about it!

But why not? I have seen Sicilian gardeners wringing their hillside crops from the same weary and protesting soil that fed Athens and Rome when they were in their glory; I have seen a pertinacious Calabrian tickle a quarter-acre of terraced rock-slope into niggardly generosity; I have noticed how a German peasant can in some mysterious manner coax his bread from a cranny in a mountain-side; I have beheld Scotch farmers living on ten acres of stones. And when I sit back and consider the richness of Western Canada, when I take a pencil and a particularly large sheet of paper and compute the square miles of arable



THE CALGARY COUNTRY WOULD IMPOVERISH THE ROMANCERS BY ITS ABSENCE OF "BAD MEN"



IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY, THERE LAUGHED AND SWARMED A MASS OF MERRYMAKERS

territory, and cipher out its possible and potential area of fat farmland, I begin to wonder how soon the North will hold the fifty million souls it is ready and waiting for.

From an over-humbly denominated "villa" of grey stone and pressed brick in Calgary's suburb called American Hill, I watched this new-born city as it lay sleeping in the cup of the valley, under the clear western stars. Along the northern skyline, above the heights where the city had bubbled up into the opposing suburb of Mount Pleasant, the Aurora Borealis was dancing and pirouetting like a thousand ghosts of green and crimson and orange clad to-dancers. Faintly, from the city park,

came the strains of a military band for it was concert night, and about an oblong of verdure in the centre of the city idled and honked a string of cars, and circled and dawdled a row of carriages, and laughed and swarmed a mass of merry-makers. And as I watched the scene I felt perversely old and alien and out of the picture. In this city of the North, with all its youth and its vigor, with all its hope and its future, there remained something wordlessly saddening to the outsider, something, to me who was denied both its youth and its buoyancy, almost depressing. I felt that I was of the East—of the East that is too old to be an Optimist!



IN CHINOOK-FANNED CALGARY THEY PLAY BASEBALL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE ROMANCE OF THE THEATRE IN CANADA

BY ROBSON BLACK (FREDERIC ROBSON)

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



WILSON BARRETT.

It would doubtless be a surprise to the Canadian reader to learn that in three years, three million dollars have been tossed into new theatres by hard-crusted northern "materialists." Yet the truth is unquestioned and the philosophy uninvolved. If we are forced to rack our aching brains in a counting house, or strain good muscles in the wheat field all the hours of the day, we wish to sing a different song at nightfall. And so we have erected these "Temples of Moloch" from one end of our country to another that our hearts might sometimes turn their under-sides to the sunlight of sympathy.

We cannot in a story of the theatre in Canada, go back to a Bard of Avon, a Beaumont or Fletcher, a Marlowe, Garrick or Irving, for our "stage" (if one may, for a purpose, speak of a Canadian stage) is not weighted with years, nor made glorious with native figures such as in themselves constitute the history of the English, and to a lesser degree the American dramatic institutions.

Yet the theatre in Canada has done this much. It started from nothing, worked itself through a dense crust of early puritanism to a point where it is to-day a mighty factor in the calculations of the shrewd New York manager. That is very commercial of course, but it is some scheme of measurement, and opens the way to more flattering deductions. Canada was this season

a money-making field when even New York and other cities of the republic, still smarting under real or imaginary "depressions," made an unhappy showing. The Dominion's theatres are equal to any in the "States," city for city. The "Royal Alexandra," Toronto, the "Walker" in Winnipeg, and the "Princess," a new burlesque house in Montreal, are magnificent buildings which can be matched with the best in the United States outside Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. These three theatres cost between three hundred thousand and half a million dollars, which is a great sum of invested capital upon which the box office must pay interest.

To-day, the East of Canada is theatrically lucky. It has become a part of the working chain of the United States, enjoying to a large extent the best productions which are on tour, or which its population of theatre patrons has proven it will support. If Woodstock or Guelph or Bobcaygeon, Ontario, could demonstrate an ability to pay for Forbes Robertson or Mrs. Fiske, the chance of seeing them in these towns at least once or twice in a lifetime might be moderately fair.

With the commercial method in vogue today, you get almost the thing for which you pay, and that is the penalty or privilege of dwelling in the by-paths of the world's big highways; you see only that which wanders off the "main pike" by accident or sorry design. In some of the newer sections of the Canadian West, we see a childhood picture of the eastern theatre. Let me illustrate.

Some years ago while traveling

through Western Canada with a theatrical company, we chanced to stop for an hour at a junction, the name of which I do not recall. Leaning wearily against the station master's cabin was a billboard, and upon it were these words: "The Crow Dramatic Company, in an immense scenic revival of Goethe's immortal drama 'Faust.' The great Brocken scene. Presented by an excellent company with every detail. Prices 25cts to \$1."

"Pray, where is the theatre?" I asked the baggage helper, who I am sure was seldom employed on the town's baggage.

"Ain't no theatre," he replied laconically, "but we've the dandy school-house."

"Any stage in it?"

"Teacher's platform," said he proudly.

And sure enough that brave little company of Thespians had been touring for years, father and daughters and a few others, with a small kit of scenery, adapting themselves and their plays to any and every surrounding. One day they played a schoolhouse with "Faust" or "The Lady of Lyons," or a mauled version of the forgotten "The Stranger," or some other bygone piece. On feast days, the company presented their own version of a drama called "Hamlet," written by a certain Englishman, since deceased. I have watched performances in Moosomin of

"David Garrick," in which the brave David looked soulfully up at the heavy rafters lined with cobwebs, and wondered whether "Dick" would fall over the local sheriff's punch bowl which the property man had borrowed that afternoon and laid at the star's entrance. At the village of Enderby, in British Columbia, I well remember a show of "Prince Otto" given on a stage less than ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide with a calico curtain

that jerked up with a piece of clothes line, and where the star stood for most of his speeches on the trunks before the platform. But those were the babyhood days of the theatre. It has come within the experience, not only of western towns and villages, but of eastern as well. It is the crawl before the walk. But it goes to show the beginnings of an amusement institution in a pioneer Canadian settlement contrasted with the finished product in an adult Canadian city.



MARY ANDERSON AS "JULIET"

Fifty years ago the Canadian stage was a quaint structure. There was but a paltry handful of theatres—"a poor thing sir, but mine own." It was all we had to show for our dramatic art, and worst of all, no one seemed to care. There was the "Theatre Royal" in Montreal and the "Royal Lyceum" in Toronto, the two aristocratic houses of the Dominion. To-day, the first is

buried beneath office buildings, while the latter echoes back the rattle of factory wheels. Father Time turns some grotesque tricks.

Before 1850 the "Royal" of Montreal had become the elite theatre of the limited metropolis, gathering patronage even from the Governor General and finding favor with local society for many years, until the city's life began to centre more in the uptown section. An interesting fact in connection with the "Royal" is that in 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Maddern, the father and mother of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the famous actress, were engaged for more than half the year playing character parts in the stock company, which frequently visited Toronto.

Some years later, Miss Mary Anderson came to the "Royal Lyceum," in Toronto, with a repertoire of which she seemed to prefer "Romeo and Juliet," and also J. W. Wallack of the famous Wallack family which built the theatre of that name in New York, long the leading playhouse in that city. Then came Lawrence Barrett, with his ponderous repertoire of classic parts and E. L. Davenport as Cassius in "Julius Caesar." The "Anthony" of Davenport's productions, it is interesting to know, lives upon a small farm near Kingston, Ontario, under the good old theatrical cognomen of "W. H. Compton." Content with the sober duties of his quiet farm life, his stage longings have found their best expression in reminiscences, which in themselves constitute a valuable theatrical history.

A few weeks ago I met an old man, playing leads in a "Graustark" company. It was Atkins Lawrence, seventy three years in this world, and crowned with the rare accomplishment of nearly fifty years as a "trouper." He told me of the visits to Canada of Mary Anderson in whose support he then was.

"In the muddy old lane leading to the gallery doors of the old 'Lyceum,'" he said with the pride of looking back on things hidden to all others, "I can see them crowding close to the doors, hours before the performance. The line lengthens for half a block, men and

boys standing three and four deep waiting for the door to open. And when Miss Anderson arrives in her carriage there goes up a mighty shout of joy, for in those days it was not considered foolish to show enthusiasm. Night after night that old theatre would be packed with eager spectators, who came not from a sense of pastime but of privilege.

"But oh, the hardships of the actor in those same 'palmy' days! He had little or no social standing; he was to many a sort of wandering troubadour, repeating his strange incantations in one town and then another, a homeless man upon the earth."

Contemporary with this state of the theatre in the East, the West presented an interesting, but not surprising contrast. It had no traveling companies of any importance, no chain of theatres such as it has to-day, not even a reputable theatre building in its whole extent. Of course it supported the suspicious "music hall," that horrible misnomer which has retained its crude meaning even until today. These places, scattered thickly through the mining camps of British Columbia (there is a most interesting one falling to pieces at Greenwood, B. C.), were pernicious in the extreme, and catered generally to the blind passions of uncouth men. I do not know whether Rossland has yet cleaned its streets of this sort of amusement institution, but three years ago they were still flourishing, half a dozen hotels maintaining small halls at the rear, where coarse women induced male patrons to swallow the performance with plenteous gulps of the boss' beer.

In the primitive days of the West the dependence for entertainment fell also upon the eternal "local talent," that not unmixed blessing which we have "always with us."

With little sign of leaping into any theatrical fervor, the growing Dominion, concerned sixteen hours of the day with its perplexing problems of youth, placed consideration of the drama as an element of its growth somewhere in the attic for future reference. It remained there until



LILLIAN RUSSELL (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT)

about 1890, (and possibly five years later). At that time, the country was theatrically starving. It was considered unworthy of exploitation by the usually brisk United States manager from whom, under the circumstances then as now, practically all our entertainment must come. One reason for their reluctance to trust their companies in Canada was the absence of theatres, for outside a few cities the provision was lamentable. But the awakening of the American manager soon came.

The country was tried out with tours of reputable companies, and found not wanting. Some time later, Mr. Ambrose Small, once a poorly paid treasurer of the Grand Opera House, Toronto, began his string of playhouses which now cover Toronto (two houses), Hamilton, London, Guelph, Brantford, Kingston, and a score of other places, making altogether more than thirty-five houses owned by Mr. Small and his associates, a sharp group of men who saw an opportunity in their own home field and gripped it.

Then up rose "His Majesty's" in

Montreal (though under a different name), "The Princess" in Toronto, and the "Winnipeg Theatre" in Winnipeg, equal to the standard demanded by touring companies.

About 1895 came a revolution in the public attitude toward the Canadian theatre. The old smug submission to a grandfather's blind prejudices was wearing out for want of mending, and folks thought a while before renewing it. The theatre, they said, should not fall beneath any doctrine of Original Sin and Eternal Condemnation. Soon clergymen, in the cities at least, dropped the playhouse from their lists of cardinal errors, and when the ban of the church was lifted, one of the first obstacles to a sound theatre in the Dominion was rolled away. Yet the drama, then as now, is the despised of our arts, even though we know it as our greatest source of pleasure; even



LILY LANGTRY, WHEN SHE FIRST CAME TO CANADA |

though we grant its masterful grip on the hearts of men; even though we boast with our lips of "uplifting the stage," the while our hearts are cynically smiling. We despise the drama, for we as a people have left its introduction to a hap-hazard, commercial machine which supplies us because we pay our dollars liberally. Canada has not yet regarded her theatre in any higher altitude than the small boy with his repeating air gun.

At the time in question, however, the Dominion was regarded as a choice section to tour. There was good money in Ontario, less in Montreal and the eastern townships, but a reward for high-class "stuff" through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Westward, the country was not a paying proposition for an expensive company until Winnipeg was reached, which necessitated (and still does) striking through Detroit, St. Paul, and upward to Manitoba. From there the direct "jumps" to Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Nelson, Vancouver and Victoria are so enormously expensive that large companies may only play them by zig-zagging constantly into the States, a process quite frequently carried out. Just here, as an explanation of what our prairie cities of Canada are capable of doing, Mrs. Fiske on her tour of Canada a few years ago played to \$3,000 at Calgary in a single performance, an evidence of a very wholesome local appetite, plus an ample purse.

Let credit be given where it is due. In this instance, the West owes a debt to a Canadian actor, Harold Nelson, as to a pioneer worker who struggled through eight years of bitter uphill work from Winnipeg to the coast, preaching the cause of clean drama, as no other in that field has ever attempted. Mr. Nelson brought "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet" and "Richelieu" to towns and villages which saw very few stage representations the year round, and then only exceedingly poor ones. He preached Shakespeare to rough cow-punchers, and preached with intelligence and sympathy. He lectured to schools and to colleges on the drama, and incited

owners of halls and "op'rys" to build better ones. As an illustration of this point, the writer has information that the present excellent theatre in the town of Phoenix, B. C., was due largely to Mr. Nelson's initiative during his visits there.

It is interesting to know that at present Canadian cities are well prepared for a supply of good traveling companies, for a municipality's treatment varies in direct ratio to the fatness of its purse. Good artists demand rich rewards from managers; managers demand compensation for both the artists and themselves. The public pays for both. If it doesn't care about it, neither does the manager nor the artist. It's a very simple sum, isn't it?

Since we have our theatres fairly well established, whence must come the very necessary "shows?"

Not from Canada. It is neither desirable nor possible for another fifty years to erect any tariff wall against outside art, and try manufacturing for ourselves. In the opinion of the writer the occasional cry emitted by visionary persons for our own Canadian drama and our own stage is utter folly. Art does not trail along with the pioneer. It lags and parleys and cavils unremittingly until its own conditions of residence are provided; then only may it consent to grace us by its presence. We are ready for our Canadian Stage, or anything approximating it, neither in spirit nor in wealth. Mr. George Arliss, the noted actor who stirred New York this season with "The Devil," once discussed this point with the writer, and he said:

"If Canada raises good actors, as she does, let her send them to the United States, and vice versa. Let there be a world-stage rather than a provincial. Let us exchange our actors and our plays; it will help promote a high universal standard."

As now, so for a long time, in things theatrical, it is best for us to throw in our common lot with the United States, for the present working arrangement could be made all-sufficient—with but few modifications.



A GROUP OF OLD-TIME CHORUS GIRLS

The supply of our entertainment-trinity, comedy, tragedy and drama, for all the continent, is in the hands of a syndicate of managers centred in New York with the well-known Hebrew partners, Klaw and Erlanger, at its head. "K. and E." have in their possession long-term contracts with the best theatres in all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, and likewise corral the lion's share of dramatic and operatic artists, male and female. Outside the "Syndicate," the only element worthy of consideration (exclusive of the vaudeville field) is the David Belasco-Harrison Grey Fiske combination, whom it is said, will also have the powerful Shuberts soon deserting to their side. These latter "Independents" have a number of theatres in New York and outside, and control some excellent artists, including Mrs. Fiske, George Arliss, Frank Keenan, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Bertha Galland, Frances Starr, Blanch Bates, Charlotte Walker and others. Now these artists, with their skillfully conceived productions and plays, easily up to the current standard, have been practically debarred from the Canadian

field because no playhouses were allowed to admit them. How bitterly the theatrical syndicate holds to the law of exclusion was shown by the recent necessity of Sarah Bernhardt making her tour of the United States in a circus tent, because no syndicate house dare open its doors to one so anathematized by their head office. Thus one may see how this amusement octopus has reached out to every corner of the country, elbowing independence into the ocean. Only the stock, repertoire and second-grade attractions are allowed to exist outside its pale, exclusive of that plucky band in New York, the Independents. The first "Independent" opening in Canada came only a few weeks ago through an arrangement with the "Royal Alexandra" of Toronto.

The absolute domination of the Trust from its New York City offices, and the consequent subordination of local preferences or dislikes has made the local manager merely a paid janitor. Still, in all fairness let it be said that the "K. and E." control has turned chaos into order in the theatrical business, even though their



THE OLDEST THEATRE IN TORONTO

motives were purely mercenary. They have banished many unlovely elements of stage life, which flourished under the old system. None of their companies are allowed to strand; their managers do not abscond with the actors' salaries; the bookings for weeks ahead are absolutely certain, with a sure play. And so one might multiply its virtues. It has turned a twisted Bohemia into a well-ordered business village—and it has made for itself much money. Canada is to-day placed absolutely in the power of that New York group, for New York is the hub of this country's theatrical wheel, just as London concentrates the amusements of the English provinces.

Yet the point to consider in the present article is the gradual perfecting of the Canadian House of the Drama. Perhaps it may be the preparation for a dramatic soul late in coming, but in blazoning the way for some measure of artistic accomplishment, every individual in the Dominion may do his considerable part.

It has been said that Canadians have

undergone an unfortunate change of taste in the last half generation. What was once the class of theatre-goer, rigid in its hatred of "cheapness" on the stage, and energetic in its championship of intellectual drama, has merged largely into the chaotic, scrambling crowd asking for amusement with their eyes and ears closed. And so that body known as "the public," stripped of its leaven, has gone the way which Yankee shows, formed from Yankee sentiment, have tried to bend it. No wonder "The Servant in The House" that superbly beautiful drama of inspiring satire and loveliness of theme, though advertised to an echo, almost exhausted its patronage in Toronto in four nights, while two burlesques, a silly musical comedy, a very frivolous opera, a vaudeville show and a melodrama often turned the people away, with two performances a day in most of them.

There are few who will assert that the theatre to-day is all it should be; fewer still who maintain that the public which attends it is any better intellectually or morally than that at which it smiles; which it applauds; and for which it pays. It will need



ATKINS LAWRENCE

entertainment, that same wave of intolerance has sent its ripples out to the present day. Thus Canada is filled with that anti-spirit, though it is significant that the clergy are not coming out in bitter attack as once was the prescribed form in the fall, when the theatre season begins.

Our newspapers, which under sane and competent guidance could do a world of good for the theatre and its patrons, are in the main, a wishy-washy influence, printing what the business office wills; to this however we have some genuine exceptions in our leading cities, but the honesty is not epidemic by any means.

A determination of the intellectual portion of the community to support the good and refuse to condone the mediocre would work a magic cure in an incredibly brief time. But the words "support the good" should be underlined as the first duty. Here is a fine illustration: A certain professor of English in a Canadian university, whom I knew intimately, was such an ardent and sincere student of the drama that he took great pains to prove to the local theatre manager his earnestness, and to set an example to his students and fellow citizens. He would go to every Shakespearian or other classic masterpieces, whether played by good or bad actors. He brought his entire

family to see Martin Harvey in "The Only Way," Robert Mantell in "Riche-lieu" and Louis James in "Virginius." When Sir Henry Irving came to Detroit, the professor economized on his pocket money until he had the price of a railway ticket and a night's lodging, and then packed his lunch into a valise and fled. If every member of the so-called "Elect" in a community had but half of that professor's conviction and an eighth of his courage, what a glorious revolution would be started by to-morrow—what a freshening of our theatrical fig-tree!

But to reform anything on earth needs something more than lisping platitudes in a neighbor's drawing room. An actor friend used to say to me: "Mere talk never won anything, and has damned a dozen movements for stage reform. Where wise sayings are the sole support of a scheme, there is about as much chance of success as followed the colored man who on a gloomy night went down cellar with an extinguished candle to look for a black cat that wasn't there."

It is for us to answer whether we Canadians shall any longer regard the drama as a mighty instrument for the mental, moral, and spiritual uplift of all the people, or merely, as is now the unhappy case, as a rollicking Christmas tree entertainment.

HER COMING

BY S. WELLWOOD

FOR you the mountains shall put on
 Their golden raiment in the dawn;
 Diana's bow shall beautify
 The jewelled valance of the sky.

For you the waters shall be blue,
 The faithful pines their youth renew;
 For you again the rose shall flame,
 The birds shall call you by your name.

From out the estranging distance seen
 Of half a world that lies between,
 Your face shall haunt no more, but be
 The vision I have longed to see.



CAFE CARS ON THE GOOSE LAKE LINE, SASKATOON

THE RURAL NUCLEUS

BY CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON

Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago

SECOND PAPER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NOTHING has contributed more to the development of the Canadian West than its excellent school system. From the last report of the Department of Education of Alberta, we glean most recent and interesting statistics:

"The year was one of exceptional growth and expansion, and was consequently a strenuous one, so far as the work of the department is concerned. One hundred and fifty-six new school districts were erected during the year, making an average of a new school district every two week-days. In addition to this the number of departments in operation in our graded schools increased by 183, so that the number of schools requiring to be supplied with teachers and financial assistance actually increased by 339. The territory included in the newly-formed districts averages about seventeen or eighteen sections, so that the districts erected during the year cover an area of approximately 2,800 square miles.

"In the work of organization, many difficulties confront us owing to the fact that schools are required in many outlying districts, where, as yet there

are but few roads and bridges. As a consequence, comparatively small streams and lakes are necessarily made the boundaries of such districts. While it is the constant aim of the department to render every possible assistance in this work and to simplify the procedure as much as possible, yet every care must be exercised to see that the organization is in strict accordance with the requirements of the school ordinances.

"Forms of petition for the erection of districts, printed forms of notices, poll sheets, etc., together with explicit instructions relative to procedure are supplied upon application to the department; and any three residents of a proposed school district, who upon its erection would be liable to taxation, may form themselves into a committee to undertake the preliminary work connected with the establishment of such district. Before its formation, a proposed district must contain at least four residents who would be liable to taxation, and at least twelve children between the ages of five and sixteen inclusive. Those qualified to vote for or against the erection of a school district are persons of the full age of



FARMING NEAR BRANDON

twenty-one years actually resident within the proposed district for at least two months immediately prior to date of poll and who would be liable to taxation as owners or occupants of assessable property upon the establishment of a district.

"Immediately upon the completion of the prescribed procedure and the return of the necessary statements to the department, the district is 'erected' by order of the Minister of Education, and a notice is published in the official gazette. The duly elected trustees of the district are forthwith in a position to arrange for the erection of a school house, the employment of a teacher and taxation of the assessable lands in the district.

"It is most gratifying to note that very rarely a feeling antagonistic to the formation of a district is evinced. The ordinances, however, provide for such a case. Should such a contingency arise, and it has been shown that an area suitable for a school district contains (a) at least twenty children between the ages of five and sixteen inclusive; (b) ten persons actually residing therein who on the erection of the district would be liable to assessment; and (c) six thousand acres of

assessable land, the Minister may on his own initiative order the erection of the district. Should the elected board of trustees neglect or refuse to administer the affairs of the district as required by the school ordinance, an official trustee may be appointed to manage the affairs of such district and upon the appointment of such official trustee the board of the district for which he is appointed shall cease to hold office as such.

"All schools established and operated under the school ordinance are maintained partly by taxation and partly by legislative grants. In rural districts the single land-tax system prevails and the maximum rate of taxation in these districts is ten cents per acre. In village and town district all property both real and personal (not exempt under the ordinances) is liable to taxation on a valuation basis—the rate in such districts cannot exceed twelve mills on the dollar for ordinary school purposes, though an additional rate to meet debenture indebtedness may be levied. The resident rate-payers of each district elect trustees, who form the executive to administer the affairs of their district.

"A comparison of salaries earned



COUNTRY SCHOOL AND CHURCH, EDMONTON DISTRICT

during the past three years would indicate that, generally speaking, a decided increase has taken place. In the schools open during the whole year, the average salaries paid to first class male teachers during 1905, 1906 and 1907 were \$741.08, \$807.10, and \$910.05 respectively. Female teachers holding the same grade of certificate, averaged during these years \$615.63, \$610.01, and \$652.55. Male teachers holding second class certificates aver-

aged \$620.90, \$640.50 and \$674.40; while female teachers holding the same grade of certificate averaged during these years, \$572.10, \$585.07 and \$574.40 respectively."

Is this isolated group of beginners working alone? Spend an hour with the Ministers of Agriculture and of Education and of Land Titles in Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and see how the whole campaign is thought out. Ask the Minister of Education



PRIMITIVE METHODS DO NOT PREVAIL ON WESTERN CANADIAN FARMS

and his assistants how they conciliate the Doukhobors, the Mennonites, the Roman Catholics and the Greek Catholics; how simple fair dealing and kindly tact overcome their age-long prejudices and win them to support the public free schools, so that while parochial schools are legally permitted, they are not desired. We in the United States have yet to learn how simple is the problem of uniting civil liberty with freedom of religious teaching. In western Canada, under difficult conditions, with a motley population, good sense and a wise school law have achieved pronounced success; the rights of all are maintained, the deep religious instincts of the immigrants are not suffocated, and they are not driven by law to establish and support separate parochial schools. Religion and patriotism are not set against each other as with us. With less tactful school officials no doubt troubles would multiply; but western



A WESTERN TYPE

Canada seems to have found out how to select strong and wise men for these delicate tasks.

So the nascent community feels itself from the first moment to be a factor in a great system of education. When an adolescent looks over the vast prairies, watches the ripening of a golden harvest, dreams of higher education in the long winter months, he knows he will not be obliged to expatriate himself in order to attain his academic grades. The Agricultural College at Winnipeg, as truly missionary in spirit as any missionary society, is pioneering the way in the conquest of nature by science and the arts.

Soon each province will be rival of the others in establishing Normal Schools, Universities, professional schools to meet the varied needs of a vigorous, alert, ambitious and successful people. As yet no baleful city influence depresses and perverts this movement of farmers. The rural vil-



THEY HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN SASKATCHEWAN

lage is still dominant. Speculation of course is not confined to the towns; often the farmer's head is turned by the wild desire to get rich quickly. That is inevitable. But the ordinary habits of life are guided by a steady industry which sobers, keeps families close to reason and reality, cools the fever of gambling and gives appetite for wholesome food rather than morbid land hunger.

Where conditions are favorable, as at a railway crossing, a town may quickly grow out of a village. In less than three years from the first settlement, one may find not only warehouses and elevators, but excellent brick school houses, neat churches, a hospital, brick yards and a local newspaper. Some of the hotels are in excellent condition, with clean beds and good table. How much of this is due to the legal requirement that liquor can be sold only in hotels?

The rural and village schools are often in partnership with the universities of Ontario and Manitoba.

They pay the students fifty to seventy dollars a month during the summer to conduct their work of instruction and the surplus earnings carry the young man through several months of further studies. A student who can speak German fairly well is especially in demand where immigrants are numerous.

Another indication of the co-operation of provincial and local authorities is found in the telephone trunk lines which are extended in many directions ready to be utilized by the farmers as soon as they erect their own neighborhood lines and desire communication over a wider area.

In short, the West, with its wealth of natural resources and its strong men who know when and how to mold those resources for the benefit of the people is forging ahead more and more rapidly; is becoming more and more recognized as the "nucleus" whence come and shall continue to come many of the greatest men of the country; the "nucleus" where the future destiny of Canada shall be decided.

ACQUAINTANCE

BY PRESTON M. WILLIS

TWO leaves afloat upon a forest stream,
 Fared side by side;
 Together floated on awhile,
 But parted by an eddy's wile—
 To meet again?
 Perchance again,
 But farther down that gliding, forest stream.

We met upon Life's changeful, mystic stream;
 Toiled side by side,
 Together we toiled on awhile;
 But parted by Dame Fortune's wile—
 To meet again?
 Perchance again,
 But farther down Life's changeful, gliding stream.

THE GUARDIAN

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. HERNDON (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

MY wife was on a prolonged visit to relatives and feeling the need of companionship, I called for "Jack" Sherman and carried him off to dinner at our apartments.

When we took the train it was beginning to snow and by the time we reached our destination, a northern blizzard had set in. After the dishes had been cleared away and the coffee and cigars brought on, the roar of the lake was borne distinctly to our ears above the whistling of the wind around the corners of the building.

Without any particular reason and certainly without warrant in the preceding conversation, I made a casual remark about the Howes who, in their beautiful and yet strangely-sad devotion to one another, had attracted me strongly. At the mention of their names, Sherman, a keen student of all things occult, took a fresh cigar and related their story. I shall try to repeat it as he gave it to me on that wild night in December. It ran like this:

"My friends often wonder, you among them I presume, why occult questions appeal to me so strongly. Eleven years ago I was rich in three of the best friends a man ever had. There was one handsome, dashing young fellow, Dan Richards, the sole heir and idol of his supposedly rich old puritanical father. The second was Eugene Followell, a poet by nature but a musician by profession. The third was Gordon Howe. Although there was a close bond of fellowship uniting all of us, Richards and Howe were particularly intimate. Oddly enough, they loved the same girl, Mary Lewis (now Mrs. Howe), but then the orphaned ward of Dan's father and living under her guardian's roof. That she loved Dan, we all

knew, but I believed her heart went out to Howe who, in his manly fashion, was fighting against adverse circumstances and taking the world's rebuffs with a smiling indifference.

"One night, while we were gathered at the Richards' home, it was announced that Dan and Mary were to be married on the forthcoming Christmas eve. I was attracted by the tortured look upon Dan's face as he watched to see how Gordon would take the news. I, too, turned that way in time to see Howe's face blanch and his hands tremble as the fateful sentence was uttered. In a moment, that splendid fellow was himself again and he sprang to his feet grabbing Dan in his arms. When they separated and stood with hands clasped, tears were in the eyes of each; one man had found a true friend and the other rejoiced that the man he loved would be happy.

"On the following morning, the dead body of Dan Richards was found in his room and near it lay his revolver with one chamber discharged.

"About a year after that mournful occurrence, I went in some perplexity to Followell's studio to learn what he could make out of the announcement, suddenly made and as suddenly recalled, that Howe and Mary were to marry. While we were talking and becoming more perplexed as each surmise was hazarded and rejected, the door opened and Gordon came in. On his face was the same hunted look we had seen, of late, and, strangely in contrast to his usual manner, he seemed to carry an air of helplessness. He was almost ashamed to meet us and yet it was evident that he had something to say—something that somehow must be told, even though he discredited his own message. Seldom

have I seen mortal shift so irresolutely between conflicting emotions and desires. The struggle had brought great beads of perspiration to his forehead, although it was cold outside and he had come far.

" 'Don't think me queer, boys,' he said in a voice that was hardly his own, 'I knew you were talking about me and were perplexed. I knew, or at least I felt, that you needed me and so I came; I dropped everything to come for it is important that you know the truth. Don't look at me that way, boys, for God's sake, don't. You wonder how I knew; that is beyond me. I only know that, half an hour ago, I seemed to be talking with Dan and he bade me come. Now that I am here, I don't know what to tell you, but it concerns vitally that of which you were just talking.'

"Terror was plainly written in every line of his face and his big strong body shook as though he were a frail, frightened woman. To our amazement, he dropped his head on his arms and cried like a child. We both saw that he was physically exhausted and while I induced him to rest on the couch, Eugene took down his violin and played some tender melody, soothing to the overwrought nerves, and Howe sank into a profound sleep.

"We talked the matter over in hushed tones. I was inclined to treat it lightly, declaring it was evidently a physical breakdown from overwork and from brooding over the loss of his friend. I argued that the recent keen disappointment had come as a climax to his troubles, with the result we had just witnessed; excitable nerves and a touch of mental telepathy incident to the keenness of diseased organs. Followell had quite another theory.

" 'Jack,' he said, solemnly, and waited a moment to arrest my whole attention, 'Dan Richards was here with Howe, he did bring him and he did try to tell us some urgent and important truth. More than that, Jack, I am convinced that Dan was previously in this room with us, heard what we said and would have told us, but for the fact that we are physically strong enough to repel approaches by the

spirits. On the other hand, Howe is worn out physically, he has been grieving his heart out on two accounts and has been spending much of his time, lately, in solitude. Under those conditions, man is susceptible to control by earth bound spirits. When Dan could not speak through us, he went to Howe, hoping to find an effective mouthpiece. Did you notice how incoherent, how vague and purposeless was everything Gordon said? That, to my mind, was sure indication of an effort of an earthbound spirit trying to use a physical organism over which it has not absolute control. Such efforts have been made often, but they fail, always.'

"A steady strong pressure of his hand upon my shoulder told me that he had more to say, elsewhere, so I backed into a closet used for a music room. I shall never forget the haggard look upon his face as he leaned against the door and whispered hoarsely:

" 'And do you know, Jack, students of psychic questions tell me that Dan is a lost soul; suicide is the unpardonable sin. I——'

"An unearthly, terrified, fiendish scream came from the couch. Bewildered partly by the spell of recent events, partly by the influence of Eugene's statement and partly by this latest development, we were paralyzed temporarily. We saw Howe spring to his feet, look about him wildly and then dash down the stairs. When we had regained control of ourselves and had reached the street, he was gone. To take up pursuit, further than to be sure we actually had missed him, might have led us to the opposite point of the compass. The next step was determined by Eugene:

" 'I know I can trust you to hunt for him diligently and find him if it is possible. As I shall not be at home tonight, you may take my key in case you and he should need a place down town. As for me, I am going among my friends for there is some terrible secret behind this which I must and will know. Poor Dan. Poor Dan.'

"About ten o'clock the following morning my telephone bell rang and I heard a confusion of sobs and ex-

clamations urging me to do something quickly because some one in distress needed me. With difficulty I came to realize that the voice was Mary's, that the person in distress was Howe and that I was to go forthwith to the probate court. In view of what Eugene had said and of the events of the preceding day, I needed no further urging.

" 'That was what I feared yesterday,' said Followell, as I gasped out my information in an effort to get him to go with me to use his influence with the courts, which was strong. 'I cannot go myself and doubt the value of your going. You may comfort him, but this is a case which the law and the doctors do not understand. I have other and more important things to do—no, Jack, I am not heartless, this bears on the case—and must do them. I am beginning to unravel the mystery and have already learned enough to confirm my gravest suspicions.'

"Even with these sentences ringing in my ears, bringing with each repetition some conjecture more impossible than the last, I was not prepared for what had actually happened. Gordon, guarded on either side by a policeman, was sitting beside a long table. Mr. Richards, Dan's father, had just taken the witness stand and was beginning a story which he told as though doing a stern duty toward the state. Before he had uttered three sentences, I knew that Eugene was right, that my mission was hopeless, and that no statement of his would alter the situation one whit.

" 'Last night,' said Mr. Richards, 'I remained at my office beyond the accustomed time and was working at my desk when the outer door opened and the defendant entered. His face was that of a demon, his fists were clenched and his frame was shaking with anger. In language which I shall not repeat, he called me a robber and a thief and in a transport of frenzy shrieked: 'The law does not always punish a murderer but I will.' Then he raised a chair over his head and would have felled me had I not slipped past him and summoned the officer. He will tell what happened next.'

"Following the testimony of the officer, a cold-blooded, long-fingered doctor stepped forward to question Howe. When he attempted to defend himself, Gordon was confused and irrational. He told of having heard voices but could not understand fully what they intended to say. He was convinced that an injustice had been done, that he and others had been robbed (of what he did not know) and the accusing fingers pointed always toward Mr. Richards. He could not recall what had taken place on the preceding evening.

"At the conclusion of this awful recital I turned, sick at heart, to the window. Although the fresh air revived me considerably, I saw, only in a dazed way, the doctor nod to the judge and heard, as though afar off, the businesslike verdict of the court committing my friend to a state institution. I tried to comfort him but he was lost in a reverie as though trying to recall something that had happened. When they led him away I walked back to the studio turning over in my mind how the outcome of this second tragedy in a year, might be told to Mary.

"When I broke the news to Eugene, he went instantly to the telephone and informed Mary that Gordon had merely broken down from overwork and was to be taken to a sanitarium for a rest of a few weeks. Then he turned to me with some further instructions and told me to return there the following night at nine.

" 'When you do come,' he said, 'question nothing, say nothing, and above all do not ridicule. If by any possible stretch of your practical mind you can do so—believe. It really is dangerous to my plans for you to be there, as we will have one scoffer and two might spoil everything, but I want you to see and understand. Come at nine and help as much as you can.'

"Ten years ago tonight was another such night as this. As I walked along the street, the wind was sometimes so strong as to compel me to seek shelter behind a friendly wall, a hard sleety snow was falling and the lake was roaring like a distant battle. Only those who had to ventured out.

"Ten others had arrived at the studio before I did, and eight of them were strangers to me. These eight were sitting around a table, their hands spread out, palms downward with thumbs and little fingers touching. Beyond them, crouching in a big chair, was Mr. Richards and leaning against the wall was Followell playing softly on his violin.

"I recalled then what he had said about the materialization of spirits, that the human mind relaxes under the spell of soft music, to permit the body to give off the aura in which the disembodied spirit must clothe itself. I knew Eugene believed that only the aura of the sex of the spirit was effective and noted that all the strangers were men. Beyond that I would not permit myself to be curious or skeptical. It was evident from the beginning that there was some new atmosphere about this familiar place which I could not then and cannot now describe; if permitted to say as much, I should call it the influence of the after-world. I began now to understand what had been occupying the musician for the preceding forty-eight hours.

"I was soon lost in a reverie, the strangest and most uncanny I had ever experienced. Somehow the solitary lamp, burning low in the centre of the table and the weird, solemn music brought back all the memories of the old days when Dan was with us. Some time had passed thus when my attention was attracted by the quick, labored breathing of those around the table. A phosphorescent vapor arose from their bodies and began whirling in eddies above them, settling more and more into a fixed figure. The violin which had continued its pleading music sank to a low drone intensifying the spell that was over us all.

"My mind was caught by a cross current and I turned toward Mr. Richards to see him sitting upright, his cheeks blanched and his bulging eyes fixed upon the electric eddies. I looked where he looked and saw standing as though in mid-air the dim but real outlines of the naked figure of Dan. In the tension of the moment

the violin stopped playing and the room became so deathly still we could hear the beating of our own hearts.

"The supreme moment of the experiment was just ahead. Had they the power to endow the apparition with speech?

"Every nerve was strained as we waited—hours and days it seemed to us—for the denouement. Out of that awful stillness, a voice spoke slowly, faintly and yet distinctly. My heart stood still—it was the voice of Dan.

"I must be brief, for the vital force you have so kindly loaned me is limited. I am the spirit of Dan Richards, convicted by the Judge of All Things of the unpardonable sin of self-destruction. Before going my allotted way I want to explain that which has perplexed you, my comrades of other days.

"My father, for a grievous wrong committed in his youth, endowed the orphan of his victim with a portion of his wealth. In the pride of his old age, he had ventured and lost that which belonged to her and also most of that which was his own. He had saved a part of his estate for my protection and endeavored to secure her by forcing us into an union against her wish. Concerning the disposal of my property, you will find a note among my papers.

"These facts my father confided to me after having exacted a promise of secrecy during life. I could not dishonor my word and yet I could not ask her who loved another to marry me. You know my choice. For a year, ignorantly, I have been following my friend trying to give him the truth and my bitter reward is the charge made against him yesterday and sustained. From to-night he is free, for I go my way—"

"A chair moved violently along the floor, a string of the violin snapped and the others sang as though they were being whirled through the air and then the lamp was dashed to pieces and the violin lay in splinters on the table. When we had struck a light, Mr. Richards was gone. We never saw him afterwards."

THE WONDERFUL WATERS OF CANADA

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami," etc,

PONCE DE LEON wasted his life hunting through Florida and other southern sections of the United States for the Fountain of Youth. Ponce de Leon made a mistake. He should have hunted for it in Canada at Abenakis, Radnor, or the Salt Lake of Saskatchewan, or St. Catherine's Well. Had old Ponce come to any of these he might have well concluded that he had indeed found at last the fabled "Fountain of Youth."

But after the discovery of America, Canada lay for a long time practically an undiscovered wilderness and it was many hundreds of years after Ponce de Leon that others quite accidentally discovered the wonderful waters of Canada.

Radnor was discovered by the late Dr. William Henry Drummond who called to see a patient and feeling thirsty took a drink at the farm house well before he went away. The water tasted strange and he took a small quantity away with him for analysis. He discovered its wonderful qualities and so Radnor became known to the world.

The Yankees chased the British north from Niagara with so much zeal that they left their doctors and medicines far behind. Finding themselves with many wounded on their hands they took the advice of the Indians and halted to take care of their injured at St. Catherine's Well. When the doctors and the medicines finally arrived they found to their great astonishment that the injured were all improving rapidly. The British advanced, drove the Yankees back and saved St. Catherine's Well to Canada.

The locating engineers of the Grand

Trunk Pacific railway bathed in an innocent looking sun-kissed lake near Saskatoon, and discovered to their great surprise that they could almost float on the water without effort, so buoyant was it. They found the water was very salt and charged with minerals and they likened the lake to Great Salt Lake, the most saline of all the waters of which we know with the single exception of the Dead Sea of Syria. An aged man, pain-racked and crippled, bathed here and found out that the most wonderful thing about the newly-discovered lake was not its salt properties but its curative power. The old man claimed that bathing in the Salt Lake of Saskatchewan had not only freed him of all his infirmities but had made him twenty-five years younger, and the fame of the lake spread far and wide.

The Abenakis Indians claim the honor of discovering the wonderful healing springs on the St. Francis. But the Indians got the secret from the red deer. They noticed that the animals, wounded or sick, made straight for the waters of the St. Francis but once there, instead of drinking the water of the river which was clear as crystal, they would dig holes with their hoofs in the ground near the river and drink the water as it seeped in out of the earth. The Abenakis tried this plan. The results were so wonderful that their old, infirm and sick discarded all other methods of the "medicine man" and bathed only in the springs around the St. Francis.

By word of mouth, the story of the "Fountain of Youth" as the Abenakis called the spot, travelled among the

Indians of Canada. An old Indian chief in a region far removed, found himself going blind. His medicine men tried all their art in vain. Month by month, his sight grew dimmer until he resigned himself to perpetual night. Then he heard stories of the wonderful waters of the St. Francis and decided to make a pilgrimage to the spot. His hogan was far to the West in the haunts of Hiawatha but he started out for the land of the Abenakis, stumbling over portages and paddling in the hazy twilight that had settled down upon him.

When he arrived, his sight was so far gone he would not have accomplished the last few miles had not the friendly Abenakis found him and led him to a pool where he began bathing his eyes. He drank of the water and bathed in it continually. From almost the day of his arrival he grew better, his sight returned and in two moons he walked boldly upright, a new man. So deeply impressed was he with the miracle wrought that he refused to go back to his own people but lived out his life with the Abenakis where he might always be near the "Fountain of Youth."

All this happened forty-eight years ago but it was this story that first attracted the present owner of Abenakis Spring and caused him to acquire the property. To-day there is a big hotel at the springs where at any time you will encounter people from the four corners of the globe. Many come as summer visitors for there is bathing and boating on the beautiful St. Francis, which flows through a lake and empties into the St. Lawrence river not far away.

To visit the place and hear the stories told by those who come there sick, half

blind, or on crutches, one gets the impression that old Ponce de Leon was not so visionary as historians assert, but that his only mistake was one of location. All claim to have been either greatly benefited or completely cured by the waters of St. Francis. They will show you a store room at the hotel with heaps of dust-covered canes and crutches that were not needed by their owners when they went away, well and happy. And so even if you go to scoff, you will remain to drink and bathe in the fabled waters.

The fame of the wonderful waters of Canada has spread around the world although it is probably true that many who live not far from one of these healing fountains are like the Montreal man who journeyed all the way to Berlin to consult a great specialist. The learned doctor looked his patient over carefully and then told him there was but one place where he could find relief for his peculiar malady.

"Name it," said the Montreal man, "I don't care where it is, I'll go there."

"It is a place called Abenakis," said the doctor, "in the province of Quebec, which is in Canada."

"Oh fudge," said the patient, "Why I can go out there in two hours."

So he paid the fat fee, came back to Montreal, went out to Abenakis in two hours and was cured.

And so it may be that some will have to go clear to Berlin or Baden-Baden in order to discover Abenakis Springs on the St. Francis, but the many new hotels that are now building at the springs and around the other spots where are found the wonderful waters of Canada, seem to show that their number is growing smaller and smaller year by year.





DR. FIXER GAMBLES IN COBALT

BY JOHN DAY

Author of "Dr. Fixer Rescues the Orphan"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. DILLON.

"PARDON me, but if you are through with the paper, may I have a look at it?"

It was a sunny afternoon in Montreal.

The man seated at the other end of the wide park bench in Viger Square, turned his head toward the one from whom the request had come and nodded a good-natured assent.

"Certainly. Go to it, old man. I've finished what little there is in it."

The last speaker, who had sauntered from the big hotel across the square to revel in the bright spring sunshine after his mid-day breakfast, took in with keen glance the half-shabby man who had sunk wearily into the unoccupied seat. The shabbiness was of the genteel kind, carefully brushed hat, clothes and shoes, and the coat buttoned close—probably to hide a soiled shirt. A man who was up against it, evidently.

In sharp contrast was the well-fed and carefully-groomed stranger, who looked toward the half-shabby one once more, and saw that he had turned to the classified advertisements, headed "Help Wanted".

Doc Floyd, more or less successful

wooter of fortune in devious ways, with half-closed eyes watched the sparrows disporting in the nearby fountain. He saw that, while some of them seemingly were at play, others were busy tugging at threads and scraps of paper which they carried away to the tree tops—feathered artisans, busy at home building. He felt the breath of spring, and with it a restlessness that bade him be up and doing.

For all that he was bound about by a look of prosperity, the winter had not been altogether filled with profit. A carefully planned deal whereon he had spent many weeks of work and a goodly sum of money had fallen flat. Just the day before, an intended victim having smelled a mouse, then discovered it, had vanished.

"Well, I'm better off than my friend here. He seems to be looking for a job," he mused. "Just because one game fell through is no reason why the next won't be all right."

As he turned again, he saw that the man was absorbed in a column which proclaimed that a new and richer-than-ever strike had been made at Cobalt. He had only glanced at the heading of the article himself, but now that his

attention was called to it, a fresh idea began to work in his mind. He waited until the other had finished the article, and then broke the silence.

"You seemed to be interested in that Cobalt thing. Do you know anything about that country?" he inquired.

"I should say I did," was the half-savage reply. "I ought to. I went broke there last fall. I'm sorry now that I left. Wish I was back."

"How was that? Did the sharks get you or did you dig into bare dirt!"

"Oh, it was the sharks all right. They cleaned me good. They all but picked my bones. I wouldn't mind it so much, but ——"

The man seemed suddenly to realize that he was discussing his hard luck, and broke off. He looked up and saw the eyes of the stranger upon him. They were kindly gray eyes, that seemed to invite just such confidences as he had been about to indulge in. There was a good-humored twinkle in them.

"Why don't you go on and tell me about it?" spoke the stranger, in tones that were not to be denied. "I was getting interested. I've just been thinking of trying my talents in Cobalt. What was it that made the deal so particularly distressing?"

It is not in human nature to refrain at some time or other from telling a hard luck story. It would be almost impossible for any one to resist such an invitation, given in such a frank, big-hearted way, so the man with the grievance poured it forth to interested ears.

"The thing that made it so hard," went on the man with the story to tell, "was that it was my wife's money that I lost. We had just been married. It was only a year ago to-day, and I had a month's furlough from the railroad office where I had been working. We both wanted to get into the open country for a change, and I'd heard so much of Cobalt and the fortunes that were being made there that we decided on a trip to that section.

"I didn't know a thing about mines or mining, but I got the fever the day after we struck the camp. They were taking out slabs of pure silver as big as

a side of bacon, and shipping ore worth \$50,000 a carload. We had intended having a good time fishing in the little lakes, but the fever wasn't to be helped with a rod and line. I wanted to get into the game.

"My wife got it almost as bad as myself, and you couldn't blame us when they pointed out a man who once had tried to sell his claim for \$25,000, and not finding a buyer had spent \$400 in working it himself, and inside of three months was worth more than a million. They told us a lot of other stories—and true ones, too—of the same kind.

"We met Colonel Lawrence Tooker. He took us all right. I never suspected that he was other than what he seemed, a gentleman and a miner of wealth and experience. The Colonel handled me in good shape, professing to a certain fancy that he had taken to my wife and myself as soon as he had met us at the hotel. He agreed to let me in on the ground floor on a good proposition for \$5,000, which was just the amount that had been paid over to my wife by the trustees of her uncle's estate the day we were married. I got \$50,000 worth of stock certificates in the Minnie Gray Mine—organized by the Colonel, and capitalized for a million dollars. Besides this, I was offered a job in the office of the company at \$175 a month. Of course I resigned my place with the railroad.

"Everything looked lovely at first. We built a little shack and put enough cheap furniture in it to make a home, and started out to make a fortune. Before the summer had gone, Colonel Tooker had sold out the allotment of stock for promotion at ten cents a share. He cleared up nearly \$50,000 on the deal and never spent \$500 in actual work on the claim. I woke up when he took the money and bought property adjoining the Minnie Gray from his own cousin. He got the money back again himself, and so far as any one knows, the Minnie Gray isn't worth a dollar bill. The Colonel pleaded poverty to me when I asked him how I was going to get out. Said any one was liable to make a mistake, especially in mining; that the Minnie

Gray property was no good, and that he would sell all his shares at a cent apiece.

"We came to Montreal when the cold weather set in, but when I tried to get my old job back I was informed that the railroad did not care for a man who had been mixed up in a shady mining game. I've had two or three odd jobs since, but we've had to live, for the most part, on the rent we get for the shack we left at Cobalt, and that's precious little."

"And what became of the Colonel?" asked Floyd.

"Oh, I heard a few days ago that he had another mine that actually is making loads of money. He never sold a cent of stock in it, and he only has one partner."

"What did you do with your fifty thousand shares of stock in the Minnie Gray? Did you keep it?"

"Oh, I kept it all right and I'm likely to go on keeping it. I did have an offer of a half a cent a share for it yesterday from a broker, or just \$250 for what had cost us \$5,000. We needed the money and I was going to take it, but when I went back this morning they told me the deal was off; that the customer they wanted the stock for had another property in mind when he asked for the Minnie Gray."

For a moment the quick brain of Doc Floyd was working. He seemed to decide some debated point as he muttered to himself, "I'll do it," and turning to his newly-made acquaintance, said: "I'll give you \$500 for that stock. I think I can use it."

"What!" almost gasped the surprised young clerk. "Haven't I just told you it's worthless?"

"Maybe you did, and maybe it is. But I think I see a use for it. You say your old friend Colonel Tooker is getting rich now?"

"Yes, I understand he is counted in the millionaire class at Cobalt."

"Well, I believe Col. Tooker needs the services of 'Old Dr. Fixer.' The old Doctor just lost a case, and he's anxious to get another one. Yes, I must meet your friend, Col. Tooker, and that little batch of stock of yours is worth \$500 as a card of introduction."

"If you think you can get anything out of the Colonel you will be badly fooled," replied the amazed young man. "He's one of the slickest old swindlers that ever did business. I've heard something of his record since I got back here to Montreal. Why, he's been mixed up in shady mining deals all through the States."

"The slicker they think they are, the better 'Old Dr. Fixer' will like them," laughed Floyd. "Come on over to the hotel with me and let's get better acquainted. We'll start now by telling each other our right names. Mine's Floyd—Robert Struthers Floyd."

"My name is Frank Anderson," replied the younger man, as the two sealed the formal introduction with a hearty hand clasp.

When they reached Floyd's apartments, which were among the best the hotel afforded, the big, good-natured man 'phoned to the office for cigars and Scotch and soda. Anderson concluded it was not all a dream when he had counted the bank notes that were paid over to him after the bellboy had signed his name as a witness to the stock transfer.

"And now you will have luncheon with me, and then you can go and tell Mrs. Anderson that 'Old Dr. Fixer' is on his way to Cobalt this afternoon to doctor a slick Colonel and a sick mine. Don't say another word about this transaction to any one else until you hear from me again. But you may tell her that her \$5,000 may not be lost entirely. I've seen worse things than a sick mine brought to life."

II.

Colonel Lawrence Tooker sat in his Cobalt office. This office, while being on the first floor of a small frame building, was metropolitan in the modernity of its fittings. The Colonel believed in show, and also in comfort. Just now he could afford both. He was on the top of the heap of prosperity. Things were coming his way. Fortune was his, now in hand. He had just completed the perusal of his morning letters, and sat in satisfied contemplation of the wreaths of smoke that came from a perfecto of the best

brand, when his office door opened and he was aroused from his day dreams. What he saw was a man, younger than himself, and bearing the mark of prosperity all over him, from the careful fit of the rough suit, built for outdoor wear, to the well-fed look and contented smile that betoken self-satisfaction.

"Colonel Tooker, I believe," the stranger said as he advanced. "My name is Floyd. I've heard something of what's doing here in your camp, and I thought there might be something I could pick up."

"Very glad indeed to make your acquaintance," responded the affable Colonel. "Have a chair—and here's a cigar. Happy to be at your service. Anything I can do, command me."

"Well, in the first place, I have a small block of stock in a piece of property that you control—the Minnie Gray. I wanted to talk with you about it."

A cold, hard look came over the face of Colonel Tooker, and this Doc Floyd did not miss, although he pretended to be interested in gazing at a blue print on the wall.

"As to that property," remarked Colonel Tooker, once more assuming his affability, "I'm afraid you have little value in your holdings. I am sorry, but I hold a large block of the stock myself—a matter of a half-million shares, or something like that. I lost considerable money there, but fortunately I've been able to get into something better since and recoup. Why, I'd almost play you a game of seven-up for the whole thing."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Floyd. "So you are in for a sporting proposition, are you? Well, I didn't care much for the stock, anyway. Just got it in the way of a trade."

"I trust you did not part with much of value for it, Mr. Floyd. But you don't strike me as one who would buy a pig in a poke."

"You do not encourage me, Colonel," laughed Floyd. "Still, I want a piece of property. It really doesn't matter so much what it is, so long as it's actually on the map. The Minnie Gray has not yet been exploited in the States, and I happen to have a friend



JACK CLELAND, FARO-DEALER

in the mining brokerage business that has a lot of customers who like to buy beautifully engraved stock certificates. They don't really ever take the trouble to inquire whether the claims are on the map or not. The certificates look just as good as railroad bonds to them. Do you catch my point?"

"I think I do," replied the Colonel, and a grim smile played across his face. "Maybe we can do business after all. I'll sell out the controlling interest in the Minnie Gray cheap enough. Don't believe we'll quarrel over the price. It's queer how some fools like to buy mining stocks when they wouldn't take a chance in a real money-making proposition if they saw it right in front of them. Have you seen the property?"

"No, I have not been farther from the hotel than this office since I struck town," replied Floyd. "This is a live-looking little burg allright, though."

"My runabout is at the door. Come and I will show you what makes it lively," said the Colonel.

A ride of ten minutes brought the two to a mine that gave every outward sign of prosperity. There were no deep shafts, but all along the hillside, trenches were cut, with here and there small well-like openings. Piled up at various places were heaps of whitish, glistening rock. "Worth \$50,000 a

carload," said Colonel Tooker, pointing to one of the heaps. "In the house over here, I can show you chunks of solid metal."

There was a marked contrast in the next point to which Floyd was driven by the Colonel. Bare ground showed signs of former working, and there was a rickety tool house, with "Minnie Gray" sprawled in uneven letters over the door.

"And so this is the Minnie Gray?" inquired Floyd.

"Yes. It's on the map alright, but that's about all," chuckled the Colonel. I don't believe there is a streak as thick as a sheet of paper on the whole acreage."

"Well, it will look good in a prospectus after an artist has drawn in a few piles of ore, an engine house and some machinery," was the dry answer of Floyd. "Come, let's get down to business. How much for this desert waste?"

"Oh, I'll make it cheap enough. I might do the same thing as you propose doing," replied the Colonel, "but I believe I'm through with taking tainted money. The other kind is coming too easy just now. I'll turn over the works for \$5,000. I own exactly half of the capital stock. With the little block you say you have already, you will hold the controlling interest, so you can reorganize with a new set of officers."

"Colonel, that toy auto of yours isn't good enough for a man in your circumstances. You can get a real machine for \$4,000. Just consider that you've found yourself a new car this morning, and give me the property for the four thousand. Or, better still, you mentioned a sporting proposition back in your office. I'll play you that game of seven-up to see whether I pay you \$6,000 for your stock, or get it for nothing. What do you say?"

"Make it \$7,000 and I'll go you," returned the Colonel, who was proud of his prowess with the pasteboards.

"You're on," was the prompt reply. "I never took a dare in my life. But first you will come to luncheon with me."

Under the mellowing influence of a

couple of bottles of well-chilled champagne, the Colonel had arrived at the chummy stage with his new acquaintance by the time the waiter had brought the cigars.

"And now," remarked Floyd, as coolly as if he were proposing to shake dice to see who paid the check "we will play that little game for the Minnie Gray. We will go to my rooms. Order the waiter to bring us a deck of cards. There can be no suspicion attached to a new deck."

"There's a regular card room up stairs where the boys play sometimes," said the Colonel. "Shall we go there?"

"Yes, I know about it," replied Floyd. "I happen to have rented that room myself. I hope you won't frown on me when I tell you that I'm backing as nifty a little faro bank up there as ever hit a mining camp. I thought it would be a good thing to cater to some of the sports here who need a little recreation and an outlet for some of their surplus wealth. I don't take any active part in it myself. I have a man I brought here to deal. He's something of a grouch, but I can trust him with my bank roll."

The Colonel did not frown. In fact, he was rather pleased with the idea. In days gone by he had spent many nights over the green cloth. He felt a sudden tingle in his veins as the old gambling fever burst upon him. The fever was on in real earnest when they had reached the gambling room, run in secret, where only the elect were admitted.

"Let's make it poker. A freeze out for one stack—the Minnie Gray stock against \$7,000," was the Colonel's excited proposition, as he produced the stock certificates, which he had procured from his office on the way to the hotel.

"Suits me," responded Floyd. "Jack, send me over \$7,000 and two stacks of yellows. This is my friend, Colonel Tooker. Colonel, shake hands with Jack Cleland."

The Colonel reached across the table and shook the chilly hand of the gambler, who, when he had expressed his pleasure at the meeting, produced a long wallet from an inner pocket and



CLELAND PROCEEDED TO SHOW THE ASTONISHED COLONEL HOW TO MANIPULATE A DECK OF CARDS

counted out a little pile of bills of large denomination.

"That's United States money, Colonel, and it's never been spent," he remarked as he pushed the pile over to Floyd. The gambler never even commented on the game for such unusual stakes. He seemed to take it as a part of his everyday business. But two men who had been playing faro now stopped their game to watch, as the Colonel and Floyd cut for the deal.

It was agreed that it should be all jack pots, each player contributing one check to the centre. The Colonel won the first and second pots without a contest. On the next deal neither man could open and each "sweetened". Again and again the deal passed, until half of each man's stack was in the centre. And then the Colonel opened the pot on Floyd's deal, shoving the remainder of his stack to the centre. He held two pair, aces up.

"Well, this settles it," remarked Floyd, as if the stakes were paltry.

The Colonel drew one card. Floyd helped himself to two, and on the show down spread three sevens on the table,

and raked in the chips, the stock and the money. The Colonel had not bettered his hand.

III.

Colonel Tooker had taken his loss of the stock in the Minnie Gray with the calm philosophy of a good loser. Less than a week after the game, however, something occurred that made him peevish. The impossible had happened.

He had just received news of a strike on the Minnie Gray. While it was not sensational, still ore had been found by the small force of men Floyd had put to work the day after he acquired control.

This time the Colonel was biting savagely at his cigar when a visitor entered. As he looked up he was surprised to see that his caller was Jack Cleland, the faro dealer, and wondered what he could want. Though he had paid daily visits to the gambling room in the week that followed his big game of freeze-out, he had found Cleland anything but congenial. While polite, he seemed always to be the grouch that Floyd had first described him. Now,

he almost seemed to skulk as he peered up and down the street before he closed the door and entered.

"Colonel, did you ever hanker for revenge?" he broke in, without an introductory word.

"What kind of revenge? What do you mean?"

"Well, if you knew that Floyd had tricked you, would you want to get even?"

"Go on and get it out of your system and stop talking in riddles," was the impatient reply. "What's chewing you?"

"I'm good and sore on Floyd. That's what. He hasn't played square with me. Nor with you. You had no more chance to win that freeze-out than I have to build an air ship. He can make a deck of cards talk. But so can I. If you'll come in with me, I'll fix it for both of us to even up. He promised me twenty-five per cent. of what was made in this place if I would come here, and when I mentioned the mine where he has just struck ore, he gave me the laugh and told me to go on and sell chips and be good. I'll show him how I'll be good. I could get away with his roll, for he wouldn't dare to make a holler, but that would be just plain stealing."

"And where do I come in?" asked the Colonel.

"I can let you win his bank roll. There's \$25,000 in cold hard cash for us to split, if you'll come in with me and do as I show you."

"It listens good, but you'll have to show me," said the Colonel. "I'm not as young as I once was."

"Take me in that back room there where no one can see us, and I'll show you quick enough."

The Colonel assented, and closed the door behind them in a small and dimly-lighted private room adjoining his office. Taking a deck of cards from his pocket, Cleland proceeded to show the astonished mining man things that he had never dreamed could be done, old and experienced as he was.

"That exhibition was only for poker and short card work," explained Cleland, who actually had shown some enthusiasm over his own skill. "The

way we can beat this game is simple enough for a child to understand. You know how the cards are dealt out of the box in faro. All you have to do is to watch the last three in the order they come out. I simply take these three cards and place them back in the same place in the deck. You know what cards are there, and all you have to do is to remember the order in which they are to be dealt. Then, on the last turn you can bet the limit and break the bank by playing the winner, copping the loser, and calling the turn."

Cleland then took a silver box from his pocket—the regulation, plain-looking faro-dealing box. He showed the Colonel exactly how it could be done, and the crafty Tooker was satisfied with the rehearsal.

"Of course, you will have to bring quite a chunk with you to stake yourself. Floyd's rule is to let a man bet all there is in front of him on one card if he wants to. The limit is ten thousand. You can go to the bank, get the ten thousand, and come to the room this afternoon while Floyd is out at the mine. It will have to be done just as I say, because there will be another player or two, and the man on the look-out must know nothing, or he would give it away in a minute. I'll meet you here in this office at the dinner hour, and we can divide."

Colonel Tooker bowed Cleland out of the office, closed down his desk, and walked a few doors away to the bank, where his check was honored for \$10,000 in currency.

"So the slick Mr. Floyd stung me, did he?" was his grim soliloquy, as he sipped a glass of sparkling wine with his luncheon. "Well, maybe this deal will help to square things."

He could scarcely wait for the hour appointed for his raid on the treasure cache of the gambling room. Once there, the smaller players were dumb-founded as he coolly handed over \$10,000 and called for five stacks "of yellows". Cleland and the man in the look-out never turned a hair, and the chips were handed out as if this was the ordinary play.

Through the first deal, the Colonel played cautiously, although apparently

slightly under the influence of drink. On the last turn the cards came out. *Jack—Ten—King*. The Colonel kept a keen eye on the dealer and saw the three cards placed on the top of the deck, just as Cleland had told him they would be. Again he played cautiously until the dealer announced, "Last turn, gentlemen; four for one if you call it."

According to rehearsal, the *King* should lose on the next turn and the *Ten* should win, leaving the Jack as the dead, or in gambling parlance the "hock" card. The Colonel counted his chips. He was exactly even.

"Well, I guess I'll give you young men an old time play," he remarked as he shoved two of his stacks of canary colored chips on the King, coppering it for the losing card. The other two stacks went on the Ten open to win. The fifth stack was placed as a call, the Colonel guessing that the cards would come: King—Ten.

"All set, gentlemen?" inquired Cleland of the others who had been too amazed at such high play to make a bet themselves. Seeing this, he moistened the second finger of his right hand at his lips and touching the top card slid it out showing under it—not the *King* as the Colonel had expected, but the *Ten* as Cleland knew it would be.

Colonel Tooker suddenly realized that he had fallen for the old game of "giving the sucker the best of it." He was too wise to even offer a protest, and as he said good-afternoon in his usual affable style, Cleland and the pale person in the look-out chair smiled at each other and invited Colonel Tooker to look in often.

* * * * *

Two days later, Doc Floyd, Jack Cleland and one Frank Anderson sat in a large airy room of the hotel overlooking that same Viger Square.

"Anderson, there's ore up there in the Minnie Gray," Floyd was saying, "but mining is not exactly my game. You are hereby elected to the presidency of the company. You put me on to the deal and you're entitled to a share of the profits. Here is your stock back, and some other shares for good measure. You'd better get back up there and take up your honeymoon where it left off, and get the mine to working."

"And, by the way, here's a little wedding present from your old friend, Colonel Tooker. It's Mrs. Anderson's dowry. Tell her to keep it herself this time, and not let you handle it. I'm certain the Colonel will welcome you both back to Cobalt."

THE RED AND WHITE

BY S. E. KISER

IF OVER the door of every house
 An angel placed, some night,
 A sign to show who lived within,
 And gave red signs to those who sin,
 And made all others white,
 I fancy that when we woke and knew
 That all the truth was known,
 Each man would gaze at his neighbor's door
 And wonder and doubt awhile before
 He dared to look at his own.

AN ANSWER TO THE SUFFRAGETTE

TO THE EDITOR:—In your April issue Dr. Margaret Gordon, speaking on Women's Suffrage, is credited with the statement: "I would go to prison to-morrow if it would help the cause along. But we must educate public opinion before anything can be done, so let us work."

We do not dispute the need of reform in public life, but the evil does not warrant the intervention of women in politics. They are out of their element; they are in the same position as a man would be at a sewing circle. We acknowledge a woman's position to be far superior to that of a man's, but that position is in the home. Their intentions are well-meant, but they seek to apply a remedy that re-acts indirectly upon themselves. Let them repair the foundations of social life, or, in other words, the home, which needs reforming to-day more than ever before, and we will have no need of Suffragette orators, storming of Parliament, parading of streets, etc. Purify the home and you will reduce race suicide and divorce and all their attendant evils. Purify the home and you will solve the problem of women's rights. One of the noblest and most sacred of God's gifts is embodied in motherhood, and why she should seek to lower her esteem in the eyes of the world for the sake of obtaining a few needed reforms, for which men are working every day, and obtaining, too, is a question that is impossible to answer.

The home is the foundation, the backbone of the nation, and show me a suffragette or any woman who professes faith in this newly founded society, who has the true home instinct; one that will stay quietly at home teaching her boys the necessary rudiments of true manhood—qualities that will make him honest, God-fearing and noble of heart and mind; teaching

her girls the arts of housekeeping in all its branches, and still doing her duties faithfully in a public career; and you will show me a woman who would blush for very shame at the mention of prison bars. The suffragette is one for whom the home has no place, and still less respect.

Dr. Gordon continues: "But we must educate public opinion before anything can be done." She probably is one of those select few who have a monopoly of common sense, and would impart it to this regenerate race. She would drag the nearest and dearest of our homes down into the filth and corruption of politics, from which no one can emerge without at least the taint of it clinging to them.

She further says: "So let us work." Work for what? For the destruction of the home—the entrance of women into public life! Can you not see the inevitable result? We should probably derive a few benefits at first, but finally the agitators themselves would be worse off than before, for the simple reason the home would be neglected, and just as surely as the home and morals begin to decay, so do our national standards.

It would be far better for the country, generally, if these agitators would seek by home influence the abolition of the working girl in the factory and give her a chance in the science of homemaking; for the erection of free schools in which she can fit herself to be the mistress of a home, and lay the foundation of a nation, in which she can do unbounded good to suffering humanity, and to the suffragette in particular. She will make ours a nation among nations, higher in morals and materialistic worth than was ever dreamed of by these agitators of Women's Rights.

GORDON GARFIELD MCCABE.
London, Ont., April 9th, 1909.



THE LIFE OF CANADIAN FARMER IS REALLY NICE

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

**Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.*

BY LOUIS KON

Third Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

RESPECTABLE EDITOR:—The first night of my journey rain was pouring heavy and my Hudson Bay's Company blankets soaked in more water than the Hudson Bay contains itself.

Wet all through with the heavy blankets on the back, which bent my shoulders nearly to the foot heels, singing, "How Sweet is the Life," I continued my trip.

My only consolation in this world was half a plug of McDonald's smoking tobacco. The matches got so wet as myself, and you can imagine how sweet seemed to me the life. Moreover, my companions, hunger and thirst, remembered to me their existence.

After few days I was looking for work on the streets of Edmonton.

Proud of the knowledge of English language achieved in railroad camp I

started dispute with some Canadian.

"You better don't talk so loud on the streets in English, because anybody of the police force can take you in the court."

"How is that?" I asked very surprised.

"May be you don't know," said the gentleman, "that for improper and strong language as you use the countrys law foresees a fine. You talk very fluently and have a good accent, but, pardon me, it is not the right kind of a language."

Hearing such an judgment about my English I bought the largest edition of Webster's dictionary and during two days was looking for the words I knew, but alas! neither in Webster's, nor in Collins I could find it.

I understood that they were, may

*These documents are just what they appear to be—the story of Mr. Louis Kon, written by himself in his own way, and published precisely as written, without editing or change. They tell the true story of a real man's experience in Canada.—THE EDITOR.



I FOUND WORK AS MASON HELPER

be, pure English words, but *behind* the printing limit.

Shortly I had a job in the brick yard, performing all kinds of work for pretty good wages.

Few days afterwards the agricultural department of Nature's management decided to pour some rain, to make the grain better grow. The business of brickmakers do not always agree with those of farmers.

In result the work was stopped for long time and I went back to the railroad camp.

It was late in the fall. The temperature was not the most grand for raising oranges or lemons. We were still sleeping under a cover, which a few seasons ago was bought as a tent, but in reality it was a collection of different size holes, connected with pieces of canvas.

It was a small sub-contractors' outfit and the stock of teams was a pitiful one. I suppose, among those horses and mules were veterans remembering

the first landing of Columbus on the American continent.

Tramping during few months on the prairies, far away from civilization, in beginning of winter I went to Calgary. I hoped find in the town any kind of work for the winter, but all world's powers were against me and wanted me to experience every hardship and all kinds of Canadian life.

Resting for few days in Calgary I was living the life of an bon-vivant. You laughing. It was really high life for me, because I could sleep on mattress bed with pillows, bed sheet and comforter, eat on the table cloth, and use napkin instead of jackets' sleeve. I smoked better tobacco, had different news-

papers and magazines. I had even a white stiff collar around my neck, and shined shoes! Such a modest luxury did to me much good.

I remember, when the first evening in town I went to the theatre, the atmosphere of civilized world with its fashionable gowned ladies and gentlemen, mixture of different perfumes, sounds of music and streams of electric lights made me nearly dizzy.

Notwithstanding the play left much to wish, I hardly could enjoy better a performance with Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, or Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Tramping from place to place I could see and learn the life of Canadian farmers, which is really a nice one, especially for those who immigrate from different parts of Europe, very often without a cent, but after few years are independent men, can educate their children and secure their old age and children's future.

Some place in Alberta I met on the trail a farmer driving a very nice team.

He was polite enough to propose to me take a ride on his wagon.

From the first glance I recognized his Slavonian destruction, and after short talk learned that about ten years ago he came from the same place I was living. I never betrayed who I am and where from for I wanted hear his frank opinion about our common acquaintances and if possible my own people.

He told me how he was hard working during ten years in some paper factory as a foreman and all he could save was

a sum of money just sufficient to pay his and families passage to Canada.

There, however, working few years as in a factory he saved money enough to start the farming in proper way. Now beside a valuable property he has got few thousand dollars in bank.

"Yes, my boy," said the farmer, "in my own country I would never be secure of my life. My children and grandchildren would be always poor laborers, uneducated people, living from day to the day, without a prospect for better days and quiet hours."



I began to ask him about different people whom he knew and was remembering. My questions made him suspicious and anxious to know who I am. I told him, that I'm the son of a man for whom he was working for ten years and the first words I heard from him were: "It is a lie."

He knew me as schoolboy and it was hard for him to believe that the man in working clothes with blankets on his shoulders and telescope in the hand which he met tramping on the Canadian prairies may be the same.

He invited me to stay for few days on his farm, what was accepted with gratitude, giving me the opportunity to observe one of the thousands examples of a happy Canadian farmer's life.

Yes, he was just an adopted son of the Canadian soil, but had more liberty, privileges, and was living far better life as in his own mother country.

I left Calgary for a nice little town of Revelstoke in the British Columbia, where-from I had the nearest way to the place of my employment as "experienced bushman."

Next morning I awakened just at the time when conductor entered our coach, announcing Revelstoke next.

The station was overcrowded with Japanese, Chinese and Hindoos. In the first moment I wanted go to the agent to request him take me back to Canada, because it was not my intention to stay neither in Japan or China, nor India. Where I was in the fact I did not know, but sure not in the white peoples' country.

The coolness of a November morning sobered me soon and I remembered very well that to get to the Celestial Kingdom, or to the kingdom of the Sun or White Elephant, one has to cross the ocean. I could not be asleep during three weeks. It was absurd to suppose for a second, that C. P. R. would carry me to China or Japan on a ticket paid just to Revelstoke.

Leaving luggage on the station I went in the town; seeing on every step crowds of yellow faced people, fear to be in Asia returned again.

At last I remarked displayed in some grocers' store windows lovely

apples, over which was fastened show-card "home grown." Yes, it was British Columbia, for such apples can grow only in B. C.

Admiring the fruits for few minutes I exclaimed "eureka!" That is the place where so many years ago was paradise! I did not blame any longer Eva for her weakness, when the snake showed such an apple.

I entered the store intending buy a couple of those fruits, to which I was gratified for my existence, but—the price I heard for it changed at once my previous supposition.

No, neither Eva or Adam nor the snake could afford at that time to buy so expensive apples. Moreover then, Adam could not earn three dollars for ten hours work, neither existed such fathers-in-law as Rockefeller, Morgan, Dunsmuir, Carnegie or Jim Hill.

The beautiful forests in B. C. mountains with ever green cedars and pines, different animals and birds, the charm of wild streams and rivers are so great, that looking at it one forgets the daily life, daily afflictions and with all power of his concentrated feelings admires the greatness of Nature.

Before starting the work I was carefully reviewed in the office by my boss, as the exhibition cattle use to be examined at the annual fairs. He expressed his acknowledgment for my high and physical development, also for my experience in bush which he heard about from myself, gave me a number and sent me to work.

The partner of mine, with whom I had to make ties, who, I suppose, was born in bush with axe in one hand and a piece of tie in other, after full two minutes observation how I'm trying to work, said:

"You see this piece of bush behind you. It is the greenest timber you can get, but if you look at yourself, you'll see the greenest man ever working in woods. You can't even handle the axe."

Explain to him, that the programs of colleges and universities don't foresee the using of axe nor saw I was quite agree with his opinion and in very polite words ask him to give me chance learn the art of making ties.



SI-TONG-CZI-WONG WAS A LOVELY MAN OF ATHLETIC STATURE THREE FEET, NINE INCHES HIGH AND WITH PIGTAIL WHICH MADE JEALOUS ALL GIRLS

Few weeks later, our crew was laid off and I went back to Revelstoke.

Trade, industry and commerce were awful slack and secure job was the next to impossibility. Saved money was pretty fast disappearing. The prospects were approaching for living in a free-of-charge-hotel, runned by governe-

ment or city, where the rooms are given for special merits, called vagrancy.

Lucky enough I found work on the C. P. as mason helper, carrying stones, cement, mixed concrete, learning again more English words and experiencing new kind of life in "box-car."

Would somebody tell to me a couple

of years ago, that I'll live in box-car, which suppose to serve for transporting cattle and freight, I would call him for duel. But now I blessed the hour I could get it.

It was my first New Year eve spent on the American continent, far away from my people and friends.

By the slight light of an small coal oil lamp, which burned in the middle of our car, the masons and their helpers, in clothes bearing signs of cement and clay, were sitting on the bench, reading old magazines and smoking pipes. It was the most sad picture of welcoming New Year, I ever saw before.

Laying on the bunk I tried to sleep. The remenscences however of the New Year Eve, enjoyed on streets of Paris or Nice or in City Hall's reception rooms in some place in my country, with plenty laugh, joy and confetti, mixed with sounds of several orchestras, five minute talks with brunette, blond or gold haired girls, evening dress, silk hats and always discreet fans, tours of waltz and glasses of champagne, kept me awaken.

Sharp at midnight whistles of few engines and shops, lasting few minutes, but eternally for me, replaced the clink of champagne glasses and the noise of usual "Happy New Year," announced to the railroadmen the beginning of New Year's reign.

Next day, instead of the usual New Year's visits, again mixing of concrete and carrying of stones.

It was a happy beginning of a New Year, as next day we were all discharged.

Occasionally it was possible find some work by sweeping off snow from roofs, or sawing cord-wood; these were the only sources of covering expenses.

Wishing to see spring soon as possible and find steady work, at the same time I delighted myself with snow storms, because I badly needed to have anything to sweep off.

But everything has got his end, except human naivete, barbarian conducts of Nicholas in Russia and Leopold of Congo, speculating in Wall Street, and few other things, therefore the stock of snow in Clouds was on certain day exhausted also.

Notwithstanding the temperature was about 10 degrees below zero, melting of my cash was awful rapid.

I thought about providing food by hunting. However the regulations allowed only in certain times of year shoot the animals and birds.

Every country has own customs and rules, so the country I was in college at, taught us during 8 years several thousand tons of Latin and Greek grammatical exceptions, few hundred miles verses of Homer, Caesar, Virgilius and other stars of ancient centuries.

How and why is growing grain or tree, how many bones possesses man, or if brains are located in stomach and kidney in skull, if frog belongs to the same class of wild animals as calf, we were never said.

It was one explanation; grain and everything is growing, because the Czar's subjects must have money to pay the taxes and keep the millions of governments employes; cattle and horses exist, so that the sheriff can sell it if the peasant has not a cent to buy a pound of bread for his children, consequently can't pay taxes. How many bones you possess is not your business. If the soldier or policeman meet you on the street and don't like your nose or fashion of your shoes, he will anyhow break every one of your bones, never asking how many you've got. Wild animals and birds exist, because Czar and other high persons like the hunting.

With such a knowledge of zoology I could not dare to hunt without danger of breaking the regulations and calculated it will be much cheaper to take meals in Chinese restaurant.

The restaurant-keeper, a lovely man of name Si-Tong-Czi-Wong, of athletes' stature, 3 feet 9 inches high and with pig tail, which made jealous all girls in the town, was the nicest man I ever saw, but only as long as I had money to pay my meals.

He belonged to the Asiatic Exclusion League and on the walls of his restaurant were posted following advertisements: "We patronize local steame laundry, white people employed only!" Nevertheless the same Mr. Si-Tong-Czi-Wong in partnership with



THE POST-OFFICIAL HANDED ME A LARGE ENVELOPE WITH A SMALL CHECQUE

his uncle, Mr. Wong-Czi-Tong-Li, was running a laundry in next house.

The dollars began to be very scarce in my treasury and gradually the numbers of meals were shortened.

I tried deserve the confidence of Mr. Si-Tong-Czi-Wong and have credit for bacon and eggs, pig feet, pork chops, pudding, pie and other delicacies, but it was too hard work.

I assured him of my best feelings, made acknowledgment of the greatness of Buddha, Confucius, the late Dowager Queen of China and Li-Chung-Chang, expressed my admiration for all boxers,

coolies, mandarins, Czings, Tongs Wongs and Lings, but all to no purpose On the point of quarters he was unmoved!

Few weeks before this I sent to some foreign paper in States an article about civilization. Receiving no reply nor contribution for it, I was sure that my civilization was used for feeding the always hungry editor's basket, as it was done with other articles on very important topics: project of junction Japan to the U. S., and building seven-hundred-eighty-four-stories-high-over sky-scrappers in Kioto and Tokio, report

of the annual blackmailers convention and others.

Hunting after job around the town I thought very often how much more famous would be Marconi if instead of wireless telegraphy he would invent stomach without need of feedings. (I beg pardon of the breakfast food manufacturers for such heretique thoughts.)

My purse contained two German ten pfenig coins, one Hollandish five cents, English half penny and penny, Russian 5 kopeks in copper and 15 in silver, Swiss five and two cents and 35 cents in Canadian money.

In any larger city I could start money exchange business, but there, in small Revelstoke it was impossible even to rent proper office for such an important enterprise.

Waiting in the post office for my turn by the gen. deliv. counter I heard someone speaking, that price of Mr. McDonalds smoking tobacco rose from 10 to 15 cents per plug. Great Scott! it was for me not a question of life or death, but of dinner or pipe.

But—it was in a leap year; the post official handed to me a large envelope

with small cheque for the civilization

Gaudeamus igitur! the question of dinner and smoke dissolved, a couple of quiet weeks secured!

The bookseller probably knew my lightness of head and to tempt me displayed in his window the latest books on the market. God forgive him! My money went to his register cash, forcing me look again for some interesting work.

I heard, that somebody wants a painter for a simple work which does not need much experience.

My qualifications for painter were of the best kind: My oldest brother was graduate of some European school of arts and pupil of Bocklin and Stuck. As child I had a French governesse, which used to paint her hair.

Happily it was pretty dark in the room where I made agreement with Mr. X., and he could not remarke how awful I blushed answering his question about my painters experience and career.

Job was received and the next day a fabulous colorfull life was begun.

Yours, for advanced art,
LOUIS KON.

FATE'S PERVERSITIES

BY S. E. KISER

MAUDIE went to Sunday School
At the little mission;
Wicked Willie spent the day
Off somewhere "a-fishin'."

Maudie caught the chicken-pox,
Now she's eating gruel;
Willie didn't catch a thing—
Fate is often cruel!

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor. He holds that while the new lands of the world, and especially of Canada, furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization." To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case. He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population—westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement, but held back by the pressure toward the great cities.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VIEWPOINT OF AN ENGLISH EMISSARY.

IN the summer of 1908, Earl Stanhope, member of one of the old families of England, journeyed into Canada to investigate fully the question of Canadian immigration, and to report his conclusions to the House of Lords, of which he is a distinguished member. Earl Stanhope made this journey, for this purpose; and he brought to his work, to an unusual degree, a sense of responsibility, a feeling of the importance of the matter in hand, and a clear-sighted intelligence in considering that matter. He remained in Western Canada until the fall of 1908.

By good fortune, there was obtained from him before his departure—at a date long subsequent to the beginning of this work in serial form—a preliminary statement of some of his conclusions, reached after conscientious investigation at first hand. These are

offered herein with his full consent. In reviewing his communication, which follows, the author, confessedly a "Yankee," feels a satisfaction bordering almost upon a personal pleasure, because Earl Stanhope, an intelligent Englishman, separately and independently, arrives upon practically the same conclusions as those reached as a sheer matter of logic by the author in the later pages of this book. Even did the conclusions of the author seem weakened by forestalling them in this way, none the less he would be constrained to print Earl Stanhope's conclusions here, where they belong; because they show the earnestness with which all thinkers on both sides of the water are approaching one of the greatest and most vital questions of the time, and they offer the one definite and decisive line of thought which we have discovered in all the conscientious attempts to solve this question. The communication follows:

"This problem is one of the greatest

and most pressing of our time. It is said that we ascribe successes to ourselves, whereas the truth really is that 'we found opportunity, we did not create it.' True—but to many of us the opportunity has occurred; it is only the few who have grasped it. 'Back to the Land' may be the answer to the squalor of the cities, but if we study the question a little more closely in England, I fear it would be found that in many cases 'Back to the Land' is little more than a platform cry. The man who has tasted the sweets of city life—granted that these sweets are more largely composed of chalk than sugar—will not readily exchange them for the dull monotony and weary toil of the agricultural laborer. He is however, quite prepared to let the man in the city go back to country life and so give *him* the opportunity of taking his place in the city.

"It is said that England expects Canada to receive her poor in return for what the Old Country may have done for the Dominion. England expects nothing of the sort. But she *does* expect Canadians to live up to the highest traditions of the British race—to make some self-sacrifice if need be for the good of mankind and the welfare of their own kith and kin throughout the Empire. Who shall say that her confidence is misplaced? Can England so soon forget how Canada's sons rallied to the cry of their brothers in South Africa?

"But England may have forgotten—perhaps it requires a visit to that wonderful country, so hard to realize till it has been seen, to bring home in full force—the fact that no nation can be called on to receive a population beyond what it can readily assimilate. Assuredly the dwellers from great cities and old countries are not such as, without considerable training, any new country would wish to receive as the progenitors of their stock, the makers of a nation's future.

"The problem then resolves itself to this. Can these dwellers from great cities be made such as Canada could willingly accept, and if so, how? How shall we present to every man the

opportunity so that the *many* shall receive, the *few* reject?

"We may dismiss from our minds the rural population of England, proportionately small in numbers and for the most part contented with their lot, who would not be prepared to exchange a comfortable home, a regular wage provision in sickness from club and generous employer, and compensation in case of accident, for the lottery (as it appears to them) of life in an unknown land.

"How then can we train the city dweller? It has been suggested that he first be trained on the land in England and then brought over to Canada. But, surely, with a town within at most a long day's walk, the old environment would hang too close about him, and like the moth to the candle he would assuredly drift back to the old life and appeals to misplaced charity. Moreover, much that he would learn of agriculture in England would be worse than useless to him out in Canada.

"Would not a readier solution be found by planting the emigrant in the first place down in Canada in labor colonies under possibly home government management for say two years? Then, if at the end of his term of training he satisfied the Canadian Inspector of his fittingness to become a settler, that he should be given a quarter section of land reserved for him out of a township already fairly peopled with old settlers? If, on the other hand, he failed to come up to requirements, that he should either be given a further term of training or trans-shipped back to England by the troopship which, at certain seasons of the year, could be utilized to bring him out?

"It is possible that some legislation would be necessary, imposing a small mortgage on the settler's holding to cover part of the cost of his training and the first equipment of his farm, and that some law should be enacted forbidding him to leave the labor colony till he had been approved by the Canadian Inspector and had paid the cost of his trans-shipment and training. These, however, are details

which should not present a problem impossible of solution between the two governments."

The conclusion seems not merely plausible, but wholly inevitable. It is not a question of how something may be done, but whether it *must* be done. It is not a question of who shall pay the expense; the expense is one that *must* be undergone. The evasion of logic to-day is an expensive matter, because time travels fast to-day, and nations do not wait, and destinies will not be handicapped.

Without referring here to the conclusions of our own later pages, let us total up the conclusions of this member of the English House of Lords.

First; he agrees that there is material for Canadian citizenship in the cities.

Second; he concludes that preparation for Canada must be made in Canada itself.

Third; he concludes that the intending settler should pass an examination in settlers'hip, after full opportunity, on the actual land, to qualify.

Fourth; these are government matters incapable of handling by private enterprise alone.

Fifth; such an enterprise is capable of financing and is capable of repayment out of the soil itself, plus the energy of the settler growing with the soil. I do not believe that the House of Lords will get much beyond this; or that England will; or that Canada will.

In early Virginian days, England sent to this country many "indentured" men, who came here with a stigma already attached to them. Earl Stan-

hope's suggestion that there should be some sort of restraint imposed upon settlers, some sort of a "labour colony," which could not be entered or which could not be left at free will by any settler, is one which is perhaps better dismissed as something to be taken up in later detail between the two governments. The suggestion does not yet appeal to a resident on this continent, and the detail is bound to prove one of difficulty. We of the United States have had no such restrictions, no such paternalism, because ours was an earlier and a different day. In the wholly different conditions in Canada some such colony will without doubt come into existence, but even there resentment at that phrase will be quickly learned. Perhaps we can mitigate its unpleasantness somewhat even in its name. "Labour colony" does not sound well as a name in western Canada, where all men want to be free, and where so very soon—given any sort of decent chance—they all do learn to be free and self-respecting.

But, in one way or another, under one name or another, we shall one day see more than one farm colony established in Canada, and engaged in producing, not at once No. 1 hard wheat, but from the first No. 1 good citizens. It is not Earl Stanhope's loyalty which leads him to believe this. It is not his pocketbook which invites him to believe it. It is not his sentiment which asks him to believe it. It is his *logic*, which *compels* him to believe it. After hearing many orators herein, the word of this one seems to linger.

(To be continued)



THE IDYL OF MAY AND DECEMBER

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

I HAVE revised my opinion of hospitals. They are places of good cheer. Though death walks through them, few people die in hospitals. Many who enter with lingering hope, come out with hope trebly justified. A hospital is a place which makes people better. It is, therefore, bound to have a mighty cheerful undertone.

Nurses are angels, thinly disguised. Patients would be enriched by their ministry, even if there were no doctors to demonstrate a wondrous skill. I have been a patient and I know. I almost wish I could become uncured, because I should then have a chance of appreciating the very first day the happiness of being in hospital, where news of the most intense human interest circulates with great rapidity and copiousness. I was nearly ready to come out when I saw part, and learned the rest, of the idyl of the Old Gentleman and May,—a blessed version of May and December.

December is past sixty, and if he saw this he would probably chide me for calling him the Old Gentleman. He doesn't expect to get really old for thirty years. Until he came to British Columbia, he hadn't had a day in bed since he was a bachelor,—and that's at least forty years ago.

He was travelling somewhere towards the Arctic Circle from England, when the doctor sent him into the hospital to have something put right in his interior that had been pounded injuriously on a harum-scarum auto ride through a hundred miles of wheat fields around Saskatoon. Nothing serious, you know—appendix wrong, or something of that sort. But it meant an operation, six weeks in the house,

and abandonment of the long journey up the coast.

December was in his paddle-your-own-canoe chair when I first saw him. He was going through the ward like a duly-appointed Father Christmas endowed with inquisitorial powers. He didn't look the part exactly, but performed it. He called at several beds; made inquiries, some personal, others medical; all genially sympathetic.

His bedside manner would have done honour to the dean of any hospital faculty. At first I thought he must be a doctor, then that he was a pastor, working out of church but not out of season. But he was just an English business man,—the kind that makes you think sometimes that he is all money and sometimes that he is all benevolence; or, if you like, he was of the type that has made philanthropy and five per cent. famous up and down a selfish world.

There were little parcels stowed away in December's chair. I have never seen the venerated stocking take such a shape. But the wheeled chairs could not come down chimneys, and there was no need, anyway, to practise little deceptions in the children's ward.

December immediately found his way to Christine's heart,—not with candies, but with the jovial infection of paternalism. He must always have been mighty fond of bairns. Christine was an open book. She was recovering from typhoid, and troubled only by a voracious appetite that must not yet be appeased. Half the blessing of an appetite is in the anticipation of how it is to be slain. December knew this simple, profound truth, that underlies the whole practice and art of gastro-nomics. He applied it to Christine.



DECEMBER, IN HIS PADDLE-YOUR-OWN-CANOE CHAIR, WAS GOING THROUGH THE WARDS LIKE A DULY APPOINTED FATHER CHRISTMAS

"What are you going to have for your first real dinner, my dear?" he asked.

Christine thought awhile, and then she smiled and stretched her arms behind her head, smiled again, as you do when you see a long absent friend striding towards you on the platform of a railway station.

"I think I'll have,—let me see," and she whispered to herself half a dozen bills of fare. "Yes, I'll have roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and bread-and-butter pudding. Don't you think that will be nice?"

"Yes, miss," said December. "You see, I've written your order while you've been composing it, and you shall have it exactly as you wish. Is your choice for rare meat, miss, or well done?"

December, by this time, had a June sort of face, and a smile that was too generous for a waiter's smile, though he had done his best to use a waiter's voice. Lord, how that girl laughed, as she tried to say, "Not rare; pretty well done, please." December started his chariot for the next call as he said:

"Well, good-morning, miss. Certainly, miss. Roast beef, well-done, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and bread-and-butter pudding."

He came to an armchair in which reclined a child about Christine's age and size. A tell-tale shade was over her bandaged eyes, and she was fingering the cheap beads that adorned an attenuated throat.

"Hello, what's this?" said December to himself. "Short of daylight, I suppose. We must look into it." Then, out loud, "Well, my little girl, I suppose you can't see me to-day, but I can see you. How are you? Won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is May Harkstone."

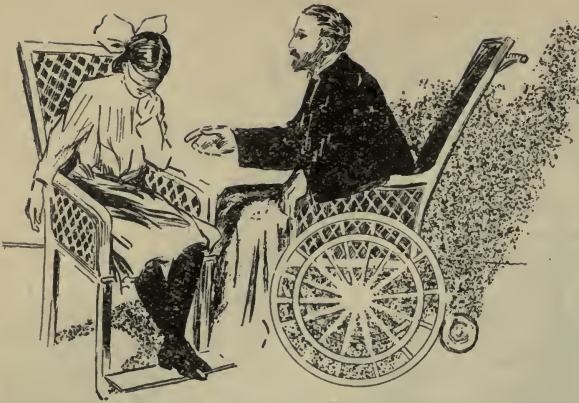
"Tell me all about yourself. Do you live in Victoria? Have you been long in British Columbia?"

"It doesn't matter," was all she would say.

"Poor little thing," he said, under his breath. "Let me see. No fear about appetite here, I daresay. Won't you have a piece of chocolate?"

"Yes, please."

She received a bagful; said "Thank



A TELL-TALE SHADE WAS OVER HER BANDAGED EYES

you," put the bag aside, and waited indifferently for the next remark.

Couldn't he do anything for her? Didn't she speak with the other girls?

No, she hadn't spoken to anybody.

Wouldn't she like to be introduced to Christine, who was a very nice little girl, and full of fun?

She wasn't particular and didn't care about fun.

Might he come back and talk to her to-morrow?

Yes, but he need not put himself to any trouble about her.

December turned away, almost sorrowful. "Something queer there," he said to himself. "Her face doesn't look sullen. She's in the worst of dumps, and there must be some way to find out what's the matter. I'll make her talk before long."

It was not easy to make her talk. Next day she was almost as unresponsive as at first. He told her of the things he had taken to other children, some of whom could not move from their beds. He spoke of the coming visits of her friends whom she would be glad to see. She was petulant, almost fierce, at that.

"I shan't," she said.

"You won't be glad to see them?" he asked, with ever so slight a reproach in his tone.

"I can't see them, you know I can't," was all her reply; and then he was mortified that he should have talked of seeing to a girl with bandaged eyes.

"I'm so sorry I put it that way," he said, meekly. "But you will be glad

to have them see you, won't you?"

"What's the use of them seeing me? It won't do them any good."

"Well, well, May, you'll feel better to-morrow, I hope, and I shall make Christine pay you a visit. You'll like her, I'm sure."

He discussed with Christine how to induce the darkened sufferer to show a brighter side of herself. He was sure May was in some great trouble, and that there was some way

of finding out what it was. The dear girl forgot about her coming dinner in an enthusiasm for diplomacy. But, when she tried her brightest, she failed as hopelessly as December. May would not talk, and seemed to wish nobody else would talk.

The third day December tried again, and was all but defeated, when he stumbled upon the discovery that had eluded him. He began to praise the hospital, and to draw a little on his imagination; to tell her of wonderful cures that had been wrought.

"Why," he laughed, "they may be able to make new live legs and arms some day; who knows? Or perhaps new eyes. But you wouldn't need new eyes. I'm sure they couldn't make anything so fine and bright as those hidden behind that shade and that bandage. Bless your heart, before I go you'll be telling me how different I look from what you supposed. People are never as you picture them. Why, I remember when my daughter was a little girl over in England, ——"

He got no farther. He had not perceived tears trickling from under the shaded bandage. But the wail that now broke loose smote him in the breast, and then in the head, too. First he thought he had bungled mercifully in his talk. Then, with heaven-sent intuition, he saw what was behind the wail, at the well spring of the tears. *May was in despair because she believed she would never see again.*

Lord, what a revelation! He jerked his trolley chair close enough to get his

hand to her head and to draw it close to his face. She was limp, abandoned to grief, and to the confession of what had kept her in the blackest depths for eleven weary, weary days. She would never see again,—that was bad enough. Her folks were poor, and she had planned to teach school and to earn money, and help them all. And now she would never be able to earn anything and they would have to keep her, and she couldn't even die to help them.

December looked at her, patted her head with one hand, felt his throat and rubbed his eyes with the other, and then asked if she would do something for him till he came back from an important call. Yes, she would do anything for him, now that he knew what made her so miserable.

"Just think over what you would like to have for dinner as soon as you can use a knife and fork," was his request, and though she was still certain that she would never see knife and fork again, she promised, and the flood

tide of agony went back to the depths from which it should never have come.

December wheeled about, went to the nurse on duty, and asked her where to look for the matron; then from ward to ward, for the Victoria Hospital is all on one floor, till he found Miss McIntyre.

Now Miss McIntyre had every virtue that should attach to her office. She was business-like and kind, with so much business that it occasionally deceived you into supposing that her kindness was more professional than motherly. She was in her room—the last place in which she desired to gossip with gentlemen patients of mature years, especially at eleven o'clock in the morning. To December she was complacent enough, for after all, a grey-bearded gentleman of sixty-two, trundling his partially-dissected body from room to room, in an invalid chair, would excite the generosity of a spinster of any age.

"Just the lady I'm looking for, Miss



MISS MCINTYRE HAD EVERY VIRTUE THAT SHOULD ATTACH TO HER OFFICE

McIntyre. Can I have a word with you? Thanks, I can get through the door. I think I'm qualifying for bus-driving in London, you know,—unless I go into the hospital business. Have you a moment?"

"Possibly two, for a professional call," she said. "I heard you were in the children's ward. I'm so glad you spend some of your time with them. Have you your favorite cases yet?"

"Indeed, no; they're all favorites with me. 'Blessed is the man whose quiver is full of them,' you know. Tell you what I want to see you about. You know that little dark girl—something wrong with her eyes—the one on the right, half-way down the ward as you go in?"

"May Harkstone?"

"Yes, May. Well, that girl's a study. I've been three days trying to get to know her. She's in trouble, the worst sort of trouble."

"No, really. Why, she hasn't anything to trouble about. She ought to be home in two weeks, as well as ever she was in her life."

"I felt sure of it, and am very glad to hear you say so. But have you told her?"

"I don't remember. In any case, the doctor would do that."

"But has he?"

"I presume so."

"Do you know," said December, "that that poor little May has been in the depths of torture because she's sure she will never see the world again, and will never be able to support herself? Nobody has told her she will get well."

You should hear December describe the effect his speech had upon the methodical Miss McIntyre. He said she looked at him with real mother-lighted eyes; she left her chair, glanced at the photograph of a boy and girl that stood on her desk,—the bairns of her dead sister, I happen to know, whose father is in Burmah, and whose guardian spirit she has been these seven years,—and left him in sole possession of her maidenly, business-like apartment. Waiting for her return, he thanked heaven he wasn't the doctor she had gone to find.

In three minutes Miss McIntyre

brought the doctor,—Foregame, the understudy of Groves, the foremost surgeon of the Coast, and himself a scientific instrument of marvelous balance and skill.

She may have reproached him before they came to December, but when she arrived she was reproaching herself, and she was in command of the situation.

"Just think of it," she was saying. "It was somebody's business and nobody's business to tell the poor child that she was in no danger. I thought the doctor had told her. He supposed I had. Most patients are so eager to learn everything about their condition—some of them, you know, want to learn too much—that May's unresponsive ways may have had something to do with our failing to tell her she would soon be well. No, don't trouble to push yourself along. Doctor and I will go with you to see May, and put it right."

And so they went through the wards—a trio of pleasure-seekers. The patients who had seen December hauling himself towards the Matron's room five minutes before, and had seen the doctor brought, now watched the three hastening over the road by which December had come; and wondered what crisis had developed, and where, and who was in mortal danger.

Well, I needn't tell what happened at May's chair, when the deadly cloud was taken away. Foregame told her, and Miss McIntyre added her assurances. Of course, she believed them. Of course, she was overjoyed. But she did not seem sure of her fortune. Doctor and nurses had been kind; but they had to do with too many bad eyes to become sympathetic—unprofessionally sympathetic. She had suffered horribly because the healing word had not accompanied the healing deed; and she turned with unflinching instinct to the real source of her joy.

"Where is the old gentleman?" she asked. "Isn't he here? Why didn't you ask him to tell me?"

"Why, May, I told you it was all right," said December.

"Yes, but is it really true what the doctor says?"

"Of course it's true. The doctors can't say anything wrong, you know."

"Then why didn't he tell me right before? Shall I have to wear ugly glasses?"

"No, dear, no glasses at all," said Foregame, glad to escape answering the first question.

"Your eyes will be as good as ever. And

now we must go, Miss McIntyre. This morning's lesson in clinics is—well, we deserved it.

December remained.

"There now, didn't I tell you you'd soon see what a wrinkled old chap I am. But what about that dinner?"

May said slowly: "Roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, bread-and-butter pudding."

"How very extraordinary," remarked December. "That's Christine's choice. I was sure you girls were very much alike. I'll bring her over, shall I?"

"Oh, yes; please do. I want to tell her all about it. She says you're fine, and I say so too. My, but it seems like a nice day. Are the flowers still in bloom?"

* * * * *

Before he left the hospital December told me he had had more fun in the last three weeks than in any three weeks of his life, and had made many warm friends. He gave me character sketches of half the staff and of one-fourth of the patients. With all his observation he had not discerned that we called him December.

"Fine woman, sir, the matron," he confided. "I am her sincere admirer.



FOREGAME TOLD HER, AND MISS MCINTYRE ADDED HER ASSURANCES

I always had a high opinion of nurses, but, upon my soul, the half was never told about them. The best men, sir, cut very poor figures beside such women as Miss McIntyre. I noticed a curious addition in her room the last time I was in. She has got a new motto, printed in old English type—as if it were a Scripture text—'Remember May and December.' I wondered if some rich old widower had been proposing to her. But that's a preposterous idea."

I told December we hoped to see him again.

"Very kind of you, and I hope to be here again next year—as a visitor only, for it isn't necessary to have your interior repaired a second time, merely for the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with a noble institution. Some of my visits will have to be in private houses. I shall keep up correspondence with the two girls of whom I told you. Christine is a bright little thing. The other one with bad eyes, you know—she has great depths of character. I think I did her a good turn, and I shall keep in touch with her. A very delightful girl—extremely so."

Yes, indeed—May and December.



Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, and Hugh Stuart Campbell will perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "Salvation Nell," by Edward Sheldon.—THE EDITOR.

SALVATION NELL

THERE was something doing in Sid McGovern's Tenth Avenue Bar, Christmas Eve. The wine room was crowded with men and girls. The line of bums around the bar bought drinks as fast as Sid could mix them. Betting in the pool room ran high.

Jim Platt, half drunk, leaned on the bar and gulped down the last glass of whiskey he could pay for.

Nell, the scrub-girl, watched Jim narrowly as she cleaned the floors and wiped the tables. Jim had not been near her for two weeks, probably frightened away by her "kid" story. She had been forced to tell him. The woman she roomed with had turned her out. Now she slept in the saloon basement. But Sid would soon discover this and put a stop to it. The hopeless question "what shall I do" rang insistently in her ears.

Nights of sleepless worry and days of ceaseless drudgery had accumulated misery on Nell's face until the sole remaining sign of youth was the innocent freshness of her blue eyes.

As she crossed the bar-room, Al. McGovern caught her roughly in his arms. He had been taking advantage of Jim's absence the past two weeks to force his attentions on her. Now he held her struggling form tightly as he forced her head toward his for a kiss.

The crowd of bums cheered him on with drunken laughter. The shrill music of the Italian fiddle and harp in the corner, excited Al. He kissed her recklessly.

"Jim! Jim!" Nell cried, in an agony of shame.

Jim's slow eyes realized the situation. "His girl" was in another man's arms. With a jump he crossed the room, grabbed Al. by the collar and flung him from Nell.

In another moment the two men closed. Both of them, half crazy with whiskey and egged on by the enthusiasm of a large audience, fought savagely. Nell, standing in the doorway of the wine-room, watched them as if turned to stone.

Suddenly there came a hoarse, triumphant yell from the bums. Al.

McGovern was down. They crowded noisily around him, waiting for him to get up and go on with the fight.

Then as he lay limp and unseeing, an immediate, certain terror seized them all. For a moment they were strangely quiet. Then suddenly, fear swept them into action, and the bar-room became a din of hurried telephone calls for the police and ambulance, and of noisy endeavors to restore Al. to consciousness.

The clanging ambulance bell and entrance of policemen and nurses scattered the mob.

In another moment the brief scene was over. The wounded man had been removed. Jim was in handcuffs, on his way to the station; the Italian band had wisely disappeared; the saloon lights were lowered, and the spectators had melted through the door after the ambulance.

Sid surveyed the wreck of his Christmas hopes. Then he caught sight of Nell, the cause of the fight, still standing in the doorway of the wine room, her white face stiffened into misery, her wide eyes alive with fear.

"I'll give ye fifteen minutes to sneak it, an' if yer don't quit on the dot I'll kick ye out myself—s'elp me Gawd!" Sid shouted in a rage.

Nell moved her dry lips a moment, unable to speak. "Wh—where'll I go?"

"Out that door. Understand?"

"Say, Mr. McGovern, won't yer wait till mornin'?"

"Like hell I will." Sid pulled open the cash drawer and took out some money. "Four seventy-five. That's up-to-date an' over. Now take yer duds and git."

The partition door swung closed. Nell crossed the wine room dully toward the basement.

Near the door of the Family Entrance stood Myrtle O'dell, a man's coat over a gaudy, decollete gown of spangled, green satin. Crimson berries emphasized her black hair and the brilliant red of cheeks and lips. Myrtle was one of "Cloquette's" girls. She had entered in time to hear Sid's words.

"Has he bounced ye?"

"Yes."

Myrtle drew her pityingly toward a chair. "T'aint no use talkin' to a fat man when he gits really mad. Where yer goin'?"

"I dunno."

"Any cash?"

"Four seventy-five."

"Well, no girl can't live decent on *that*!" Decidedly, "yer've gotter come back with me."

"Where?"

"To Cloquette's," impatiently.

"There ain't nothin' else fer ye now!"

"Ain't there?"

"Why ye never would come before beats me," Myrtle continued imaginatively. "Ter stay scrubbin' round here, an' hittin' it up with a regular bum—Where's he been the last two weeks?"

"Over in Jersey—looking fer work."

"Jersey!" Myrtle laughed uproariously. "Yer easy meat, Nell! He's been hangin' round with that Keeney woman. I've watched 'em from my window an'——"

"Oh!" Nell clutched her breast as if the pain tore her.

"Lie back! Lie back," Myrtle said soothingly. "What's the good o' gettin' sore? Now here's yer chance—that guy out o' the way—no job." Myrtle looked her over critically. "You get a fair sized pomp an' some decent duds an' a few drinks—why yer'd be a diff'rent girl!—say, you'll make a hit! They're all crazy over blondes—an'——"

Nell rose dully. She suddenly began beating her hands together. "I gotter go."

"So that's O. K! We've got it all fixed up! The Madam'll be tickled to death! Go get yer things. I'll wait here."

Nell obediently left her.

Myrtle strolled into the main room and finding nobody there began mixing cocktails for herself, whistling as she did so.

Hallelujah Maggie, who led the Salvation Army meetings on the corner, pushed open the door of the main entrance. She had come directly from the police station.

"Where's that girl?" she demanded of Myrtle.

"Gettin' her things on."

"Wot fer?"

"That's *my biz!*"

"Is she goin' with you?"

"What if she is?"

"Where to?"

Myrtle leaned on the bar and drank a cocktail nonchalantly. "Where she'll learn to sing ragtime 'stead o' hymns, see?"

Nell appeared through the partition door, a ragged shawl over her head and shoulders, a bundle tied in a blue-checked apron in her hand.

Maggie turned swiftly. "Yer ain't got her yet!" she cried to Myrtle. Then, to Nell, "I've seen yer man at the station."

Nell's face brightened with hope, "Jim?"

"He's down and out—dead drunk."

Myrtle advanced officiously. "Ready Nell? We'll just have a drink before we start an'——"

Maggie interrupted her sternly. "I know what yer tryin' to do! An' ye'd better look out!" She put her arms around Nell. "Lemme take care o' you, dearie. Yer not the first Hallelujah Maggie's helped bring to God!"

"Doncher know this is the chance of her life?" cried Myrtle angrily.

Maggie glared at Myrtle over Nell's sunken head. "Yer right! It *is* the chance of her life—an' the Lord's given it."

"Oh fudge. Say Nell, are yer goin' with me or not?"

"It's up to you, dearie," Maggie tenderly patted Nell's shoulders.

From the street came the faint sound of the Salvation Army band, just taking its place on the corner.

Nell stretched out her arms to Maggie piteously. "Help me—there ain't no one else——"

"There's Christ!" Maggie cried, her face transfigured, her voice joyous. "Catch hold his hand, Nell. He's leanin' out to save ye! Come with me—they're jus' beginnin' the meetin'—and then I'll take ye home."

Nell flung her arms round Maggie's neck and burst into an agony of tears.

"That's right—cry all ye want, every tear helps wash white yer soul—Hallelujah! my dearie——"

Maggie led Nell, supporting her with one arm, to the door. Nell trembled and wept. From the darkness outside came the singing, the words distinct now:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our Lord was born to-day!"

* * * *

One summer evening, eight years later, Nell sat in her attic discussing with Major Williams her work in the Salvation Army. Rather, the Major directed the discussion for Nell was unusually silent. That evening she had heard that Jim was released from prison and was hunting for her. For eight years she and her child had lived with clean thoughts and actions, and now the shadow of her unhappy past approached to blur the record.

She roused herself from her confused and troubled thoughts to listen to the Major.

"When a lot of people," he said, "are working together toward the same end, there are one or two that get there first. Some call it providence, some call it genius, some call it foolishness." And he bowed to her in simple reverence.

"I never thought," she answered, "that I was anything special."

"That's the crowning glory of your service."

"Major Williams, yer awful kind to me."

The dependence upon him, vibrant in her voice, stimulated the resolution that had been growing in his heart for many months. "That's because I love you—because I want you to——"

The door from the hall opened. The Major and Nell rose to their feet abruptly and faced—Jim. He stood with his hand on the knob, thin, pale, nervous, dirty, and unshaven.

For a moment all three looked at one another.

"Well, I've come back," he said sullenly. "Hope I'm not buttin' in!"

Major Williams turned to Nell quietly, "Shall I get him out?"

"Say, I want to talk to her by herself," Jim advanced with a shambling

gait. "An' I hain't got all the time in the world neither."

"What right have you to be here?" the Major demanded.

"'Cause she's *my* girl—see? Quit yer drip an' get ter hell outer here!"

"Please go, Major," Nell begged. "I ain't afraid. It must be gettin' time for yer train."

Jim looked at Nell hungrily. "That's right. Me and her ain't seen each other fer over eight years—an' we've got a good deal ter say!" He turned roughly on the Major. "Now beat it!"

"It's all right," Nell whispered to the Major. "It'll be better if I get through with it now."

The Major hesitated; then reluctantly took his cap. "Very well. I'll see you Friday."

"Yes. Good-night, Major Williams."

Then, just as the door closed, her fear overcame her. "Major," she called shrilly, "I——"

He reappeared at the door.

"Nothin'," she regained her self-control. "I forget what I wanted to say."

"Good-night," he said again.

They heard his firm steps echo down the long, uncertain stairway.

"Swell friends, ain't ye?" sneered Jim.

"Jim, how long have ye been out?" She avoided him, keeping the table between them.

"Six months."

"Six months an' I never knew!"

"Sid McGovern wouldn't tell me where you'd gone. I found out t'day from a guy in the lodging house you'd got converted."

"Ye look—diff'rent—Jim," wonderingly.

"I ain't been in the Salvation Army! I've been in jail!"

"Jim—after what yer said ter me—that night—I didn't see no use in sendin' word to ye—not even ter tell yer 'bout——"

"'Bout wot?"

"Jimmie—he's eight years old next March."

"Hell!"

"Jim, what made ye try to find me?" The words burst forth desper-

ately. His nearness routed the habits of eight years.

"That's a nice question t'ask a man!"

"Are ye goin' to—stay—in New York?"

"Naw. I'm leaving ter-morrer, and wot's more I'm leavin' in a Pullman car!"

"Yer goin' away? Have ye got a new job?"

"Yes, I got a new job."

The easy assurance of his statement and his quick, suspicious glance stirred her acuteness. She watched him alertly, "Where?"

"Denver."

She ventured a different subject. "I 'spose it'd be hard on ye, stayin' 'round here?"

"Hard! Say that's a good one! Mebbe ye think a man has a soft snap when he comes outer jail! Hard! I've been livin' in hell for six months. An' I won't do it no more!"

"What d'yer mean, Jim—by that?"

"When I got out o' Sing Sing las' January, I wanted to brace up—an'—an' go ahead—try an' live decent. All the boys up there said 'taint no use, I might try jus's hard as I wanted, but I'd find in 'bout three weeks the world had the drop on me! I said I'd show 'em—an' I meant it, but every word they told me was true—damn it!—it's true."

"An' what happened to ye, Jim?"

"I went back to Cassy's an' struck the old man fer a job at teamin'. He asked me where I'd been. I thought I'd be straight—like a damn mut—so I told him. An' then he said—he said——"

"Well? Go on Jim. What did he say?"

"He said, 'once a convick—always a convick!' An'—he kicked me out."

"Then what? What happened then?"

"Aw, ye can't get no steady hold-down without a reference. I worked 'round, did some haulin' down on West street—but they found out somehow—then it was all up. I was sick fer nearly a month an' spent every cent I had. Then I got a little by shovellin' snow an' street cleanin', but I couldn't stand the work—an', an'—they're all

down on me! D'ye think they care wot *sent* me to Sing Sing? I've been there—I'm a convick—I can't never be no better—that's enough for them! I've squared *my* account with eight years o' sweatin' blood—I'd paid it up, an' it's *them* that won't ferget an' call it off. Damn 'em! Damn 'em!"

"Yes, I know, Jim, I know."

"An' now what can I do?" he asked querulously "Who'd give me a job even if I had me healt'?"

"And so—yer goin' t' Denver fer a new start?"

"Yep, an' what's more yer comin' with me." He leaned toward her with the old, masterful look that had always made her serve him unquestioningly.

She caught her breath sharply. "Where'll ye get the money?"

And then she read the secret from his face, although he sprang to his feet and evaded her searching look by walking to and fro across the room.

Then, when he could endure her entreaties no longer he told her the details of the plan. He was only one of a half-dozen who would profit by the robbery, but the stakes were large—diamonds. He would board a San Francisco train that night with the jewels, the other men would evade the police with a trick—and he and Nell could live in fine hotels the rest of their lives.

When he caught her in his arms, her resistance melted. His rough embrace, his words of hungry love drove away the new Nell. In her place was the old Nell, palpitating under his caresses.

"I knew yer'd come with me!" he cried triumphantly.

Suddenly the thought of the boy asleep in the next room flashed through her passionate happiness. She and Jim hadn't had a chance to live straight when they were young. And during these eight years the purpose of giving the boy the chance she and Jim had lost had strengthened steadily within her.

Violently she struggled away from Jim. No future action on their part must stand in the boy's light. She had been mad. For the moment God had deserted her.

"No. I can't go with you, Jim," she cried.

She told him of her plans for the boy. "There shan't nobody stand in his light, Jim."

She begged him to remain with her; to give up the wild hope of growing rich on one night's crooked work.

He silenced her furiously. Then, as she held firm in her refusal, his gathering anger burst out. He struck her.

She fell without a moan.

The sudden quiet frightened him. The dim light on the shabby table flickered in a gust of summer wind.

Noiselessly he crept to the table, extinguished the lamp and escaped through the open window into the darkness.

* * * *

Every night that summer Corps No. 1 of the Salvation Army drew a crowd in front of their hall on Cherry Hill. Dirty, gossiping women forsook the fire escapes, boys stopped their crack-games, the loafers in Patrick Finnigan's saloon left their beer long enough to hear "Salvation Nell" address the meetings.

For a few days she had been too ill to come. To-night she was stronger.

As the Army band formed for the customary march before the meeting, a man who had been slinking in the shadow of the corner saloon spoke to Nell.

She recognized him. Every day she had followed, in the daily papers, news of the diamond robbery, and she trembled each time she opened the paper lest she should see the report of his arrest.

"I've been hanging around," he said hoarsely, "to see if you wuz hurt bad."

"I'm all right," she answered. "But Jim, it isn't safe for you to be here."

"That's another thing I wanted ter tell ye. I didn't go wid the gang that night. I wuz a damn fool not to—but I didn't go."

She clasped her hands in quick joy. "Praise God."

"One thing more—wot about that Major—that mug-faced slob that acts as if he owned ye?"

"Jim, ye don't know——"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

MRS. FISKE

Who is using "Salvation Nell" as her starring vehicle this season

"I know that I'm a man an' he's one, too, dam' him! an' yer a woman—so b'fore I go, I want ye t' say, 'Ye've been my feller an' I'll never let no one take yer place!'"

She gave a quick sob. "There ain't no need——"

"I'll make ye say it b'fore I go!"

She put her hand on his arm and looked him full in the face. "Yer my Jim—an' no one'll ever take yer place."

There was a pause.

He caught her to him with a subdued cry, "Nelly,—I won't leave ye!"

Gently she disengaged herself. Her voice was tender but firm. "Yes, Jim, ye must. I see things clear now. I can't help ye—any more——"

"I love ye, Nelly—" hungrily.

"I know, Jim," sadly.

"Don't ye see how a man feels?"

She sat down on the steps leading to Levy's Delicatessen. The dark street, usually turbulent with swarming children and loud-voiced, half-dressed women, was quiet. "It seems as if I was talkin' to ye from a long ways off. There's a river between us, Jim—an' there ain't no bridge across."

"Wot river?"

She touched him tenderly, "Ye wouldn't understand. I s'pose this is the last time we'll meet on earth, Jim! If I could only make ye see just a little b'fore ye go!"

"See wot?"

She stroked his hair softly. "Jim, d'ye remember how we met each other first?"

"Dunno's I do—it's a long time ago."

"In that little eating-place where I worked b'fore I came to Sid's. Ye used t' come in ev'ry day an' sit at the same table. After a while I sort o' grew t' expect ye. I think I'd been carin' fer ye a long time b'fore I knew it myself—I was awful young then. One night ye came in drunk—" she hesitated.

He interrupted. "Wot's the good o' rememberin' all that?"

"An' I couldn't help myself, Jim. I done whatever ye wanted—always. I thought that was what love meant!"

"I didn't treat ye bad, did I?"

"When ye hadn't been drinkin' it was all right. But then ye drank so much. Jim," her voice broke, "Jim, there was once, only one time when we was really happy."

"The Sunday we went out into the country. It was in June, an' I had a day off. I'd saved up fer weeks t' get a new hat, an' I thought it was awful stylish. We took our dinner with us—an' we went across the river an' got a trolley goin' way into the country! D'ye know, Jim, it was the first time I'd ever been out there. You remember that big tree where we had our dinner? An' how ye talked t' that old man? An' me gettin' bunches o' flowers t' take home? I made yer wear one in yer buttonhole, but ye didn't want to a bit! Why, that Sunday—I never kin ferget it, Jim. That was our only glimpse of the green fields! An' oh, how short it was!"

He moved uncomfortably. "Well, we couldn't a-kept on livin' out there!"

"No, we had t' come back—to work—an' drink—an' the city streets. Dear," very tenderly, "I'm not blamin' you—I'm not even blamin' myself. We was just like heaps o' others. 'Twasn't a bit our fault! . . . Do ye know, Jim, after everythin' had happened, our day there—across the river—kept comin' to my mind. I felt, 'That's the real Jim. The other's someone else'—An' then, Jim," she paused a moment, "I began t' love ye!"

"I thought God would let me be the one to save ye. But I know now that I can't. 'Cause it's our love—that stands between us!"

"Lovin' ain't the same as prayin'! Wot d' I care 'bout bein' saved?"

"We've lost each other in this life, but, dear, this life ain't all! Some day we'll meet soul to soul. Oh, I believe it's comin'—comin' with a Hallelujah that'll break the skies!—An', Jim, we'll be together—always!"

"But I want ye *now*!" he cried

She held out her hand unsteadily. "Good-bye, Jim, until then!"

The Salvation Army band was loudly approaching.

"D'ye know wot I'm goin' t' do?" he cried.

"I'll pray fer ye——"

"Aw, dam' yer prayers!" He swung recklessly into the saloon.

The Army band was in position on the street corner. The crowd, trailing in its wake, filled the narrow street between the huge tenements.

Nell took her place facing the crowd. "My friends," she said, "I've got nothin' new to say to you; it's the old, old story I've told you so many times before. Christ was a poor man Himself an' He chose poor people fer his friends. He knows how hard we have to work to keep alive, an' He pities us because we're His brothers an' sisters—every one of us, I don't care how wicked nor how low.

"The rich folks have big churches to worship Him in, but we have our hearts, an' He likes them just as well. The people up there that always lived decent an' never done a thing to be ashamed of—I wonder if they know Him as well as you an' me?

"You can't get Christ by thinkin' or by askin' other people or by readin' lots o' books—the only way is t' need Him awful bad, an' then you hear Him knockin' at yer door."

A bunch of men from the saloon came out. Jim, slouching behind them, watched and listened.

"Some of you may say: 'We didn't get no chance, an' the world's against us, an' even with Christ on our side we've never had a show.' But let me tell you now your souls are the souls that count. You've sunk to the bottom, you know the bitterness an' the cruelty of life, an' it's to you Christ wants to show the beauty an' the glory an' the light. When you an' me who've fallen rise again, we're bigger men an' women than if we'd never sinned at all.

"Don't you think I know? Don't you think I've borne it all myself?

Oh, listen! Sometimes we find our sin—our terrible sin—is what we love most in the world. It seems as if we couldn't tear it off—it's flesh of our flesh an' soul of our soul. But, oh! when we've killed it with our own two hands, when we've conquered in that awful fight, when we've nailed our bleedin' heart to the cross itself—why, it seems as if all the millions who have fought and-conquered since time began stretch out their arms to us in pity. Those men and women down the river of the ages—they know—they understand. B'cause, like you an' me, they've gone down into the darkest places an' found the sunlight streamin' there.

"Oh! any of you that's listenin' here t'night—that perhaps I'll never meet again till at the judgment bar o' God—remember it's love that saves the world. They say it's strong as death—an' oh! I know—I know it's strong as life."

She raised her face in prayer: "Oh, Christ, Who some think can never feel the secrets in a woman's soul—help all of us that need You now—change our wickedness with Yer own heart's blood—keep us pure an' clean an' strong—forever an' ever—O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world."

* * * *

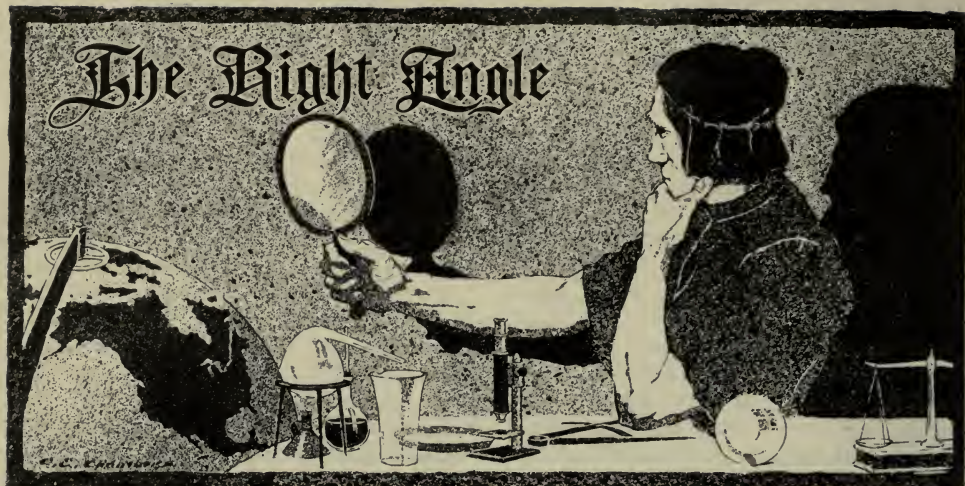
As she passed the tambourine for the collection, Jim dropped in a coin. "Can I see ye—after the meetin'? I want ye t' help me—" he whispered hoarsely.

She turned to him, her eyes blind with tears. "Ah!"

"I need ye," his voice broke, "I need yer help!"

She gave a little cry. She touched his arm. "Wait fer me, Jim, I'll meet ye here. I want ye to take me home."





CANADA-WEST'S NEW SERIAL

THE first instalment of a fascinating and purposeful romance of real life will appear in the June issue of CANADA-WEST.

Written by a Canadian, Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, who is already well known for her short stories and verse, "The Changeling" sets a new standard even for this talented writer. She herself says: "'The Changeling' was not written altogether for sale, although I have fallen far short of my intended purpose, which was to point out the hideous result of neglect of the white plague, giving those *who do not know* a slight idea of its workings, and to impress upon the world the consequences of the average marriage of to-day, founded upon everything but an intellectual basis."

Mrs. Macbeth has approached her subject with a sincerity of purpose that cannot fail to command attention. Begin "The Changeling" with the June number. You will not want to miss a word of it.

"THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER"

OVER in the States, a team of dramatists have brought an action at law asking \$100,000 damages from Arthur Stringer. They charge Mr. Stringer with saying that a play of theirs was based on his book "The Silver Poppy," a story of Canada published a few years back. One of the team (nigh or off not reported) denies

that he is a plagiarist and supports his denial with a most impassioned neigh, trumpeting heatedly that he had never heard of Mr. Stringer or any of his works.

It is an axiom historically established that a good dramatist takes his material wherever he finds it, and only becomes a bad dramatist when he takes bad material. That axiom is a rider on the bill for damages. If Mr. Stringer ever really made any such statement, he paid the team a compliment, and horse sense should have told them so, rather than induced a noise like a sack of oats. What?

THE CANADIAN NOBEL PRIZE

HOW many people know of the McCharles prize? The first award is to be made this summer, and since it takes the form of money, it will thereafter be sought. The will of the late Aeneas McCharles provided a fund of \$10,000 in trust with the University of Toronto, with instructions to award the interest in any year to the Canadian who shall be found to have made a valuable invention in the treatment of Canadian ores or minerals, or any effective device to protect human life in connection with the use of electricity in supplying power and light, or to any Canadian who shall achieve public distinction in any line of scientific or useful research. The conditions are that the candidate must be presented by some properly qualified third per-

son, and that he shall be Canadian born and shall not have renounced his allegiance. The prize can be awarded to only one candidate in any one year, and shall not exceed \$1,000. The official circular issued by the University states that the order of priority in which the three cases stand in the wording of the bequest shall be observed, and the award shall go *caeteris paribus* to one of them, and only in the third event of no candidate of sufficient merit in the fields of metallurgy and electricity being presented, it shall (or may) go to an inventor distinguished in the general field of useful scientific research.

The McCharles prize is commended very warmly to public notice, as a measure calculated to stimulate national achievement along lines of the highest importance. The secretary of the McCharles Prize Committee of Award, at the University of Toronto, has all details in the matter, and should be addressed by those who have inventions or discoveries to submit for consideration.

THE CASE OF ANDREW DIETNER

THE *Toronto Star* strikes the right note in a recent editorial comment on the case of Andrew Dietner, a young Canadian who was turned back at Detroit on his way to work on a farm in Nebraska. The *Star* offers Mr. Dietner, and incidentally all other young Canadians, some good advice, saying:

Why should a young Ontario farmer who feels the call to wander—who has an ambition to go away off somewhere and be somebody—follow old and weather-beaten sign-posts, and take the worn road to Nebraska, when a whole half continent richer than that western state ever was calls him into the West and the North of his own country? Why should he subject himself to the indignity of being "turned back" at Detroit, when by reading the despatches in the newspapers on the same day that he suffered this affront he would have learned that hundreds of Nebraskan farmers are trekking across the border to settle on Canadian wheat lands?

Andrew should read the papers and keep tab on the opportunities that his own country presents. If he goes to Nebraska he will merely get in at the tail of the procession and take the dust of those who are teaming their goods and chattels back across

the border into the great agricultural area of the future. Why follow? Why not get in the van?

Take it in another way. The new provinces of Canada and the as yet unorganized districts not only offer virgin lands to those who have the skill to work them, but these new provinces need men to think and plan and lead in the building up of social organizations. There are opportunities for young men to win more than financial success—honors, offices, and the respect of posterity. All the chances a man needs for himself and should desire for his descendants can be had in Canada—in the West and in New Ontario.

This is the sort of spirit every Canadian newspaper should show. Canada is welcoming Yankee settlers, because an English-speaking citizen with brains and energy is worth a great deal to a country in the making; but young Canadians ought to be reluctant to allow the men of any other nation to absorb the cream of the country. Canada presents too many opportunities to her own people.

MR. JUSTICE PHIPPEN'S NEW FIELD

FOLLOWING the course fortune seems to have charted for most lawyers who distinguish themselves in broadly public ways, the Hon. F. H. Phippen on March 31st ceased to be a justice of the Manitoba court of appeals and entered upon new duties as director



F. H. PHIPPEN

of the legal work of the Mackenzie & Mann interests.

These interests are extremely fortunate in having secured so masterly a mind and a lawyer so fully equipped to cope with big problems. In his new field of activity Mr. Phippen must still remain in close touch with public affairs of the very highest importance, and thus he is by no means lost either to view or usefulness among the people he has served so well for half his life. On the contrary, his purview in ceasing to be provincial has become continental, and his distinctions yet to come will accordingly have a wider range.

NOT BY MAIL

THOSE young men of Spokane who have attracted attention by writing to Canada for wives, show excellent discrimination in their judgment of quality, but a mistaken understanding of what may be included in a mail order business. It goes without saying that the girls of Canada are the best in the world; and nobody is surprised that the youth of Spokane or of any other outside place should want wives from among them. The wish does them credit. But what do they think the young men of Canada are doing? Overlooking anything? Not by a unanimous majority. If they have in mind that they can compete successfully with the marriageable youth of this country, they would better come over here and try. The way to get a wife in Canada is to come to Canada to get one.

THE GLORY OF THE WESTERN SUNSETS

WHAT gives such wonderful coloring to the sunsets of western Canada? What causes the almost unearthly beauty of the afterglow?

These effects of light and air were exquisitely described by Walter P. McGuire in his "Story of the Town," published in CANADA-WEST in January—a subtle imagining, keenly touched with truth. By a curious chance, McClure's for February had a paper by Waldemar Kaempffert on "The Origin of Life on this Planet," in which the cause is thus explained:

It happens that the pressure of light is exerted with most force, not at the surface of a planet, but in the upper and rarer regions of its atmosphere. There the zodiacal light, which we see occasionally painted as a faint glow on the western horizon during a clear winter or spring evening, is an ever-present phenomenon. Long an astronomical puzzle, it remained for Arrhenius (the distinguished Swedish physicist) to reveal the secret of its origin. Astronomers now agree with him that the luster is caused by corpuscular dust incessantly projected from the sun by the pressure of light. Each corpuscle is charged with negative electricity which is imparted to the earth's atmosphere. Every school-boy knows that two charges of positive or two charges of negative electricity repel each other. After the earth's atmosphere has been negatively electrified up to a certain point, it will repel the current of light-driven, negatively-charged solar dust or corpuscles. As a result, the solar dust is turned aside and sweeps past the earth. That stream of luminous dust shot from the sun by the pressure of solar radiance is the zodiacal light. Each of the negatively-charged corpuscles constituting this effluent stream has the marvelous property of collecting various atoms after the stream has rushed past the earth. Should any corpuscles be thus freighted, they will exceed the critical size prescribed by Schwarzschild. (The size is 0.000,062,976 inch.) Accordingly, solar gravitation once more becomes effective, and the laden corpuscles are jerked back to the sun with a constantly increasing swiftness. The luminous stream which thus drifts back to its source is manifest to us in that part of the zodiacal light which astronomers call by the German name "Gegenschein" (counter-glow).

This is interesting; and touching a question of light, fitly illuminating. A scientific explanation sometimes carries disillusion, but not so here. The phenomena themselves are familiar blessings, that never stale either sight, imagination or spiritual sense. The thunderous glory of massed color in the sunsets of Delaware bay is by comparison a mere voluptu of the pagan gods, walking in pomp and panoply. Since the Almighty first set His bow in the cloud to be a token of a covenant, there never was a higher, purer vision of splendor and peace than these wonders of evening, over our western plains. For anything at all like them one must go to upper Norway or the islands off the northern coast of Scotland—but go there first to avert a disappointment. There is a light somewhere that will remain



CHARLES ARCHIBALD MACLELLAN

invisible until this muddy vesture of decay shall fall away--

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

But the radiant and opalescent floods of cooling fire that flow and change across the skies of Canada with the wane of every day, may well be taken as the highest beauty man may look upon, the strongest foreglimpse of that light celestial human eyes may ever hope to see.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

FOR a happy expression of character in a story, Charles Archibald MacLellan's picture on the front cover of this number of CANADA-WEST is to an unusual degree striking. The picture represents the Calgarian in Mr. Stringer's "Mr. Optimist"—the all-alive young man who believes in and is rising with the fortunes of the young and vigorous Alberta city and the country that is making the city grow. He is a prosperous, hopeful, pushing sort, a "Canada-Lover" by the very look of him. Calgary and Canada are full of his kind.

Mr. MacLellan is himself a Canadian, born in Trenton, Ontario. Of late he has come rapidly into favor as an illustrator of magazines and books,

and at present he is making the pictures for Helena A. Winslow's novel, "A Woman for Mayor," to be issued from the press of Reilly & Breton this month. Mr. MacLellan spends his summers making sketching tours. His portfolio shows already a rather broad itinerary of the country, and much of his most successful published work reproduces Canadian scenes.

A GUIDE TO THE OKANAGAN

MR. A. E. ORCHARD, of Vernon, British Columbia, has issued the first edition of a "Directory and Guide to the Okanagan" which will bring water to the mouths and fingers to the purse-strings of all seekers after natural beauty, outdoor sport, and farming opportunities, wherever it may go.

The book is a fine example of succinct and attractive description, concerned with a highly picturesque and fertile part of Canada. It is designed as a ready reference, not only for the business man, but also for the intending settler, the sportsman, or the tourist, and is expected to circulate very widely, even outside this continent. It covers practically everything concerning the Okanagan Valley, containing a complete "write-up" of the country, with advice to immigrants; a special "write-up" of each individual town and district; a business directory of each



A. E. ORCHARD

town, alphabetically arranged; a classified business directory; a complete telephone directory, with systems in vogue; a map of the valley; many half-tone engravings, typical of the district; and a general compendium of non-classifiable matter.

This last embraces in detail churches, fraternal societies, schools, transportation and rates, civic boards and bodies, clubs and social organizations, judiciary, schedules of wages, building materials, and tables of produce and land values. It runs to about two hundred pages, and bears the imprint of the Vernon News Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, of Vernon, B. C. Its essential merit lies in the clarity of its presentation of the valley to those who have never seen it, as a place where they can find what they want.

There is not a province nor a district in all the great new country between Ontario and the western sea that could not at this stage of its development benefit by such a book as this. Mr. Orchard may be building better than he knows, but he is the sort of protagonist Canada will later arise and call blessed, and the trail he has blazed should be widened by many, following in his footsteps.

HONORABLE MENTION

IT hits the spot in every issue. I would not (and hardly could) get along without it." So writes D. W. Gibson, of Moose Jaw, in renewing his CANADA-WEST subscription for another year. Nearly every renewal brings with it some sort of appreciative expression. C. H. Timberly, of Winnipeg writes, that he "must say that as a magazine CANADA-WEST is the 'elite,' " and W. D. McBride, district manager of the North American Life Assurance company, roars from Regina, "I have a kick coming. Your magazine goes too quickly at the news stands. I wanted to get five copies to-day and was lucky to get one. I had decided to cut out the subscription and buy it at the news stands, but it is no use, so here goes my money for another year's subscription." Wise Mr. McBride. It is hard to keep the news stands supplied

at the bewilderingly rapid increase in sales from month to month, but the subscriber gets his without fail in the mails. "I am pleased to observe the growth of your magazine," writes R. M. Graham, mayor of Melita, Manitoba. "I consider the name contributes to its success. Nearly all others persist in using 'Canadian,' with its long 'a,' which is not pleasant to the ear." There may be something in that, too; but sterling quality and literary value would carry CANADA-WEST under any other name, euphony omitted. E. T. Hargreaves, of Moose Jaw, orders the magazine sent to a friend in Burnley, Lancashire. "I think it is the best money's worth of reading I have had since I have been in this country," says Mr. Hargreaves, "and I send the present subscription to be sent to England as the best way I can make the people acquainted with the true story of the Great West." "I am greatly pleased, and consider you deserve great praise," says A. C. Bastedo, of Milton, Ontario. And so they come, every one with a good word—and so many of them!

No publication gets that kind of voluntary approval if it has not a definite purpose and a high power of popular appeal. Herein CANADA-WEST has created a new record among the publications of the country. It is still pushing forward by sheer force of the virtue that is in it, without adventitious aid of any kind. CANADA-WEST is a "go" because it is what it ought to be, in all ways. It is all for Canada, and for all of Canada. That is why all Canada is buying and reading it.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

MRS. FANNY SHEPHERD, an Englishwoman who has come to Canada with her husband and family to settle in the West, writes a story of her experience that makes good reading and shows what can be done in the new land by people of energy and ambition.

GIRVIN, SASKATCHEWAN.

Dear Sir:—I have been reading my CANADA-WEST and I feel I must write and tell you what a splendid magazine I think it is. It ought to be in every free library in England (perhaps it is). "Canada Fakers" was particularly good. I know only too well how many years I tried to find out the

real truth about Canada. It seemed to me I was always reading pieces similar to those you speak of, forty below—and mosquitoes. I was afraid to trust the Government pamphlets. At last, in spite of all, we determined to chance it and come, if only for the sake of our six sons. And what do we find? If not a land overflowing with milk and honey, at least a land flowing with milk and butter and cream; almost perpetual sunshine and since March, only about three really bad days. My husband, a man forty-five years old, has been a master butcher all his life, yet immediately got work as an ordinary farm hand at a dollar a day. (Who would give a totally inexperienced man four shillings a day, board and lodging in England?) He says all he complained of was that they fed him too well and did not give him enough work to do. My three totally inexperienced sons had twenty dollars a month until freeze-up and only one of them worked as hard as in England. When I followed with the little ones, my little girl, though only thirteen years old, was immediately snapped up by a restaurant at fifteen dollars a month. I myself was offered a position as cook at \$50.00 a month. Very different from England, much as I love the old country.

"The Sowing" is splendid. Canada, indeed, ought to have the best of everything, men with plenty of grit, and the same sort of women—not but what women have a better time here than they do in England. I never worked so little in my life. It seems as if the women about here do little but ride about in their buggies and take tea with each other. It appears to me a very great pity that some of the money collected in England for immigration purposes cannot be used to put settlers actually on the land. Then what you say about "city clerks" is only too true. I know plenty of people who would be quite willing to come only they are utterly

unsuitable. On the other hand, I know several people who would do well here, only a man does want a little capital and these people could hardly find the price of three fares to Canada.

With every best wish for CANADA-WEST, I am, Yours truly,

F. E. SHEPHERD.

This is the sort of story that is usually told by the people who have "made good," and who have a word of cheer and encouragement for those who come after them.

THE SOUL OF A PRIEST

"THE Soul of a Priest" is a novel of more than usual interest. It is written with a purpose, and like the majority of such books is a one-sided, biased study. The Duke Litta, the author, is an advanced Socialist who has broken with his church and can apparently see nothing good in it. He has undoubtedly chosen for study the worst specimens of the clergymen of Italy. But his story is well told, and as a psychological study, or rather pathological, the soul of Renato is developed and revealed with a master pen. The personal note is prominent in "The Soul of a Priest." Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese has but used d'Arsa to voice his own ideas. However, he practices what he preaches, and on his estate of Casali-Litta has created conditions that make his peasants "financially, physically and morally" among the best in Europe.



BISHOP LORRAIN AND PARTY TOURING THE INDIAN MISSIONS. DEPARTURE FROM LONG POINT, QUEBEC, EN ROUTE FOR ABBITTIBI.



FOR THE BLUES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

When the whole round world is gloomy,
Everything hark-from-the-tomby,
Every sound seems crack-o'-doomy—

Fit your features with a grin.
When your heart and soul are pensive
And your mind is apprehensive
Of calamities extensive,

Coax the backward dimples in.

When you're downright pessimistic
And a laugh makes you feel fistic,
And you're anti-altruistic

Take a number nineteen grin
To connect your members aural,
Then with fate you'll have no quarrel
And this lesson has its moral:

Let the gleeful grin sink in!

BLIND CURIOSITY

NURSE (announcing the expected)—
"Professor, it's a little boy.

Professor (absent-mindedly)—"Well,
ask him what he wants."

THE SYMPTOM

MISS BRIDGE FIEND—"O, Mr.
Frost, I'm afraid you've been
playing cards for money."

Mr. Frost—"How do you know?"

Miss Bridge Fiend—"Your game has
improved so."

MIND AND MATTER

PAPA was about to apply the strap.
"Father," said Willie, firmly,
"unless that instrument has been

properly sterilized I desire to protest."

This gave the old man pause.

"Moreover," continued Willie, "the
germs which might be released by the
violent impact of leather upon a porous
textile fabric but lately exposed to the
dust of the streets would be apt to
affect you deleteriously

As the strap fell from a nerveless
hand, Willie sloped.

THE TRUE CAUSE

"PROFESSOR, what is it that gives
to the sting of a mosquito its
virulent character?"

"As far as I have been able to
ascertain, madam, it is the mosquito."

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

A CERTAIN stock broker once went
to a horse dealer and tried to pick
up a general utility nag. He explained
that he wanted a nice, quiet, good-
looking animal for himself, which
could be driven by his wife in a dog-
cart, and would not object on occasion
to being hitched up to a lawn-mower.
The dealer listened to him with rapt
attention, and finally asked, in dulcet
tones:

"Would you like him to wait at
table, sir?"

AN ACQUIRED AFFINITY

FIRST bridesmaid—"They are well
matched, don't you think?"

Second Bridesmaid—"Rather. She's
a grass widow and he's a vegetarian!"

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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No. 2

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THE MEANING OF A SMILE

We speak in many tongues, we men,
Who do the work that men must do
With sword and spade and plough and pen—
My language may be strange to you;
I may not know when you complain,
Nor comprehend if you revile;
Your preaching may be all in vain,
But we are brothers when we smile.

The Malay may not understand
When I explain to him my creed;
The Mongol, all unmoved and bland,
May think that I am mad, indeed;
To them the words I use may be
A jargon fashioned to beguile,
But they extend their hands to me
And know my meaning when I smile.

The spoken word may not convey
The slightest meaning to our minds,
But from the coldest Lapland bay
To where Magellan's channel winds,
From Ganges to the Amazon,
From frozen Yukon to the Nile
And from the Hudson to the Don—
There is one meaning for a smile.

We speak in many tongues, we men
Who hurry after wealth or fame;
Your words may have no meaning when
You give the stranger praise or blame,
But, though his land is not your land,
You may be brothers for a while,
For he will not misunderstand
You when you grasp his hand and smile.

—*Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.*



Drawn by Bradley W. Evits

Anastasia—see page 101

"THE MAPLES WERE TURNED TO RUDDY HUE. THE BREATH OF AUTUMN
WAS HEAVY IN THE AIR. WHAT A CHILD YOU WERE, ANASTASIA!
* * * AH, GIRL, GIRL, IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY I MET YOU _BY
THE CROSSROADS."

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI.

JUNE

NUMBER 2

PRINCE RUPERT BACHELORS

BY WILLIAM DUNSEITH EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

UP at Dawson about ten years back," said one of the Thoroughbred Bachelors, "I dropped a pot of money because I was late getting in. This time I'm sitting on the doorstep until things open. I'm in at the beginning, and I'm going to win out strong."

That is the attitude of all the people at Prince Rupert. They have come here to be in "at the beginning," and so far as I have been able to learn, they mean to stay on thereafter. They constitute an inchoate community, of variable numbers, making themselves as comfortable as circumstances permit, and being generally alike in two particulars: they are cheerful, and bachelors.

The cheerfulness detected the bachelorhood some time ago, and thereupon the one and only class distinction was evolved. The bachelors are of two kinds, one Thoroughbred, the other American. A stranger could not tell them apart, but there is a difference. The Thoroughbred Bachelor has never been married. The American may have been, but is not now. I think the American designation rests upon most of the demarried men having come from the States. A misogynist might call it a difference between freeman and freedman, but that is not for me to say.

This is written late in the month of March, during the last weeks before the official establishment of the city. The present unsettled life, with its charm of hope and expectancy, its acceptance of things in the rough, and its good fellowship, will shortly give way to a settled order. A city fully planned is being flung far out across a mountain wilderness, hundreds of miles beyond the advancing rails. It will come into being at a single stroke, and grow by processes carefully predetermined.

As I look out upon the place where it will stand, I see on one side the engineers at work putting in a system of streets and drainage. On the other side are wharves, with shipping tied up or coming and going; and beyond that the waters of the bay and their wide outlet to the open sea. Scattered over the ground where the engineers are busy are many tent-roofed shacks, built of inch boards, squatted anywhere. These shelter the men who are waiting to become the first citizens. At wide intervals are the first permanent buildings. An hotel faces seaward. On the water front are the offices of the harbor-authorities and the railway company. A little farther in are two banks and a few rather biggish general stores. These banks and stores are for the purposes of the company primarily, though whoso wishes may deal with them.



TENT-ROOFED SHACKS ARE SCATTERED ANYWHERE

A few days ago—on the seventh of March—the Grand Trunk Pacific and the provincial government made it known that they would open the sale of town lots on or immediately after the first of May, and a considerable celebration ensued, because this was the first definite announcement of an event that has been patiently waited for these many months. Meanwhile, all are free to pick out what they wish to buy, but until then no lots will be sold.

Plenty will be written about Prince Rupert later, while it is being built, and after. But the present phase is preparatory and suffused with that delightful anticipation which precedes any important event, or the beginning of a great performance. It is commercial in its outlook only, and the outlook itself, though confident, has an element of wistfulness. The merely human note is dominant now. Presently it will give way to the steady thrum of business, a diapason of traffic, vibrating round the globe. The units in that serious, purposeful collection of men yonder in the shacks will have separated and shifted and found new places in the ferment of a city that in most ways will be like other cities. I would like to say something about this phase before it vanishes.

The Thoroughbred Bachelor who had dropped his money in the Dawson

rush shed the light of contrast on it when he told me some of his experiences in that strenuous camp, where life and death and gold and food and failure and fortune and primitive passions all swirled together in a chaos indistinguishable, and the many went down to reckless destruction while the few beat out to success.

"We used to say up there that 'anything beat nothing all to hell,'" said he, "and as a matter of fact that was so. There wasn't any comfort. Any kind of shelter and any sustenance was better than none, and good enough. This isn't so vivid, but it's livable and pleasant, and there is no dangerous gamble in it."

He has his shack on wheels, this Thoroughbred, so that he may haul it around complete when he buys his lot, instead of having to tear it down and build it up again.

"I want to buy this lot," he explained, "but somebody else may get it, and then I'd lose my castle if I hadn't got it all fixed to roll away to the one I do buy."

This instance illustrates the quality wherein Prince Rupert sets a new mark of sanity in such affairs. The first gatherings around a town site in the West, not so very long ago, were tumultuous, alcoholic, quick on the trigger, and generally mixed. They

always made me think of the navy man's report to the Admiralty on the manners and customs of certain South Pacific natives: "Manners, none. Customs, beastly." This case is new to me, in that decency, and perfect good order, touched with many of the amenities, are the most noticeable things about it. The men you meet are just like those you have been used to seeing in the familiar streets back east. They are well-behaved, well-fed, and well-enough-dressed. Here and there is a finely-tailored specimen. Then again a tame Matlahkatlah or Massot Indian, tailored not at all. But in the main, they are just plain, good people. There is none of the romance of disorder, the uproarious speech or the more uproarious act, that memory associates with earlier days in towns "at the end of the railroad." The border bar-room, the dance-house and the dishevelled female, are not in the scheme, and nobody ever "shoots up" anything. Newcomers are taken

on their merits, and find nothing rude or weird. It would be deadly dull in its respectability if it were not so cheerful, so friendly, and so much engrossed in the thing that is about to be done.

Like many other of the Thoroughbreds, my friend the Bachelor-on-wheels had been a Drifter.

A Drifter is a man of education and abilities, having the Pacific and its shores and islands for his habitat. He never stops more than a few weeks or a year or two in any one place, because if he did a blue-grey mould would grow upon his soul, such as you see on a forgotten loaf of bread. He needs the attrition of uneasy life to keep him fresh. The real Drifter has special gifts or acquirements that make him welcome anywhere, so long as he goes on drifting. When middle life overtakes him and he drives his homestake, he is a valuable man in his community, because he is capable, and knows much about many things. This particular



THERE ARE TWO RATHER BIGGISH GENERAL STORES

Drifter was taking his ease and reading his Horace when I found him. He is getting ready to tie up here.

"I'm going to settle down and get married," said he. That seems to be the general Thoroughbred intention.

There are two barristers, ready to further the ends of justice for a financial consideration, just as soon as the town is under weigh. They came from Ontario. There is a doctor, but he was an idle and an anxious man until the

the company has its own medical staff to take care of accident cases among its employes.

The women will come later. There are a few here now, mostly the wives of Reformed or Rescued Thoroughbreds, who married and brought them along to be on the ground when it comes to building the house. These women, young and good looking every one, enjoy the life.

"It's just like camping out," said



LOOKING SHOREWARD FROM THE HARBOR-WATERS

day after the celebration that followed the announcement of the opening date, when a megaloccephalous affliction smote the whole of Bachelordom, calling for hydropathy, kindly counsel, and bromides. That was endemic, however, and due to a special cause. The place is almost absurdly healthful; and

one of them. She had been married only a few weeks. I think nearly all of them are brides.

"There's a lot of honeymoonin' goin' on around here," chuckled one of the elder men, who is neither Thoroughbred nor American, but only just a veteran married man intending to go



AN HOTEL FACES SEAWARD

in for hardware and bring out his family from New Brunswick. He was not unsympathetic, but he looked as though he knew more about "a song at twilight" than of "love's young dream."

It really is like camping out, only when you camp out there are no neighbors and you don't mean to stay, as these young couples do. They are living in a semi-sylvan sort of Bohemia for the moment—delightedly, or at the worst, without complaint. In an-

other ten years, when this is a great sea-port, they will be the first ladies of Prince Rupert society, with daughters queening it where the shacks are now.

Occasionally one of the Thoroughbreds disappears for a time, and comes back in double harness. There is a nebulous society already forming, lighted by honeymoons.

The demarried Bachelors called American have more restless ways. Some of them have money almost to the ostentation point, and make trips



ON THE OTHER HAND ARE WHARVES WITH SHIPPING TIED UP



HERE IS ONE OF THE TWO FIRST BANKS

to Seattle and other places down the coast. But the majority are sticking it out here, faithfully.

No liquor is sold. The company's authority extends far beyond the limits, and this rule is rigid. If a man for any reason should raise a thirst, he must either choke it to death or carry it to Port Essington, on the Skeena, some hours away by boat. The megaloccephalous occasion above referred to was ebullient and winked at. Nobody asked where the cider came from nor who brought it in, though probably it came from Port Essington by pocket. Until the "difference in the morning" none was noticed except an effervescent mutual interest in each other's health among all the Bachelors, and a tendency toward evening to burst forth in song. One of the American Bachelors who has a name like Texas and the voice of an angel sang far into the night, delightfully audible all over the place, and some miles out to sea. Happy Texas! Happy everybody, with good reason,

and nobody the worse. The Prince Rupert lid had not been even so much as tilted.

Port Essington is wide open, being beyond the company's jurisdiction; and so vigorous in the exercise of its untrammelled freedom that "a perpendicular man is regarded with suspicion," as I heard a visiting Englishman say. The inhibition at Prince Rupert is not so much on moral as on business grounds. The work there and the construction work on the railway line eastward to meet the westward construction in the mountains, employs many men, and it is for these rather than for the incomers that the rule is enforced.

Early in February one of the contractors on this construction was killed by an explosion of dynamite. The place was about fifty miles inland, and there was no way to bring in the body other than by handsled. So they brought it, wrapped in canvas, over the roughest country on this end of the right of way. When it is said the

journey took a week, its difficulties may be guessed, but this is a Christian country, and the men were not going to leave their friend's poor body in the lonely hills, when a week's hardship would give it decent burial among the kind he had known in life.

Everybody has funds invested, or ready to invest. Many have bought land in the neighborhood where title could be had, and some have put money into the mines hereabout. The future is so sure that these investments have been freely made, in amounts that would foot up a large total. The American Bachelors have been especially active in that sort of thing.

All the homeseekers are not bunched in and around the city lines. Some have gone considerable distances out to the country, and to the islands nearby. One of these island settlers was found not long since suffering from an inflammation of the vermiform appendix. They had to bring him over

to Prince Rupert in a sail-boat, and on the voyage he became delirious and had to be strapped down. He was pretty far gone when they delivered him at the hospital, but the doctors pulled him through, and he is back on his island again.

It is not my intention here to tell about Prince Rupert as it is to be—nor as it is planned. But there are a few things that should be said for the benefit of such as may have it in mind to speculate in real estate, or who are fired with the idea of coming here to find employment. Prince Rupert is not for all markets.

Two thousand acres, or only a fraction more than three out of thirty-odd square miles owned by the company, constitute the town site, and have been surveyed, platted, cleared, improved, and made ready for occupancy. These three square miles are on the waterfront. Three sides are bordered widely by company land, which is reserved for



ON THE WATER FRONT ARE THE OFFICES OF THE HARBOR AUTHORITIES

the "future development of the port," and is not to be opened for sale. When the time comes for making additions to Prince Rupert, or creating suburbs, the company will take care of them. Outside speculation is thus shut off in advance. There are no means by which speculation in city lots can be stopped, and if there were, it is not likely they would be brought into play. But—thanks be—there is no chance for any such disaster-breeding boom as Winnipeg had in the eighties, nor any chance making it at all worth while to flock to Prince Rupert in the hope of a flying profit.

And the man with a good salaried position would better stay where he is, unless under special circumstances he comes in answer to a call. There is

plenty of talent on the coast now to supply all the demands of the immediate future, from manual labor up.

Prince Rupert is no hapchance place. It is part of a gigantic enterprise, fully elaborated and successfully carried forward to within easy hail of completion. The Atlantic is at the other end of the line that shortly will be carrying to and fro the traffic of half a world. In course of not very long time, the city will cover and maybe overlap the present thirty-square-miles tract.

The splendid soldier and gallant gentleman whose name it bears stood once within a handsbreadth of the throne. The crown he might have worn has never had a jewel more fair than this is sure to be.

THE WORKMEN

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

CAME to the Workmen one who said:
 "The works we do are done in vain;
 There is no man shall live again,
 Or hear God's praise when he is dead.

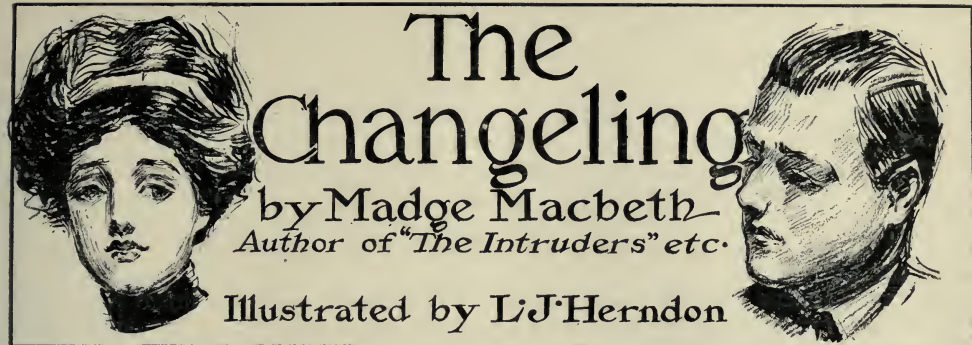
"Yea, what shall be the good of us
 When Time has crept a little space,
 And, leering from his later place,
 Has seen us one with Daedalus:

"Our cunning caverns blocked with drift;
 Our engines rusted into earth;
 Our strange devices nothing worth—
 Forgotten every trick and shift;

"Our songs unsung save by the gust;
 Our linnings rotted line and dye;
 Our proven things deep buried by
 The silent, unrefuted dust.

"Fools all!" he cried. Yet undismayed,
 They smiled and spurred the weary hand
 And carved their glimpse of God in sand,
 And for the joy of making, made.

—*Wander Songs.*



CHAPTER I.

TWILIGHT closed around the shivering people, who waited on a wet and slimy platform, for the departure of the New York train.

The day had been one of those October mistakes, which slid into being a month before its time, shuddering at its very abortiveness and relapsing into dreary, sobbing gusts of mist and rain.

Lorna Sayre dragged herself wearily up the flight of steps leading from the station and walked slowly through the crowded streets. As the departing train shrieked its warning to the unwary workman picking his homeward way on the slippery ties, she felt as though it were a cry wrung from the soul of Chester—her husband.

A newsboy raucously cried the headlines of his paper. "All about the death of Mr. James Courtney, at Saranac, New York,—one cent!"

Saranac! The word danced in blood before her eyes. How long before the same boy would parade a like item for sale, about Chester?

Tired almost to numbness, Lorna allowed her brain to conjure up what scenes it would, gleaming a sort of grim pleasure from the pain they caused her. With the deadening of the bodily senses came keenness of mental perception, and pictures of the past rolled by—a vivid, aching panorama.

There was her happy care-free girlhood—not luxurious, but abundantly comfortable—her hosts of friends, tempestuous love affairs, which had invariably been a source of pain to her, bringing ever a sickening sensation, at

the necessity to cause suffering; there was her meeting with Chester, a man of seemingly impenetrable reserve, which attracted, even while it repelled her; the realization of his love, absolutely unwavering, the old-fashioned love of a lifetime; their engagement, a mystery to her friends—perhaps to herself; their marriage and removal to a distant city; an awakening, which Lorna had loyally put from her—even now she made a struggle to blot out the picture of those first few months, called by some derisive prince of jesters—the *honeymoon*.

How vividly she remembered the little room her husband had selected as *Home*. Of the "furnished-rooms-for-light-housekeeping" variety—a draped mantel, generously decorated with large, dusty sea-shells, and a vase, containing three moulting peacock feathers; the hideous base burner upon which she was supposed to get a bite of breakfast and perhaps lunch; grotesque landscapes—premiums given in exchange for soap wrappers, which covered faded or torn places on the wall; a large glutinous design in wax adorned a three-legged table, a tribute to the sculptor's art, representing two ill-shaped hands clasped over a melancholy, drooping wreath, the whole encased in a cracked glass dome. This—*this* was to be their home!

"I could have borne squalor better than this genteel respectability," was Lorna's inward cry. "Oh, much, much better!"

She smiled at the thought of her shrinking from telling Chester how distasteful their quarters were to her,

and of her wish to look for another place; of his inability to see that it was not to live more expensively she asked, but merely—to Live.

She remembered his invariable answer whenever the subject was brought up: "I know it is not what you have been accustomed to, but we have each other, and those who are content to begin at the bottom eventually come out on top. Be satisfied for a few years to live like the poor people you know—not like the wealthy ones."

The question of dollars and cents had been a grim factor from the very first, for Lorna had given herself trustingly to the man whom she thought had won her, and it was not until some weeks after their marriage that the girl discovered how totally unable Chester Sayre was to provide, even modestly, for a wife.

The reserve, which had impressed Lorna as indicative of force concealed a pitiful lack of it, an inability to "make good" from a worldly standpoint, and while her disappointment was in a measure terrible, there evolved in her a feeling of maternal loyalty—a solicitude for Chester, condoning his faults and failures, which otherwise would have driven her to despair.

For a time it seemed as though the only ray of comfort left her was the fact that she was too far away to be in actual touch with her former friends, and the few new ones she made could not compare her with any old standards.

Then the boy Edward came. Lorna caught her breath as she remembered the horrible night before his birth—Chester's agony and his incoherent prayers for her life. She saw, as though a third person looking on, how she had been touched by his misery, and, forgetting her own, had tried to comfort him.

Then things had brightened. A substantial raise in salary now made it possible for her to take her proper place among the people where she lived, and Chester, apparently, was content to spend what he had in promoting her comfort.

Another baby came; still another, and with them a tightening of the reins. Nurses and doctors made a big

demand on a still slender income, and with other trials Chester's health began to fail. This first became noticeable in fits of brutal irritability, directed against her, which, in her own run-down state, were cruelly hard to bear.

Lorna sighed when she thought of the long nights spent in trying to quiet the fretful, ailing child so that its incessant crying might not disturb Chester.

The strong face of Clinton Northrop rose clear before her, beautiful with what has been described as the 'womanhood of man'. She lived again the few happy months Fay had spent with them, smiling wistfully at the recollection of Chester's plan of match-making, which Fay had been so quick to see—and reject. And now he was gone! How strange the house would be without him; how the children would ask for him and talk of him—he was more than half child himself—so dependent on her care.

As she opened the door of her house, a glad cry welcomed her.

"Nanny, it's mudder," shouted a baby voice, "now we will have tea."

A middle-aged woman came out into the hall, carrying one child in her arms and another on her back.

"Shure, an' it's the lamb herself," she said. "It's worn out ye are, Oi can see thot, wid half an eye. Come right in, and have a dish of tay, mavourneen."

Lorna smiled faintly, and laid her wraps on the nearest chair.

"How has the baby been?" she asked.

Nanny touched the little cheek resting on her ample bosom.

"May the Virgin bless him, he's been as quiet as a mouse," she said, evasively.

"But he coughed, mudder," volunteered Edward, the eldest, "like this, and this," putting his hand to his throat and gagging.

"Indade, mum, the b'y's afther exaggeratin'," protested Nanny, glibly. "Sit down an' ate your tay."

"Where's daddy's plate?" asked Edward.

"Your father's gone away, dear," his mother told him, quietly.

"To stay?"

"No, only until he gets better."

"What made him sick, mudder?" asked the boy, with that unfailing persistence characteristic of the child mind.

Lorna's thoughts were following the lonely man, huddled in his fur coat, who she knew was counting the miles the rocking train put between him and his family. She idly fingered the pepper box as the boy repeated his question, "Why, he took too much pepper, I think, darling," was her vague reply.

* * * * *

When Clinton Northrop came into Lorna Sayre's life, she realized with a jealous pang, all that Chester might have been.

This man who bore a striking facial resemblance to her husband was like him in many other ways, but Northrop was the finished article, while Chester seemed still in the making.

The first time Lorna was allowed down stairs, after the baby's birth, Chester brought his friend to dinner.

"We're doomed to dislike each other, Mrs. Sayre," was Northrop's laughing greeting to her. "For weeks, I have had you for a daily diet, and I flatter myself that you have heard of me, er—not too adversely."

Lorna held up her hands in mock horror.

"Don't!" she begged.

"Both the baby and I are of secondary importance in comparison to you. In fact, I never knew Chester quite so enthusiastic about anyone before. Chester," turning to her husband, "haven't I accused you of being in love with Mr. Northrop?"

"Better that I should

be than you," he returned, with a facetious smile.

"Oh, you have been too clever for that, Sayre," complained the guest. "Praising us to each other, as you know, a'ways has the opposite effect."

While the two men engaged in similar banter, Lorna took swift note of the man at her table.

Like Chester, he was tall and athletic-looking. His blonde hair was thick and crisp, growing well off his high and slightly prominent forehead. The marked difference between the two men lay in their eyes. Where Chester's brows and lashes were fair, the same shade as his hair, Northrop's were almost black, shading his clear blue eyes, which were in reality lighter than



LORNA DRAGGED HERSELF WEARILY UP THE STEPS

Chester's, so that they had the appearance of being quite dark.

Both were clean-shaven, both had rather large straight mouths, Chester's giving the suggestion of looseness at the corners, and Northrop's suggesting compression. But on the whole, they could easily have been taken for brothers.

There was, however, an indefinable power radiating from this man, of which Lorna was at once conscious; a certainty that what he set out to do, he would do, and that it would be the right thing to do.

"I believe I have broken into your sanctum with a purpose," said Northrop, turning to his hostess.

"You are awfully good to accept such a responsibility," replied Lorna, smiling. "I used to think that going to the dentist and choosing a hat were the greatest nerve rackers in life, but they shrivel and fade away in comparison with naming a baby."

"Especially when we had a name chosen, ready to be fitted as it were, and it turned out to be the wrong kind of name," Chester interposed.

"Well, the solution is here," Clinton handed Mrs. Sayre a small box, "if the gentleman is dissatisfied with the arrangement, let him settle with me."

Lorna undid the wrappings and made an exclamation of pleasure as she read, printed on a diminutive visiting card, Clinton Northrop Sayre.

"Splendid," she said, raising her eyes to Northrop, "I trust he will be worthy of it." And in that instant both were conscious of a deeper current of feeling than mere friendship—a something which at the time they did not recognize—and even afterwards, never put into words.

"But that is not the entire plot," Chester explained, as they left the dining room, "the arch conspirator there," pointing to his wife, "has something of almost—notice I say almost, Lorna—greater importance up her sleeve."

Lorna colored slightly. "Chester makes it sound very silly," she said, feeling a slight tinge of annoyance at her husband, "there is no conspiracy. His cousin, whom I have never seen,

will be here to-morrow, and she is to share the honors with you, at the baby's christening—and—and we rather hoped you would be nice to her—that's all," she ended, with an uncomfortable laugh.

Northrop received this information with something like indifference, though his gaze rested on Lorna's heightened color, with a pleasure in her sensitiveness, which shrank at the bald way her husband laid bare plans, obviously his. The look he bent on Lorna was, however, unnoticed by Chester, who was laughingly saying: "Oh, these matchmakers! Given two eligible people, of opposite sexes, and a married woman—well, Northrop, I see your finish, old fellow. Under any circumstances you would be at a disadvantage, but the case is hopeless with Fay Chester in the field."

"Is she so irresistible?" asked Clinton, with a polite show of interest.

"She's a witch," said Chester. "I have tried to explain her charm to Lorna, but can't. It is most elusive—never knew another woman like her—anything like her. She has very few of the attributes that are usually accredited to women—nothing of the appealing feminine in her, you know. Nothing of womanly dependence and arts—though I fancy her unlucky star is to blame for that."

"How so?"

"Well, her parents were killed in a railway accident, and left her to the care of an aunt who spoiled her, until she was sixteen and then died, leaving her independent, and alone as far as relatives go, for she has absolutely no blood relation except me."

"Poor girl," said Northrop, watching the shadows from the fire play on Lorna's face. To him, she represented the essence of repose and peace.

"Poor nothing," continued Chester, warming to his subject. "She enjoys it! She's just the kind to make the most of having her own way, and of having no unasked-for advice thrust upon her from people she felt obliged to respect. And clever"—he whistled—"man alive, she's all brains! Just wait!"

"I am oppressed with the idea of

such a paragon, really within my grasp," said Northrop, rising. "I hope you won't leave me alone, struggling in her clutches, at the start, Mrs. Sayre," he said, as he bid Lorna good-night.

The firm pressure of his clasp was returned by her, with a cool, soft hand. So few women know how to shake hands, he thought,—they either give you three limp fingers, or a spasmodic squeeze with a nervous titter, but hers was so different. On the way home, he fancied he could still feel the cool, steady pressure of her hand, as she raised her eyes to his and said, "Come any way to see her."

CHAPTER II.

FAY CHESTER had been extremely unwise in the selection of her parents. So many of us are!

Her mother was an actress of the emotional school, who became temporarily captivated by the attentions of Artimus Chester, a stern, puritanical clergyman seeking to strip life of every pleasure and amusement, and to reduce it to a strictly mathematical basis. She married him in a moment of highly intensified religious fervor, and regretted the promise to forsake her profession the instant her back was turned upon the officiating minister.

Fay's father was of the austere, rigorous type often found in religious circles, a replica of the hyper-sacrificial days, which we associate with the

names of Savonarola and his disciples.

He was never known to acknowledge or correct a mistake, being supremely confident in his own views on life and living; bending conditions and circumstances to fit his needs, rather than adapting himself to any paths outside the limited radius of his prescribed course.

"A thing is either good or it is bad," he often said. "It is either right or it is wrong. Extenuations and excuses are only cloaks for cowardice and vice, and there is but one standard for us all."

He dissected everything except religion, which he accepted in its narrowest sense, and he taught his child, more by example than training, to probe and analyze. Learn! Learn!! Learn!!! Discover the why! Reject the fanciful; crush imagination; starve romance; feed on fact! Like Gradgrind he forbade fairy tales, and, until years after her babyhood, Fay was quite ignorant of the prescribed nursery rhymes. Music was a vice, leading through its alluring channel of emotion to the senses; Art was but a vulgar excuse for familiar-



FAY WAS A TRIM LITTLE FIGURE UNSOILED BY
THREE DAYS' TRAVEL

ity between the sexes.

Just how Annette Chester lived, even ten years, in the daily presence of her husband has never been explained. It may have been possible owing to the stolen hours of "play," when she would hide with her child in the dim attic under the eaves, and there, in the for-

bidden splendor of spangled silks and satins, redolent of stage romance, the grown-up child and the child-woman would live in delicious flights of fancy and imagination. During these hours Fay was but another Annette Carey, throwing herself, with perfect ease, into the roles her mother taught her and when exhausted, she would lie at full length on the floor and drink in the fullness of her mother's beauty—her throbbing, stirring, appealing voice—wondering in her childish way how this could be one and the same with the deadened, lifeless woman who sat opposite her father at the table.

Fay never *acted*, she *was* the person, and from the "playhouse," she would run to her father's study and enter into his puritanical discussions with all the vim she had displayed along diametrically opposite lines an instant before.

The mother's heart would ache cruelly, to see how little the child really belonged to her, for at times the Reverend Artimus Chester instilled into her baby mind a wholesome loathing for her mother's passionate caresses.

"Don't kiss me, mammy," Fay would say, petulantly. "It's so silly!"

And Annette, releasing the dainty figure reluctantly, could only sob and murmur:

"My little Changeling!"

After the death of her parents, the first struggle of Fay's life began. Aunt Emmeline's character was strengthened, considerably more than her niece's, by the contact.

She was a lovable old maid—a half-sister to the Reverend Artimus—whose very gentleness and amiability were a perennial source of irritation to that gentleman. However, after the accident, Aunt Emmeline was a real haven of refuge.

She was never known to definitely decide any question or express any opinion, unhampered by a veering toward the opposite view.

This looking at subjects from all points was, to her, proof of her broad-mindedness. It could not be said to be a valuable asset, however, in the qualities necessary to the training of a child.

The simple matter of a gown would

invariably be discussed like this: "What dress will you wear, my love?"

"Well, Auntie, it looks like rain, and I hate to spoil the pink one; do you think my blue looks nice enough?"

"Oh, I should decide on the blue, by all means, dearie, for as you say—Still, if the Morgans are very much dressed you would feel annoyed at not having put on your pink—"

"Yes, I suppose the pink one then, only—"

"Oh, dear no; don't think of taking this as final; let us say the blue."

"But, Auntie, do you *think* it will rain?" Fay would ask, in desperation.

Aunt Emmeline would then lay her work carefully aside, and stand in deep thought, scanning the cloudy sky. Finally, she would say: "Well, dear, it may rain—or it may not."

So the child soon learned to decide every question for herself, and the consequence was that she developed a strength of will and steadfastness of purpose envied by people double her years. Although not in the least contemptuous of her friends and associates Fay always felt herself an equal, and generally a superior person, in point of mind. And because she had confidence in herself others grew to depend on her. She was initiative and creative.

There were many times, however, when the weight of responsibility oppressed her, and she would sigh drearily, and say: "If only some one could be near to tell me things. I get so tired of being both the question and the answer."

The mystery of attraction was, early, one of the absorbing problems. Why do some people like each other and some people hate each other? Why are women different with women than with men, and why is not a man's man also a woman's? Why do people's heads and hearts not work in unison? How is it that, although I respect and in a measure reverence Aunt Emmeline, I prefer Mrs. Corbett, for instance, who is said to neglect her husband and children, and is not called *good*?

These and many similar questions did the child, the girl, the woman, Fay Chester, put to herself. And slowly there evolved an answer.

In it she recognized the daughter of her father; affections faded, the mind grows keen; the heart tires, the head thirsts,—if we could live on a purely intellectual plane, we would be gods instead of worms.

And men? The strange attraction she found so hard to reconcile with people of good mental qualities, was a dominant note in her own character. While remaining unconscious of this, she was comparatively free from introspection, but as the fact forced itself upon her, that to men she had a certain irresistibility, she began to weigh the matter.

"It isn't my mind they like," she would say, "for some of them haven't sense enough to see I have one, and I can't be as pretty as they say, for women don't think me pretty. So, what is it?"

She spoke of it to her aunt, ending: "If kissing a man all day is necessary when one loves him, I can *never* love any one, Auntie. When the time for *feeling* takes the place of mentalities, I am done with men," she said, vehemently. "There must be a chord left out of me."

"Oh, you have not met the right one, dearie," suggested the trite Miss Chester, "you are only sixteen and could not be expected to know your own heart or mind yet."

"Do you think that is it?" asked Fay, eagerly.

"Why, of course," answered the aunt. "Although now that I think of it, I do know of people to whom the

little god of love has never— Yes, yes, it might be that you will never love. Still one can never say, positively—"

Fay sighed and moved away.

At the death of the faithful, well-meaning woman who had done her wavering best by the enigmatical charge left to her care, Fay scarcely felt a pang. Mentally there was a loss— "What shall I do with my brains, now that there are only questions to answer for one, instead of two," she asked herself, wistfully. "Poor, dear Auntie!"

For three years she took courses in languages, music and art, always reading greedily everything which came into her hands during the hours she could spare from her studies. Like her father she was insatiable in her thirst for knowledge, but unlike him, she read to sympathize with the author and his creations; Arcturus Chester read to criticize or to censure.

When Lorna's invitation came, it found her in the throes of a new love affair, one which held her mind and attention in an unusual manner, and she was very glad to drop it and go West, in order to have time to think matters over.

As she stepped from the platform, a trim little figure, untarnished by the soil of three days' travel, she and Lorna gravitated together as though magnetized.

"Oh, Lorna, I am so glad you are going to like me—just *me*," she cried whimsically, in greeting.



"WHAT A MESS MEN MAKE OF STRATEGIC MOVES",
FAY LAUGHED

"You funny little thing," Lorna replied, laughing. "What should I like, if it were not you—just you?"

Fay shrugged her shoulders.

"You will see, some time," she answered, gaily. "Where is Chester? Oh, here—well, do you know, you have changed more than I dreamed possible—improved, I should say; my respect and admiration for Lorna deepens."

Chester kissed his cousin affectionately. She was one of the few people of whom he was particularly fond.

"Well, you don't change, anyway," he said. "You are precisely the same girl I saw at Aunt Emmeline's—how many years ago? Does she look like what I told you, Lorna?" he asked his wife.

"Not in the least," answered Mrs. Sayre. "Men are never accurate in describing anything. Here is the house, and this is Edward. Come, Phoebe, speak to your cousin Fay."

When Lorna left the two alone, Chester turned to the girl and said:

"It will not take long for you to discover that my life is almost narrow now, being bound by Lorna and the children—and latterly by this fellow Northrop whom you will meet to-night," he added, clumsily.

There was a silence, broken by Fay's infectious laugh.

"Oh, you bungler," she cried. "What a pitiful mess men make of strategic moves. I often wonder how so many of them hold positions on diplomatic corps. Most of them have a wife or some other interested female to lend them a guiding hand, though." She laughed again. "So Fay must help keep your diverging interests concentrated, and cast her lot with 'this fellow Northrop'. Is that the idea?"

"Your perspicuity is astonishing, though what I might have expected," rejoined Chester, squeezing his cousin's arm. "Don't tell Lorna the plot is discovered; though, as a matter of fact, she is one of the few women who do not go in extensively for match-making. This idea"—he made a sweeping bow—"is mine." Fay waved him carelessly aside.

"I suppose Lorna feels that, having procured the only genuine article

herself, she can't pass off counterfeit on the rest of us suffering womankind without a twinge of conscience," suggested the girl.

"You have put the case neatly," agreed Chester. "I see that your keenness of perception is not dimmed—Lunch, my dear."

When Northrop came that night, he brought Edward the popular tale of Cock Robin. The boy was so delighted and excited, he could hardly be persuaded to go to bed, even after the story had been read to him by each member of the family, so that he had memorized most of it.

"I can't say that, mudder," he told Lorna, pointing to the verse about the shroud, "so I'll say—

" 'Who'll make his blanket?'

" 'I,' said the beetle,

" 'With my thread and needle,'

" 'I'll make his blanket.'"

"Why do dead people have blankets, mudder?"

And not satisfied with Lorna's answer, he called Nanny and put the question seriously to her, before going to sleep.

When Northrop heard of this, he blamed himself harshly for not having given more consideration to the selection of the book.

"I can't bear to think of that baby head battling with such unpleasant problems," he said. "I suppose he will never forget that; people are too careless about the sort of reading matter they give children. Please try to get the wretched rhyme away from the boy, and to-morrow when I come to the christening, I will bring something else."

"Do you feel equal to the responsibility, Mr. Northrop?" asked Fay, jokingly. "Heaven knows, I don't."

"Nor I," answered Northrop, seriously, and instead of looking at Fay, his eyes rested unconsciously on Lorna.

"Altogether," said Chester to his wife, as they were preparing to retire, "they did not seem to have made an indelible impression on each other, so far."

Lorna smiled a little at his boyishness. "Give them time," she said.

CHAPTER III.

"You really have three children, haven't you?" asked Fay, the following day.

"Chester?" Lorna said, smiling.

Fay nodded.

"Do you never get ruffled, and want to look at him without knowing the answer?"

"Are you referring particularly to his transparent behavior last night, regarding you and Mr. Northrop?"

Lorna's guest shrugged her shoulders.

"Not particularly—no; I was only using him as a type; one usually can read the answer before a man is through with the question, don't you think so?"

"I suppose so," assented Lorna. "When one is married, one gets used to it."

"Oh, the horror of those words," cried Fay, vehemently. "Getting used to things! The deadening of fine sensibilities, the falling off in the race, the deafening ourselves to the music of life—it's awful!"

Lorna sighed slightly. She had grown used to so many things.

"I understand perfectly; it is hard

to keep a certain keenness alive. People so seldom grow to have the same interests after they marry, and yet—yet—"

"Yet, men and women daily delude themselves into the belief that they are congenial or will be, after the fatal words are spoken. How many cases do you know where the husband is a 'sport' and the wife domestic, or *vice versa*; where the wife is artistic and the husband a cut-and-dried materialist? How many husbands do you know who are insufferable in that role, but as lovers they would be ideal? Look at the lovers—how many of them can stagger fittingly under the domestic yoke? After something dies and they see each other without the glamour of pink lights, then they begin 'to get used to it' if they want even a counterfeit of happiness. That is what most marriages amount to!"

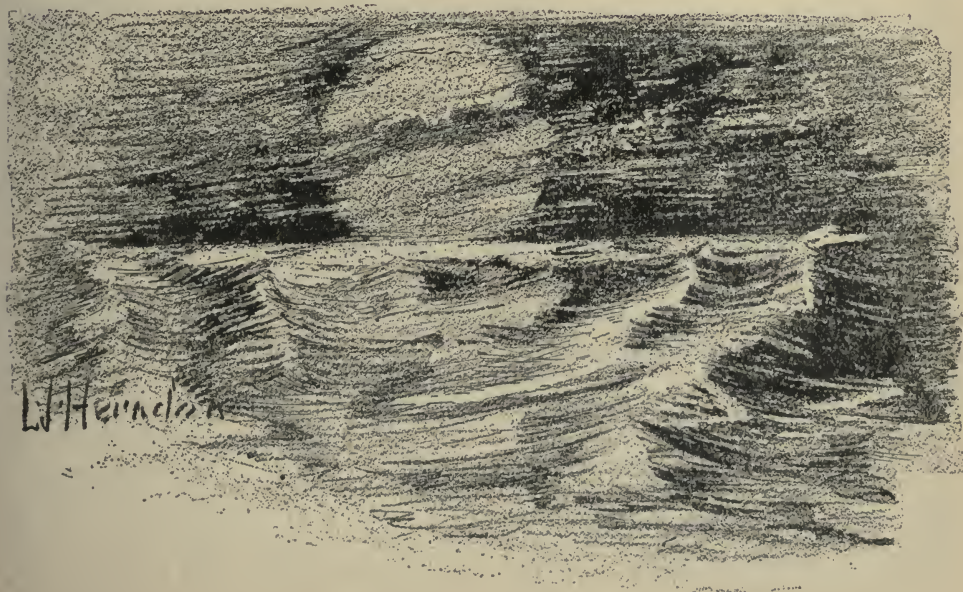
"Have you a remedy?" asked Chester Sayre's wife.

"Oh, I have," replied the girl, laughing a little, "but it takes two, you know, to put it into effect."

"Well?"

"Well—there simply isn't another one—so far."

To be continued





The DEVIL of FORD'S CROSSING.

BY ROB REED M'KENNY.
ILLUSTRATED BY C. O. LONGBRUGH.

HES a fine beast, Pierre," I cried enthusiastically as I peered in through a crevice in the great log trap at the big, tawny beast, where he crouched in a corner snarling and lashing himself with rage. The great, greenish-yellow eyes fairly darted fire at the sound of my voice and a world of hate and helpless rage flashed in the look. Involuntarily I shuddered and moved back a pace, and the heavy log walls shook under the impact as the creature flung himself against them with a baffled snarl. I looked across at my guide doubtfully.

"By Gar, dat cat he one devil," grinned Pierre. "Safes' way Ole Pierre him shoot 'um. No trus' dat trap ver' long. Devil get loose 'um kill Ole Pierre, lak dat," he finished with an eloquent upward sweep of his crooked hand, and he shook his head gravely and darted an uneasy glance behind. The old rifle, I noticed, was carried at a very convenient angle.

"Good Lord no, Pierre," I cried, laughing at the old trapper's uneasiness. "Why man, that beast is worth six hundred in the open market if I ever get him there. Finest specimen I ever laid eyes on. No sircé! You let that cougar alone and in the morning we'll slip out here with my cage and a sled and by night he'll be on his way to New York and you'll be a fifty richer in pocket than you are at this moment. Can't you see, old man,

how simple it is? Don't let your superstitious fancies get the better of you now. Be sensible."

He stood eying the trap and then me doubtfully and I could see that the fear of the trapped cougar weighed pretty heavily against his longing for the price I offered. After a moment I added what I thought was a clincher.

"Fifty dollars, man, think of it. Why you couldn't get more than twenty for his hide."

"No get anything for Pierre's hide, Devil get 'um," put in the old man quickly, the doubt still heavy in his face.

I laughed in spite of myself at his quaint reasoning, and so pleading and arguing by turns we made our way over the crunching snow towards picturesque Ford's Crossing.

"Well—I don't know," muttered Pierre, as I left him at the turning; "dat cat 'um one devil, Missou'," and he strode away shaking his head. Still smiling to myself over his vagaries I made my way slowly toward the quaint little inn of the town.

My season at Ford's Crossing was almost over and it had been a good one. In a week or two the down trails would be closing, for the first snow lay all about a foot deep on the ground. Already the little French Canadian village was settling down for the long, fierce Athabasca winter, and the roaring fireplace in the big living-room at the inn seemed inviting after our brisk walk in the frozen woods.

I flung myself into a chair and lit

my pipe complacently, congratulating myself on the season's luck. And here at the very end came the gem of the season's catch, the gigantic puma—Pierre's "Devil." Truly the fates had proved kind and in another day or two at most, now, I would be on my way to New York and a pleased employer. Ellison is never niggardly with his men, and in a month's time, barring accident, I would be lunching with a well filled purse and a starry-eyed girl at Murray's. And after that—perhaps Africa, Borneo maybe, or some other queer corner. I fell to wondering indifferently where it *would* be next.

My profession might strike many as a strange one. My business is wild animals—catching them that is—in the interests of Ellison of New York, the biggest animal dealer on this side. For fifteen years I've been at it, wandering up and down the waste places of this earth, talking to strange men and living in strange places. Odd experiences and hairbreadth escapes are almost a daily occurrence with me, but somehow I like it. The excitement of the life appeals to me as nothing else could, and it's a great deal to be satisfied.

* * * *

Sometime in the cheerless dawn I was awakened by a rude shaking and the terrified voice of the inn-keeper. "Missou! Missou!" he wailed. "In pity's name awake." And to my drowsy question—"It is Pierre. They have found him, Missou"—dead—stiff and dead he was. Nom de Dieu, that *Devil*! He is escape once more, an' now we shall know no peace. Saint Catherine, what shall we do?" The man was half crazed with his news.

I hurried out into the gray of the morning and found a little shuddering group of hunters and villagers gathered. Fear—dark superstitious fear—sat heavy on each face. The apparently charmed life and extraordinary cunning of the big cat had wrought its effect upon the simple minds of an ignorant, isolated people.

"Jes' lak dat he lay," expatiated Moheet—a half caste Indian—spreading his arms and dropping his head back limply. "Snow all tramp; blood

all over; him, Ole Pierre, heap dead. Devil tear 'im mos' t' pieces. I go early look martin traps. Bym'by come on trail of Devil. Look alroun', follow trail. Den fin' Pierre. Devil gone. No see 'um. Moheet show the stranger," and turning slowly he eyed me queerly, a fleeting something of distrust and fear in his glance. Then his eyes fell and left me puzzled.

With a shrug he turned away abruptly and led down the little street and out across the clearing into the dark, silent woods. No one spoke as we strode on, though I fancied half-angry, sullen eyes were on me all the way. I was responsible indirectly for the Devil's escape, Pierre's death, and whatever depredations the beast committed in future, and I understood the dark looks. The Devil was a sore point at the Crossing, and I felt keenly the loss of the big brute and the wasted life. My only vindication now lay in staying at the village until the beast could be tracked down and killed—which would benefit me not at all—and this, with winter coming on and the trails once closed, meant five months' stay here. Alas for my fond dreams of the afternoon before. It was a bitter disappointment after a long successful season and I swore softly as we stumbled on through the pines.

In a little clearing heavily trampled, lay Pierre—the body a huddled heap and the trodden snow stained with clotted blood from gaping wounds all over it. Truly this was the work of a devil. The head had been crushed by a terrific blow and half wrenched from the mangled body. The clothing was in threads, and the body so battered and torn the beast must have ripped and gnawed it in pure wantonness. And all about the figure in the snow showed the great four-toed track of the puma. The white expanse of snow which holds so many histories and mysteries of the forest folk told the story in details so minute one fairly saw the picture as we read.

Pierre was on his way to the trap. Who knows, perhaps his superstition had gotten the better of him after all and he was going to kill the animal.

He may have even whistled as he strode along. And then like a bolt from the blue, cutting short his straying thoughts, the cat alighted spread out in the trail before him. Too quick for the hastily raised rifle, too swift for the startled man's move, the first staggering blow of the great paw had sent his musket broken and ruined far out to one side, breaking the arm that held it like a pipe-stem and sending the man reeling to his knees a few paces away. And there crouching and drawing his knife Pierre waited for a long few moments—for the track was deep and packed—and beyond four paces away, crouched the lion with those yellow, blazing eyes fixed on him gloatingly—the slavering jaws hanging in a hideous, snarling grin. The marks in the snow told it plainly, and I shuddered as I thought of those hopeless, endless moments that bounded the finish of Pierre's life.

Yet defenceless but for the knife, arm broken and with one chance in a thousand, he had faced the brute unwavering, where he crouched a space away playing with his victim cat fashion. And then the game grew tiresome and in long cautious steps the lion stalked and reconnoitered his victim in a wide circle and crouched again. Native caution made him wary for he had never hunted such game before. But the end was near. Slowly the great back muscles stiffened; suddenly the gaunt, gray-yellow body launched itself into the air lightly, and with that characteristic lightning stroke of its paw in landing, had crushed his head and sprawled him dead and bleeding in the snow. Then the murderer retreated to a distance, and biting and clawing had torn the deeply buried knife from his shoulder. A little too high, Pierre, perhaps a little too slowly delivered. At any rate, freed from the stabbing pain, the Devil had returned, sniffed about the body, and then in a sudden outburst of insane rage and fiendishness had torn and mangled the dead hunter almost beyond recognition. Satisfied at last, limping slightly, but satiated of the blood madness, the animal had slunk off among the darkening shadows of

the pines and the little tragedy in the moonlit clearing was finished. The signs told all.

The sight sickened me and as I followed apart the little group of silent men who bore him homeward—all too conscious of the distrust and blame which showed in their simple, straightforward manner—I gave up my plans for leaving and threw myself into feverish effort at atonement.

A three days' organized hunt began. Three days of constant tramping through the vast lone places on snowshoes, three days plunging forward, always forward, into the bitter, biting wind, sometimes alone, sometimes with a little party of hunters and townsfolk, yet ever following the great four-toed track in the shadow of the pines, up ravines, through hollows, and over hillocks and only the mocking howl of wolves at evening, or the startled eerie cry of the timber folk as we plunged on and on, and never a glimpse of the great tawny cat. Signs there were in plenty. Here a young lynx had fallen victim to our quarry's hunger. There he had doubled and lain watching us from some hidden copse as we trudged by. Farther on he lay a few moments to lick the wounded shoulder which constantly stiffened and gave trouble. Always in a great circle he travelled, too cunning to stop and fight, or even leave the great tract of forest he made his home, until at last on the third day, taxed beyond human endurance and utterly spent, we gathered and made our way silently homeward. And so ended our first concerted stand against the Devil and still he lurked at Ford's Crossing, continuing to levy on the live-stock and dogs about the little village, and scorning all manner of traps and poisoned bait, respectful of our rifles for he was seldom seen, but present always at the unexpected moment.

Winter closing in made the game scarce, the trails were closed and ice-blocked, and his favorite food, the deer, had taken to their yards way out beyond his range where it was impossible to stalk them, and gaunt and always hungry now the Devil haunted the dark edge of the forest at dusk, and fed

on young pigs and sheep from the settlement. Too cunning for all the wiles of the hunters, clever in an almost superhuman degree in his scent of ambushes and deadly loopholes which spat fire and the seed of pain at him out of the night, his cry might be heard longdrawn and plaintive like a lost child's at times, again intensified to a high, bloodcurdling scream, the hunger cry. We grew to fear and hate him with an uncanny fear as the months crept by, and many an uneasy glance went round at mention of his name. Moheet alone left the settlement now, and he not often, for the snows were cold and bitter.

One evening in February saw a new horror at the Crossing and set down another tally against the Devil's score. Pretty little Jeanne, the daughter of the innkeeper had gone to play in the afternoon with her dog in the clearing and was missing at the evening meal. We found the dog and sled in a heap at the edge of the woods, but the child was gone, and we cursed in impotency that night while the screams of the distracted mother and the dazed, far-away look of the crazed father tortured like a twisted knife in a wound.

The dark outside was shunned more than ever now and when twilight fell no soul stirred forth unarmed. And the Devil, gluttoned with human blood once more, stalked boldly forth at nightfall, and yet with a charmed life escaped our vigils and snapshots into the night. At the very last it was a woman who did what we could not do and outwitted the Devil of Ford's Crossing.

Pierre's woman, a breed girl of silent

ways, had never spoken of him since his death, and though the Devil was almost the only topic of conversation these long, dark days she kept mute on the subject and even left a gathering at its mention. She shed no tears when they brought him home, but faced the trouble with the fortitude and stolidity of her mother's race; but on dark nights when a gaunt, lithe shadow flitted in and about the cottages of the village, a rifle sometimes barked spitefully from Pierre's cabin. That was all. The shadow came and went at intervals.

As the long winter drew to a reluctant close, and the warm, spring days thawed the snow and ice and filled the creeks' bed with an angry, snarling torrent, Jean Le Bault moved his family out again to their summer home a mile back in the woods, where he was clearing a spot in the forest and a tiny garden and truck patch kept him busy in the warmer months. Here his wife fell ill, and it was Pierre's woman who came almost daily with dainties from the Crossing and nursed the sick woman back to health.

Always she carried the basket of dainties and Pierre's rifle as she came and went in the balmy afternoons, and one day glancing up from the path as she came along her brown eyes caught and held the gaze of a big, yellow pair watching her fixedly from the summit of a great heap of boulders at one side of the ravine above her. One might guess the thoughts that flashed through her mind as she looked at her enemy and reckoned the lives he stood for, and for a long moment they confronted each other motionless,





PIERRE'S WOMAN STOOD MOTIONLESS

the Devil and the woman. In the next the sleek, yellow body launched itself outward and the rifle spat its message of triumph and revenge. The woman dashed her gun at the flying form as it wavered in the air and sped down the path like a wild thing and on to the village, but the Devil did not follow.

The little party made its way cautiously back along the path to the scene of the conflict. Disappointed we found the spot. The lion was gone, but there among the leaves and grasses we found the gun and close beside it, spattering all about, the big, thick clots of blood and the torn shrubbery and underbrush showed the frightful ravage done by the bullet. No beast could lose so much of the life fluid it seemed and live, yet the trail led broad and distinct away up the hill. The animal must have dragged itself away half dead, seeking a hiding-place in which to eke out its last few hours of agony alone. The forest instinct teaches the stricken wild things to creep away to die by inches, suffering horribly but safe from the common enemy—man. It is part of their

strange code—this desire to suffer and die alone.

Across two miles of densest woodland we followed the trail, blood-stained and plainer at every step, and there at the summit of a little knoll we found him. The ball had entered his stomach tearing its way through flesh and spine, leaving the hindquarters limp and useless, but somehow he had struggled on. He knew there was no escape, no chance, no hope, yet he turned to meet us as we came up, the fierce, undying hatred flashing from his yellow eyes as I had seen him on that first afternoon. He straightened up painfully, but with something grim and stately in him and faced us bravely, snarling and unafraid. To me he was different from the other things I have hunted and I motioned down the raised rifles and looked at him curiously. In spite of his cruelty and cunning, the human lives he'd taken and all we hated him for, there was something magnificent in the way he faced us for his last stand there at the crest of the hill. The big head was thrown back and the woods and hills beyond re-echoed for the last time with the demoniacal death-cry, the final challenge of the king of the boundaries.

But brave as he was only death could atone in part for the lives he had taken and as the final notes came drifting back from beyond, and the great head sunk towards us again—the eyes still blazing—a rifle coughed beside me. For a moment the mighty beast stood perfectly still as though untouched, gazing at us, though a gaping hole in his throat showed a deep, rich red against the lighter fur of his under parts; then, wavering slightly, he sank to the ground coughing and gasping, the big muscles stiffened slowly and he lay still. The Devil was done.

At last someone spoke. It was Moheet, the Indian, who moved first. As he drew his knife and bent down he remarked gutturally but with a world of savage wisdom in the words, "Ugh, tak' woman beat Devil at las'. Eh."

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AMERICAN INVASION

WE have in the foregoing pages dealt with many different angles of the question of colonization, and have adverted to many of the most prominent theories regarding it. The subject is one rich in discussion, and what is of far more importance, rich in sober, almost in solemn thought. Only with reluctance does one leave the vast field of English belief and English comment, bearing upon the welfare of Great Britain as Great Britain, for view of yet another of the many angles which offer in the subject, as viewed by Canadian and "Yankee" eyes.

One point of view forces itself upon attention, and that not upon the ground of theory, but of actual fact. No study of the colonization of Canada can avoid consideration of the so-called American invasion, because this represents a factor which will have tremendous influence in the future of Canada and in the complication of Canada's problem. There are not lacking very many Canadians to-day who declare that the interests of Canada are more germane to those of the United States than those of England.

All life is a competition. What harder competition in the world can the assisted English immigrant find than this "Yankee" competition, already installed, established and fortified in that very region which England says is the natural inheritance of the English poor? The answer is, in one sense and from one limited viewpoint, foregone. It is the answer of disciplined troops in contest with raw, weak,

starved and heartbroken militia. That is to say, such is the answer if we suppose western Canada a site of barbarism and not of civilization. As to that, we must remember that all things are relative, and that we must consider the give-and-take, the balance, the proportion, the level-finding of civilized life, where many men, many races mingle, the result being a composite made up of weak who have failed, weak who have grown stronger, strong who have grown weaker, and so on; the one thing sure being that good strength, innate or acquired, natural or attained, is what will win and what will prevail. Either in civilization or savagery, in England or in Canada, in city or on the far frontier, *always the weak learn from the strong.*

Fifteen years ago Winnipeg had but thirty thousand inhabitants, and there was no other town in western Canada worth more than the name of village. After the cheap railroad lands of western Canada came on the market, a steady influx of population ensued, so that in 1903 over one hundred and thirty thousand persons settled in western Canada. In 1905 one hundred and forty-six thousand came in. Since then the numbers have varied, but last year nearly sixty thousand "Yankees" crossed the border to settle in western Canada. In the year previous fifty thousand had come. For the first four years of the present century, the average of the American invasion was between twenty and fifty thousand annually.

For the last few years ill-assorted immigrants have been coming into the eastern cities of the United States at the rate of about a million a year. Although the greater proportion of

these remain in the cities, very large numbers naturally go to increase the demand for American farming land. The government of the United States has left practically no homestead or other cheap lands for its people. Meantime, and more especially in the last two years, a very considerable popular discontent has existed in the United States over the growth of American monopolies or trusts, as they are known. Seeing the prices of farming lands continually rising—they have doubled in value through the Middle West in the last ten years, good farming lands selling as high as \$200 an acre in Illinois, \$60 and \$80 in Minnesota, \$40 and \$50 per acre in Dakota,—and at the same time seeing the American tax on living continually rising, a great many western farmers who wished additional land for their sons, saw their opportunity in the new cheap lands of Canada—such an opportunity as could never exist again anywhere in the United States. This was the actual reason for the American invasion of Canada. It is not too much to say that the western Canadian land advance was due to American discovery, American financing and American peopling in very large measure. The younger sons of the United States rushed out into the remaining new lands and laid hold of opportunity, even though it existed under a different flag.

Now it is to be remembered always that these young farmers left their early home deliberately, and not through any stress of poverty. They did not largely come from exhausted New England and the overcrowded East, but most largely from the choicest farming sections of the western United States. They came, not because they were too poor, *but because they were too rich* to stay at home,—because they had money with which to buy land and operate it. Not one of these needed any sort of help. Every one of them was a practical farmer, and so far from needing to learn anything about farming in western Canada, he came prepared to teach the Canadians many things which they did not know about wheat raising in precisely that sort of country. It was these men who

did the proving of the Davidson theory, and it was they who succeeded where early English farming had failed, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

These men were the product of the environment of the American continent. If they had not been of American birth, at least they were of American education in actual farming. Such men would scoff at the suggestion of assistance, even of advice. Perhaps one of them would come up on a preliminary trip to select his ground. A second journey would find him with his family and household belongings at the railway station nearest to his land. The week following that arrival would see him on his land, with some sort of quarters erected, and the work of breaking the ground begun. Almost none of these men came with less than one thousand dollars of his *own* money—not the money of any charitable organization or of any government—and some Canadian officials were of the belief that an average of three thousand dollars for each such settler would have been below the truth.

Now, take these strong, hardy and perfectly educated young farmers—in one year 4,600 from Dakota, 6,000 from Minnesota, 1,500 from Illinois, all choice farming states of the West—set them down on the best selected lands of the Canadian West, each with means to make his own start, and self-reliance to do much more than make a start; and then compare the situation with that suggested in our earlier discussions of the handling of the assisted immigrant of England.

It does not take a second thought to see how and how much the American invasion comes into the question of Canadian colonization. The "Yankee" is not a threat, but a fact. He has come, and come to stay; and there are more of him coming, hundreds of thousands more. He is alike the most desired and the most dreaded immigrant who has come or can come to the Canadian West. With him comes the American standard of life, which is in direct conflict with the European standard. With the "Yankee" comes the higher standard of living, because he comes

from a country where men, women and children are not content with the food, the clothing, or the housing which was sufficient for their fathers. Moreover, this is a *progressive* standard. It is something which comes out of the soil and air and stimulus of the *American continent*. Now it is this standard, it is this situation which the assisted immigrant must face. It is success which despair must confront, even thus early in the swift history of western Canada, the newest of all the cultivable lands. But despair itself gains hope and strength from contact with success.

What answer has English thought found for this American invasion and all that it must mean in the future? So far as the author is able to discover, there has been small answer of any practical sort. Abundance of theorizing there has been, to be sure. One writer says: "Canada is in the presence of an ethnic problem such as no country ever faced before." That is very true, but what does it really mean in actual plan for actual deeds? We want some phrase sharper, more biting than "ethnic problem". This is a big business problem.

Another finds the old inefficient national or racial answer, and with loyalty to Great Britain declares: "While urging the unfairness of unloading dependents upon us, we should be very careful how we reject any of our own blood. We should keep in mind what Commander Booth answered to those who said that the emigration to the colonies of British men was race suicide. He asked, if the colonies should be filled up and dominated by men of other races, what sort of suicide that would be? We need all the British we can get to balance the strangers that are seeking our shores." Bring British, then; and if they be weak, let them gain hope and strength from contact with the strong!

Yet another, a somewhat alarmed if fully kindly gentleman, a minister of the gospel, one takes it, gravely recommends the encouragement of marriage in the Christian Endeavor and other societies of England, more especially among those assisted British subjects who form the mooted topic of discus-

sion on both sides of the sea, as may be witnessed in our earlier pages! Encourage Christian marriage, then, and if its offspring prove weak, let it grow strong from contact with the strong!

The Psalmist of old described the human heart as deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Self-deceptive, we may call it sometimes to-day, and often desperately narrow. Yet of what value is a prejudiced point of view, a foregone conclusion, in an argument where the only valuable intent is to arrive at the *truth*? How does it serve England, Canada or the United States to indulge in self-deception or in preconceived conclusion in their respective points of view of this American invasion? Surely the truth itself is hard enough to read for the future. Thus a prominent journal of the United States admits that it can see no answer to the questions of this invasion; although it handles the matter in terms which seem fairly judicial and well balanced.

"A good many Americans have viewed with much alarm the movement of population from the north-western states across the border into the western provinces of Canada. They have seen in it a weakening of national ties. They have seen in it a loss of splendid citizenship. The earnest, effective and aggressive rather than the weaklings are the ones who are pioneers. The marvelous history of American development is repeated, except that the migration is carrying the people into the domain of a foreign power.

"Sometimes the attitude of alarm is a Canadian one. A recent writer in an English magazine tells of immigrants who equal in number those from the United Kingdom and far excel them in individual strength and in collective alertness. He describes, also, the optimism of the Canadians, who believe that a new type of citizen is to be developed from the mixture of immigration, the substantial basis of a new Canadian nation long dreamed of but never yet realized. But he himself cannot see how the comparatively small Canadian population can withstand what he calls the 'torrential

inrush' of forces from across the line which threatens to swamp it.

"Americanization rather than Canadianization is everywhere apparent. This expresses itself in the press, in books, in barber shops, in bars, in hotels, in the clothes that are worn, and the language that is spoken. All are American. Eastern Canadian influence is waning or entirely gone. England is far away. The controlling power is that from the south. Even when the Canadian deputy minister of labor and the Premier of Saskatchewan tried to settle a coal mine strike, they were forced to make a 2,000 mile journey to Indiana to consult with John Mitchell.

"The writer mentioned believed that commerce and blood will be far more powerful in determining the future than a slender sentiment of British dominion. The advantage of commerce is with the United States. Let the tariff wall be torn down, and the western provinces will find all their interests on the other side of the barb wire fence, which often is the only thing to mark the passage from the United States into a foreign land.

"It is an interesting problem which is formulating in the Canadian West. The solution of the problem is not yet discovered, but the developments in that quarter of the world are well worth watching as the months go by."

As to this issue, Canada and the Canadian Government already are on record; and so far as the army of the "Yankee invasion" itself is concerned, few of its members would pause even to smile at correctives for the American invasion such as are suggested above. We shall, therefore, need to go further into the study of Canadian colonization, unless in despair we are here to abandon the whole future of the poor man of the Old World who has not had his chance. We shall need to go still further with the question: What can be done by way of helping the man who is not yet able to help himself?

Canada has no special privileges to offer Englishmen or any others, beyond the vastest privilege open to man, a fair field and no favor. The newcomer,

whatever his nationality, must be ready to take his buffets and not whine. When the American pioneer moved westward, no one aided him. No one told him where to go or showed him how to farm, or explained anything to him of means or methods. He had to learn everything alone and for himself. The fight of the early American frontier was one waged hand to hand. A series of individual battles was fought on a picket line of white men, flung far in advance of civilization, with all bridges burned behind, and no roads running to any base of supplies. There were savages for the "Yankee" settler to fight in those days, and he fought them alone. There were no comforts or conveniences for him, and such intellectuality as he had was not second-hand. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, no influences or agencies of civilization to soften hardship. There was no government behind him. There was no money to come from home. Each man fought, and fought for himself.

That was the old way, the most splendid way of settling new lands the world ever saw. That old way, let not any of us, whether English, "Yankee" or Canadian, hesitate to admit, produced a splendid breed of self-reliant men,—men who if they made mistakes, at least have made large ones. But that was all in a day different from this, a day when strong men travelled of their own wish. The strong seek the frontiers even to-day, to find the frontier robbed of all its terrors. But what of the weak?

Here, now, I have my assisted immigrant, pale, anæmic, not strong, not skilled, a product of the city and of generations of the city. He comes to neighbor with a man who has three thousand dollars in his pocket as against a brass twopence of his own—a twopence which he is under bond to repay after, at a cost of two dollars a head, he has been located like some beast, obedient to another's will, on the land which has been selected for him, not which he has selected for himself.

To be continued

ANASTASIA

BY G. FRED CLARKE

Author of "The Old Violin."

ILLUSTRATED BY BRADLEY W. EVITS (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

PART I.

"WHAT mystery in yonder glowing coals, holding the senses in a state of semi-hypnosis, conjuring up old scenes, faces, manners of speech, maxims, precepts, all of the past; sweet old happenings, sad, gay, all of the imperishable has-been.

"See the flames, small pointed tongues of yellow light. Hear the snapping of the wood, see the shower of sparks; one log sags in the centre, parts, another shower of sparks, and the flames leap up, higher, higher, more bright.

"The quiet of night pervades outside. A million stars gleam, winking in the blue. A crescent moon swings to the Southern Cross and all is still; and I'm alone,—save You, and memories, which, conjured from the past, speak to me of other days, sweet, like the scent of some rare flower, or faint perfume clinging to boxed letters, love letters, old roses.

"Is it a dream, suggestions of the firelight, or do you sit there by my feet, gazing into my eyes, your dainty chin pillowed on your hand, your lips parted in one of your rare sweet smiles? Do your eyes portray the old mystery of your soul? Are you wistful, sad and admiring? Do I feel the soft texture of your hair, and let my hand wander lovingly along the soft roundness of your neck? Are you part of a dream, or are you there, sleeping, sleeping, your lashes caressing the ivory of your cheek?

"What is it, dear Anastasia? Speak. Tears? Why, my love, not even the smallest of sorrows should come to you when I am near. Do we not love? Is not love all? What more to make

sweet life the poem we dreamed? Crying! The first time in many months. My wife, what is it? Has Mrs. Dobson a new Persian cat? Well, well, you shall have one to-morrow, Anastasia. No! not a cat. Ridiculous! Yes, men are ridiculous, crude. What is it, dear? You shake your head. H'm, let me see. You didn't spoil a batch of bread, did you, or have a quarrel with the butcher; or—your brother, he is well, Anastasia? There, that was like yourself. No one ever laughed till you laughed. When you cease to laugh, music will have ceased. What! I flatter? Anastasia. Come, here on my knee, sweetheart. No? You shake your head and smile, and tuck your feet beneath you like a child, resting your elbows on my knees, your dainty hands clasped, your head on one side, so wise. There, now you're fixed. I kiss your lips, your eyes, your hair. Shall I read to you? No? What is bothering you? You shake your head. 'Nothing—nothing.' Ah you old fashioned girl. You touch your wedding ring. It makes me remember to-morrow, when we will have been married *five years*. How happy! Ah girl, girl, it seems but yesterday I met you by the cross roads, that we talked by the aged and scarred sundial. Dearest, the day ends well, I kiss you as fondly as five years ago. Ah, mysterious womanhood. What lies behind your eyes? A little sigh! I barely caught it, dear. You're tired; let Mary take more work on her shoulders, you look on and advise, sweetheart.

"It was a lovely day, almost six years ago. The maples were turned to ruddy hue. The breath of autumn was heavy in the air. What a child I

was, and you, Anastasia. How delicious it is to remember when we first met. Were we meant for one another? Was I born for you, and you for me? What a sweet thought! Ah no, we must not delude ourselves, it happened so. Twas in the cycle of our lives, chance, God-like chance.

"I met you by the cross roads, a moment more and I had been too late. I was but a wayfarer. What luck that you should have punctured the tire of your bicycle, and that I should have had the requisites to mend it. You were so kind, so gracious. You looked at me with your true, blue eyes, and my heart fluttered—it flutters yet, Anastasia, I love you so. We parted, said good bye, lingered awhile, and again said adieu. You told me you lived a mile farther on, in an old, old house hedged round with trees; that an old sun-dial stood in the garden near by a fountain. And I went with you and stood by the gate and saw it all, and once more we parted. This time it was *au revoir*. Instead of going on to the next town I wheeled back to the village inn.

"You remember the moss-grown mill wheel by the stream, so rotten and aged, the pool below all flecked with foam, the banks so cool and soft where the golden-rod grew. How I sat with my hands clasped tight about my knees, gazing at you. Were you embarrassed, dear? Did you see my love, then, half afraid of what I might say, or do? And you laughed sweet and sudden and I turned away, half cross that you could be mirthful and I so sad. Was I not a foolish boy, Anastasia? Ah well, love is foolish anyway, looking at it now. There, there, sweet. I was only jesting, but I would almost say it again, to have your hand laid so against my lips.

"And I told you I must go away, and the tears stood in your eyes and I knew that you loved me. What children we were, suddenly grown old. We sat and talked till the shadows fell on the pool below, and the moss-grown wheel looked strange and sombre, and the first small star winked and blinked and warned us of the night. I carried you over the single plank that bridged

the stream. You were light then, and you clung to my neck half afraid. No? Ah own up, just a little, sweet, just a little.

"How you trembled when we parted and you kissed and clung to me, your eyes like stars, brighter and dearer, and I rode home in a dream of love.

"See, I kiss you, dear. My love so great can never cease with years. Why shake your head? When you are old and grey, my Anastasia, shall I be lithe and free from peevish rheums? Another shake. Why then sweetheart, we'll not grow old, but meet the end our love still burning bright, and when they lay us side by side dear heart, another star'll be born.

"How sweet you looked that wedding day, five years ago. Have you forgot that whisper in my ear which led us childlike to the path across the field and by the mill? Mind you our kisses 'cross the bridge, when arm in arm we took the path and paused beside the stile, then hastened to the church? How odd the good folk looked, expectant, envious, laughing, glad; and we were wed. God bless the day.

"And vivid in my memory is that first night, when your bright head lay pillowed on my arm.—The moonlight slanting through the pane, and lighting your dear face as white as lilies pure.—The whistling frogs that piped so clear and sweet—Your eyes like stars. Have you forgot? Your eyes sought mine, and life was sweet and dear. All night we lay in dreams of love, till morning came, and sunlight sought the sweetness of your virgin breast—and we were glad.

"Tears on your lashes, love! There, they are kissed away. Was ever wife more sensitive to love? Should God take you from me, life were not perfect, dear. You nod your head and whisper of the child that is to be—of all your fears. Hush, weep not, sweetheart.

"A year gone by, Anastasia. You look so white and wan. You close your eyes in pain. Thank God, the doctor's here. 'Be kind, be kind, dear sir!' You reach me out your arms, you clasp my neck, and kiss my lips. 'Tis not good-bye, John dear."

"An hour I pace the dusty shed below, half heed the spider weaving its web, anon the dusty cobwebs hanging loose—the fly ensnared therein—the white winged moth. Wide-eyed and pale the nurse appears, and I am chill with fear. Those endless stairs! At last I kneel beside your bed. You lay your hand in mine. 'It's good-bye, dear John, this time.'"

"A new-made grave. Oh God, can it be true? Do you lie there, so cold and still, and am I here? You said 'good-bye' not *au revoir* four years ago.

"And yet you sit there close by the firelight, your bright head pillowed on your arm; your curly locks caress your brow—the vision fading—fading. Do I still dream, are you not there, your lashes bending to your cheek—asleep?

"The last spark dies and firelight fancies fade, leaving to me my baby—Anastasia."

PART II.

"It seems but yesterday that I wrote the foregoing, and yet it is fifteen years—fifteen years of dreams. And I sit here to-night before the open hearth. I have just removed the blower, and the flames like 'adders' tongues' are creeping into the shadows. I always love an open fire, perhaps because Anastasia—Ah me, tears still come to my eyes when I think thus. Over the mantel is her picture, but she lives best in the Anastasia of to-day, the sweet girl who but lately left me with a kiss and the hope that I would not be lonesome—all alone. Lonely? Not when you are so near me with your great eyes pleading me to watch over our daughter. Sweet, am I selfish? Should I expect her to stay here with me, and forget the little pleasures of the day? Did I do wrong in allowing her to go with Malcolm? Surely not! I sometimes forget that she is no longer a little girl,—a child in short skirts and braided hair. It seems only yesterday she played with her dolls, and begged pennies, and toddled to the grocer's at the corner. It was only last night that she tip-toed into my bedroom, and knelt by my bed and said, 'Dad, I'm a little girl for to-night, so I'll say my prayers like long ago,—

God keep dear Mama very close so she won't be lonesome 'thout me and Daddy, and give Daddy many, many, blessings, because he's so good to me, and keep me in Thy care, pure and sweet for dear Christ's sake—Amen,' 'Good-night, Dad.' A soft mouth was pressed to my lips, there was the flash of a white night-gown and like a vision she was gone.

"Was it ten years ago that she entered my office hand in hand with



"THE LAST SPARK DIES AND FIRE LIGHT FANCIES FADE"

a boy, his face spattered with blood and dust, his ragged clothes telling of poverty and want?

" 'He goes to the same school as me,' she began, 'and a boy was rude to me, and Bruce, his name is Bruce Malcolm, Dad, knocked him down. There was an awful fight, but Bruce was best man, so I brought him to you,

because you love me so.' She came close and whispered in my ear, 'He's poor, Dad, and he comes from the village of Lennox where Mama lived. He goes to school, and sells papers to pay his board. Give him some work in the office, Dad, Give him some work in the office.'

"And I looked at her stout champion with new interest; and noted his clear eyes, and intelligent forehead. From Lennox where you came from. 'All right, sweet,' said I. 'I'll give him a chance.' He has been with me ever since, and he's a good boy, a good man, twenty-five years old. I think, and he came from Lennox. He is tall, and straight, with brown eyes, dark hair and a pleasant face, and many girls think well of him; and my clients? Ah, well, sometimes they prefer his young advice to mine!

"What man is good enough for my Anastasia? He must be so noble, so much a man. The thoughts of losing her wring my very heart. I should be so lonely without her bright face to cheer the paths of life.

"There on the table is a vase of beautiful roses, the gift of Bruce. Roses are emblems of love, and love makes man a God—when it is true.

"A half hour has passed, I have been listening to the harplike music that comes from the chimney place. It is only the wind whispering. I have been trying to think. How utterly selfish I am to think so much of myself! It is her dear womanhood, her happiness that I should consider now. I know he loves her, and she? Ah who can mistake the lovelight in a woman's eyes,—she is a woman now.

"Must I give her into his care to make or to mar—my girl, my Anastasia? Help me, dear mother, to think and act as I should. I'm so alone and you're so silent, and so far away—just now.

"How many suitors have asked me to give her away—halting with confused speech—egotistical, and over confident. The man who is old at the art; the youth with the first touch of love, and the man who has asked me

before. Some coveting my money and her. One sure that his love had atoned for his sins. One, loving as true men love. But she? She treated them all the same—as friends, save Bruce, when the woman in her was more sweet and pronounced; and I've noticed sad looks in her eyes at times—when he was away from town.

"From Lennox. God love the village. The boy was poor, he came to me dusty and ragged, with my daughter holding his hand—sold papers! Bless the lad. What difference in a lord or a plebeian, when love ennobles the soul? The boy who fought for a girl's fair name, beggar or prince, is a man, and ah yes, how truly selfish I am, Bruce will always stay with me. What say you, little wife?

"Hark, she is coming. I hear her laughter, so happy and free from guile, as she stamps the snow from her feet, and I hear his voice gentle and low, saying the stars are bright. There, they open the door, and the wintry air smells crisp and sweet."

PART III.

"They came and stood by my chair, her eyes like the stars without, her cheeks the color of roses—his roses there in the vase. And she came and the roses were cool as she laid her cheek against mine, and I caught for a moment the delicate perfume of her hair. Then she stepped back and laid her hand in his, and nodded her head so wise, and I knew she was mine no longer.

"His voice trembled the breath of a second, then steadied, and he asked me for Anastasia, and I—I said yes. And they came and knelt by my chair, her hand in his. 'God bless you, dear Dad,' said she.

"And after he went, she sat there where the firelight danced over her face, so much like yours. And her eyes were soft with the spell of love. And she laid her elbows on my knee and drawing my face to hers touched the wrinkles lovingly, 'And Dad,' she whispered, 'there is nothing greater than love.'"

THE WOMEN OF TORONTO

BY GRACE E. DENISON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT

TORONTO strikes the new comer who has been accustomed to strict conventions as a city altogether lacking in affectation, while on the contrary, the visitor from the boundless west is apt to exclaim against the ceremony and stiffness of the tone of society in the Queen City. Therefore we may assume that our people strike what is called the happy medium in their social intercourse and general enterprises. The women of Toronto follow this rule in most of their work and play. The rabid partizan and the *blase* beings are comparatively rare among them. We have no reckless rivalry or no very great and vindictive feuds; no very great ladies, or no strikingly small ones, but anyone who studies Toronto women from the vantage ground of long and intimate knowledge will be ready to agree that for good sense, prudence, ability and receptivity they stand far in the front among the cities of the Dominion.

There is a bigger compliment to Toronto women in the description of their town as "a city of homes," than they perhaps realize, and it is a compliment richly deserved. Toronto women are very domestic, it seems to be in the air! No matter how high strung, coquettish and generally wilful a girl may be in her own home city, when she settles down in Toronto, it's a very rare exception who does not succumb to the influence of a great example and take up life's duties heartily.

The beginnings of Toronto are not yet sufficiently lost in antiquity for the third or fourth generation of her women

to have lost touch with old country tradition, and while some casual observers, seeing the gay good cheer and evident *joie de vivre* of her happy social gatherings say she is becoming "very American," those knowing deeper her real home life, the life directed, toned and nourished by her women, don't hesitate to say that Toronto is the most like an English town of all the growing cities of the Dominion. There are here and there some of the old families, leavening the loaf, living in old time customs, in quaint old homes, teaching their girls duty and principle and dignity as young gentlewomen were taught in grandmother's time, and so training and subduing the effervescence of young Canada while keeping it sweet and pure.

Toronto women are given to enquiring with some elaboration as to "who's



MRS. J. M. GIBSON

Wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario



LADY FALCONBRIDGE

who," when confronted by strangers, not in any spirit of criticism, but as a habit of the conservative mind. For they are conservative; they discourage the aggressive, the noisy, the quarrelsome, the dame who exploits herself or her fads. There is a strong flavor of canny Scotland in many of them, and a healthy dose of self-respect seems their usual tonic.

Rarely in so large a social community is there seen so little of the vulgarity of competition, so faint a touch of the malice and bitterness following a futile rivalry. Each woman seems to possess enough independence not to fall into procession behind any acknowledged leader, or perhaps no one has the craze to lead, which pleasantly settles many hard questions.

Having energy to spare, the Toronto woman often turns to sport for an outlet. We have many excellent golfers, riders and skaters in our midst. Mothers and daughters golf side by side; fathers and daughters canter through the suburban roads; sisters sail dinghys or paddle canoes on bay and island lagoons, and the fair motor-

ists are adding expert lady chauffeurs to their ranks every season. Toronto women as a rule love horses, as anyone can observe at the race meetings of spring and autumn, and the sagest judgment of what a horse will do, is as often correctly foretold by a woman as a man.

The first lady in the Province of Ontario lives at Government House, and at present she is Mrs. J. M. Gibson, who was born Malloch, of Hamilton, and is now spending her first season in Toronto. Government House has done no entertaining on account of mourning during the past season, and Mrs. Gibson is still a practical stranger to all but her friends of former years, who love and admire her sincerely. She has two bright and charming daughters who have made many friends.

In the arts Toronto has some fine exponents among the gentler sex. Two of the best known of the singers are Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano, and Mrs. Mackelcan, contralto. A fine 'cellist is Mrs. Franklin Dawson, and two artists among many are Mrs. J. A. Reid and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, whose studio homes are simply fascinating.

The largest organization in Canada in which women are interested is the



LADY EDGAR

National Council of Women, the president of which is Lady Edgar, widow of the late Sir James Edgar, a member of one of the old Toronto families, that of Ridout, and who now makes her home here.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Secretary to the National Council is also a Torontonians.

Mrs. Nordheimer, Grand Regent to the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, is of another very old and aristocratic Toronto family, that of Boulton, and is a social leader in the Queen City.

The Toronto women who share in the favor of royalty expressed by the conferring of orders and knighthood upon their husbands are as fine a body of representative women as could be found. Lady Clark, wife of Sir Mortimer Clark, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, is of the Scottish contingent, as is Lady Thompson, widow of the late premier; Lady Moss and Lady Falconbridge with the whole-souled Irish temperament of their distinguished father, Chief Justice Sullivan; Lady Mulock, kindest of friends; Lady Meredith, an erect, youthful-looking grandmother; Lady Boyd, a quiet and retiring woman, devoted to home and family, like all the aforesaid ladies, and Lady



MRS. J. KERR OSBORNE

Pellatt, the youngest of the group, all carry their honors with dignity.

Perhaps in nothing is the spirit of the Toronto women more forcibly expressed than in the Ladies' Club, which, while the essence of comfort and even elegance, with a dainty luncheon and tea service, forbids an afternoon game of cards, or the most innocent of liqueurs or the thinnest of table beer on the premises. There has been a divergence of sentiment regarding the restrictions touching cards, but when brought to the vote the restrictionists had a very convincing majority.

Touching the prominence of Toronto women in professions, there is at least one well esteemed lawyer, several excellent physicians, dentists, and scores of good qualified nurses, one of whom has been for many years at the head of the sisterhood, as lady superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital. Miss Snively is known and esteemed by the profession, both in and out of Toronto.

There are a few well-known writers, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus), Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mrs. Jean Blewett, and several clever journalists, who do good work in and out of Toronto.

There is a Woman's Art Association, of which Mrs. Dignam is president, with a large membership, and which has a picturesque and interesting gallery,



LADY PELLATT

where women's work is always on view, the native industries being especially boomed.

Mrs. James L. Hughes is a Toronto woman whose wise and well considered words are heard and adopted wherever child-education is earnestly taken up in modern style.

The Woman's Musical Club, of which Mrs. George Dickson is president, is an organization which recognizes and encourages Toronto musicians and composers, only a few weeks ago having given a long programme representing local talent only.

Socially, Toronto women are the soul of generosity and good comradeship, and there is less snobbishness and less worship of the golden calf than in cities lacking the experience, tone and tradition which Toronto has gathered in seventy-five years.

Toronto being a military station, there is a small coterie which might be called the "Military Set," had it not happened that all of the younger officers who have passed the last five years in Toronto have married Toronto girls and have become more or less identified with the sets to which their wives belong. This epidemic of marriage swept all before it, and young bachelors looked on in mute envy while three or four of their most popular and attractive girl friends went "on the strength". The former beauty of the younger set, Mrs. James Elmsley,



MRS. MABEY



MRS. GERHARD HEINTZMAN

MISS MARY AGNES SNIVELY
Lady Superintendent Toronto General Hospital

nee Boulton, is now the belle among the young matrons of the military set, who are headed by Mrs. Victor Williams, the Colonel's wife at Stanley Barracks, a daughter of Honorable Hugh Sutherland.

Many Toronto women have the blood of heroes, martyrs and conquerors in their veins, and it shows in that certain worth, dignity and simple courtesy which is oftener born than acquired. And last, let us acknowledge that among our women, beside the home-makers, the music and picture-makers, the merry-makers, the workers and the thinkers above mentioned, a little group of vote-hunters has also been gathered together.

The voice of the suffragette has been heard in the land, and it has not always been imported from England. There are many women in the Queen City who think they ought to be allowed to vote, and there are a militant few who say so whenever they get a favorable chance.

Toronto has a more than fair share of beautiful girls and women, as anyone at all conversant with the city knows. The young people's dances, which are yearly more and more a feature of the social season, show a wealth of radiant good looks quite enchanting.

There is a large French contingent, of which Madame la Comtesse Rochereau de la Sabliere, wife of the consul for France, is the head. Madame Rochereau is a bright,

clever little lady, with a beautiful family of children, and is emphatically a home-maker.

Of the German contingent, perhaps Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, of "Tannenheim", might be named as the head, by reason of her generous interest in all its affairs, both of church and social character. She and her three daughters are very fine citizens of the capital of Ontario.

There are any number of sweetly pretty old ladies. One whom everyone admires for a certain old world grace and gentleness is Mrs. Mabee, the mother of the chairman of the railway commission of the Dominion.

Among the young matrons, one who is generally accorded the palm for beauty is Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, of Clover Hill, and another is Mrs. George Evans. The first of these lovely women was brought a bride from Brantford, and the second from Cobourg, not so very many years ago.

Another very elegant and beautiful woman is Mrs. R. J. Christie, a native of Toronto, who has been greatly admired, both at home and abroad.

Many of the young matrons and their unmarried sisters are keen sportswomen, and love to follow the hounds, drive their own singles or pairs in the horse show ring, or ride long distances along country roads. Among the well-known horsewomen are Miss Louie Janes, Mrs. Douglas Young, Miss Muriel Barwick, Miss



MRS. GEORGE DICKSON



MRS. CAWTHRA MULOCK

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS
Secretary National Council of Women

Haney, Miss Long, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. J. J. Dixon; and although the motor car will never quite relegate the horse to the background, there are numbers of clever lady motorists now in Toronto, who prefer their car to the finest mount ever saddled. Miss Cawthra, of "Yeadon Hall," drives her own car; so does Mrs. Fritz Fox, while Miss Florence Sheridan and Mrs. Andrew Darling have long been expert motorists.

The different country clubs each have their lady members, and many a happy day they spend, east or west of the city, chasing the giddy golf ball or loafing on the verandahs enjoying the view after a cozy luncheon or before an equally tempting dinner. The other non-winter sports of sailing, canoeing, tennis (of which Miss Lois Moyes is Canadian champion) and swimming have each their coterie of devotees, and perhaps the most daring of the canoeists is Miss Norma Armstrong, whose family are islanders from the first possible hours of spring to the last permissible day of autumn.

When Toronto women go into business or professions, they seem to achieve almost universal success. Many of them have lately taken to managing tea and luncheon rooms, and have swarms of patrons and a cheerful bank balance. One young woman, seeing an opening in a hitherto



MRS. FRANK MACKELCAN

neglected [field, talked her brothers into taking up the business she believed in, and by her wisdom, far-sightedness and hard work, built up a trade and a competency in less than six years. She is often playfully called "the boss," and no one disregards her orders!

This cheerful comradeship with influence over her men folk, makes the Toronto woman the power she is as a home builder. She appears to me the admirable model for imitation which should cheer and strengthen the doubter of the possibility of success in business for the woman of to-day.

I was told the other day that a certain physician wanted a nurse for a very trying and critical case and found three at his disposal.

"Do you know where these nurses

belong, where their homes are?" he telephoned.

"Yes; one comes from New York, one from Detroit and one from Toronto," said the matron.

"Well, I prefer the one from Toronto," was the immediate response.

In conclusion, one might mention the noble work done in and for the church by Toronto women. The various ladies' aids and women's auxiliaries are untiring and devoted in their efforts, and now and then come generously forward on behalf of some good enterprise. The Victorian Order of Nurses, in their grand and useful help to the



MRS. LE GRAND REED



MRS. FRANKLIN DAWSON

poor and suffering; the Methodist and Anglican orders of deaconesses; the unselfish and devoted members of Roman or Anglican sisterhoods, all these Toronto women have their meed of blessings and of praise. If some of their sisters are frivolous, brainless, selfish and extravagant, let us imagine how dull the world would be, if everyone were perfect, and be blind in our judgment.

The university set, too, does much to raise the standard of Toronto women. The professors' wives are all women of strength, dignity and cul-



LOIS WILKIE MOYES
Canadian Tennis Champion

side of college life.

Mrs. Falconer, wife of the president of the University; Mrs. Maurice Hutton, wife of the principal of University College; Mrs. Ram-



COMTESSE ROCHEREAU DE LA
SABLIÈRE

say Wright, wife of the dean of the Medical Faculty; Mrs. Wallace, one of the younger women, who is keenly interested in settlement problems; Miss Salter, dean of the women students; Miss Addison, dean of Annesley Hall; Mrs. Burwash, wife of the chancellor of Victoria College; Miss Cartwright, dean of St. Hilda's College—these are a few of the many interesting women who make up the University set, who, in spite of the numerous social duties incumbent upon uni-



MRS. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES

ture, with a broad, sane outlook upon life, an outlook which is imparted to the women undergraduates by the force of example, and which creates in them an interest in the best

versity life, give their encouragement to many clubs and institutions helpful to women who desire culture.

Life is rarely a hurrah and a "hoop-la" to the Toronto woman—rather a conversation, serious or gay, with sparkles of wit and touches of feeling,

a thing which, in the last summing up will not lack dignity and worth. She doesn't thrive on excitement, nor is her native air intoxicating; she is just the wholesome, clean-minded, level-headed daughter of Canada whose sweet nature and tender heart broods over our city of homes!



A DREAM

BY FRANCES PECK SAVAGE

I DREAMED a dream in my heart of hearts,
 Of a life of love with never a tear.
 I dreamed of a world that was set apart
 For the love-starved souls that wander here.

I dreamed of a land of pure white flowers,
 A land where laughter and song were rife,
 Where every breeze was the breath from some heart,
 Perfumed with happiness, love and life.

I dreamed that we wandered through cycles of years,
 Each seeing a heaven in the other's eyes,
 Where every sound was a promise new
 Of untold worlds and paradise.

And then I awoke and the world was dark,
 There were sounds of weeping and sounds of woe,
 I knew while I slept I had lived a life,
 A life I never again would know.

But this life for me shall hold no tears,
 Though the wondrously beautiful thing but seemed,
 For I've tasted of love and joy complete,
 Though I know in my heart of hearts I have dreamed.



IN EUROPE WE GO HUNTING WITH NORFOLK COATS, NECKTIE, HAT AND GLOVES, CLIQUOT OR POMMERY, AND HALF A DOZEN RIFLES OR FISH LINES.

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.

BY LOUIS KON

Fourth Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

HIGHLY RESPECTFUL EDITOR:—So here I was artistically engaged in Revelstoke. The object of my skilfull painting was a pretty large steam boat, tighed up for winter in a lovely situated place on the Columbia River.

The duties of a painter were connected with those of a watchman, and wishing to fulfill the both of my duties most satisfactory, as a watchman I kept my eye very close on the painter, do not waste any oil, varnish and colors.

Ars longa, vita brevis, said the Romans, and I suppose, that with just the same success I could be a watchmaker, surgeon or a butcher as I was a painter.

Living in different places in western Canada among lumber-jacks, miners and other kinds of people, my observations taught me, that it is very

easy and simple to get black color from mixing yellow and white.

You don't believe it, you never heard about it? Try. Take the yellow Scotch or Rye whiskey and mix with white gin, drink about couple of glasses more as your constitution can stand, and the next day you will see someone of your family or friends with a very black eye.

It is much harder proposition with mixing oil paints. Absolutely against my wishes I introduced into house-painting "secession" and I'm affraid, that the passengers who for years really enjoyed the quiet and lovely trip along the beautifull Columbia river are sea sick, looking at my painting. However I console myself, that at least one person will recognize my skill and taste in painting and it is the Chinaman cook on this steamer, for the whole kitchen, including floor, siligne, cup-

boards, tables and even the water tank I painted in such a nice sky-blue, that he will doubtless feel himself as in the Celestial Kingdom.

In my young years this part of the house, where were situated kitchen and servants rooms, was the most forbidden place for me, because according to the \$126 and \$438 of "bon ton" the hired people were not the proper society.

Should somebody of my people or tutors find me sometimes in the kitchen I was threatened to have put apron around my waist, peel potatoes and wash grissy dishes, and be never more allowed to enter my rooms.

Now the conditions did slightly change; I had to prepare my meals myself.

May be the stomach of an ostrich would be able to digest the dishes I made, but at any case no human being. My pancakes remembered very plainly the elasticity of rubber shoes, and with every success could replace the chair cushions in any office. The biscuits would be the most proper stuff for paving streets in Winnipeg even, and no better soles you could fancy for your shoes, as I had from my beef-stakes. Nevertheless I never starved to death, I never was even hungry. There are not many and it does not happen often, that one starves in Canada. This privilege is left over to Europe.

It is a very well known fact, that everybody is fitted for a certain kind of work (except born idlers), according to the kind of life he was brought up, physical and mental development, education and so far, and one can perform some work successfully and with pleasure. But the same person put on work which does not interest him, which is not correspondent for him, nevertheless he does it only for his livelihood, will get pretty soon tired of it, or will make of him an automat, killing every individuality and satisfaction.

Would it not be for different shades and colours I had to use in my painting, which kept me yet on my job, I would probably pour out all the paints in the swift currents of Columbia, would swallow all paint brushes and as

maximum desperation I would go down to East Aurora to join the "Immortales."

It was a beautiful afternoon early in the spring. Snow on the mountains and river banks melted rapidly filling the river with thousands of swift streams. Shrubs and grass began to receive the calm green color, birds flying from bush to bush and jumping from one branch to another did chirp and sing, expressing their gratitude to the nature for the beginning of warm and longer days.

The sun was setting, and from the sharp angle between two mountains, opposite the place I was painting, in a far distance was visible a large golden ball on the purple background. The Italians say: "first to see Naples, then to die," but I would change it for first to see Naples, then the sunset in Canadian rockies. I have seen this day—and then forgett all together that one has to die.

It was a picture, which would make to admire the beautie of nature even the worst kind of a cynic and you can easily fancy that a painter so attached and fond on his work as I was, forgett all about his trade, his paint brush in the hand and the paint pot before him, and loosening the reins of his fantasy, dreamt about his past, future and probably about the bewitched king's daughter, wandering across the seas and lands, looking for a certain painter in overalls and clay pipe in his mouth, painting the steamboats' deck on the Columbia river.

She was only about four (maybe it was five) feet distant and was approaching with stretched out arms toward me. I clearly heard her deep sigh of relief (so glad she was to find me.) At once she quickly stopped, as it would be at something terrible before her or some danger behind me—I wanted cry, "do not go away," but at the same moment some one said: "I do not mind to see you painting your toe cap for five or even ten minutes, but one has to be a silly fool to paint his black shoe with a yellow paint for a half an hour as I watch you to do it." It was not the King who came to see his future son-in-law—it was my "boss."

The Spartan system of education does not exist any more, but instead, every young man living in any larger city on European continent should be sent down to western Canada for few years to learn life experience.

I do not suppose that one who is living in regular conditions in the old countries, would be able to gain the experience in fifty years, I got here in two.

What is the use of it, one may ask? The answer is as simple, as are great the results: 1—Physical development. 2—Close touch with nature, the greatest and beautiest thing in the world, which positively forces one to be better, calmer, purer and more human. 3—Normal and natural life.

4—Learning of the "help-yourself" system so theoretically admired by Europeans, but so seldom adepth in practice; and 5—Unlimited chances for everybody to make his life independent and to a certain degree comfortable.

Comparing the life on the European continent with this in Canada from any point of view, the difference is immense.

For instance, I will take sports. Certainly every fashionable European is a sportsman and as soon any new kind of sport is invented in Britain or America (be it even divorce-sport as it was yet very short time ago in North Dakota), he follows it, but.

Here in Canada, if you are fond on hunting, you take a rifle or gun,



M.C.A.

EVERY TOURIST WRITES AN ARTICLE ABOUT CANADA

probably snow shoes or rubber boots, supplies for the time you intends to stay away, and you come back home with the trophies of your shooting during few days.

Down in Europe, we doubtless must have Norfolk coat and laggans, correspondent to the pants and coat, neck-tie, hat or cap, gloves, sufficient number of Cliquot or Pommery, and half a dozen of shot guns and rifles or fish lines. Any time a larger party is leaving the town for hunting or fishing you cannot buy in any meat-market in the town a pound of fish or a piece of wild bird, nor a jack-rabbit—everything bought by the hunters, who return home with spoiled stomachs and bought in the meat-markets "achievements of their skill in shooting."

Riding on the horse back is very popular also, especially Sundays, when scores of young store, bank and office clerks are seen on every step in full riding uniforms, but the largest percentage of them asked: "where are you going?" has only one reply: "ask the horse, I do not know where he is going to take me, nor when he will be kind enough to stop."

It happens very often to see in any European city a young man crossing the street in white pants and shoes, negligé shirt and a tennis racket in nicely gloved hand. He is hurrying to the lawn tennis grounds, where his ladies partners are waiting for him—tennis is the name, flirt is the game. The same with nearly every other sport. Outdoors sports are very appreciated, for every sport requires some kind of very nice and picturesque dress, and every friend of a sportsman possesses collection of his photographs in tennis, football, cricket, hunting, fishing and dozen of other sports suits.

Here the sports have quite a different object and give different results.

An average European is effeminated, which word does not exist in this country in the sense I mean, for here even a girl of sixteen can far better face a hard-life proposition and is more fitted for every day struggles in our present life conditions as an average full grown man in the European cities.

Could Europe have at present such

conditions as they are in Canada now, we would not have youths who are old before they are full grown. We would not have such crowds of criminals and beggars. We would not have so many men who have "the desire to finger the infinity" (as the most immortal of all immortals in East Aurora use so often to say) instead of learning the A B C of the normal life and so not be nuisance for humanity.

It would be impardonable exaggeration to say, that Canada is an perfect ideal from every point of view. There exist doubtless many very important questions, which should be changed or introduced and quite a few of them as soon as possible, but it is a fact, that Canada in general is the most economically advanced and sound, political free, and geologically rich country, in the world.

It we take in consideration how young (the western part especially), how yet scarce populated and how many different nations and classes constitute her population, we have to admit, that advancing gradually with the same speed as it exists now, they won't be many years over, when everybody will say: Ecce Canada!

Great many European adventurers of the class I am describing here, come down to Canada with the plan to settle down, but have not the courage to go through the hard but wholesome and profitable experience, every one has to put, to be sure of success of his career and to receive the degree of B. C. L. E. (Bachelor of Canadian Life Experience)

They usually stay for a short time in cities, and being convinced that they can gain gold and satisfaction by hard work and steadiness, but not even French wheat or wilde oats for idleness and dreamings only, they usually try to get some of the big cities in the States, where it is more chances to make the life "easy" and not seldom beautify with their names the lists of criminals.

They talk different stories about the country, notwithstanding their knowledge of it is equal to letters of a tourist printed then and again in different newspapers. Such a tourist usually buys a first class ticket in Montrea₁



THERE ARE TWO REAL ESTATE AGENTS ON EVERY MAN POSSESSING SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS !
TO MAKE THE FIRST PAYMENT ON A LOT

or Halifax and after six days safely reaches Vancouver, to start next morning or evening for Japan. His studies of the country made through the window of a passenger coach and by looking over the postcards and views sold in the train by the news-agent, are sufficient to write an article about "Canada from ethnological, geographical, economical, social, religious, sport and artistical point of view."

I came personally across such creatures and all informations I could get out of him was the following:

"Every Canadian has in his wardrobe at least one blue serge suit and a pair of patent leather shoes. In Manitoba on every schoolhouse are Union Jack flags, but not everybody is taught to read and write. The Premier of Manitoba, Roblin, is a very broad man, for he wares collars size 22

and is weighing 289 lbs. (before elections campaign, after only 225). A druggist in Canada does sell in his shop tailor made suits and ice cream, and bookstores use to keep patent medicines and Merry Widow handkerchieves, (those are the best sellers on the western book markets.)"

Very surprised I asked if it is all he knows about Canada, and he said: "Why, no. I can give you a lot of informations about this country. They call every foreigner John and do eat too much meat. They have nearly in every hotel a very nice dining room in which you can see very tasteful furniture, and very often on the sideboards nice silver jardiniers and cups or odd pieces of nice china, but do not look at walls, for you mostly will strike framed pictures, which you would steal and tore to pieces. They have mounted

police and two real estate agents on every man possessing 7 dollars 50 cents, to pay the first payment and costs of agreement for purchasing a lot. I could tell you much more about Canada, but I hate this country, they wish everybody to work and look for himself."

The most interesting part of my experience in Canada I have to postpone for some time and first learn correct the English, for this part is not a material to make the reader laugh of bad language and style or cry of inexperience of some people in every days' life.

I mean the psychology, ethics habits and life of lumber-jacks, miners and men working on the railroad grading. The modern scholar of psychology can-

not fancy any better and more interesting types for his studies as are among this part of Canadian citizens. It could be volumes printed about those men.

I hope that the respectable editor of CANADA-WEST will print this my "plain talk in bad English" as soon as possible, for we are progressing so quick in Canada, that in short time may be passed a by-law verbiidding to write for magazines to everybody who has 25 cents to buy paper, ink and pen, then only those will be entitled to contribute articles who are fitted for it. Anyhow this one will be the best sample as "who should not write neither long, nor short stories."

Yours for Canada,

LOUIS KON.

LITTLE CHILDREN

BY W. D. EATON

THEY come from the place where the bright dreams are
And the sight is always clear.

Where the music is, and the real things
That we cannot see, nor hear.

They see the things that we cannot see—
The beings of sky and air,
And they talk with the creatures of elements,
That we do not know are there.

And they go in their sleep to the elvin-land
Where the night-fays dance in the tiny wood
To the gossamer tunes of a midgy-band
By the light of a magic moon.

Dear little savages, primal all
They do not know and they do not care
For the blistering road and the deafening call
Of the life they have entered, unaware.

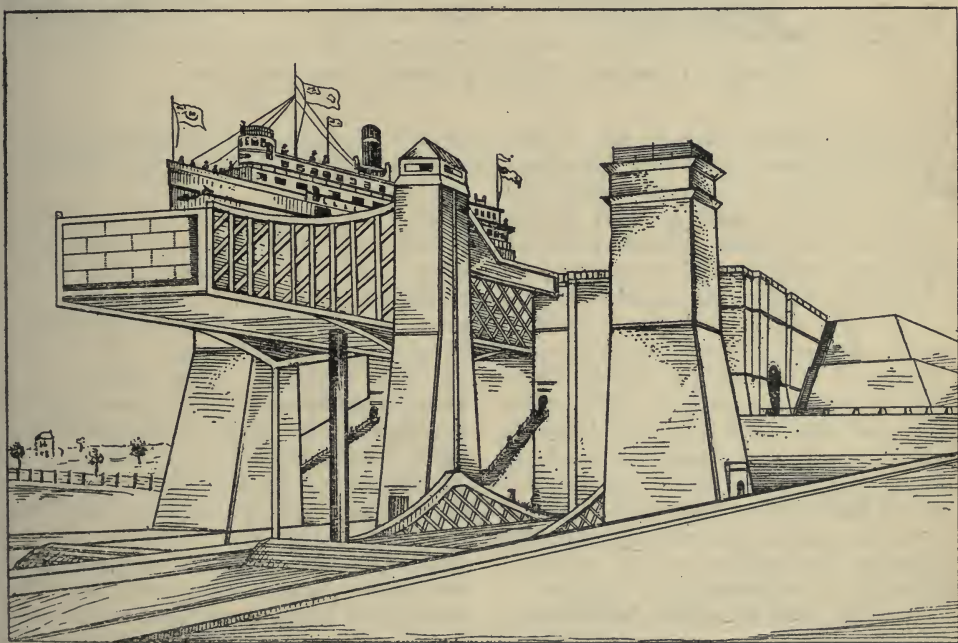
LIFTING STEAMERS IN MIDAIR

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

UPON what is known as the back lake system of canals, near Peterborough, Ontario, there is one of the most notable locks in the world. It is a unit in the Trent Canal, a series of water stretches lying northeast of Toronto and directly north of Lake Ontario, with which they connect. These natural waterways, which do not form a connecting system

more than the difference in level between these bodies of water. Because of the high summit level at Lake Balsam, and the shallowness of the connecting streams, necessitating the construction of many dams and locks, the work has been under way for nearly a century. In 1820 the Imperial Government undertook its construction, and several stretches of 25 to 30



THE LOCK AT WORK

of navigation, are efficient at the present time for local use only, but nevertheless, serve a considerable territory not connected by railway with the outside world. If completed, the Trent Canal would form a continuous line of navigation between Lake Ontario and Georgian Bay, near Midland.

The total lockage upon this route would exceed 850 feet, which is 500

miles in length, were opened up to navigation, but for small vessels only. Not until 1880 was the project revived and continued for about four years. In 1894 the present scale of navigation was begun, and the permanent improvements have proceeded rather desultorily ever since. Nearly \$6,000,000 has been expended on the system of waterways to the present time.



THE CHAIN OF WATERWAYS OF WHICH THE PETERBOROUGH LOCK IS A UNIT

The principal feature of the works, and which is considered by engineers a radical departure in well-established practice, is the canal lock at Peterborough. The lock, however, is of dimensions sufficient to accommodate a flotilla of nearly fifty canoes of the size in general use, at one lockage. Its capacity is 1300 tons, which passes a barge of 800 tonnage loaded down to a draught of ten feet. This lock, with one other at Kirkfield between Lake Balsam and Lake Simcoe, is of the hydraulic type. They are the only ones of the kind on the continent, and are the largest in the world. The dimensions, conforming to the scale of the Trent navigation, are: 134 feet in length, 33 feet in width, with about twelve feet of water on the sills; and the entire work cost \$500,000.

The lift lock consists of two balanced chambers or tanks of steel rising and falling vertically between three masonry guide-towers, 100 feet high. The total lift is 65 feet, which represents the difference in level between the lower and upper stretches of the canal, at that point. The escarpment, which is abrupt, and an uncertain water level in the upper section, due to a deficient

supply, led to the adoption of the hydraulic lift, which has proved highly efficient.

The two chambers are of truss steel construction and watertight walls and floor, and are provided with close-fitting gates of steel at each end. One chamber is at either the top or bottom of the lift when the other is in the opposite position. They are so balanced that when filled to the level of the water in the canal, the introduction of a comparatively small amount of water in the upper tank suffices to overcome the equilibrium, and the chamber at the bottom rises slowly, while the one formerly at the upper level sinks to the lower position. The operation is almost automatic, the action of the chambers is positive, and entails but little expense for maintenance.

The locking of a steamer is a most novel and interesting sight. The canal gates and the abutting chamber gates being opened, the vessel enters the chamber very slowly and cautiously. The equilibrium of the chambers is not disturbed by this operation, as the well-known law of floating bodies governs, whereby, as the vessel ad-

vances into the chamber, an equal weight of water is forced out back into the canal, so that the gravity force remains uniform. When entirely within the chamber the actual weight is the same as before, the vessel's weight of water having been displaced. The two sets of gates are then closed and secured, and likewise those of the lower chamber. A little additional water is then pumped in the upper chamber, the balance between the two is lost, and the heavier one starts downward ever so slowly. In three minutes it has settled to the lower level, the gates at the bow end are opened, the waters merge, and the steamer passes out, only twelve minutes within the lock.

In passing from the lower to the higher level, the operation is simply reversed.

The waterway, of which this remarkable lock is a distinguishing unit, is a chain extending from the Bay of Quinte, up the Trent River and through a succession of small lakes and connecting streams, to Lake Balsam. From there the route leads on a falling grade to Lake Simcoe, and down the Severn River to Georgian Bay. Only about twenty miles of actual canal is needed to open the whole route, but the bulk of the work is canalizing the shallow streams. The total distance is 216 miles and, when completed, will effect a saving, for small vessels of light draught, of nearly 300 miles. Within a few years the Trent system will be advanced from an interior to an inter-lake waterway, and, although of light navigation, will exemplify the canal policy of Canada.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT BY CANDLELIGHT

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. WILLIAMS

PRIMARILY, the chickens were responsible.

When the Woman Prospector appeared on Buck Creek seeking gold, the Esquimaux viewed her with wonder. They marvelled still more when she returned the following year with the Pretty Niece and a force of men to mine the tin she had discovered in that region.

Despite the weary one hundred and thirty mile walk back to Nome to file her claims, made the more necessary because the Long Night was coming on and grub was growing low, she told tales of Tin Pan Alley that set the Pretty Niece in a flutter of delight, yet plans for travel abroad, winters in Paris, gorgeous gowns for the opera, were as naught because of a certain broad-shouldered young man who had

come to mean more to her than all the wealth of the Klondike.

"Auntie is going to take me to Buck Creek when she goes up to oversee the assessment work," she told him one night as they sat in the hotel parlor at Nome.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Why, you can't stand the hardships. Now, if I were along—"

"Yes," came an answering sigh, "if you were to go—"

"Well, if you say so, I don't see why I shouldn't be Superintendent of Tin Pan Alley Mines?"

"Why shouldn't you?" she echoed. "I'll ask auntie now."

And she did.

Needing a Superintendent badly and seeing no further than the end of her nose, Auntie considered this a

splendid way out of one of her difficulties, and engaged him then and there.

Straightway the Pretty Niece began to dream of the wonderful Behring Sea frontage of Tin Pan Alley, its North Pole outlook, its carpeting of precious metals that read like fairy stories, but no fairy stories could equal her dreams of the happiness that might be in store for her, though no word had been spoken between her and the Superintendent.

When supplies were being discussed, she suggested: "Let's take up some chickens, and have plenty of eggs."

The Doctor Man laughed.

"If you'll herd them, I'll buy them. But what about a chicken house?" he asked.

"What's the matter with a small tent, silly man?" she replied saucily.

"Certainly; a small tent will do," agreed the Superintendent, and thereby earned her smiles.

It was in the Long Day, when the sun hides for a few moments behind the metal-lined hills, that camp was made on Buck Creek. A dark tent had been provided for the women and a small army tent for the chickens.

The Superintendent had long ago learned that fowls as a subject gave many opportunities for consultations apart with the Pretty Niece. It was by his orders that the boxes in which their supplies of canned goods had been shipped were turned into nests, and poles, captured by the Esquimaux as they were swept across from Siberia's forests, were made into roosting places.

When the birds were turned loose upon the peat-like tundra, they considered the new conditions for a time with much speculation, but finally cast an approving glance upon the vast plains and settled down to wake the echoes of that region with new sounds. Until the end of the first day, all went well. Then came a strange experience for chanticleer and biddies. Twilight, such as fowls know and welcome, came in lingering shadows from out the north-east. The Pretty Niece called, coaxed and shoo-ed them toward their new quarters. There was the usual loitering, much to investi-

gate, a weather eye to be cast at the fast-darkening sky to determine in advance the condition of the coming twenty-four hours.

As the Superintendent joined her in her task, the Pretty Niece asked:

"Did you ever see such slow pokes?"

"I don't think they take so very long," he said reflectively, glad of any excuse to linger at her side. "They are trying to get used to things, you see."

When the last fowl had retired, they both breathed a sigh of regret, though it was "grub pile," and they should have been hungry.

The meal was rudely interrupted.

A mysterious light appeared from that very north-east from which but a short half-hour before had proceeded the summons to rest, and things were topsy-turvy in this new Chicken-Land. The cock, true to his worship of the sun, cautiously ventured to the tent door, and to his consternation discovered the orb of day slowly but surely making his reappearance. With loud alarm, he lifted his voice, and called upon the vastnesses to awake and greet his lord, who had never in his experience risen so soon after having sunk to rest. Slowly the hens answered to his call and flocked out upon the tundra, half-awake, much disturbed.

The Doctor Man laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, as the chicken nurse, as he had dubbed the Pretty Niece, ran here and there, trying to force the refractory birds back into the tent. But as fast as she drove one in, ten came out, and she began to doubt the success of her experiment as the fowls attempted to begin another day in thirty minutes after night had fallen.

Despair was in their manner; suspicion that this new country of surprises was a delusion and a snare began to bite into their souls, and she felt it in their manner toward her. She redoubled her efforts to make them understand her position, her desire to make them comfortable, but when they discussed the matter in groups, she was certain that it conveyed a lasting doubt of her reliability.

"Let them alone," advised the

Superintendent, out of breath and noticing tears in the dark eyes of the girl, "and in time they'll be too sleepy to hop up every time the sun rises."

But when the treacherous phenomena had been repeated three successive times, no sleep having visited the weary fowls, and they staggered about puzzled and exhausted, it was too much for her.

"They don't even talk about me any more," she confided to him. "They haven't called me 'Liar! Liar!' all day."

The Superintendent offered man-like consolation.

"Don't worry so about it. They are not worth it."

"They are worth it," she stormed back at him. "And I can't help worrying. I think you're just horrid!"

"Whew!" he whistled, as she fled inside the dark tent and remained there.

When sure she was not about, he tried various plans in the next week, but in no way could he induce the chickens to take twelve hours of rest, for the Sun-God had sealed them to his service and they must be up and doing, if they died for sleep.

The Doctor Man laughed no more, for strange dark circles were about the eyes of the Pretty Niece, and he noticed that she and the Superintendent no longer consulted together, indeed they seldom spoke.

"The whole feathered creation couldn't have separated two loving hearts if mine were one of them," he soliloquized, with a settling of his grim features. "Some one has got to take a hand in this, and it seems to be 'up to me, John Henry.'"

He spoke to the Superintendent.

"Anything wrong with you and the little girl?" he inquired.

"Nothing but those stupid chickens," was the angry reply. "She thinks of nothing else and I've run out of suggestions. As if I had nothing else to do but herd chickens. Women are unreasonable creatures, Doc. I give 'em up."

"Don't get excited, young man. You're growing wise, that's all. Just wisdom pains. One day, you'll know

a lot more about lots of things than you do now."

"I don't want to know anything more about chickens. I hate them."

"You may live to bless them," said the philosophic medico.

Then he talked long and earnestly with the Woman Prospector, and as a result of his pessimistic views, she saw all her visions of eggs and baby



A CERTAIN BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN WAS MORE TO HER THAN ALL THE WEALTH OF THE KLONDIKE

chickens vanishing. At last, she sacrificed the dark tent, much to the relief of the chickens, but to her own discomfort, as the change forced her to occupy a white one, and the sunshine that flooded it left her as sleepless and weary as the poor chickens had been.

"They are contented," said the Doctor Man, pointing to the fowls, one day. "Order a portable house."

The precious tin mining was temporarily abandoned. The camp, as one man, inspected the parts, made suggestions, and took turns at reading the directions for putting them together. It was a gala day. But tin mining waits for no man, and the Superintendent soon put a stop to the holiday, finding no joy in the silence that had become part of his life.



"AREN'T YOU TIRED OF BEING CRUEL TO ME?" HE ASKED

So by the next freighter that struck camp, an order for *the house* went out.

The long night which succeeds the long day was near at hand when the strange-looking portions to be fitted together were delivered in the last shipment they might expect for many moons. Such excitement as greeted the house!

"Now that they have all quit fussing about," said the Woman Prospector to the Doctor Man, "you and I will put this house together."

But when the sides did not fit the back and front, consternation fell upon the two. Something was wrong.

"A mistake in the parts shipped," remarked the Superintendent. "It

will be months before it can be rectified, and the proper parts sent on."

"Shall we do without the house?" mutely questioned the two women.

Tin Pan Alley was in despair. A house seemed unlikely.

A consultation was held. This calamity overshadowed the strained relations between the two young people. After the meeting had been called to order, the majority vote was cast for the Superintendent's suggestion: "Make the parts fit."

"But that will take so long," objected the Doctor Man. "Soon we will not be able to see to work."

"Why can't we use the big engine head-light?" asked the Pretty Niece.

"Never!" shouted the Superintendent. "I need that every minute to get out the stuff. I'll do anything to help, but I can't spare the head-light. Besides oil is too precious, and that head-light eats oil."

"Oh, well, if you think more of the oil—" she began.

"I don't, and you know it," he interrupted fiercely, his own nerves as keenly on edge as hers.

Then the Woman Prospector showed the tact and pluck that had made her famous as a pioneer in the first Klondike rush.

"We'll work as long as we can, and then you—" to the Pretty Niece, "will have to hold candles for us to see to do the rest. It shouldn't take so very long."

One evening, as dusk fell, when completion was but a matter of a few hours, the Doctor Man made the startling discovery that the Superintendent needed nails.

"Leave the candle here," he said to the Pretty Niece; "you can't carry it with both hands full of nails."

A reluctant messenger, she seemed, but he shrewdly reflected: "Shadows and half-lights have a way of bringing hands—and lips—together."

"How are the chickens?" blundered the Superintendent, as he gathered the small hands into his own, caring nothing about the nails she carried.

"Very happy, thank you," was her cool response, as she tried to retreat.

"And you?" he persisted, dropping the nails onto the floor recklessly.

"Oh, you've spilt all the nails!" was her only reply.

"Never mind; we'll pick them up later. Aren't you tired of being cruel to me, little girl?"

"I haven't been cruel—it's you!" And the Doctor Man peering over his shoulder, saw the two shadows melt into one, and at once became most particular about the opposite end of the house, and demanded that the Woman Prospector hold the candle while he pounded most vigorously upon an inoffensive nail.

The Woman Prospector, having no mind to let any man order her about, when she could drive a nail as straight as any member of the male sex, suddenly demanded the candle-bearer to "get onto her job," causing a hurried search for the spilled nails.

The Doctor Man whispered fiercely between his set teeth: "If you break up the reconciliation party taking place at the other end of this house, I'll push the wall out, and you will have to sleep with the chickens."

"Are you crazy? What reconciliation party?"

Shading the candle with his hand, the Doctor Man pointed to the shadow-picture-land, and was rewarded by an understanding "Oh!"

"Those chicken playthings came mighty near spoiling that love story," he explained. "Leave them alone. We can finish without their help, I hope."

"Well, I guess," and she studied the shadows no more.

There were few nails driven by the Superintendent that evening, and the candle-bearer neglected her duties shamefully, but the Doctor Man hammered as if his life depended upon his blows, whistling his delight at his successful venture into Interference Land and his defiance of the midnight sun that in its wondrous glory had made the chickens into Cupid's enemy.



Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell and Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, are to perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actor or actress in each production. This month we have selected "The Thief," by Henri Bernstein.

—THE EDITOR.

THE THIEF

THEY had been married a year and were still quite mad for each other. To what extent the infatuation depended upon the fact that Marie-Louise Voysin was invariably exquisitely groomed and gowned, it would be difficult to determine. "She spends nothing," Isabelle Legardes, her dearest friend, was wont to say wonderingly, "and yet she is always beautiful and well-dressed."

The indolent summer passed pleasantly in the Legardes chateau. Every morning Richard Voysin motored into Paris in Legardes' automobile to represent Legardes' vast business interests at directors' meetings. In the evening the four friends seemed never to tire of one another, for Marie-Louise amused them all with her artless mischief. Even Fernand Legardes, who upon his father's second marriage had grown silent and morose, regained a vivid interest in life in Marie-Louise's presence. So agreeable were the Voysins that their visit of a few weeks was prolonged into months.

One day a new guest appeared at the

chateau, a stranger to all but Raymond Legardes. Monsieur Gondoin seemed very reticent, but observing and anxious to be friendly. Instinctively Isabelle, Marie-Louise and Richard disliked the man and waited impatiently for Raymond to disclose the purpose of his presence. But Raymond was singularly indifferent to their curiosity.

* * * * *

After dinner, the sixth day of Monsieur Gondoin's arrival, Fernand and Marie-Louise were together in the grand salon.

He approached her ardently. "Did you find my letter?"

"Yes. I've just been upstairs and found the note you had the folly to put in the easy chair right in the middle of my room. Suppose my husband had seen it? Look here, Fernand," she shook his arm gently, "this kind of thing can't go on. I have scolded you a hundred times, but instead of taking the lesson to heart, you dash off to write me another letter. Look, here is your note of just now. Keep it! I won't have it. And now do me the

pleasure to go to the rotunda in the little wood. You will find, arranged according to date these pages of love! I insist upon your re-entering into possession of your property this very evening."

His boyish face flushed painfully. "No. I implore you. I'm so unhappy. You don't take me seriously, because I'm only nineteen—but I love you with a man's love—as a man can love! It's true, Marise, I adore you! I only think of one person in the world. I only think of you."

She drew her delicate scarf about her bare shoulders with a little frown of annoyance. "Fernand, you distress me. You will force me to leave this house."

"I shall follow you."

She looked at him fixedly, revolving an effective method of subduing the flirtation that suddenly assumed serious consequences. Then with a laugh she pushed him onto the sofa and seated herself beside him with a business-like air. "Now, sit down here quietly, for I'm going to talk sense to you. You are nineteen and you've been brought up too tenderly. As a consequence you don't go out and rough it with other boys and you read too many books, particularly passionate love stories. As a further consequence, you *think* you've fallen in love."

"I *know* I have. I'm in love with you and I'd die for you. I'm yours body and soul to make or mar."

His passion stirred her pleurably. Although a woman who relied upon her husband's love and admiration for the impulse to live, she yet could not control her desire to have fresh proof of her attractiveness. Still she had innocently gone too far in listening to Fernand. For his peace of mind she must at once establish a calmer relationship. She assumed a mature expression. "Why aren't you man enough to fight against this hopeless folly?"

"I've tried to, Marise—I swear I have. I even took up with a music hall girl—a rather well-known one too. I tried to fancy I cared for her—we went racing together and I took her to

suppers and—and—well, there's nothing to tell except that it was a failure. I couldn't get you out of my mind for a moment. In comparison she was to me unattractive and vulgar, and I've chuckled her."

In spite of her resolution, Marise laughed merrily. "Poor little woman! Fancy being chuckled."

In the instant of relaxation she had become again his good comrade. Fernand's arms suddenly seized her and held her passionately as he cried, "There's no woman in the world for me but you—don't you understand, I worship you."

She pushed him away with the trembling strength of outraged dignity. "Don't, Fernand! Stop! This ridiculous talk leads to no good. I'm going to speak to you as one speaks to a man and afterwards you will behave as a man, as a loyal and brave man. First of all, I owe you an apology. I own that I have been guilty of flirting a little. I'm afraid I led you on in a spirit of mischief and perhaps curiosity to see how far you would go. Yes, and I'll confess it, I was a little flattered even by the notice of a mere boy—we women are so vain and trivial and undignified! But I've never looked at you, I've never looked at anyone but my husband with the thought that I could even let them touch me. It's impossible. Fernand, I'm crazy about Richard! Crazy about him! I'm more in love even than I seem."

The boy was dazed. Then the realization of how abstractly and impersonally his love had affected her, pierced him. "Oh, God!" he cried, and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he dashed the tears from his eyes. "I'm going out," he said, excitedly, towering above her in slim command. "I shall sit near the small lake and *I shall wait for you.*"

He was out of the door before she could reply. She ran after him, calling softly. "No! No! No! You may wait all night. You won't see me!"

She ceased abruptly. The rest of the party had finished their billiard game and were returning. She did not wish to see them. She wanted nothing so much as her husband's com-

forting arms and the privacy of her own rooms. Yet Raymond's serious expression and the words with which he detained her started a nervous excitement in the little group.

Briefly Raymond told them that for several months thefts had been committed in the house. Isabelle, who was above keeping account of her extravagances, was accustomed to throwing bills carelessly into a writing desk in her boudoir. At last the frequency with which Raymond cashed her cheques started suspicion in both their minds. They added the contents of the drawer and waited. Several notes disappeared. Then they computed that at least twenty thousand francs had been stolen within the last three months.

Without Isabelle's knowledge, Raymond engaged Monsieur Gondoin to investigate. Monsieur Gondoin had been extremely successful in unravelling such mysteries, and he took his place in the household as a guest, upon condition that Raymond should not reveal his identity to a soul in the house, not even to Isabelle.

This evening Monsieur Gondoin had informed him that the investigation was completed and that after dinner he would communicate the name of the guilty party.

Even as Raymond spoke, Monsieur Gondoin appeared in the curtained doorway.

"Monsieur Gondoin," Raymond summoned him authoritatively, "we are waiting for your report."

The detective replied gently, "I prefer to make my report in private."

Raymond frowned impatiently. "I insist upon your speaking."

The detective eyed him searchingly as if warning him of a shock that he might yet escape. "Do you relieve me of all responsibility and insist upon my making my report to you in the presence of your friends?"

"I do."

Monsieur Gondoin hesitated a moment. Then he said, resolutely: "Monsieur Legardes, the person who has taken the 20,000 francs from the drawer of your wife's writing desk is your son, Fernand."

Legardes tottered under the accusation. "You lie," he cried brutally.

The detective continued impassively: "Did you know your son was on terms of intimacy with a fast woman called Mademoiselle Jesse Arnold? She lives at a great rate and is well known in her class. Did you know that he bets? On Thursday, while with this woman, he twice bet a thousand francs!"

"That I deny," the tortured father interrupted.

"I answer for the agent who followed him as I would for myself," Monsieur Gondoin replied with severe dignity. "Fernand has been seen many times going up to the boudoir floor. To-day I left two thousand francs in the drawer, marked. After dinner Fernand went to the boudoir. Later, when I searched, the notes were gone."

The detective bowed to Marie-Louise. "Madame also went to the boudoir floor."

"To powder my nose," replied Marise, hurriedly.

"To get this lace fichu with which Madame adorned herself," completed Monsieur Gondoin. "You see I neglect nothing."

"What is to be done?" said Richard Voysin, his fine face reflecting perplexed credence in Monsieur Gondoin's logic and sorrow for Raymond.

"Inform Fernand at once of the accusations against him," Raymond replied firmly.

There was a pause. Not one in the group felt his fitness for broaching such a subject to Fernand.

Marie-Louise rose abruptly, winding the lace scarf about her bare throat. "Suppose I speak to Fernand. We are great pals."

"Yes, yes, Marise," they agreed in relief.

They heard her voice echoing strangely in the garden, "Fernand, Fernand!" Then it ceased.

Five minutes later she reappeared. Her face was white as chalk. Her voice had an effortful evenness. "I can't see him. I've called everywhere. He must have gone up to his room."

Almost before she ended, Fernand came into the room from the opposite doorway. "Good-night, father! Good-

night, everybody." Then, "What's the matter?"

Monsieur Gondoin advanced until his steady eyes were within a few feet of Fernand's. "I represent the police. Thefts have been committed in this house. Tell me the name of the thief."

"But I don't know it," Fernand replied, weakly.

"Tell me what you were doing upstairs this evening at a quarter past nine. Look at me." Monsieur Gondoin's tone gripped the boy like a pair of handcuffs. "It is you who are the thief."

Fernand's feeble protestations of innocence settled all previous doubts of his guilt.

Raymond abruptly put an end to the miserable scene. "Go and wait for me in your room," he said to Fernand in anguish. Then to the others, "Don't speak to me! Leave me with my wife."

* * * *

The clock was just striking two when Richard and Marise entered their boudoir.

Marise, nervous, worn by the tension of the evening, suggested retiring immediately. Richard was preoccupied, his mind revolving the strange scene they had just passed through; the unexpected accusation of Fernand, whom everyone considered noble and honorable; his uncalled-for weakness in admitting guilt so readily.

Richard looked at Marise thoughtfully. The revelation of Fernand caused him to peer at everyone with quickened perception. And as Richard looked, suddenly he realized the costliness with which Marise was arrayed.

Even the lace scarf she wore so carelessly must be worth a fortune. True, she bargained shrewdly, but upon their slender income. . . . Richard shrugged his shoulders.

He arose to put on his dressing-gown. What a clumsy defense Fernand had put up for his actions. Even the method by which he confessed to opening the drawer seemed ridiculous. Richard drew out a penknife and thrust it experimentally into the groove of the top drawer of Marise's dressing-

table. To his surprise the lock yielded to a downward pressure. He opened the drawer triumphantly.

Marise perceived his action. "Ah, what are you doing?"

He thrust his hands playfully into the mass of lingerie before him. And then quite suddenly he perceived how rich and fragile they were. He turned them over thoughtfully, heedless of Marise's restraining fingers and her pretty voice that begged him to come away.

He faced her in swift passion. "God! how blind I have been! I have sown my wild oats and I know some-

thing of the price of women's finery. Where does the money for this come from?"

"Listen! I'm a born bargainer, and I go to the sales. Why, even to-day—

"Nonsense! Are your hats bargains, and the new gowns, which you show off on every opportunity?"

"But, Aline—"

"Aline does not work for nothing! Come, Marise, come! I have begged for an explanation. I shall not beg



Sketch from life by John Stuart Campbell

KYRLE BELLEW
STARRING IN "THE THIEF"

much longer. Where does this money come from?"

"Richard, don't shout so."

"I shall shout if I like. Where does this money come from?"

She clung to him piteously. "Richard, you'll wake our friends. They can hear you —"

"What does that matter to you," in shrewd suspicion.

"It's all the same to me, but for you —"

"If it's all the same to you, why are you white with terror?"

In the heat of passion his mind worked swiftly and remorselessly. He did not feel that this was his wife cowering in fear, but only that the woman before him was implicated in the strange events of the evening and that his mind must push the problem to solution. "You are mixed up in this twenty thousand francs business. What? Answer! Your very attitude denounces you! Fernand wasn't only stealing for himself: Or else you stole, too. Speak!"

Marie-Louise straightened herself in reaction from the moment of overwhelming terror when she waited for his accusation. "Fernand is innocent," she cried. "He accused himself to save me. It was I who stole the money."

Instinctively he recoiled. Then he sat down, crushed. Marie-Louise slipped to the ground, sobbing desperately.

"Why did you do it?" he asked dully. "You, a thief. A thing like that. It is beyond all thought. Great God! What reason, what motive?"

"To be well-dressed, to be smart, so that you might love me. There was no other reason. I have no other reason for living but to make you love me."

She raised herself to her knees, beating ceaselessly upon her breast, as if force would convince him. "Before God, you shall hear only the truth. If only I prove to you that my love, my great love, my bad and foolish love, has led me astray, Richard! Do you remember one day—no! That's not it! I must go further back. Listen! When my best friend, Isabelle, married Raymond, I felt a great sorrow unknown

until then. It wasn't envy. It was self-pity. I felt that I, who am neither beautiful nor rich, like my friend, should never meet a man I should love, and who would marry me. I should get old all alone. I used to cry to think of it, really cry—a little—every day. Then one day I fell in love. I fell in love with Raymond's best friend, a fascinating man to me, a kind of god, far out of my reach. Then I began to suffer really! I placed you so high that I dared not raise my eyes toward you, that I wouldn't have told my love to any human being, that to myself I scarcely owned my folly. Then, the impossible happened, you loved me. At first I scarcely perceived it. Afterward I didn't believe you. Such a hope was so far from me! During our engagement I lived in a dream—a delicious dream—with behind it a spectre—the fear that I should lose you again. Marriage came, and with it happiness unspeakable, but the spectre is always there, and it has never left me —"

"Words, words," he interrupted, bitterly.

"No, Richard, no! It's the truth. For a year I have said to myself, every minute of the day: 'I must keep my husband'. I didn't begin by doing wrong. At first I loyally tried to manage with our means. I went to small tradespeople, to Aline. Sometimes I thought myself nicely dressed, but when I came to compare myself with the different women we meet, who spend a lot on their clothes, I lost all joy and confidence. How often I have watched you without your seeing! I have seen your eyes make comparisons in which I suffered, and I realized that because of bad weapons I was fighting a losing battle."

He watched her narrowly. Gradually the sincerity of her words, of the eyes she strained toward him in anguish, penetrated the cold indifference the discovery of her guilt had laid on his heart. At least she loved him. Only a woman with an overpowering love would have risked such consequences.

Then the quick warmth of Richard's forgiveness was checked. The picture

rose before him of the interview that must have taken place in the garden between Marise and Fernand, of the hasty instructions.

He seized Marise roughly. "Why did Fernand take on himself this guilt for you? Only a mistress could dispose of a man as you have disposed of this young scoundrel. I am glad to know you at last as you are. You didn't use your cunning only to unlock a drawer, to empty a cash-box. You are wicked, bad and unfaithful in everything."

The cringing, apologetic wretch was transformed into an outraged and furious woman. "Silence! I order you to be silent! Now it is your vanity as a male which is roaring. A mad jealousy has got you. It's rushed to your head—but don't be cad enough to doubt my purity, or I'll hate you forever. I've stolen! I'm a thief! Spit it in my face! Give me up! Publish my shame! Leave me forever! But don't you dare to sully our past love. I forbid you to touch that!"

"I've listened to enough of your humbug! Good-night."

Marie-Louise threw herself in front of the door. "What are you going to do?"

"Wake up your young gentleman—damn him—and have a few words with him. Let me pass!" He seized her by the arm and whirled her around.

She fell on her knees but still clung to Richard's hand. "Richard! A single word. You see those windows! If you go out ——"

"Throw yourself on the rocks, I don't care."

Marie-Louise rushed toward the windows. "You don't know me, Richard."

He caught her on the balcony and dragged her back into the room. "Do you hope to keep me a prisoner forever?" he panted.

"I ask you to reflect. When morning comes act as you please; but between now and then, if you move——"

"Very well; you won't gain anything by it! We're to pass the night like this, face to face."

"I ask for nothing better."

Richard's eyes burned with a sudden terrific fury and scorn. "You—you're a damned——"

Before the word left his mouth, Marise leaped at him with a scream and shut his lips with her fingers. "If you had said that! My God, if you had said that!"

He flung her off, and panting, she sank to the floor.

He seated himself. "We will wait for daylight."

* * * *

At nine the next morning Raymond Legard summoned Fernand, Isabelle, Marise and Rich-

ard to the library to

hear his decision in regard to a course of action.

The father's talk with the boy the night before had resulted in no new information. Fernand seemed a different person. The father could not draw a word of remorse from him.

Marise, exhausted by the night, whispered to Richard, "It is understood that you have your own way entirely." She resigned her tired mind to the disclosure she felt certain would follow.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

EFFIE SHANNON
AS MARIE-LOUISE IN "THE THIEF"

Raymond was pale but steadily composed. "Fernand, you will hear no more reproaches from me. I wish to believe that already a passionate desire is waking in you to regain your own esteem. You meant to go into the diplomatic service. You will have to give up that career. You will become a manufacturer like me. From to-day's date you belong to our firm. You will sail immediately for the plantations in Montefaccio, Brazil. True and noble rehabilitation will consist in earning by your own work the sum stolen and returning it little by little."

Fernand broke down completely. He clung to his father like a girl, pleading, "Father, it's impossible. It's not true. You're not going to drive me away like that."

"For God's sake, take a hold on yourself and go. This cowardice! This want of dignity! . . . Come back a better man," the father's arms closed around him. "Make me proud of you again. God bless you."

Marise turned to Richard. "I'm suffocating. I'm choking. Have you given up your idea, then? You're not going to speak."

"It looks like it," Richard replied, grimly. During the long hours of the night a plan had formulated in his mind.

Fernand cast a despairing glance around the circle. Then with a mighty effort he mastered his emotion. He made his farewell to each. But at the touch of Marise's hand, the full realization of his exile swept over him. He kissed her hand passionately and breaking into sobs, ran from the room. A moment later they heard the carriage wheels on the gravel.

Marise stumbled forward as if choking. "Raymond," she cried, "stop that carriage. It was I that stole the money. It was I. It was I. It was I. Go! Call back that boy."

Left together, Marise sank into a chair. Richard was delighted. His experiment of keeping silence had succeeded beyond every hope.

Raymond returned immediately.

"He will tell me nothing."

Marise hid her face on the chair, ashamed to look Raymond in the eyes.

"Your son is innocent," said Richard, speaking frankly and lovingly as old friends may to one another. "He never touched the money. He was not even aware that it was stolen till last night. And then he took the blame on himself to save Marise. It was she who opened Isabelle's drawer. I learnt the whole history myself between one and two this morning. And will you believe it? Just imagine, he has fallen in love with my wife in earnest. Your son accused himself and sacrificed himself out of love! After all, he's made of the real stuff, Raymond, and you may be content to take the boy back into the centre of your heart. And now, look at Marise. Aren't you sorry for her? As for me, I love her more than I thought. I'll tell you her only excuse. She stole in order to make herself look pretty, so that I might think her as pretty and smart as the other women one sees. Certainly there is nothing baser than theft! Nothing more hideous. But she is in love. And, after all, when the push came she wouldn't really accept sacrifices—she proclaimed her guilt—and, well, I've forgiven her. In short, old chap, you must forgive her too, for I love her. You know what that means. *I love her.*"

Raymond nodded comprehensively. "I forgive her, too—quite freely."

"One minute. We want to go to Brazil. We want a year or two to pull ourselves together. Let me take up the work you were going to give Fernand. Don't refuse me."

"Dear old man, it isn't necessary—but if you insist." And the two friends looked at one another with full and deep understanding.

Raymond paused on his way to the door. "My dear little Marise, Isabelle and I will be waiting to say good-by with nothing but the sweetest feeling."

The door closed behind him.

Marise raised her face. Richard held out his arms to her. "Come here. No—not a word—the page is turned down forever."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER

ALWAYS and everywhere, you get what you give. If you radiate love, friendship and kindly feeling, you receive love, friendship and kindly feeling. To have friends, you must be a friend. It is just the old thought, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be meted unto you."

No man wins success through himself alone. He wins it through his friends, through the people with whom he comes in contact, casually or intimately, socially or in business. The impression he creates, favorable or otherwise, is due solely to the amount of magnetism he exercises, for if I were asked the three factors that make for success in life, I should say, "First, magnetism; second, magnetism; and third, magnetism."

This is particularly true of all work before the public, whether it be on the lecture-platform or on the stage, dramatic or operatic. When you come out before an audience, you must be able to sense its mood immediately, to feel its temperature, as it were.

It is exactly like meeting a private individual. You must be able to "size him up," to know how to handle him, to feel whether he responds most quickly to sympathetic good fellowship, or to dignified reserve.

So, with an audience. You must

determine the method of treatment, the best way to get "acquainted," to establish good terms, and once established in favor, your ability to hold the audience rests entirely with yourself, but magnetism is the first consideration.

Appearance counts for much—yes—but not for all. Take, for instance, Lillian Russell and Fay Templeton.

The former is beautiful. You look at her, admire her, but she does not get to you as does the latter. She is cold, she maintains a barrier between herself and her audience. But Fay Templeton! Even the smallest chorus girl in her company loves her and to the audience—well, she creeps down right over the footlights, into your heart, and you find yourself loving her too. Why? Because she loves you. Because she has a warm sympathy that extends to every human being. It is a radiant glow that emanates from



MARSHALL P. WILDER

her very being, and that attracts you as a moth is drawn to a candle.

When you enter a room, in which a grate fire blazes forth its message of cheer, do you walk to the grate, or do you go to the window and look out into the cold? You make for the grate, to be sure. Why? Because the magnetism of warmth and light draws you with irresistible force.

In the summer, when all the beautiful country residences are illuminated at night, you find myriads of tiny insects fluttering about the lighted windows. Why? Because they're attracted by the light and warmth.

That's the secret. No matter what

you do, get light and warmth into it. Love everybody. Feel for every smallest atom of humanity the same warm glow of sympathy and affection, and in return, you will reap the reward for which we all yearn—success—the unfailing tribute to all-compelling magnetism.



EDEN WOOD

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

“**W**HERE ha' ye been who sing so clear—
Who sing so clear and laugh so free?”
“Oh, I ha' been to Eden Wood
Wi' my true love by side o' me.”

“What ha' ye seen in Eden Wood?
What sight o' wonder did ye see?”
“I ha' forgot all I ha' seen
Save my love's eyes that looked to me.”

“There be strange birds in Eden Wood
That sing a mystic melodie.”
“I heard no single sound, I trow,
Save my love's voice that spoke to me.”

“Deep down—deep down in Eden Wood
The faery flower hangs from the tree—”
“I thought not on the scent of flowers,
While my love's hair was close to me.”

“Oh, lead me then to Eden Wood
That I may go and joy like ye.”
“Alas, I may not win the path,
Till my love comes as guide to me.”

—*Wander Songs.*

The Tale of a Rat.

by
Irene Currie Love



HE was usually the gayest and most debonair of all the happy tribe of drummers, and so it was with some concern that we saw him come in without a smile and seat himself heavily on one of the desks, omitting his customary slap on the back and his irritating roar, "Hello, how's tricks?"

After about ten minutes of glum, cheerless silence which the drummer did not seem inclined to break, someone said, "Anything the matter with you?"

"Only the rottenest trip I ever had in my life," he growled.

"Business bad?"

"Oh, good enough, as far as orders went, but say, did you ever butt up against a week of one-night stands? Seven long days of tank towns where you couldn't get anything fit to eat or drink and where there wasn't enough hot water for a decent wash, much less a bath?"

Here, everyone chortled, for the drummer believes that cleanliness comes way before godliness and is the object of much good-natured chaffing over his carefully manicured hands. Indeed, it is even whispered that he indulges in face massages. A stain on his little finger peevs him beyond expression and not to be able to have a daily bath—why, it's an outrage!

"Cut out the laugh," he continued,

"the worst is yet to come. I'd been travelling out in the Canadian West, where the 'blawsted remittance man,' if he has done nothing else, has succeeded in making bath tubs the vogue, don't you know?"

"That made it all the worse when I struck the tank town circuit, with everything but the tank in full view. Not a bathtub in the whole outfit and I was getting hotter, madder and dirtier every minute.

"My hair was full of dust and my eyes of cinders—you know how you feel on a train when there is no parlor car on board, nothing but the festive day coach, with squalling babies and crumby kids who start to eat as soon as they get on the train and only stop when they get off. The smoking car was dirtier than the day coach and full of a bunch of rubes who smoked two-fer cigars and I was sure the sorest thing in seven counties when at last someone said 'There's a real hotel in the next town.'

"I pricked up my ears and yelled, 'A hotel, with a real bathtub, where we can get a really truly bath?' It sure did sound good to me, and all the way over there, I just wallowed, in my thoughts, in a large white bathtub, playing tag with a carload of soap and a vat of hot water.

"It was late when we got into town, so I made right for the hotel and



DASHING MADLY AFTER HER, I YANKED HER BACK TO THE BATHROOM AND INQUIRED,
"DO YOU SEE THAT RAT, MAKING FACES AT ME?"

sailing majestically up to the clerk, I demanded of him in lordly tones 'Have you a bathtub?'

"We have," he assured me, with pride.

"Then lead me to it," I purred.

"Do you wish a room or merely a bath?" he asked.

"Both," I snapped, 'but a bath before anything.'

"Well, I'm sorry," temporized the clerk, 'but something's gone wrong with the lighting arrangements in the bathroom and all the servants are in bed, so there isn't any possibility of fixing up things to-night. Moreover, there's no hot water and in short, I don't think you can get a bath until to-morrow morning.'

"I glared at him. I had visions of lepping the desk and throttling him—I had—but what's the use? You know my angelic disposition. I just looked sadly, mournfully and reproachfully at him and sighed, wearily, 'Show me a room.'

"All night long I lay there and thought about that bath. I reveled in it. I disported myself, in fancy, playfully as any child, in a Paradise of soap and water. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was a merman, a water-god, a Neptune. As soon as it was light, I arose and clad only in my

baby blue pajamas, I hied me to the bathroom.

"It was a dirty, dark little hole in the wall, with a filthy, old-fashioned tin tub, and there, sitting in the tub, making faces at me, was a rat. Now I've never had the D. T.'s but if I did, I'd bet all I have that they'd take the form of rats. Lizards, pink or green, never fizzed on me worth a cent and I could go to bed with snakes. But a rat! It's got me going every time.

"One look at His Ratship and I dashed madly out into the hall, looking for help. Just disappearing round the corner was a chambermaid, so I called her, saying, 'Come hither, little one.' She looked at my blue pajamas and stuffing her apron into her mouth, giggled 'Not on your life, I'm not that sort of a person,' or words to that effect. But I was in no mood for trifling. Reaching her in about three steps and grabbing her by the wrist, I yanked her back to the door of the bathroom and inquired 'Do you see that rat, the size of a kitten, sitting in the tub and mewling at me?'

"She snickered, 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'

"I flung her from me and marching down to the office, went up to the clerk and related my tale of woe, thusly, 'Young man, for centuries I've

been waiting for a bath. I come to you and you say I can have a bath in the morning. Morning comes. I go to the bathroom and what do I find? A rat, the size of a dog, running up and down the tub and barking at me. *What* are you going to do about it?

"The clerk looked up indifferently. 'Why don't you turn the water on and drown the brute?'"

"Gasping for breath, choking with rage and reaching out for air, I stuttered, 'Call the proprietor.'"

"I can't," expostulated the clerk. 'It's as much as my job is worth to call him at this hour in the morning. He's asleep.'"

"I don't care if he's dead," I roared, 'I'd wake him, anyway, and what's more, I'll stay right here in this office until you get him.'"

"You can't stay in this office, dressed like that," he remonstrated. 'I won't stand for it.'"

"Stand for it, you infernal little whippersnapper. You get that proprietor down here P.D.Q. or I'll beat your brains out," I yelled, giving as good an imitation of Tommy Burns before he was licked by the dinge as I could work up on a minute's notice.

"Y-yes sir," he stammered, and I heard him tell the porter to go tell the proprietor that a lunatic in pale blue pajamas was down there threatening to wreck the hotel. In a few minutes down came the gentleman himself, purple with rage and blue with cold. That color combination may not listen good to you, but I tell you, it's got Turner left at the post. He was boiling

with rage and emitting short, puffy sounds like a steam engine.

"Where is he," he rumbled, 'show him to me. Well, sir, what do you want?'"

"Sir," I began, 'last night I entered your caravansera, weary and worn and sad, unshaven, unwashed, and unshorn. I was told I might have a bath this morning and when I went to the bathroom, what did I find? A rat, the size of a horse, standing on its hind legs in the tub and neighing at me. Now, sir, WHAT are you going to do about it?'"

"Say, I want to tell you right now that I take off my hat to the proprietor of that hotel. Gad! I never heard such a picturesque vocabulary in my life. If there was anything in the bright lexicon of cuss words that he omitted to call me, I never heard about it and if there are any depths hotter than those to which he consigned me, I don't want to know about them. He finished up by demanding furiously, 'Why don't you turn the—water on and drown the—brute?'"

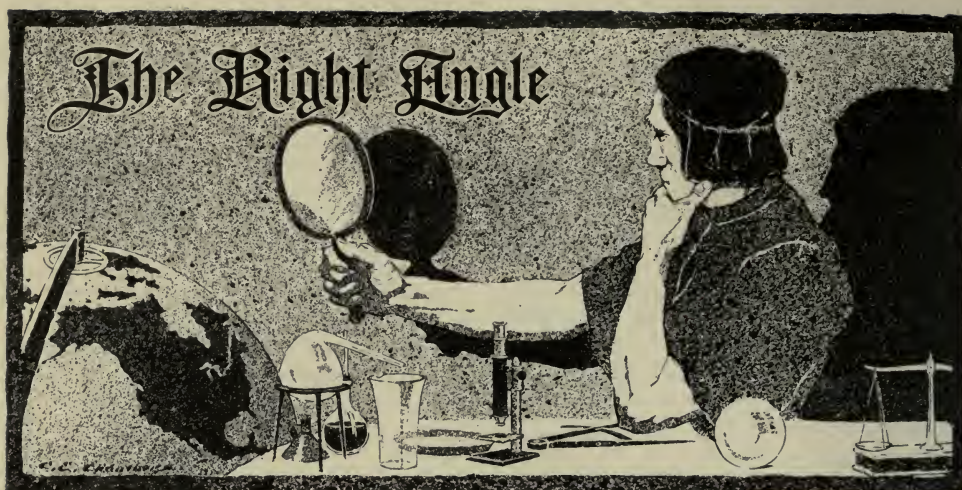
"That got me going. You know I'm not a dead one when it comes to cussing, so I just let out a few to show him what I could do.

"Then I went up, packed my grip, shook the dust of the town from my heels and beat it back to Winnipeg. Say, come on out and have a drink. Every time I think of that rat, the size of an elephant, stamping up and down the tub, trumpeting at me, I get dry," and the drummer led the way to the bar.



"WHERE IS HE? SHOW HIM TO ME."





A SQUARE DEAL FOR MR. RADFORD

TO THE EDITOR:—A friend here in Edmonton has shown me the editorial in CANADA-WEST for April, entitled, "Canada Faking 'Dies Hard,'" in which some of the newspaper allusions to my proposed northern journey are made the basis of a kindly and not unfair page of comment.

Considering that many of these newspaper "stories" or "interviews" concerning my trip have been wholly or partly unauthorized inventions or distortions, it is not surprising that the writer of the editorial in question should have gained the impression that I had been "victimized" by "apostles of fakerism" and "made to believe" queer things about northern Canada. Nothing, however, is farther from truth; I am in no need of "sympathy" on this score.

I have not "been made to believe" anything; nor was I "sent forth" by anyone. The trip is being made on my own responsibility; and, without entering into details, I may assure you that I have had access to ample sources of reliable information, without having to consult any of the class of writers to whom reference is made. Canada, by the way, is not entirely strange to me, since, during some twenty-two years, I have made a series of rather extensive journeys in all directions through the Dominion.

Ever since I entered this country, on my present tour, whenever I have

had an opportunity, I have endeavored to correct the misstatements that have appeared in the Canadian papers regarding my plans and, particularly, my conception of northern conditions.

Some of the difficulty seems to have arisen from the fact that my preparations for the Arctic journey were often ascribed wholly to the side-trip in quest of the wood bison, which, as you will note, is only a minor feature in my three years' plan of travel; although I do expect to spend several months in the wood bison country and to make my study of these most interesting animals as complete as possible.

A series of unexpected delays in Ottawa and Winnipeg, and the early disappearance of snow in the Edmonton-Athabasca district, have made it impossible to carry out my plan of going north to the bison range on snowshoes; so I shall have to adopt the more luxurious mode of travel afforded by water; and I am waiting here for the opening of navigation, having arranged to go north with the Hudson's Bay outfit of flat boats leaving Athabasca Landing about June 6th. But there will be plenty of use for the "dogs and snowshoes" later on; and perhaps even the "tabloid tea, malted milk and sweet chocolate" (for the choice of which comestibles I have no excuse to make) may not come amiss.

The above is written in the belief that your clever and untrammelled publication would not intentionally

lend itself to misrepresentation of the plans or purposes of a visitor's journey of investigation through that interesting northern wilderness lying beyond the farthest fringe of civilization.

Possibly you will wish to make some explanation to your readers so that they will know that the "Canada Fakers" from whom I have suffered most have been the newspaper writers of CANADA-WEST's own country.

Yours very truly,

HARRY V. RADFORD.

EDMONTON, April 29, 1909.

THE BEST-SELLING BOOK OF THE YEAR

"SHE threw back her shoulders, standing straight and fearless.

God wot, she was a woman. Curves and flame! Yes, she was a woman. White flesh and slumbering hair! Yes, she was a woman. Round flesh and the red-flecked, purple scent arising! Yes, she was a woman. Torture of joy to hold in a man's arms! Yes, she was a woman."

Thus firmly establishing her in the unusual and astonishing fact of sex, Emerson Hough presents the Baroness Von Ritz, who furnishes the motive-power for his new romance "54-40 or Fight" (McLeod and Allen Company, Toronto). While the title would have one to believe that the book is entirely concerned with wars and rumors of wars and while, as a matter of fact, the story does hinge on the one-time burning question of the location of the international boundary-line, the author has not forgotten that war is at its best when woman is in the field.

Helene Von Ritz flits through the pages of the book like some great, gorgeous bird. The Baroness is a woman of spirit, determination and brains, and it is she who eventually gains the day for the "States," lending that country her aid because of her fondness for young Nicholas Trist.

It is a story of absorbing interest, this tale of war and woman which Mr. Hough has written, and it belongs to the category of books which you sit up all night to read and do not lay down until you finish. The booksellers' report places "54-40 or Fight" at the top of the list of the "six best sellers."

It is a noteworthy fact that this is the second time Mr. Hough has written a book which has won that position. "The Mississippi Bubble," when at the zenith of its popularity, for several months headed the list of "best sellers" for both Canada and the United States.

THE AUTHOR OF
"THE CHANGELING"

ONE of the youngest and most brilliant of our Canadian women writers is Madge Macbeth, author of "The Changeling," a story of unusual interest and power which begins its serial publication in this month's issue of CANADA-WEST. Educated at Hellmuth College, London, Ontario, Mrs. Macbeth tried her 'prentice hand in the College paper and since then her work has appeared in many



MADGE MACBETH

leading magazines.

An accomplished musician, an "all-round" sportswoman, who can handle a sailboat or a tennis-racket with equal ease, Mrs. Macbeth has many claims to



MARY K. BREWSTER

distinction, but after the publication of "The Changeling," her distinction will lie in altogether higher levels.

A TRIBUTE TO A DOG

IF you ever loved a dog read "The Story of Tasman" by Mary K. Brewster, issued from the Everett Press of Boston. Tasman is the name of a Tasmanian dog, and the story is a wonderfully sympathetic picture of his life and character.

It is remarkable how much reveals itself in any animal, on close acquaintanceship, and most remarkable of all where a dog is the subject. The narrator of "Tasman" has a fine perception of this and she brings sharply home to her reader the fact that, of all animal creation, the dog alone has come across the line and attached himself to man—that no man ever had a friend more utterly unselfish and devoted than his dog. Once the companionship is established the dog is never the one to desert: he is never un-

grateful, never treacherous, remaining faithful in prosperity and poverty, sickness and health. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if that master were a prince. He kisses the hand that has no food to offer, and he licks the wounds and sores that follow encounters with the roughness of the world. No where in the book does she express this more beautifully than in this passage: "In lives all-lived there are days of despair, and then the affection and faithfulness of one small dog sometimes may seem the only tie that holds one to endurance. There are days of deepness when the dog-heart seems the only one that understands, because the only one that through all the other kinds of days was true."

Not to all temperaments is it given to know the comfort of a dog's companionship, or the gentleness of his rough tongue on tear-stained hands or the ease of hard griefs rested in the soft thicket of his coat, or the assurance of his kind face laid closely against wet cheeks hid from all the rest of the world. And if yours be one of those narrow natures to which such understanding is denied, it will avail you nothing to read "Tasman."

A SWIFT ROMANCE OF THE "WIRELESS".

CANADA has sent forth at least one romance-writer who has power to see and tell about things that are stirring and strange and still retain fidelity to character and locality. Most of Arthur Stinger's work has dealt with his own country, but of late he has gone afield among the adventurers of a continental underworld and taken for treatment wild life at grips with law. His "Wire Tappers" was true enough in its pictures of very grim wickedness to draw some such condemnation from the overnice as fell upon Dickens for daring to show crime and criminals as they really are. But the book had an appeal of interest as against that judgment, and the public has taken it by thousands of copies. "The Gun Runner," his latest, is a bigger story in a broader scene, and has a whirl of action by sea and land that makes one breathe the large air and taste the salt on the lips again. It is

involved with that occulted phase of commerce which gets its profits out of contraband supplies to those dirty revolutions which are the continuing curse of the Latin-American "republics." Its hero is the wireless operator aboard a tramp steamship.

Courage has its most splendid growth in the garden of greatest danger. In this story, danger is intimate and deadly, and the courage of the hero and heroine is of that unconscious kind which looks only at the thing to be done, and takes calamity and obstacle as incidents in the doing. It is no small compliment to Mr. Stringer's skill that his arch-rascal also evokes admiration, notwithstanding his sinister character and unholy pursuits. Altogether, "The Gun Runner" is "good reading."

KON'S FIVE HUNDRED ROUBLES

WHEN in consequence of an uprising among the students of his university, Louis Kon found himself in Germany and barred from Russia under peril of his life, a fellow student discouraged his determination to come to this country. "You will do nothing there," said this Bildad the Shulamite. "You can't learn English in twelve years, and you can't do anything until you know it. English is the hardest of all the languages for us Russians."

The answer was characteristic. "I will go to Canada," said Mr. Kon, "and I will bet you five hundred roubles now that in three years I will have learned

English well enough to write it, and to sell an English article to a Canadian publication, and get paid for it."

"You're on," said the other student, in the Russian equivalent of that vernacular.

That was about two and a half years ago. Mr. Kon came to Canada, and began the career he has so quaintly and frankly described in his "Letters," now running in CANADA-WEST. Last December he sent the script to this magazine. It was accepted—of course; and the notification of acceptance was accompanied by a cheque. He had the letter and the cheque photographed, and the photograph certified by a notary, and then forwarded this authenticated evidence to his friend. Last month the bet was paid.

This is a pretty little story, but it has a moral. English is the most alive of all the living languages, but it yields with least trouble to anyone who has a ground knowledge of Latin and Greek. Mr. Kon had this, and by so far was in the advantage. But his thought of using his English just as he had it inside the time limit of his wager, was a happy one as it turned out, but risky. With less warm-blooded interest and broad humor behind it, the English would not have passed with this or any other magazine. The spirit that prompted the venture was the spirit that is making the new Canada. It can best be verbalized in the old saying that "You never can tell till you try".



LOUIS KON AT WORK

The Russian revolutionist mixes his paints and begins the work he describes in this month's instalment of "The Letters of Louis"



"THE STORY OF THE PLAY"

BY LOUISE F. WILLIAMS

"THE Man from Home," starting out from his peaceful dwelling to get a shave went to "The Barber of New Orleans," but upon learning that "The Travelling Salesman" and "The Yankee Prince" were ahead of him, walked down Yonge Street to meet "The Boys and Betty," who had just been to see "The Battle." They met "The Three Twins" and "The Grand Army Man," and all went down to the Union Station to meet "The Fair Co-Ed," who was arriving from "Havana". Then they went up to Murray's to see "The Girl Behind the Counter," but had to wait a few minutes, as she was selling gloves to "A Stubborn Cinderella" and her "Chaperone".

The men then left the women and stopping at the office of "The Gentleman from Mississippi," went with him to take "The Third Degree". When they came out they ran into "Kitty Grey," who is a girl after "The American Idea". After having afternoon tea with her they went home by Sherbourne Street, which "Every Woman Knows" is "The Easiest Way". There they saw "The Man of the Hour," accompanied by "The Girl from Rector's" and "Miss Innocence," buying copies of CANADA-WEST from "The Golden Girl":

EARLY PRIVILEGES

THE doubt of a University of Toronto professor whether King Solomon,

as the husband of seven hundred wives, is the best authority for the world of to-day upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old lady, after reflection.

"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."

"Lor, mum;" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"

EGGS BOILED TO MUSIC

A WELL known evangelist tells a story of a visit to a small town in Ontario, where he was awakened one morning by a soprano voice, which came from the kitchen, singing a famous hymn. As the Bishop was dressing he meditated on the piety of the servant. Speaking to her after breakfast of the pleasure it had given him, he was met by an unexpected answer. "Oh, thank you, sir!" she replied. "But that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

HE WAS HONEST

REVELATIONS concerning the double career of the Russian terrorist police agent, Azeff, recall a

story told of Louis XVIII., King of France, and Fouché, who had been at one time Napoleon's Minister of Police. After the Bourbon restoration the King asked Fouché whether he had set spies over him during the empire. Fouché admitted that he had. "Who was the spy?" the King asked, and he was informed that it had been the Comte de Blacas. "How much did he get?" continued the King.

"Two hundred thousand francs a year, your majesty."

"Ah, well," said Louis, "he was honest, then, after all—I had half."

SCHOLARLY IGNORANCE

PROF. McGOZZLE (stopping in front of a shop window) — "My dear, that is the most remarkable collection of unique waste baskets I ever saw."

Mrs. McGoozle— "Waste baskets! You helplessniny! Those are the new styles of spring hats!"

SOME NEW PATENTS

OUR friend T. Ewing Riddel, who is in the business of promoting and selling patents

The Rabbit

By John Magee Jr.



IF IT 12'NT MR
RABBIT A WALKING
DOWN THE ROAD.
IT 2EEM2 TO ME
FROM HERE THAT HE
HA2 GOT AN
AWFUL LOAD.

I wrote this while
muther was out of
the room. I made
these words myself
Jm Jr



has got out a new card. It has on the back:

"Some new companies just incorporated, the Artificial Bird Seed Trust, for the manufacture of artificial bird seed for the feeding of cuckoo clocks; the Woodpecker Punching Company, a new process for punching holes in the tops of salt and pepper shakers, the punching is done by trained woodpeckers; the Direct Butter Producing Company, butter direct from the cow.

"We inoculate the cattle with St. Vitus dance germs—and they do the churning."

A THREAT OR A PROMISE

THERE is no superfluous verbiage in the note which a Preston tradesman sent to a dilatory creditor: "Sir, the inclosed is a bill. If you pay it you will oblige me. If you don't, I shall oblige you."

THOSE LOVING FRIENDS

NAN (exhibiting her latest photograph)— "Don't you like a three-quarters view better than a profile?"

Fan—"No, dear; it shows too much of the face."

THE ANGLER'S DREAM

BY E. LAWRENCE LEE

A ROD and reel, a baited hook,
 When tempting bass swim in the
 brook,
 Now some of these I'll catch to cook,
 The angler dreams.

Hither and yon, most everywhere,
 He fishes, angles, tries to snare,
 The foxy fish who just left there,
 Or, so it seems.

He sits him down upon the bank,
 Among the nice weeds, foul and rank,
 Vows such a stink was never stank,
 'Long any stream.

The sun burns hot and hotter, yet
 He's one real angler, don't forget,
 Whose equal he has never met,
 Oh, dream of dreams.

The skeeters, gnats and buzzing bee,
 Join hands to keep him company,
 And w th his bald pate make quite free,
 Beside the stream.

The sinking sun shoots up a gleam,
 It's night, dark night, along the stream,
 The angler sighs, "Twas but a dream.
 Oh, lovely dream."

NOT NOW

MRS. CHUGWATER—"Josiah, what
 is the 'unwritten law'?"

Mr. Chugwater—"There isn't any.
 It's been written up in all the papers.
 I've told you that before."

A CURBSTONE CONSULTATION

"I'M afra d I'm catching cold," said
 Kloseman, trying to get some
 medical advice free. "Every once in
 a while I feel an itching in my nose,
 and then I sneeze. What would you
 do in a case like that, doctor?"

"Well," replied Dr. Sharpe, "I guess
 I'd sneeze, too."

WOMAN THE BEST JUDGE AND
EXECUTIONER

A T a large dinner party in Winnipeg
 a lady sitting next to Mr. Evarts,
 said to him: "Mr. Evarts, don't you
 think that a woman is the best judge
 of other women?"

"Ah, madame," said the great
 lawyer, "she is not only the best judge,
 but the best executioner."

THE BIRD IN THE HAND

A MANAGER offered a certain
 famous actress \$1,000 a week to
 make a tour of the world. She insisted
 on \$1,500. But the manager said
 \$1,000 was all he could give, and he
 reminded her of the fabulous jewels
 that South American millionaires, Rus-
 sian Grand Dukes and Indian Rajahs
 are wont to lavish on the ladies of the
 stage when they are touring.

"Go home," said the manager;
 "think the matter over, and let me
 know your decision in the morning."

In the morning the actress sent the
 manager this wire:

"Give me my terms and you can
 have the jewels."

CLOCKS AND MEN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THERE was a clock that used to say:
 "I run the world both night and
 day;

Observe things, please, and you will see
 The earth and stars keep time with
 me."

O, brother, there are lots of us
 Who run things with our fret and fuss—
 When we run down, we cannot know
 That things go just as smoothly,
 though.

HOW SHE FOUND OUT

"OH, I have too much flesh!" she
 groaned. "How shall I work it
 off?"

An echo answered:
 "Work it off!"

EASILY ANSWERED

WHEN a Scotsman answers a ques-
 tion he settles the matter in
 dispute once for all. On a certain
 occasion the question was asked:

"Why was Mary Queen of Scots born
 at Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly answered:
 "Because her mither was staying
 there." And there actually seemed to
 be nothing more to be said on the
 subject.

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VI.

London, July, 1909

No. 3

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The People of the Plains

BY

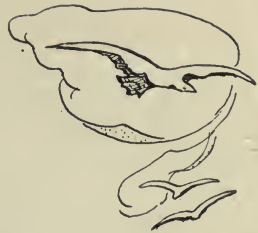
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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS STANDS

William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto



TWENTIETH CENTURY LAND

BY WILLIAM J. SHANKS



Out from the mists of Humanity's sorrows;
Out where the heralds of Destiny stand;
Rises the star of a world's To-morrows
Over the Twentieth Century Land.
Wind-swept of Heaven are the sentinel moun-
tains;
Sun-kissed the prairies that melt into space;
Rivers and forest-girt lakes are the fountains
Brimming with pulse-beats for Industry's race.



Soil of a million suns! Seed-time and Reaping
Rouse thee from sleep with a Midas-tipped
wand;

World-weary argonauts westward are keeping
Tryst in the Twentieth Century Land.



Last of the Earth's virgin hearts to surrender;
Queen of an Empire that follows the sun;
Strong men are wooing thee—loyal and tender
Millions of patriots phalanxed as one.



Dreams of the Ages in thee find fruition;
Freemen rejoice as thy glories expand;
Beacon-lights burning, hold true to thy mission!
Canada! Twentieth Century Land!





From a photograph

Successful Canadian Players—see page 169

JULIA ARTHUR (MRS. B. P. CHENEY) AS "ROSALIND"

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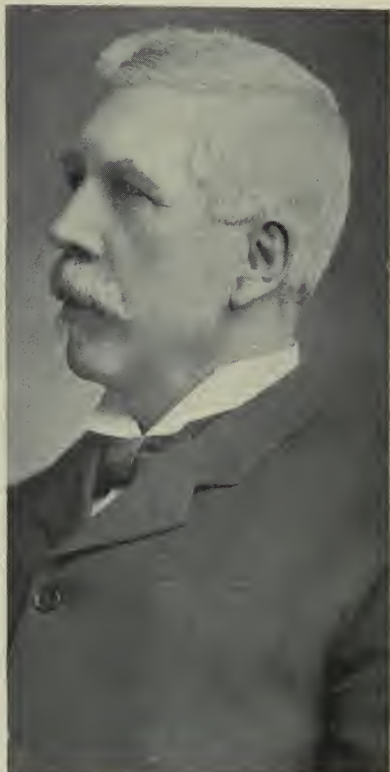
THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

BY WILLIAM WHYTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

THERE is a story of a king's prisoner in some medieval time, whose duration of life was left in his own hands by the terms of an ingenious sentence. In a wall of his cell was placed a water-spigot. The source and quantity of supply he was not permitted to know, but he was bidden use the water freely or sparingly, as he pleased. Only, when no more water came, he must die. The flow was so great that he was relieved of fear, and he sported with it riotously, until it became mild, then weak. Here returned the fear. He grew miserly of water. Every drop might mean an hour or a day. Then, though it was after many years, he dared not drink at all, and so died, choking, even before the trickle ceased. He had wasted his resources, and conservation came too late.

From Cape Breton to Virginia the original English settlers of America found themselves in a country of natural opulence so great, especially in timber, water and soil, that such an eventuality as exhaustion or even appreciable impairment never suggested itself. That was only three hundred and fifty years ago—and less. They came from a land where thrift and care had been taught by centuries of experience, but the old ways were soon forgotten, and never renewed. Until very lately, there was no uneasiness, no economy. On the contrary, a tremendous incoming swirl of humanity swept across the continent after the eighteen-sixties, carrying with it the same recklessness, the same waste, so that forests have faded, streams have at some seasons washed bare the lands and at others left them parching. Iron and coal have shrunk to a known supply sufficient at the present rate of use for not much more than another hundred years. Oil and gas fields once thought perpetual have died out; and in some of the older sections, the soil itself has



WILLIAM WHYTE

become sterile. We have sported with our resources until the end of them has begun to threaten, but we are more fortunate than the old king's prisoner in knowing what is left; and beyond that remainder, we know how we may bring back out of nature's eternal reservoir a restoration of original opulence to at least the most important of the things we had.

The conference held at Washington in February by the United States, Canada and Mexico was the first move toward what is hoped will be a world-wide system of conservation whereby may be preserved for

The commissions to which the work will be entrusted will do it well, undoubtedly, having their governments back of them in common, and all the skill of the world at their command. But back of the governments must be the force of the people, the power of public opinion and a clearly informed purpose. There cannot be too much publicity, too wide a diffusion of exact knowledge touching exact needs. No doubt this will be forthcoming. It is no part of my present intention to go into the matter as a propagandist at large, but there are some phases I wish to speak of in particular—not



FOR DEPENDABLE WATER WE MUST HAVE WOODS

each people the best it has for itself, and the most useful for others. The questions and policies involved are stronger than national boundary lines, since nature knows nothing about such things, and her stores and streams underlie or cross them in such a way as to require treatment in the mass and by the centralized best judgment of all the peoples. This first move is therefore of continental scope, and is concerned directly with things that lie at the very base of the daily individual life and sustenance of everyone living between the two great seas.

as a statistician nor a Jeremiah, but as one whose own life's work has brought him into contact with a few facts in nature that apply intimately to the well-being of his countrymen.

The governments will deal eventually with all resources of whatever kind, but there are two so closely related that they are practically one, and on that one rests more than on all the others. I mean timber-and-water.

Cement is coming to the relief of iron and steel. Newer methods of combustion are decreasing waste and realizing more fully the



FOREST SURVEY PARTY AT RIDING MOUNTAIN RESERVE, MANITOBA

soon to say that a method will yet be found whereby art will parallel nature in gathering and directing that fluid, or element, or whatever it is, which somebody has explained as "a manifestation of an attribute of matter," and the rest of us know as "the current." But while it is too soon so say so, it would be indiscreet to say the contrary. So many "impossibilities" of a few years ago are the commonplaces of to-day that a man who says any new

heat contents of coal. With the precious metals we need not trouble, seeing that the arts and exchanges will care for them, and that they are precious principally because they are so cunningly hidden in the earth that their exhaustion is not imaginable. And the last hundred years have disclosed the operation of a law in economics through which, when art exhausts the supply of any natural thing of daily use, an abundant substitute presents itself. For example, fifty years ago, as whale oil and its illuminants were flickering out, petroleum came in and brought with it a troop of by-products such as never before had been heard of. Coal itself has had its ups and downs since it succeeded wood and peat, and has been forced to give up substitutes—secondary but preferable, as electric light and energy. It is too

thing is impossible comes dangerously near to stating his own limitations. Many wise men, whose works have given



WESTERN CEDAR AND BLACK PINE. ROCKY MOUNTAIN PARK RESERVE, ALBERTA

weight to their words, openly hope for a primary control of electricity. When or if that comes, anxiety about the supply of coal and oil and natural gas may be dismissed.

And so with everything else but wood and water. Hewers of one and drawers of the other shall we remain until the end of time. Too much of both have we been, these latter days. The example of our neighbor to the south teaches us, if we be capable of learning, that we must hew less wood if we would still have water to draw, and that we must not draw it wastefully.

to do as yet more than initial harm. Here is where Canada may profitably stop and see what the big sister has done with her resources, and shape her own conduct in ways of righteousness, accordingly.

The timbered area of what are now Canada and the United States was originally about a billion and a quarter acres. Nearly four hundred and fifty million acres have been stripped, practically all within the last fifty years, mostly within the last thirty-five. The rate of destruction has been very swift. It must be checked.



FOREST RANGER INTERVIEWING CAMPERS, CYPRESS HILLS RESERVE, ALBERTA

That is the point: The United States has come to the edge of a period where distress is imminent, through utter improvidence, and the indulgence of private and corporate rapacity in dealing with the natural water supply and stripping the earth of trees. Canada, with less than a tenth of the population but a greater superficial area, has been gleefully toddling along on her own side of the fence, swinging her little axe and burning her little fires just like her big sister, but without the plentitude of numerical power

In the United States scientific forestry is practiced on seventy per cent. of the publicly owned forests, but on less than one per cent. of those privately owned. There are taken from the forests each year twenty-three billion *cube* feet, while the new growth is less than seven billion. Since 1870 not less than \$50,000,000 and fifty human lives have been destroyed each year by forest fires. The methods of cutting and treatment are such that only 320 feet of timber are used out of every 1,000 feet that stood in the forest.



THE WESTERN PROVINCES ARE FERTILE BECAUSE OF THEIR MANY STREAMS

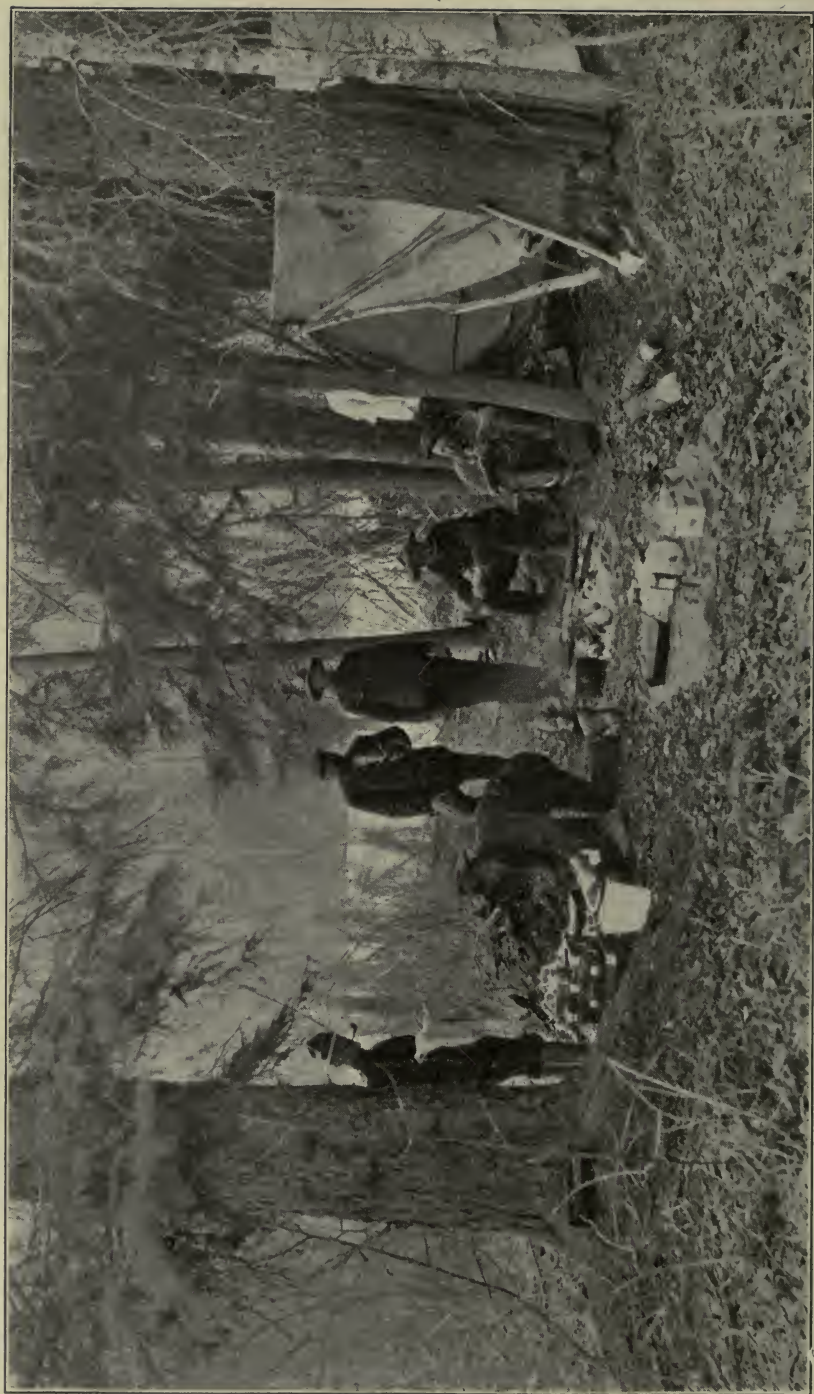
There are some three million private owners, over whom and whose methods practically no control is exercised.

The regions at the headwaters of great rivers, drainage-basins of first instance, have suffered most from wanton cutting. The

affluents of the principal waterways furnished cheap and easy access to the timber-markets, and this, with their surrounding growths of splendid wood, invited the lumbermen. For a generation or two the axes rang, and the rivers were scummed with



IT IS ESTIMATED THAT 332,612 LINEAR FEET OF LOGS WERE CUT FROM THE RESERVES IN ONE PROVINCE ALONE LAST YEAR



SPRUCE TIMBER OF GREAT SLAVE RIVER MAJOR JARVIS AND HIS MEN. IN THE TREES OF THIS REGION IS A NATIONAL ASSET OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE

rich freights of logs, until the trees thinned out and the streams rebelled, rising in the spring when nothing held back the thawing snows, and in the summer either roaring over banks with sudden rains, or for lack of rain shrinking to runlets that any thirsty herd of cattle might drink in two. The soil of the upland, going off with the melting snows, began to wash away to the underlying rock and gravel, while the soil of the valleys and lowlands went out with the floods.

The disturbance of those natural arrangements which worked out to a seasonable equalization of water supply changed the face of the immediate basins of the Mississippi and the Ohio. No one will ever know the money measure of the havoc thus wrought, as against the personal gain to the so-called lumber kings who caused it. To check it, and insofar as may be to restore the old conditions, the United States has been obliged to come forward with the institution of a system of dams in the upper reaches of those rivers, to govern their flow throughout the year. Reforestation and afforestation, both slow processes, have begun, and in time the evil will be corrected, so far as human skill may go.

These are but two of many instances that might be cited. The Maritime Provinces of Canada could furnish others, though none so glaring. But an indication of the tendency in Canada is furnished in the statement made by W. C. H. Grimmer, Surveyor General of New Brunswick, at the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, held in Toronto last February. Mr. Grimmer said then that timber limits in New Brunswick, which in 1898 were rated at \$8 per mile, were held in 1908 at \$200 to \$500 per mile.

Great Britain's Royal Commission on Coast Erosion last year made a survey of the timber resources of the world, more especially as bearing on the supply for the British market, which takes about £30,000,000 worth annually. The commission's investigation confirmed the belief already prevailing that the sources of supply hitherto depended upon were becoming exhausted, and found an explanation in "the reckless exploitation and the destruction of forests by fire and other agencies in the United States, Canada and Northern Europe, while the use of timber is constantly increasing," no substitute for wood having yet been found.

Northern Europe as referred to in that

report must not be taken to include the German empire. That country, when first the Romans and then the Huns assailed it, was one vast forest. In the centuries of its history as separate states and principalities, it was almost denuded of trees. But through the far-reaching wisdom of the governing body now directing it from Berlin, this has been changed. About one-fourth of Germany to-day is wooded; and under the best and most practicable set of forestry laws on the books of any country, forestation is not being fostered, but enforced. The interior supply is far short of the demand, and probably will be, always. But no tree comes down without another being planted, and the growths along the watersheds and courses are so cared for that already the natural waterways are coming into restoration. The great estates of that empire are not permitted to be dealt with for private purposes to the detriment of publicweal—a point in which England might see a little light.

Germany, moreover, though in that behalf Canada was first, has had an eye to the development of artificial waterways. One may travel across nearly all the states of the empire by motor boat, on rivers and commercial canals. Canada has nothing to learn from any other country about that, but rather, considering population, something to teach. The United States has been taking this to heart, and is contemplating new enterprises, one of which will tap the great lakes at Chicago and furnish water-transportation through to the Mexican gulf.

It is not in this article that I will broach the question of joint action with the United States in maintaining the level of those lakes, nor of governing international streams that furnish power. Whatever that question may involve will come within the purview of the conservation body itself. My present wish is to show and emphasize the necessity for taking a course completely opposite to that followed in the United States at and after a stage of development such as our own is at present. In this, it is by no means required that we await any initiative outside ourselves.

Canada has made a beginning. The eastern provinces may have much to repair. The western have much to build up. And the West has not been idle, though perhaps the provinces have been willing to lean upon

the Dominion government for a good deal that they might have done or be doing for themselves.

The great forests of Canada are northeast and northwest of Ontario, and on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. To the west of Hudson Bay and up to the Arctic shore are wide sweeps of land now wooded, and others, boggy or otherwise unattractive to agriculture, where afforestation now would provide enormous wealth in the future.

The Dominion forest reserves all lie in the northwestern provinces. There are twenty-six of them, including parks where timber is managed the same as in the reserves proper, but excluding the eastern slopes of the Rockies, though the same management is followed there also. The work of creating reserves is still in progress. Last year the region around Watertown lake in southern Alberta was examined for this purpose, and a recommendation was made that 195 square miles be set aside. Recommendations have also been made that 130 square miles be added to the Spruce Woods reserve in Manitoba, 238½ square miles to the Pines reserve in Saskatchewan, 45 square miles to the Beaver Hills reserve in Saskatchewan, and 192 square miles to the Cypress Hills reserve in Alberta.

Aside from the Dominion reserves in the west, there are important provincial reserves in Quebec and Ontario, of comparatively ancient origin. The Ontario government has several such, and a new one, covering a million acres in the Rainy River valley, was set aside this year. In Quebec, the Algonquin Park reserve has 1,280,000 acres—two thousand square miles, an enormous territory. It may not be amiss to say that the recently created Hunters' Island reserve, in declaring which the province of Ontario and the state of Minnesota joined, was brought about largely through the efforts of a Canadian railway official, Mr. Arthur Hawkes.

On the extreme west of the country, in British Columbia, the forests need to be looked after, and the present water law requires change. A correction of the unused records is necessary. Many of the streams are greatly over-recorded. An overhauling of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation

works. The acre-foot measurement should be substituted for the miner's inch, and the duty water shall perform should be specifically defined. Title to the water itself being vested in the crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go ought to be settled. British Columbia is vitally interested in the care of its water supply, since irrigation has come to play so large a part there; and this means care for the timber on the mountain slopes and at all heads of streams. The irrigation conventions held in that province have taken these matters up and should have the ear of the provincial legislatures. In this the United States has direct interest, since both the Kootenay and the Columbia rivers take their rise in British Columbia, so that the cutting of the forests in country tributary to them would have an injurious effect on the rainfall and the volume of water not only in Canada, but in the States.

The western provinces thus far have fairly well conserved their timber and therefore their water resources, but energy is needed in two directions—the planting of trees on farms and along highways, and rigorous regulations for the prevention of fires. The railways especially should be obliged to institute a system of forest ranging, and means of communication by wire or 'phone throughout all wooded regions traversed by their tracks. Then again, the same general rule as to seasons of comparative safety and danger from fires are now made applicable all over the Dominion. In this aspect, at least, the existing system needs revision. The greater danger lies in the western provinces, where population is more thinly distributed, railways farther apart, telephone service not so complete, rainfall less and not so frequent, and the winds not only drier (in fact they are dry) but of about double average velocity.

Between Ontario and British Columbia the whole west of Canada is forestable. The eastern provinces, as noted, are stirring to repair their losses and withhold the axe. His Excellency Earl Grey has put his hand to the work, and gone into co-operation with the Forestry Association and the Department of Agriculture. At the Toronto Convention referred to, his lordship urged the seriousness of the case upon the attention of the whole people, and was not unmindful of the western plains.

Not so long ago, the people of Manitoba

were told they could grow no trees except the Manitoba maple, the poplar and the birch. Look at our elms to-day. Broadway in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and the elms have made it so. The foliage has become so thick that the trees themselves will have to be thinned out. Of all the elms planted in Winnipeg, the records do not show that one per cent, has died.

For several years officials of the Canadian Pacific railway have co-operated with the Forestry Department of the government in the work of planting trees in the prairie country, at the same time doing their utmost to demonstrate to farmers generally the simple proposition that trees on their farms will draw moisture while serving as a protection against wind, snow and hail. If I were Minister of the Interior, I would require every homesteader, on receipt of title to government land, to plant trees on his farm, and I would undertake to show him that the purposes were not only utilitarian, but that in breaking the monotony of the prairie view, the trees would serve to beautify his home.

We railway men are not altogether unselfish in our anxiety to protect the forests of Canada. These forests protect our interests. If our railway building in the mountains is to be safeguarded, we must require the preservation of the trees. On the other hand, the wheat growers on the prairies have also a selfish interest, which fact they will recognize if they are wise. The prairie provinces are fertile because of the mountain streams. Take away the trees at the headwaters, and the streams are gone. When the Cypress Hills were stripped of timber, the railway was the

first to suffer in the loss of its bridges, which were swept away in the sudden rise of the rivers.

For settled conditions at their best, water is a first necessary thing. For dependable water we must have woods. The city of New York has recently expended \$150,000,000 in the construction of works to ensure a water supply. Without state protection to the forests of the Catskill mountains, whence the supply is drawn, that money would be wasted, and New York be left arid. I think this case is clearly to the point.

"The sole source of water is the rain," says Dr. McGee, Secretary of the Dominion Inland Waterways Commission, "and on one-sixth of this (in the final analysis) depends the habitability and productivity of the country." Each adult man, according to this same competent authority, takes into his system at least one ton of water in the course of a year, and each bushel of grain requires in its making from fifteen to twenty tons of water. Now, without trees to protect and disburse this water, all of which in one form or another comes from the sky, what would be the possibility of life animal or vegetable in any part of the world that by our standards may be adjudged enlightened? Here then is one of our very first concerns as a people in possession of a country still new: to preserve the forests, to spread tree-growth over the plains, to protect the streams. Let us join hands earnestly and heartily with the two other countries sharing with us this most favored of all the continents in conserving all its natural resources, but most of all, the woods and waters. And let us first of all be assiduous in setting and keeping our own house in order.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

BY S. E. KISER

I LIKE the maid who gives me cause to smile,
 I love the child that gives me little care;
 Men praise the ones who keep them laughing while
 They bend beneath the burdens they must bear.
 But woman—ah, God bless her!—
 Her love is true and deep
 For the child that brings her sorrow
 And the man who makes her weep.

SLAVES OF THE WIRE

BY J. A. McNEIL

TIME was when a confiding and unsophisticated public, and more especially the dwellers in rural regions, accepted with implicit faith any and every statement which appeared in the press. To clinch an argument it was only necessary to say: "I saw it in the paper," and it was a brave opponent indeed who would stand out against such a convincing assertion. Now a new generation has arisen and a portion of mankind has gone to the other extreme. It is not uncommon to meet men who openly avow that they disbelieve on principle everything that appears in a newspaper, and particularly so if they are referring to a specific journal which is an upholder of political tenets which differ from their own, or if it is otherwise at variance with their views. The great mass of newspaper readers will probably be found to occupy a middle ground between these two extremes, and the average citizen contents himself with an occasional grumble at what seems to him to be either inaccuracy or misrepresentation in the purveying of the news of the day or the diffusion of current opinion by his favorite newspaper.

The man who proclaims himself a skeptic regarding the reliability of published news reports, has, it may be admitted at the outset, a certain element of justification. One day he reads an account of a public event, a crime, an accident, or some other happening. Next day he learns, perhaps from the same newspaper, that the thing either never happened at all or that it occurred under such altered circumstances as to put a totally different face upon it. The reader who is constantly confronted by these experiences can hardly be blamed if he follows the example of the Psalmist and says in his haste that all men are liars, especially newspaper men.

If the man in the street had a clearer knowledge of the difficulties attending the collection and publication of the news of the day, he would probably revise many of his opinions. It is a common axiom that the average subscriber believes himself capable

of running a newspaper much better than the editor who performs that task. If given an opportunity to put his theories into practice, the inexperienced would-be journalist would immediately find himself at sea, owing to his ignorance of the various channels through which news is gathered. He would learn that the real makers of news are the common people who say and do and think and encounter the multitudinous things that make up the daily life of humanity. Journalism is an endless chain of many links, each depending on the strength of the other for the efficiency of the whole. Modern psychology holds that no two minds receive exactly the same impression from any given occurrence, no matter how simple, and judges and lawyers know how widely the testimony of honest men may vary regarding events of which they were eye-witnesses or in which they participated. The editor has to trust a great deal to the accuracy, the industry and the judgment of his reporters and his correspondents, while they in turn must glean their facts either from personal observation or from the statements of others who have not even the advantage of long training in recording their mental impressions. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that errors are inevitable in the hurried chronicling of the daily round. The endless chain is completed by the giving to the public of these accounts of the world's happenings which insensibly influence to a greater or less extent the actions, the thoughts and the beliefs of the reader.

The news matter printed by a daily paper falls naturally into two classifications. One covers local news, which is gathered by a staff of reporters under the direction of the city editor. The other consists of all reports from the outside world, which are received by wire and handled by the telegraph editor and his assistants. It is the purpose of this article to make clear to the casual reader some of the difficulties which beset the telegraph editor in his work of preparing for the press the hundreds of

despatches which come to his desk from all over the globe.

In doing so, it will be necessary to explain the system by which the newspapers of the United States and Canada receive a major portion of their telegraphic news. Most readers know that the leading journals of the big cities, in addition to taking advantage of the syndicated news services here described, have their own correspondents in the larger centres, while for the reporting of important happenings special staff writers are sent out from the office of publication to all parts of the country. Outside the score or two newspapers which come within the category of metropolitan dailies, and whose names are known all over the continent, there are published in the cities of the second, third and fourth magnitudes many hundreds of newspapers which serve a purely local field that the press of the great cities cannot reach, and the newspapers of this class are the ones which rely most on the news-gathering system spoken of in this article.

A large proportion of them are members of and subscribers to the organization known as the Associated Press, which has headquarters in New York and a number of branch offices located in various large centres throughout the United States. In the collecting and distributing of news, these branches serve much the same purpose as do the clearing houses which are so important a feature in the transaction of business between the banks of a large city. They are clearing houses for news. To paraphrase Lincoln's words in his Gettysburg address, the Associated Press is a news service of the newspapers, by the newspapers, for the newspapers.

Thus a Rochester journal which receives its telegraphic news from the branch at Buffalo will in turn transmit to that branch a report of any important events in its own city or the immediate vicinity. This report will be sent out by the Buffalo office to the other newspapers on its list and also to the other branches all over the Republic. The farther the item goes from its point of origin, the less is its news value, so a distant branch will greatly condense it before supplying it to subscribing papers or will perhaps "kill" it. Take for instance an occurrence of a few months ago in Brooklyn, when an explosion in a sewer trench caused the death of the workmen and a number of

school children who were passing. They were buried in debris and either cremated by the flames from the broken gas mains or drowned by a flood from the bursted water pipes. To the newspapers of the eastern States outside of New York City itself, this accident would be worth one or two columns of matter but in the remoter cities in California or Texas, the newspapers would accord it only a quarter or half column, reserving their space for home subjects more interesting to their readers. Those newspapers of the United States and Canada which are not members of the Associated Press receive their news from other organizations conducted on similar lines. Many of the big city dailies also conduct bureaus for selling to other and smaller newspapers a portion of the matter gathered through the agency of their special facilities.

With characteristic enterprise and determination to have the best, the daily newspapers of Manitoba and her sister provinces of the West organized an exclusive news service of their own several years ago. They had long labored under the disadvantage of paying heavy telegraph tolls for an abbreviated service from the sources which supply the newspapers of eastern Canada. A convention was held and after a full and frank discussion of the conditions, the Western Associated Press was established at Winnipeg under the superintendence of Mr. Frederic Livesay, a capable and experienced journalist. The "W. A. P.," to give it the title bestowed by the brevity-loving craft, has a leased wire world service direct from New York to Winnipeg, while the Canadian news is gathered by special correspondents in the important eastern and western Canadian cities. A representative is stationed at Ottawa to supply parliamentary and governmental news, and the Canadian Associated Press service, which is subsidized by the Dominion government, is also drawn upon for English intelligence of particular moment to Canadians. Leading newspaper men who have had the opportunity for effective comparison have agreed that the Western Associated Press is the only news service in Canada worthy of the name.

The covering of conventions, celebrations, expositions or other prearranged events is a comparatively simple matter for the news-gatherers. It is the unforeseen disaster or

crime that puts them upon their mettle in the effort to give to a waiting world the fullest and most accurate story obtainable. The San Francisco earthquake, the assassination of President McKinley, the collapse of the Quebec Bridge, the Baltimore fire,—these are the occasions that task the resources of the news services, and from the frenzied haste with which the work is performed, the consternation which pervades the scene of such occurrences, and the numberless difficulties which confront the newspaper men under such circumstances, it is at these times that despatches are most prolific of erroneous statement and most troublesome to the telegraph editor.

A case in point is furnished by the San Francisco earthquake and the resulting fire which in April of 1906 wrought such fearful havoc in the city of the Golden Gate. The catastrophe occurred just at dawn on April 18, the hour being 5.11 or, allowing for the difference in time, 8.11 on the eastern slope of the continent. Nearly two hours later, or a few minutes after ten o'clock, into the newspaper offices of the East came the brief and for a time incredible statement: "San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake this morning." This message was what is known as a "flash" bulletin, a despatch giving the first news of big events in the shortest possible form, and taking precedence on the wires over all other press messages in transit. This "flash" which had been sent out from the New York office of the Associated Press immediately upon receipt of the first word from Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, was the first of some sixty despatches placed upon the desk of telegraph editors of the evening papers between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. on that momentous day. In length they ranged from a few words or a few lines to connected descriptions containing five hundred to one thousand words. The second and third messages were dated from Chicago and the fourth was a statement given out by an official of a big railway system at Kansas City. After that the messages came by threes and fours from New York and Chicago, with other cities adding their quota of information about the disaster. The ninth despatch was from Sacramento, Cal., but it was not until the eleventh that direct communication was had with the stricken city. Washington, Albany, Fresno, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Los Angeles and Stockton

were some of the points from which came messages concerning the earthquake as it affected or interested governmental, railway, meteorological or other circles. It was from such widely divided sources and disjointed material that the telegraph editors had to build, like a picture in mosaic, a coherent and intelligible chronicle of the most destructive convulsion of nature in the modern history of the western world. How well they did their work is left to the judgment of the reader.

As a general rule, the first reports of big accidents are liable to exaggerate their seriousness so far as loss of life and destruction of property are concerned. In the case of San Francisco, the death list was at first placed as high as 4,000, but the final estimate was only about one-fourth of this number. It is human nature to believe the worst when something occurs to jar the individual out of the noiseless tenor of his way. Again, newspaper men on the scene of a railway wreck or a mine explosion often yield to the inclination to enhance the importance of a news story by accepting the first hasty guess at the casualties instead of making closer inquiries which would minimize the horror. Thus it is that the "Hundred Killed, Two Hundred Injured," who figure in big red letters on the front page of the "speshil edishuns," dwindle to one-tenth or one-fifth of these numbers in the later reports.

An exception to the rule was seen in the terrible upheaval which wiped out Messina and Reggio on December twenty-eighth of last year. The brief accounts given in the evening papers on that day said that three persons were known to have perished. Next morning the death roll was placed at forty thousand. Day by day it mounted,—to one hundred thousand, to two hundred thousand, even to three hundred thousand, until the revised estimate finally rested at one hundred thousand.

One concrete sample is worth a dozen abstract descriptions, so perhaps the reader may be interested in the following series of despatches which are given exactly as they were received at intervals in the "flimsy," the name given to the tissue paper sheets on which telegraphic news is duplicated and sent to the newspaper offices:

I.

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16:—The Barnegat life saving station reports that a steamer is ashore between Island Beach and Toms River. Life savers have gone to the assistance of the vessel.

II.

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Add steamer ashore)—The steamer ashore near Island Beach is the Carthagera, Captain W. S. Mason. She hails from Duluth, Minn. The steamer has signaled for a tug to take off her passengers. She is lying in an easy position, taking no water and is believed to be only slightly damaged.

III.

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Add str. ashore)—The life savers who have just returned from the Carthagera report that the crew of the steamer refuse to leave her, believing that she will be floated on the next high tide. The sea is smooth.

IV.

Philadelphia, Mar. 16.—(Follow Atlantic City, Carthagera ashore)—The wrecking tug North America sailed from the Delaware breakwater this morning for Island Beach. The tug will endeavor to float the steamer Carthagera.

V.

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—Barnegat Life Saving station reports that the steamer ashore near Island Beach is the Cearense of the Booth Line, from Para for New York.

VI.

Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Substitute for bulletin)—The British steamer Cearense, from Para for New York, struck on the shoals between the Toms River Life Saving station and Island Beach to-day, and is still hard aground. The vessel at once signaled for assistance, and a wrecking tug was ordered to her aid.

VII.

Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Add Str. Cearense

ashore)—The twenty-one passengers were safely taken off this afternoon by means of the breeches buoy.

It will be seen that after all the confirmatory detail of Nos. I., II., III. and IV., upon which a report would be prepared, a heading written, and the whole put in type and perhaps inserted in an early edition, the item was given an entirely different trend by despatch No. V. The account which reached the public in its corrected form was made up of Nos. VI. and VII., a total of 380 words having simmered down to seventy in the final analysis of the occurrence.

Nothing is more ephemeral than the daily newspaper. The morning's issue is out of date at noon, and the afternoon editions are elbowed out of the way by the sporting extras. Since the journalist's words are "writ on water" and so soon forgotten, there is a constant temptation for him to become careless and slipshod. In the case of the telegraph editor, when one considers the high pressure under which he works and the mass of material, made up of exaggeration, substitution, confirmation, repetition, contradiction, correction and explanation which passes through his hands, the wonder is not that he makes mistakes, but that he makes so few.



A RECIPE

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

TO make the gray old world more gay,
 To cheer a pal along the way,
 To paralyze the blooming blues,
 To dodge a tempting glass of booze,
 To show yourself that life's worth while,
 To beat a grouch by half a mile,
 To bring new light to faded eyes,
 To nail a liar in his lies,
 To medicine a thousand ills,
 To side-track inconvenient bills,
 To take the venom from a sting,
 To win a heart—or anything,
 SMILE!



A FUGITIVE FROM LUXURY

BY FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. SCHWALM

HE MADE a very sober little figure sitting on the broad stone step with the dignified doorway at his back, his chin buried in his palms and his elbows planted firmly on his knees; but Cecil had learned that the place to think big, serious thoughts was on a stone doorstep, sitting in just that way, and of late there had been so much of this kind of thinking to do that he seemed almost to have grown fast to the step—to have become a sort of picture boy set in the frame of a massive doorway. There was where he had always taken his books from the start; it was his place.

A boy of eight isn't generally supposed to have memories—that is, according to the stupid judgment of grown-ups—but Cecil John Alverstone Dart was nothing more nor less than a tingling, seething mass of memories. All that he saw or smelled or ate or heard somehow made him remember something that belonged to his life before he left the plain little white house out on the great prairie and came to live with Uncle Bob in the great and beautiful mansion on the most fashionable street in the city.

It had not been so at first—everything was so new and grand and exciting that not a memory bothered him. Every day had a fresh and splendid surprise for him. First there were his new clothes—and he loved beautiful clothes as instinctively as he did ice cream, chocolate cake or the quivering puddings stuck full of nuts and fruits which Jean, the Scotch cook, made with a special eye to his delight. Then there was the house to explore. To be suddenly transported from a four-room cabin on the prairies—a cabin of which he knew by heart every board and every unframed picture—to a

great stone mansion with quite as many rooms as a palace, imposes no light task of exploration upon a mind so inquiring and imaginative as Cecil's. He felt that he could not rest until he had mastered the fascinating mysteries of his new abode as completely as he had come to know the details of the little up-country cabin.

And so, for weeks, he had lived an active and industrious life of exploration. Cecil could not understand how Robinson Crusoe could have settled down on the end of the desert island on which he had been cast up, without first walking all about it and learning its secrets; when Uncle Bob had read the book to him, he had asked: "But why didn't he explore it first—that's always the first thing to do with a new place?"

There were many rooms and closets and curious little nooks and seats and corners and hiding-places and such a world of beautiful pictures and curious trinkets—then the attic and the stables! Oh, it was a busy place for a small explorer who did his work with true Scotch thoroughness, and could not pause until he knew every hidden secret under the great roof, every thing and every creature in the stable, even to the grizzled old rat that blinked fiercely at him from the hole in the corner of the unused box-stall. He just *had* to find out everything about the place before he could rest content—and that shut out all disquieting memories and made life one grand and absorbing round of excitement.

Then came the trips with Uncle Bob in the new touring-car and the lessons from the little lady with the big brown eyes and the gentle manners. She had a way of making him feel that those lessons were somehow

very important and went with the grand new life into which he had so suddenly stepped. Besides the feeling that it was his duty to master his lessons and that it would make his Uncle Bob uncommonly happy for him to do so, he found them strangely absorbing. Books had not been a part of his "other life," as he had come to call it, and even the arithmetic was not without its interest, while the geography was fascinating—which is not in the least strange, considering his tastes and achievements as an explorer!

And Uncle Bob had been as crafty and as resourceful in shutting troublesome memories and perplexing questions out of the mind of his young charge as in keeping opponents out of Parliament and getting lands and buildings and horses and all the good and costly things which a gay and shrewd bachelor may desire. He had once overheard Uncle Bob say to a beautiful young lady: "Poor kid! I keep him so busy that he doesn't get time to think or ask himself questions. But if he ever starts that sort of thing I'll be hard pushed—for he's a serious little beggar!" Uncle Bob and the lady were standing together in his own room, and were looking down at him

thinking he was asleep. He could hear music and many voices in the room below, and it was evident that Uncle Bob was having company. But just as he was looking at the face of the lady in the dimly-lighted room, and thinking how lovely she was, he had fallen asleep again and dreamed of the time in his other life when he had found a wolf-pup in the long grass and had brought it home in his blouse.

And here we are, back at the stone steps again—for all this was before Uncle Bob had been called away to the extra sitting of

Parliament and before the memories and longings had laid sudden and fearful siege to his heart. No pleasure which the gentle and crafty governess could devise was able to tempt him from his melancholy broodings on the steps of the mansion.

Yes, everything was changed; things from the other life began to come back to him; and the longer he thought upon them, the wilder grew the inward tumult. It seemed to him a very long time since that

night when he had come with his mother to Winnipeg—that first wonderful ride on the cars!—and had wakened up in his beautiful bedroom in Uncle Bob's great house. But it had really been months instead of years, as it seemed to Cecil.

His mother? Where had she gone? He knew that Uncle Bob had repeatedly assured him that she had been obliged to go away—far away—on important business. But as he sat on the stone steps, day after day, and thought the long thoughts of childhood, he somehow knew that there was something about his mother which his Uncle Bob had not told.

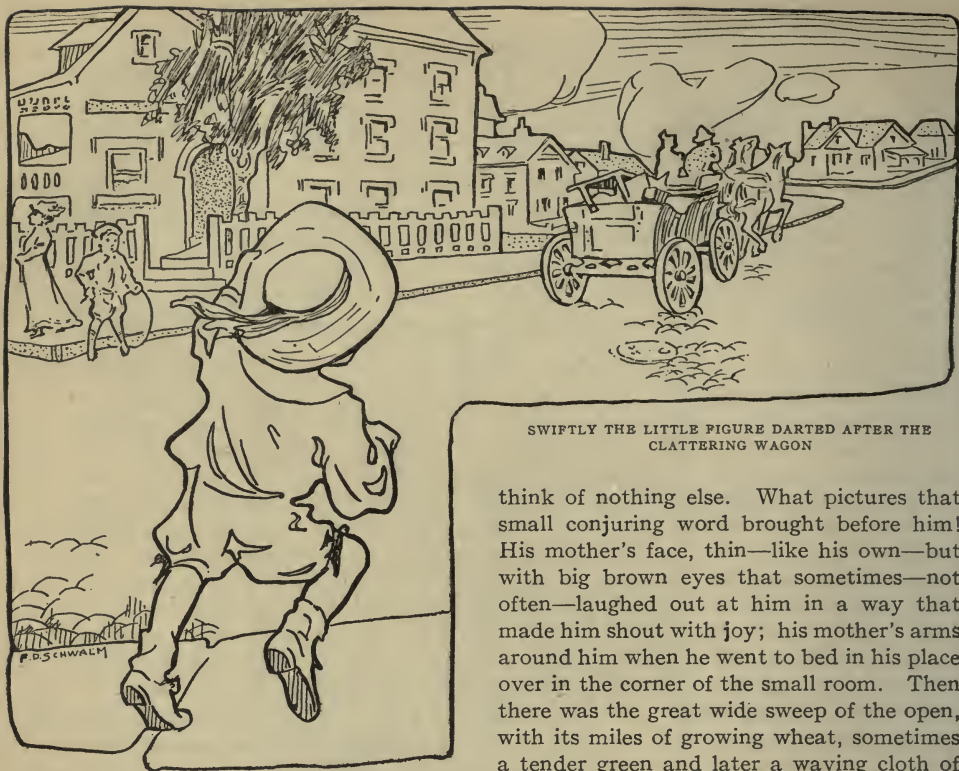
And, as for his father, he had been mostly away from home ever since he had gone into service with the mount-

ed police. Cecil was not quite sure of his attitude towards the half-stranger father who had a habit of appearing at home most unexpectedly, and of kissing him so roughly that his close-cropped moustache pricked disagreeably. But, more unpleasant than the pricklings from his father's bristling lip were the angry words which, just at the last, seemed to be associated with his father's home comings.

Then, too, the memories which crowded so fiercely upon him brought other half-



CECIL REVELED IN TOYS



SWIFTLY THE LITTLE FIGURE DARTED AFTER THE CLATTERING WAGON

forgotten things to his mind. In that other life he had not had the good things to eat which he now had. Not even at Christmas had he found in his stockings as many dainties as he now had every day of his life in the great house. Nor had a Christmas on the prairie ever brought him more than three playthings—the drum, the sword and the cloth picture book. Now he had only to go up to the pleasant room which the lady of the lessons occasionally spoke of as “the nursery,” to revel in toys—a boat which would sail in the bathtub, a red locomotive which would run round and round on its bright circular track, an engine that could be wound up like the little clock in the prairie cabin and would pump water and whistle—oh yes, it was all very different now from what it used to be when he was a poor little boy in a prairie cabin instead of Uncle Bob’s boy—but!

And never did anything grow so strangely fast as did that “but” in the brooding mind of the transplanted boy! When first he felt its presence it was like a small grain of wheat. As he pondered, day after day, it seemed to sprout and multiply until he could see and

think of nothing else. What pictures that small conjuring word brought before him! His mother’s face, thin—like his own—but with big brown eyes that sometimes—not often—laughed out at him in a way that made him shout with joy; his mother’s arms around him when he went to bed in his place over in the corner of the small room. Then there was the great wide sweep of the open, with its miles of growing wheat, sometimes a tender green and later a waving cloth of gold. The very memory of how it smelled came to him with tantalizing distinctness—it was such a good smell that to think of it made his throat tight and his eyes fill with tears. Here were only houses and houses and stores and more houses! Something wild within him—a fierce hunger for the great free out-of-doors, for the smell of the prairie and the wheat fields, for the snug little cabin, for the old playthings and for the mother who sometimes laughed with her eyes—grew and swelled in his lonely heart until the great house and all its beautiful rooms and his wonderful playthings and his fine clothing and even gentle Uncle Bob framed themselves into a picture of something from which he must flee.

In this way Cecil arrived at his great resolve. He would *escape!* But how? And on the broad steps of the big house, with his pointed chin in his hands, the plan suddenly came to him—came with the passing of a wagon which he knew must belong to somebody near that other home of his because it was unlike the city wagons and had the same kind of high seat and sides, and the same red paint which belonged to all the wagons he could remember to have seen in his other

life on the prairies. This very wagon must now be going back to that other home of his, for it was loaded with rattling furniture and household goods such as he had seen unloading at the cabin of the new settler where his mother had called to offer a few eggs and a quart of milk. There could be no doubt about it—this wagon was going back to his other home—

Swiftly the little figure darted from his seat on the stone step, caught the tailboard of the clattering wagon and then disappeared over the high endboard, losing itself under the shelter of a bobbing table that was to bring joy to the wife of the settler who rocked comfortably on the high seat as he smoked the cigar which the storekeeper had given him.

* * * * *

A posse of mounted police drew up to a dreary little trading post; the inspector went inside and received a telegram, brought by special messenger from the nearest telegraph station. His face went white.

"What is it, Tom? Bad news from ——"

But he checked himself and left the ques-

tion unfinished, remembering that the inspector no longer boasted a home.

"Yes. My kid, my little boy—he disappeared from Winnipeg. They turned the town upside down and no trace of him. The only clue has just been found. A grocer's boy who knows the neighborhood saw a youngster of his description leave the steps of his uncle's house and flip onto the tailboard of a freighter's wagon. As nearly as they've been able to make out that freighter was hitting out for the old North Trail. Some of you go to the telegraph station. Mike—you come with me. I'll look for news at Devon's Corners."

With a few added directions he swung into the saddle and they were off. Only one of his posse remained with him, and they exchanged scarcely a word in the long ride that finally brought them to Angus MacDougall's place. A quick inquiry from the inspector brought out the information that Campbell, a settler twenty miles beyond, had discovered a fine little lad, dressed in the best of city clothes, stowed away in the rear of his wagon, and that he was taking the



"WE'LL GET MOTHER ALL RIGHT—DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT"

boy on home to be cared for until the mounted police should call for him.

"It seems th' lad was aye homesick fer his mither an' his faither an' the big outdoors—but mainly, I tak' it, fer his mither, an' had jumped oot of th' lap o' luxury t' try an' get back."

The inspector did not wait for further words, but hurried on up the trail, reaching the Campbell shack at sunset. As he entered, he saw Cecil sitting at the table, with its oil cloth spread, a towel pinned carefully about his neck and the mother of four sturdy girls—and no boy—beaming upon him. The moment he saw the inspector his knife and fork dropped from his hand and he gave a glad little cry. The next instant the arms of the inspector had him fast and Cecil was finally compelled to cry out:

"Your lip's so prickery; it hurts! But I'm glad you found me. I was getting awful lonesome, and it rode very jigglely in the wagon under the table. I want to go home to mother. Uncle Bob's very, very good to me, but I just hate houses and houses with no fields that smell good—an' no mother."

The Campbells, suddenly sensing the odd situation, had vanished from the room, and father and boy were left alone.

"But," awkwardly began the inspector.

"It was the *buts*," finally suggested Cecil, "that made me feel so bad that I had to leave Uncle Bob's. Everything was splendid there, but there wasn't any mother or any big outdoors or—or—any of the things I'd been used to, always."

The inspector said nothing, and the boy continued:

"Are we going to sleep here to-night before you take me home?"

It seemed a long time to Cecil before his father replied, and while he was waiting for his answer, he fell to thinking that his father was certainly a soldierly-looking man, and that maybe, if they were better acquainted, he would come to like him very much.

"Yes," at last responded the inspector. "To-morrow I'll take you to your mother—she's not at home now, but I think she'll come back if we both ask her to and are very kind to her."

"And if you promise never to make her cry again," was the startling suggestion of the boy, who finally added:

"When mother laughs with her eyes I think she's more beautiful than—than—"

"So do I, Cecil," the inspector interrupted. "Now, crawl up into my lap and I'll tell you what happened to me on the trail. We'll get mother all right—don't worry about that!"

Later a sleepy voice interrupted the story of the trail with the irrelevant comment:

"Doorsteps are awful good places to think on, aren't they? And it'll be awfully nice to get home an'——"

And the drowsy voice trailed off in the quiet of satisfied slumber.

The inspector sat long, holding the warm relaxed little figure and saying to himself:

"Yes, boy! We'll make her laugh with her eyes again—often—we will!"



THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED

He comes, this assisted immigrant, a cheerful farewell behind, a grudging welcome greeting him, not twenty minutes of experience in farming his,—a neighbor to the man who came without asking and without assistance, with two hundred years of practical fitting in his education. He meets a man of independent spirit, of the same old type who asked odds of no mortal man. But weak as he is, unprepared as he is, he gets hope and strength from that very neighborhood.

Every American pioneer could drive his own team, make or mend his own tools, build his own house, furnish it, put food in it. The poorest frontiersman was absolutely independent, and he was owner of absolute self-confidence. The strong thrust of destiny and heredity and hope were all behind him. Of him indeed it might be said: "It was worth while to hew and build; it was worth while to sow and reap and sow again; it was worth while to rear children in all the cleanliness and simplicity of country living, teaching them the fear of God, the love of country, the reverence due to older people, the scorn of pride and slavery and oppression. It was worth while to shape towns and villages and constitutions, and institutions, and a free state in God's open field, beneath divine overbending skies, the empire of good will. In seeking the new home they new-found themselves, renewed their racial youth in perennial inspiration." It was a teacher in the American West, born in the only really American part of America, who wrote these lines. Why should they not also appeal to the weak and despairing of an older world to-day?

Shall the weak be left to starve because they are weak? Does government mean that for its humanity? Has civilization no better corrective than that to offer for its own abuses? Does civilization, spite of the

iron law of competition, owe its helpless ones no duty. All Canada, sombre and serious in her new great days, asks that England shall answer that.

An emissary from Great Britain said no later than yesterday: "There is a strong British sentiment throughout Canada, but keenest at the coast. The authorities should introduce as many British settlers as possible in the country between Winnipeg and the coast, where the population is at present very cosmopolitan." Now it is precisely this introduction of British settlers into that part of Canada which makes the knotty part of our problem, at which Canada now pauses. She has put up certain bars against England, but how about bars against America? That British settler in this middle country meets the American invasion—which found that country, made it feasible and is taking it in part—the "Yankee", admittedly indispensable, but in some thoughtless quarters disliked and even dreaded!

The very pretty little problem, moreover, does not lack its other complications. Now comes Australia, with conditions in very many respects quite as easy, a country quite as rich, and with land laws the most liberal on earth, and makes her bid for English immigration. We shall have more to say of the Australian method presently. Just now it is sufficient to say that every English settler who deserts Canada for Australia leaves just that much more opening in Canada for the American invasion. We have not yet got any answer. We only have found problems.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRANSPLANTING

"THE wilderness lies shining before us. It is old and silent. Would you know its secrets? Read the rocky record which lies behind, around, beneath; and be assured

that, once the story of yesterday were understood, the facts of to-day would ask no wider explanation. The physical forces of this world still drive the loom that weaves the web of life. Before the loom the unseen weaver sits, guiding her web that passes to an endless roll, changing withal the width, the pattern, as conditions rise. Changes her arabesque, it is for cause; changes it not, it is alike for cause. And if at intervals as we watch anon new figures rise may it not be but the return of some earlier triumphant cycle, that here begins anew, evident enough in cause and feature were once that giant scroll unrolled, or were her watchers more patient, more enduring? Alas, in presence of this mighty loom, what fleeting, evanescent interpreters are we!"

These words, written by one who has found his life work in geology, a student, a great scientist, are wholesome for pondering by those who essay the uncertain field of sociology. They ought to teach the human humility which should replace mere self-seeking and self-sufficiency. They ought to teach unwillingness to announce any infallible plan for the solution of theorems which nature is accustomed to work out for herself, in her own way, and in spite of man's meddling.

Yet, if we be daring enough to sally into any difficult field, there will be satisfaction if we can repeat that in attempting its large problems we have used the large methods of research and of science, rather than to have yielded to the temptation to give mere selfishness the guise of reason. All life is selfishness, all national growth surely is selfishness; yet when selfishness touches logic, logic flees.

Except in dispassionate reasoning, there is no conclusion worth the having. Let us at least claim so much as dispassionateness for our pages; and claim also that we have sought to collect without fear or favor a number of premises, in the belief that, conflicting as they seem, they yet may be found to offer some valid conclusion.

We may without contradiction claim that we have reduced the argument on Canadian colonization practically to the conflict between the hard head and the soft heart. "Ah," you say, "that is to leave it where we found it!" Perhaps we may claim rather more than that. Perhaps we dare say that a reconciliation of this conflict not only may be but must be found. Perhaps we dare say

that England not only may but must contrive something definite in the way of governmental policy; that philanthropy not only may but must mend its ways. Like most answers to hard problems, this is the simplest and most obvious. The only difficulty in reading it lies in that blindness which comes of narrowness and selfishness—our refusal to admit that as human beings we are but small atoms on the world—our refusal to admit that it is our vast conceit and not our vast knowledge which holds us fast to the old, useless, hopeless ways.

It is national conceit in Europe, in Canada, in the United States, which says that times have not changed, which points out the old ways of settling a country and declares that those ways are good enough to-day. The corollary of such conceit is ruin.

For instance, the ways of the United States in settling its new lands were excellent in their time. They built up a splendid, aggressive manhood, built up a rich and resourceful country. Yet to apply those ways to Canada to-day would be to cut Canada off from the British Empire as surely as that the sun will rise! Assuredly, unless she shall open her eyes to the fact that these are new and different days, that the world has changed, and that those who do not change with the times must perish of the times, then England's fate will be that of all the blind.

That is the reduction. Let us push the reduction to an absurdity. By elimination let us get at remedies. Let us say that Canada does not wish to separate from England. Very good, so much the more narrows our field of thought and conjecture. Suppose we review briefly that narrowed field—but accepting the truth that what once would have served will no longer serve in national ways; that times do change, and that new methods must be found.

We can go on safely to say that mere enthusiasm, mere compassion and even mere disinterestedness, cannot avail to solve the problems of the poor. Such problems are not those of sentiment, and they can be solved by no idealism which is devoid of commonsense as well. If England, indefinitely is to maintain her ancient and strong position among the shifting and growing nations of the world, she needs to work to some agreed and accepted type of practical colonization, governed by a prac-

tical philanthropy, stipulated and regulated by the government itself. She can afford few farther experiments. Certainly she cannot afford to handle her problem on the same old basis of charity and gratuity, of collecting and dumping. Canada cannot afford to make those mistakes which the United States is making even now, so rapidly and so terribly,—mistakes which surely will result in the adulteration and weakening of its population.

We safely can advance, then, to the point of saying that packed populations must not be dispersed hit-or-miss, must not be lumped and massed and left to starve in the same old way in different surroundings. We dare to say that immigration should be distributed in appointed places, where each unit shall help the most and hurt the least. Ah, give them *room*,—room to *grow*, to breathe, to rear good children, to *grow* up into good men and women; *room* to feel that religion and human kindness and hope are not bitter lies; *room* so to live that they shall not curse God and ask to die! Surely we can say all this, and hold our ground, can we not?

Direct transplanting of helpless and unfit human plants means ruin. The handling of the human plant, stage by stage, up again to the full plane of human usefulness—that is a great work, a *giant* work. It is big enough for any giant in government, for any giant in philanthropy, any giant among men or among nations.

That task is to insure a start back to the land on such terms as will not insure death and failure. It offers a fighting chance to those who would work if they had the opportunity. For those who cannot work when chance is offered,—Ah, let us look aside and uncover as death goes by! Let the civilization which has slain give interment to its dead. To give those in whom the vital spark is not yet gone an opportunity to grow—that is *task enough for any giant among the nations*.

Yet, so far as known, no large experiment of practical sort ever has been worked out in Canadian colonization. It has, as our foregoing pages prove, all been hit-or-miss philanthropy, politics, selfishness, touchy charity and tricky business, vying with each other as to which could make the most mistakes and do the most harm alike to England and to Canada. May we not safely say—always adhering to our statement that times have changed—that the solution of

such a question no longer should be left to conflicting ideas and to the warring interests of individuals? The joint thought of a *government*, the joint thought of a *nation* is none too great and wise for such a question. May we not agree to this? May we not safely say that we have come step by step up to the gate of the government? May we not logically lay such question *at the door of England itself?*

England can save a generation of time in colonization if she likes. On the other hand, she can, if she likes, lose that generation. By taking thought, she can add a cubit to the stature of the empire, and herself can add a century to the empire's life. That is to say, she can offer a colonization which an immigrant can accept without losing his self-respect, and without losing his usefulness to the Dominion. Or, as alternative, she can go along in the same old ways, through this or the other changing administration, this or the other changing policy, and let matters take care of themselves as they always have, one theory quarrelling with another, one organization wrangling with another, and all striving against natural law and natural commonsense.

England, if she likes, can refuse to believe that any human sowing is possible except the same old sowing which has rotted human life in the centers of civilization heretofore. She can refuse to transplant intelligently; Canada can refuse to accept. Canada can refuse to care for, to prune and to guide the human plants offered her. Whether she shall or shall not refuse is for Canada to say; or for some great man of Canada to say. In such partings of the ways lies the choice between a national glory and a national despair.

That parting of the ways comes in time to any new land seeking population. It came swiftly to the United States, all too swiftly; and without doubt or question the United States chose the wrong path, that of unregulated individual selfishness, which assuredly will lead to later retrogression. The new lands of the United States are no longer settled by the self-selected dominant frontiersman. To-day the United States rather accepts the guidance of steamship companies and railways—individual selfishness. The result is swiftly and sadly ripening in that commercialism which controls even American politics to-day, which makes American ideals a mockery before the world.

Now or in time this same question will come to Canada. Shall she follow the example of the American Republic in keeping the talents entrusted to her? What shall be her path at the parting of the ways? What shall be the population *average* for the Dominion, for the Empire? Shall so great a question be determined in these changed times by personal greed or personal impulse? Is it not rather for a *government* to answer?

Have we not been fair thus far? If we have not, the fault has not been through any personal bias on the author's part. If there has been weakness of reasoning, it has not been through weakness of intent. Tell us where we have thus far been unfair. Where are we wrong if we shall lay this problem at the door of government? Where are we wrong if we shall demand that government shall solve the problem of the hard head and the soft heart at one stroke; through one policy; one new idea? Where shall we be wrong if we point out a plan old as the first garden of the world, and simple as the tilling of a glebe!

Whether Canada likes it or not, the poor of the world are going to be transplanted, and transplanted to her field, because that is fate. Now, does she wish to see these plants wither and die, or to see them grow to stature and strength? What does the gardener do with his new plants, weak and white of tendril? He sets them out near to some well-built trellis, does he not? He shields them from too warm a sun, does he not; from too great a cold? He trains them to look aloft to that stronger trellis for support, does he not? And then—

And *then*; there is our answer! Its cost, its difficulty may not logically be considered at all. There is the answer! This is to be done by government. Tell us, may we not safely go thus far, and claim that no other answer can be found but this?

This answer already is suggested by fate. It already has been approved by unsolicited events. There lie the fields, already provided with the stake and trellis, over hundreds of miles already ploughed and sown in strong and fit humanity. These hardy settlers are scattered here and there over the vast new empire of the Canadian West.

The paths of the world go apart for a time, but interbraid again. Two old paths but meet here again in the Canadian West. Back on the old and usual one still are the hopeless

poor, the pale, white product of the city; the poor, the hopeless, despairing, apathetic, awful, deadly, dreadful poor.

Transport these, down the broad trail of empire, till they find the well ordered fields where the new paths come in, paths were stronger men have forerun them to begin the work, to prepare the fields with stake and trellis.

In such prepared environment set out your plants, weak and white of tendril; and ask God to give them watering; and trust God to spell the answer.

Take that answer, whether or not it means that Canada is to remain a dependency of England. Great England will not be great until she dare abide that answer.

One thing only is certain; the new-comer in Canada will not remain Englishman, "Yankee," German—he will become Canadian. The soil will raise its own crop; the crop will adjust itself to its environment.

In western Canada there is environment good enough to raise men and women in type, almost, indeed, "as much superior to the slum dwellers of cities as man to-day is superior to Tyndal's antediluvian reptiles."

Any traveller in western Canada may see the miracle of modern life swiftly set in place on this frontier; roads, schools, intercommunication, every anticipation of denser settlement,—these things are accomplished or assured in advance of actual settlement. Railroad building in western Canada assumes enormous proportions, not now for military but for industrial reasons. Wheat must be carried. It pays its own way as it goes. It no longer is a question whether railways may risk building across these long unused plains. The only question is where they can find steel and wood and men to do the work. This tremendous sweep to the westward of the white race across the provinces of western Canada is an astonishing, an absorbing, a tremendous, an epochal thing. It was not England planned it. It was a thing solemnly ordained in the stars.

When need was, these new fields were discovered ready for human planting, because elsewhere the hotbeds were overcrowded. Since need is, already these new fields are planted with the strong, already the trellises are ready for the weak. The dream of philanthropy itself is ready to come true. The hope of the hard-headed idealist is within reach even now.

(To be continued)



JOSEPH KILGOUR
In "The Easiest Way"



ANDREW ROBSON
Featured in "The Wolf"



JULIUS MCVICKER
Managing his own company

SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN PLAYERS

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is often said that Canada has no stage and while that is true to a limited extent, since few productions are made in Canada, it is nevertheless a fact that the Dominion has had a marked influence on the stage of this continent, for the list of Canadians who have won both fame and fortune through their work in opera or drama is truly remarkable.

Perhaps the most conspicuously successful actor-manager on the American stage to-day is Henry Miller who was born in London, Ontario. Mr. Miller, although in the managerial end of the business only a few years, has sponsored such stars as Alla Nazimova, Edith Wynne Mathison and Margaret Anglin, the Ottawa girl who relinquished a life of social triumph for a career on the stage and who has just returned from an Australian tour wherein she duplicated her New York successes.



HENRY MILLER
Actor-manager

Another London man in the managerial field is William Hendrie Currie, who for twelve years was associated with Charles Hoyt, playing leading roles in every production of that famous playwright. After Mr. Hoyt's death, Mr. Currie formed a partnership with George H. Broadhurst, author of "The Man of the Hour" and other successes, and theirs became one of the notable producing firms of America.

James K. Hackett has not won fortune from his venture as a manager, though a great measure of artistic success has been his portion. Mr. Hackett, who was born at Wolfe Island, near Kingston, is generally considered the foremost romantic actor of the American stage.

Perhaps the most famous Canadian in opera is Madame Albani, often called the greatest of dramatic sopranos, who was born at Chambly, Quebec, and who made her



MAY IRWIN
Starring in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse"

first public appearance in Montreal under her own name, Marie Louise Emma Cecile Lajeunesse, taking the name of Albani when she made her Italian debut. Her successes in London, Paris and Berlin were repeated in the United States and in her native land, where Albani's name was almost a household word when she was at the zenith of her fame. Albani now confines her attention to concert and oratorio work.

Pauline Donalda, now singing in grand opera in Paris, is a Montreal girl, who made her debut under the auspices of Lord Strathcona and who adopted her stage name from her patron's Christian name of Donald. Mme. Donalda has been most successful in her operatic career.

A lyric soprano of the Opera Comique in Paris is Miss La Palme, a Montreal girl, who has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein for next season in New York. Miss La Palme is also a violinist of note, having won the gold

medal for violin playing at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Francis MacLennan and his wife, Florence Easton, who are singing in grand opera, are Canadians, and a Guelph boy, Edward Johnson, who was the star of "The Waltz Dream" last season, is also appearing in grand opera with marked success.

Beginning as a supernumerary, at fifty cents a night, at the old Lyceum Theatre in Toronto, her native city, that wonderful actress, Clara Morris, rose to a place without equal on the American stage. At a benefit recently given to her in New York, Miss Morris said she had always wondered why God had sent no children to her, but as she was greeted by that vast audience of generous fellow-workers, she realized it was that her heart might hold only remembrances and love of them. Since



WILLIAM HENDRIE CURRIE
Manager and Producer

she has left the stage, Miss Morris has devoted her attention to literary work. The *New York Journal* frequently uses articles from her pen, her short stories appear in the current magazines and her books are popular for their keenly analytical, yet humorous, outlook.

William Courtleigh has had a career that certainly was not monotonous. Born in Guelph, Ontario, his family took him to St. Louis when he was but three years of age. In his early manhood he studied law, indulging in amateur performances as pastime, until he joined a small repertoire company touring the West, when it became serious work. After two seasons with Fanny Davenport, the late Augustin Daly secured Mr. Courtleigh's services for the succeeding four years, but after one season, we find the actor creating the leading characters in "Blue Jeans" and "In Old



MARGARET ANGLIN
Just returned from Australian tour



EDGAR SELWYN
Actor-manager-dramatist

Kentucky." Two years in Daniel Frohman's stock company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, three years at Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre, were followed by leading roles in many notable productions. Two vaudeville sketches owe their being to Mr. Courtleigh's talents, "Third Degree," and "Peaches." At present he offers a most convincing character-portrayal in "A Fool There Was," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

Since Julia Arthur became Mrs. B. P. Cheney, she has been seen but little upon the stage. She was born in Hamilton, making her first professional appearance in that city at the age of twelve years with Daniel Bandman as the Prince of Wales in "Richard III," afterward becoming a member of his organization, playing any part in any play to gain experience. She was the first American actress to attain success upon the English stage, succeeding



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH
With "A Fool there Was"

Ellen Terry as leading woman to Sir Henry Irving.

Viola Allen, a Toronto girl, has never played a minor role in all her stage career. As leading woman of the famous Empire Stock Company in New York, she created many parts. Beside starring in "The Christian," "In the Palace of the King," and "The Eternal City," and last season, in "Irene Wycherly," she has played all the leading female Shakesperean roles. This season, she is starring in "The White Sister."

Robert McWade began his career in 1857. He was born at Long-Sault Rapids in Lower Canada. For twenty-three consecutive years his "Rip Van Winkle" was a rival to that of the late Joseph Jefferson, and during that time he appeared in every city in the United States, Canada and Australia. The veteran actor is playing this season, in "Via Wireless." His desire that he may be again permitted to return to a delineation of the vagabond of the Catskills is echoed by those who have seen his lovable creation.



CATHERINE PROCTOR
With "Paid in Full"



SYDNEY JARVIS
With "The Fair Co-Ed"



EUGENE REDDING
With "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway"

Eugene Cowles, for ten years leading basso with the Bostonians, was born at Stanstead Plains, P. Q. It is estimated that as Will Scarlett in "Robin Hood," Mr. Cowles sang "The Jet Black Crow" and "The Armorer's Song," over 5,000 times. Since leaving the Bostonians, he has toured with his own company, and has sung with Alice Nielsen, Fritz Scheff, Lillian Blauvelt and Marie Cahill, with whose company he is now associated.

It was a Toronto girl, Maud Allan, who originated the celebrated "Salome" dance, which became such a fad last season. Miss Allan's classic dancing created a sensation in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. In 1900 she became "the rage" in Europe and her popularity seems not to lessen, but increase. Feted by society, welcomed by royalty, and acclaimed by the press, it is safe to assert that her professional appearance in this country will be attended by equal triumphs.

Lena Ashwell, a favorite of the London stage, spent



CUYLER HASTINGS
With "The Girl of the Golden West"



AMELIA SUMMERVILLE
In Vaudeville

Lady," a comedy of the stage by James E. Forbes (a Canadian too, by the way, born at Guelph, Ontario), are the subjects of much newspaper comment.

It is somewhat remarkable that three of the *Prince Danilos* in "The Merry Widow" have been Canadians: Donald Brian, a native of the Maritime Provinces, who created the role in the original New York production; Charles Meakins, a Hamilton boy, now on tour with the western company, and Albert Jeannotte, the tenor of Madame Calve's recent concert tour, who was educated at the Jesuit College, Montreal.

Amelia Summerville, of Irish descent, is always proud to call herself a Canadian. She says, "The best comediennes on the stage to-day are 'Canucks!'" She enthuses, too, over the Holmans, one of the most famous theatrical families in Canada, from whose school many of our best actors have graduated.

A comedienne who is universally loved and admired is May Irwin, born at Whitby, Ontario. Miss Irwin is considered one of the wealthiest of actresses, owning the Bijou theatre and other New York properties, besides her home on the Thousand Islands which she is talking of turning into a summer

hotel. Miss Irwin prides herself on her cooking and has published a cook book in which practical recipes are alternated with funny stories.

Marie Dressler, the comedienne

who has delighted so many audiences, was born at Cobourg, Ontario. Miss Dressler is at present playing a featured part in "The Boy and the Girl."

Mabel Barrison, a Toronto girl, whose successes have hitherto lain in musical comedy, has astonished the critics by her



EUGENE COWLES
With "The Boys and Betty"

excellent work in "the legitimate" this season. They have been unanimous in showering encomiums on her for her portrayal of the name part in "The Blue Mouse," one of the most discussed plays of the theatrical year.

Eva Tanguay, "the mad-cap genius," who has not played out of New York for three years, and who commands a fabulous salary in vaudeville, was born in Quebec.

Christie MacDonald, a comedienne who made her debut with Francis Wilson and who has been very successful in light opera, is a Nova Scotia girl, who is very popular in Eastern Canada, as well as in her home province.

Edgar Selwyn was born in Toronto. Stock experience preceded a small part in "Secret Service." He created the part of Tony in "Arizona," making a hit. After seasons with Maud Adams and Ethel Barrymore, he produced his own play,



ARTHUR DEAGON
With "The Pollices of 1908"



ALBERT JEANNOTTE
With "The Merry Widow"



VIOLA ALLEN
Starring in "The White Sister"

"It's All Your Fault," with himself in the cast, at the Savoy Theatre, New York. For one season, he was featured in the title role of "Strongheart," and last season played in his own dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and His People," under the title of "Pierre of the Plains."

Joseph Kilgour, who characterizes his engagement in "The Easiest Way," at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, as the most pleasant of his career, was born at Ayr,



GEORGE PRIMROSE
The Celebrated Minstrel

Ontario. He became an actor after spending some years in the brokerage business in Chicago, his first part being in "Niobe."

Archibald Simpson, known to audiences as Andrew Robson, first saw the light of day in Hamilton, Ontario. He has been on the stage nineteen years and in that time has played 274 parts. His debut was made with the E. A. McDowell Stock Company, in Detroit, when Julia Arthur was its leading lady. Mr. Robson is a painter of ability. He has starred in "The Royal Box,"



Photograph by Moffett Studio.

MARIE DRESSLER

Featured in "The Boy and the Girl"

"Richard Carvel," and "David Garrick," and is this season featured in "The Wolf."

Catherine Proctor, leading woman of the western "Paid in Full" company, was born in Ottawa, but passed her childhood days in Toronto, at eight years of age becoming known as "the little elocutionary wonder." Later, she appeared with amateur productions at Toronto theatres in leading roles,



ROBERT MCWADE, SENIOR
In his own dramatization of "Rip Van Winkle"

She received the gold medal for highest honors in the dramatic class of the Toronto College of Music. Her first professional engagement was with Maude Adams in a part so small that her name did not appear on the program, but owing to the illness of a principal, Miss Proctor was given the opportunity of playing opposite the star in "L'Aiglon" for the remainder of the season.

Three girls who went from the convent to the stage are Hope Latham, who, this season, made a hit in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Salvation Nell": Edna Phillips, Chauncey Olcott's leading woman, now in vaudeville; and Helen Ford, whose *Mary Stuart* in "Dorothy Vernon of

Haddon Hall" was one of the striking stage pictures of a few seasons ago.



MAUDE ALLAN
As "Salome"

Gladys Fairbanks Murray, who is in her first season upon the stage, was born in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. As *Mrs. Eichorn* with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," she has won universal commendation for her eccentric characterization.

Edward E. Rose, actor, stage director and playwright, was born at Stanstead, P. Q. For four years he was a member of the famous Boston Museum Stock Company, then its stage director, assuming the management of the Castle Square Theatre and the Grand Opera House, Boston, in turn, until 1898, when



ALICE YORKE ("COODIE" HILL)
With "The Broken Idol"



Photograph by Moffett Studio.

CHRISTIE MACDONALD
With "Miss Hook of Holland"

he went to New York. He dramatized "Richard Carvel," "David Harum," "Janice Meredith," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Spenders," and "Eben Holden." His original plays are "Jim the Westerner," "Captain Paul," "A Square Deal," and "Fighting Bob." Mr. Rose is co-author of "Kassa," the Leslie Carter offering this season.

Cuyler Hastings was born in Parkhill, and educated in Toronto, graduating as a barrister at law in 1890, but in the fall of that year went on the stage in the company of Mme. Rhea. After several stock engagements, varied by leading parts with many celebrated actresses, he toured Australia for



HOPE LATHAM
With "Salvation Nell"

more than two years. Last season he played the gambler in "The Girl of The Golden West," and this year created the leading parts in "Agnes," "An International Marriage," and "A Woman of Impulse."

Sydney Jarvis, leading baritone with "The Fair Co-Ed" company, was born in Toronto. His first opportunity came in "Broadway to Tokio," when the leading man was taken ill and Mr. Jarvis was selected to succeed him for the remainder of the season.

George Primrose was born in London, Ontario, where he became known as "Master George." For twenty-five years he and "Billy" West were partners in the great

minstrel organization bearing their names, celebrating their jubilee at Madison Square Garden, New York, the week of March 9th, 1896, when one night's receipts were \$10,000, the largest figure ever reached in that style of entertainment. Through real estate investments, Mr. Primrose is accounted one of the richest men in the theatrical world. He is now in vaudeville, where he and six young men under his tuition are perpetuating the old method of "team work" in buck and wing dancing.

Alice Yorke, whose home name is "Coodie" Hill, was born in Toronto. She began as a chorus girl in "The Isle of Spice" and has



ROSE STAHL

Starring in "The Chorus Lady"

been in Whitney productions ever since, playing in "Captain Careless," "A Knight for a Day," "The Three Twins" and this season, in "A Broken Idol."

To do ten shows a day at ten dollars a week in a dime museum is proof positive that Arthur Deagon, who was born in Seaforth, Ontario, was not to be discouraged by hard work. After nineteen years of progress, he signed, last season, a three-year contract with Florenz Zeigfeld, Jr., and is playing in "The Follies of 1908." Five of his brothers are actors.

Forsaking a business career, Julius Mc-



Photograph by Moffett Studio.

MABEL BARRISON

Starring in "The Blue Mouse"

Vicker, a native of Sarnia, became a member of the famous James-Kidder-Hanford combination, and with a large repertoire of



MARIE QUINN

Leading Woman with Fiske O'Hara

modern and standard dramas is seen each summer heading his own stock company.

Marie Quinn, leading woman with Fiske O'Hara, was born in Toronto, and made her bow to the public at six years of age. At sixteen she played *Bonita* in "Arizona." Three years later, she was *Madge* in "In Old Kentucky."

Minnie Allen, (Mrs. Claxton Wilstach) was born in Belleville, Ontario. Her first appearance was in vaudeville. After some years in support of Adelaide Thurston, she retired to cultivate her voice which she is now using in vaudeville, demonstrating her ability as an accomplished pianist, as well.

Ray and May Gilmore, two of the three Gilmore Sisters, are with Anna Held's "Miss

Innocence" company. They were born in Hamilton. Ray is called the most photographed girl in America, having posed for artists and photographers ever since she came to New York a few years ago.

Eugene Redding, known in his birthplace, Montreal, as Eugene Robidoux, left his profession of chemistry to make his first appearance on the stage in "The Girl From Paris." He has been with "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," this season.

It is surprising—this galaxy of stars who own Canada as their birthplace, and the roll is not yet called, for there are many others who, while just beginning the struggle for theatrical recognition, have already a foot on the first rung of the ladder of success.

Canada may yet have a stage of her own.



THE PRAIRIE TRAIL

BY CY WARMAN

O, THE hunter is proud of his well-filled bag,
 There is pleasure in playing bridge,
 Or stealthily stalking the sleeping stag
 On the crest of a wind-swept ridge;
 There is joy in the cry of the steed of steam
 Or the smack of a swishing sail,
 But you ought to sit back of a long-tailed team
 For a trek o'er a prairie trail.

The clink of a glass and the smell of wine,
 The smoke of a good cigar,
 Or a maddening whirl with a pretty girl
 On a sixty-horse-power car.
 These things are never just what they seem,
 These are pleasures that pall and pale,
 But give me a line on a long-tailed team
 For a trek o'er a prairie trail.



AT HEART, GEORGE ELDER ADAMS WAS A BASS FISHERMAN AND A BAIT CASTER

TAKING BIG TROUT IN TEMAGAMI

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

“WHAT do you know about trout fishing?”

“Where?”

“Up Canada way, past North Bay, in Lake Temagami.”

“What kind of trout?”

“Oh, the big lunkers, gray trout, lake trout, and togue. They run up to forty pounds in weight, and when they hit the spinner, it feels as if one had coupled you onto a box-car.”

“What’s the best month to go?”

“Any time after the 15th of July, when the black flies have started for Hudson Bay. If you get there when those fellows are on the job, it means a finish fight and you’ll get

the worst of it. Don’t go before then, if you wish to enjoy yourself. They are the toughest proposition that the white man ever encountered in any zone. But we won’t go into details here about the black fly, because we have something pleasant to talk about. And we might as well get at it.”

When I started for the big trout district, I had no information at all about the sort

of tackle required; so, the instant I got on the steamer at Temagami Station, I began to make inquiries. Incidentally I had worn out all the conductors on the Grand Trunk Line, from Buffalo on, trying to drag a little



A GROUP OF SATISFIED ANGLERS WITH GOOD CATCHES OF TROUT AND BASS

information out of them. But they all had different opinions, and I gave them up as a bad job. At last I fell on Captain Willy Friday, skipper of the steamboat *Chance*, which took us up to the Inn, right across from Bear Island, where the Hudson's Bay Company is holding a canned goods exposition all the year round. Willy told me the only way I could "get next" to the big trout was to talk to Jim Friday, his brother, who happened accidentally to be a professional guide.

I found Jim late in the afternoon, and took him behind the ice-house, where I suggested that he give me a little inside information on the tackle issue. I slipped him a plug of tobacco as a preliminary, half of which he loaded into a pipe as big as a plug-hat. The balance he ate. Jim was a very bashful Ojibway but he managed to make it clear that the tackle really didn't amount to much if you didn't have a good guide. So we agreed that my line, under his direction, would deliver the goods.

We put out in a small lugger. Once aboard, Jim became more communicative, and as we neared Cattle Island he was doing his share of the lying and appeared to be at home. I had a pound of sinkers strung along ten feet of a trolling-line. and above that, on a long leader, I had a No. 9 spinner with a bare triple gang.

I caught, after two hours, one four-pound trout, which came aboard like a dachshund crawling into a soup-tureen. Jim said the wind was blowing from the wrong direction, and that the morning was the best time. Then we came back to the Inn. On the dock I found one George Elder Adams, a New York cotton-broker. He was sitting on a spile tying two-ounce swivel sinkers on a gray hemp line, at regular distances of 3 feet apart.

He told me, with the kind of wink they use in Wall Street among the elect, that he had been up against big trout down in the Muskoka and knew the game. Altogether, he had thirty of these sinkers, covering a distance of 100 feet over all. For lure he had an otter-tail spoon, with a terminating triple gang, while into the flanges he had drilled two holes for two more sets of triples. This made a total of 9 barbs—from which no well-regulated trout could expect to escape.

"This," said Adams, with an air of confidence that would have equipped the entire national headquarters of either party, "is the way the boys take 'em at the Royal. It's a walk-over. They fish only for the market there. They have got to get the fish, so they can't afford to take any chances. This rig you see me with now is what they use."

With that, my friend Adams, whom I afterwards learned to admire and even fear, placed the tackle in my hand. Easily I could have knocked a horse down with it. It weighed six and one-half pounds. But a casual glance into Adam's face convinced me that it was no place to argue so delicate an issue.

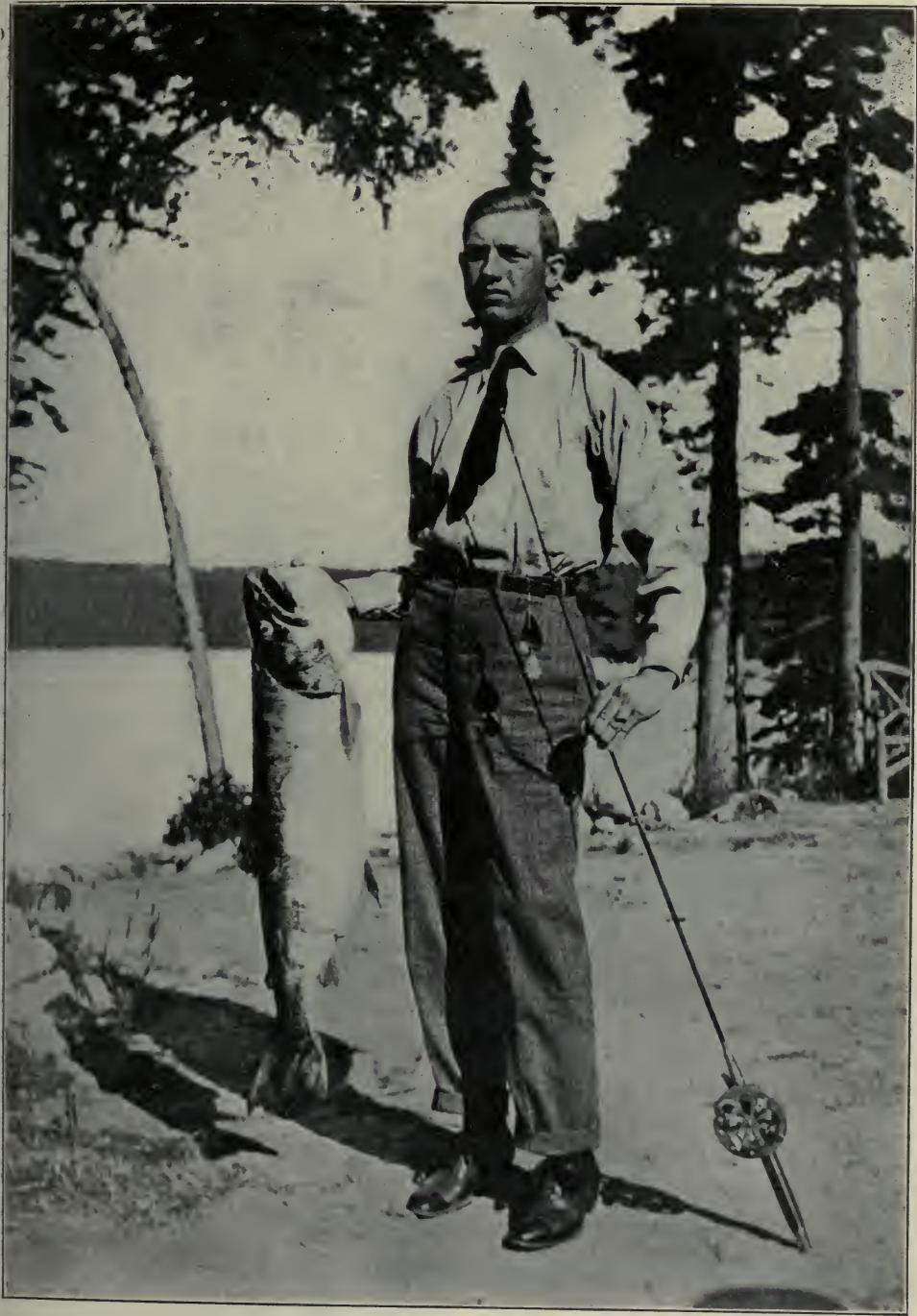
So the next day we went forth. We put that tackle down into 300 feet of water, changed the topography of the entire lake bottom, added fifteen years to the age of one Jim Friday, and came back with three fish weighing six, nine, and eleven pounds. Adams confessed to me, while Friday was cutting wood for dinner, that he did not think much of market fishing for recreation. But by nature he was a cheerful and well-disposed man and kept his temper—although his right arm was practically broken in two places near the elbow. It was very much like dragging a dead cow out of a corral to pull the Adams tackle across Lake Temagami. Adams and I both agreed that there wasn't much sport in it.

Back to the Inn.

The next morning, the 19th of July, to be exact, the good ship *Chance* put into dock with a couple of New Yorkers on board. For purposes of identification, they afterwards became known as Bill Phillips and Jack Jones. Adams and I moved down on them in a solid mass and began to spread information. Adams even went so far as to show them his tackle.

"That's the thing that gets 'em. It doesn't look attractive, but it certainly coaxes the big ones up. You are welcome if you want to try it," remarked Adams, his generous impulses getting the best of him.

But, somehow or other, Jones and Phillips didn't seem to take much interest in the paraphernalia. Instead, they sat around on the verandah and studied the landscape. Adams and I, more or less exhausted from the previous day's campaign,



A TWENTY-FIVE POUND GRAY TROUT

Taken from Lake Temagami by John Grimm, with a 9-oz. steel rod, copper wire line, and No. 9 spinner.



THOMAS B. HALL AND THE TWO HEAVYWEIGHTS HE LANDED ONE LUNCH HOUR

sat there and whittled, wondering what the two taciturn New Yorkers had in mind.

I have always had the impression that Phillips intended to say something that afternoon, and that Jones even wanted to open his heart. But as I look back, I can see now that they hadn't much opportunity, for the cotton-broker still clung to the theory that he had the right kind of tackle, and I conceived it my duty to support him. If any party organization could get its henchmen to stand together as we did on the subject of deep-water trout fishing, it would be a simple matter to elect anybody president. We did considerable loose talking.

But an awakening was due, for on the morrow Jones and Phillips appeared at the landing, bearing nine-ounce steel rods, upon which they had fixed an all-metal reel, four and one-half inches in diameter, with a one-inch spindle, upon which was wound 500 feet of No. 20 copper wire. This copper line was run through the regular guides on the steel rods while for bait they had woven on a large otter-tail spinner. They carried no sinkers whatever, the fineness of the wire and its weight causing it to sink rapidly to a great depth.

By projecting their rods straight out, astern their canoes, the wire ran easily

through the guides and the spinner went down in action all the way. A slow trolling speed did the rest. Phillips and Jones knew the game—knew it better than any one else who ever fished in those waters—and they came back that night with the full legal catch, four fish apiece, the heaviest weighing twenty-four and one-fourth pounds and the lightest fifteen. They fished for big fish only.

Have you ever been one of a small crowd of expectant anglers on a dock waiting for the boats to come in? If you have, you can appreciate some of the feelings stirred up in our breasts when the Jones-Phillips combination hove to at sundown. I don't begrudge any man good fortune. But I certainly do like to be present when he is achieving it. Adams is a man of similar tendencies. So we lost no time in getting down to brass tacks with Jones and Phillips in an effort to settle once and for all the subject in hand.

As a preliminary, we bought up all the copper wire in that section of Canada, equipped ourselves with big otter-tails and spinners, and rigged out for a dash into the deep. Adams surrendered his heavy batteries and joined the Light Tackle League. In the end everybody managed to catch some big trout. In fact, we got so many lunkers that it ceased to be a diver-



THESE TWO FISH, WEIGHED TOGETHER JUST FORTY-FOUR POUNDS

sion, and we returned to the smaller, but no gentler, black bass.

This big trout proposition, while it cannot be classed as real sport, is more or less exciting because of the size of the quarry. A fish weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds is quite a common thing in that neighborhood, and they have been known to go as high as thirty-five. Jones told me he had met a half-breed guide at Sandy Inlet who took one that weighed forty-one and one-half pounds. Heaven only knows

pulled off on the quiet, we were glad to be alone.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. When we got three miles from shore, far from prying eyes, and confidences could be exchanged, the cotton-broker, for the first time, opened his tackle-kit and let me gaze into its marvellous depths. I have never seen anything equal to it. It looked like a patent tool exhibit at the Paris Exposition. He had everything there but fishing tackle.

"I believe in being ready for emergencies,"



THIS IS THE TROUT THAT SLAPPED GRIMM'S FACE. THE FAT PARTY IS THE AUTHOR

what the weight would have been if Jones' informant had been a full-blooded buck.

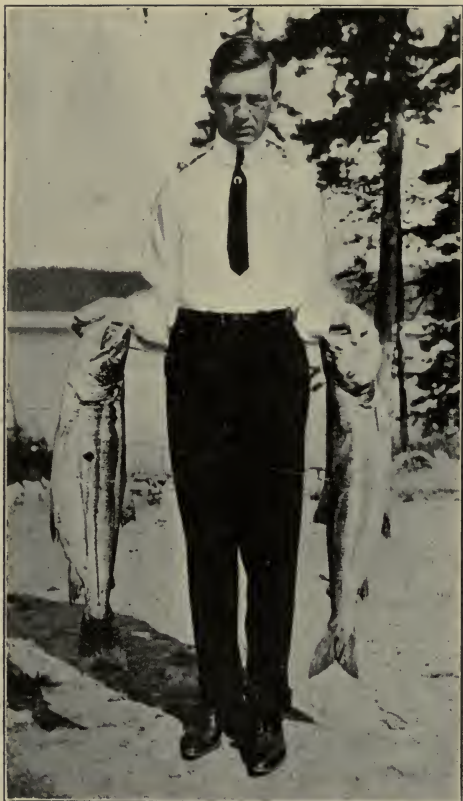
Wait a minute. I think I have a bite!

And so it came about that on the following day every small boat that could be seized upon was put into commission, and a mixed navy of New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Newark, and Kansas City non-commissioned anglers, properly equipped with copper wire, made a dash for the open. I qualified as second-mate to Captain Adams and got to the oars. The guides had all been gobbled up the night before. But as Adams and I wanted to make some experiments that we thought could best be

he said, pulling out a combination tool device which, when opened, looked like a panoply of arms. It had everything from a machete to a rip-saw. He pressed a small steel button at the base of the handle and disclosed enough drills to break into any safe deposit in Wall Street.

"You never can tell what will happen. Many a time I have been up against it for a few tools, and if you are properly equipped, you can fix a rod, take a reel down, sharpen up your hooks, and, if necessary, repair a boat."

I think he had in mind the flagship *Connecticut*, or the *Dreadnought*, perhaps.



"GRIMM LUCK"

He couldn't help taking 'em

Adams was the most complete angler I ever saw.

But, at all events, we went fishing. I dug up enough real fishing tackle from my kit to start the ball rolling, and we flung an otter-tail overboard. She sank in about 250 feet of water, and I pulled slowly. I had made a careful study of a ranger's map that came into my hands a few days before, and got the proper bearings. We were in water anywhere from 200 to 300 feet in depth, over a range perhaps half a mile long and 300 yards wide.

Adams being a game party, let out all the wire he had—at least 500 feet—which fell at an angle that would bring it pretty close to the bottom in 250 feet of water. We trolled more or less breathlessly for about ten minutes. Adams was sure he would get a thirty-pounder the first strike, and I was sure he would not. Anyhow, we were both excited about it,—whatever it was. Things were going along very smoothly when, all of a sudden, Adams yelled: "I'm dragging on the rocks." He

jerked his spoon up once or twice and let it sag back again. "It's all right now. I think it has dropped off the ledge. I guess we are in the big hole. Go slowly."

At that instant his rod-tip was whipped into the water twice, followed by repeated, continuous shocks sent up from below. Then Adams opened the market by offering to bet one million dollars that he had the biggest fish in Temagami at the end of that copper line. He wanted to deliver two hundred thousand dollars' worth in June, three hundred thousand in August, and the balance any time after September 1st. Then he deliberately stood up in the boat and started to address the Board of Trade on the boll weevil. Really, he was absolutely raving crazy. He reeled in his fish more or less mechanically, with his eyes fixed on some frantic speculator shaking his fingers for a large block of cotton.

With a superhuman effort and much conversation that is not suitable for these pages, I got him to sit down. After a few tense seconds, he recovered himself and got back to the business of angling. He reeled that fish in five times, taking up anywhere from 350 to 450 feet of wire, and five times that trout went back into the depths again. The battle lasted nearly



MR. GEORGE DAVIS, THE KANSAS CITY WALTON, WITH HIS FAMOUS GAFF

an hour, after which a togue weighing twenty-one and one-half pounds came up to the surface and went, belly up, into the sunlight. We lifted him in by the gills. Oh, yes; I know that isn't sport. It isn't angling. It isn't the real thing. But a trout of those dimensions is mighty good for a pair of eyes that has been looking all winter at the Flatiron Building, Broadway, and that bunch of paranoiacs down at the Cotton Exchange. I think I would much prefer to catch a good bass, anywhere from two and one-half to four pounds, and take him in the net.

Mr. Thomas B. Hall, a Camden attorney, went out one day, while the guides were cooking dinner, and returned in less than an hour with two trout—one of which weighed twenty-four and one-half pounds, and the other nineteen. The heavier fish was forty-four inches in length. They were as trim a pair of lunkers as anyone ever gazed upon.

On another occasion the writer went out with Mr. John Grimm. Grimm was a blonde person with blue eyes and an abiding faith in what he called "the Grimm luck." He said he did not care much about tackle as long as it held fish. So he pulled together a makeshift equipment and appointed the writer boatswain, an office which I passed along for \$3.00 to a French-Canadian who doffed his hat to the name of Roderick Perron. We put away for deep water, and threw the lure into about 200 feet. The line was hardly taut before something fell upon it, down where it is nearly night, and the ball opened. Notwithstanding Grimm's faith in "the Grimm luck," he snaked that trout out about four times as fast as Grandpap used to snatch the old oaken bucket from the moss-covered well.

I was sitting in the stern of the boat, with a large gaff-hook, longing for an opportunity to pass the lemon. I hadn't long to wait, for in less than five minutes the fish loomed from the depths, assisted by "the Grimm luck," and made a half-turn with the evident intention of going back home. As I had acquired from Grimm some of his highly dramatic emotions, I flung the gaff wildly forward and down, and snatched it back again, yanking a twenty-six-pound fellow over the taffrail into the lap of Mr. John Grimm, of Pittsburgh. Without any parley, whatever, it

made two fillips of the tail and slapped Mr. Grimm a resounding smack on either cheek. It sounded as if somebody was spanking a child with a flounder. The last wallop succeeded in drawing a little blood from Grimm's nose. Then Mr. Togue slipped under the seat, and, in the language of Bret Harte, "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Things then came our way and when the guides had shown us about everything there was in that section of Canada, there came upon the scene one George Davis, of Kansas City, a commission merchant. He was probably the first real angler who ever hit that section, and always dressed in perfect "form."

When he came down the gravel path in the morning, dressed in his khaki suit and his nobby Kansas City hat, it was a difficult thing to make any comparisons without getting the worst of it. He dug up from somewhere a gaff hook that greatly resembled a pair of ice-tongs. With this implement, if it had had a couple of shovels on the hooks, it would have been a simple matter to dig the Panama Canal. It snapped together automatically as soon as it struck the fish and made a noise like one of those old-time Mississippi yagers, blowing out its breachblock.

But George had the proper sporting instinct, and straightway threw his tackle-box overboard when he got wind of the copper wire and the spinner. What is more, he caught fish, and lots of them, and was the most persistent man in the district. Every time he took a togue, he sent a 200 word telegram to someone in Kansas City, and for the next two weeks stacks of K. C. newspapers came into Canada addressed to Mr. Geo. H. Davis. On the wrapper of each one could invariably read the magic words: "Marked copy."

Altogether, that Temagami tour last summer was a great trip, and I hope to make it again and to meet the old crowd out on the deep water, around the point, by the red rocks, where the wind comes out of the south and blows the spinner into the trout's mouth.

It is a wild country—a landscape of magnificent distances. But they can't lose me, as I feel certain that if George Adams is along, I shall find somewhere in that iron-bound grip of his a pocket-compass,



CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Tell me things," urged Lorna. "It has been so long since I talked to a woman—really talked, you know."

"Yes; I know what you mean. I have very few friends among women, the ones who are really interesting don't want to bother with another woman, and the others are so engrossed in trading recipes for marmalade, or patterns for slip waists, I can't keep up my end of the conversation. And one can't really talk to men— Oh, aren't men tiresome!"

"Are they?" questioned Lorna.

Again Fay laughed. Her eyelids, heavily fringed, formed a crescent over her deep-set hazel eyes; she was good to look at.

"Most of them are. Now, there is one—"

"Oh, there is usually one—"

"Who is almost an enigma—I don't quite know the answer, although glimmerings of it read pretty much the same as the inevitable 'finis'."

"You mean—"

"That before long he will love, or fancy himself in love with me, and you know what that means—he will lose the sharpness which I admire and look for, and grow 'mushy' as the boys say. There will be long silences, full of sentiment, broken by a tremulous sigh, or worse, an awakening of his lower self to the power of which he will try to force me to yield myself; *then*, I shall hate him!"

"Does it make you hate a man—does it disgust you with him, to have him in love with you?"

Fay walked to the window, and stood looking out on the quiet street before answering. Then, coming slowly back to the couch, she seated herself upon it, and drawing her knees up to her chin, clasped

her arms around them, looking solemnly from under her lashes at her companion.

"Lorna, there seems to be something left out of me. Many men have called it tenderness; they were wrong, however; it is not that. I am cruelly like my father—practical, analytical, cold, if you like, but only where a man is concerned. I love children, I love nature, music, art—I love a *mind*. But the appeal to the elemental woman is not here." She put her hand on her breast. "I can't thrill at the masculine touch; I can't succumb to the over-mastering passion with which men control some women, and the sight of it sickens me with a deadly nausea. Believe me, I am solemnly in earnest."

"I see you are," answered the woman, quietly, "go on."

"I like this man, Gordon Wylde; don't pun, and ask me whether I have tamed him; as I said, I am *afraid* I have; he comes nicely when I whistle, and will be fed from my hand." Fay shrugged her shoulders, carelessly. "I love his mind—he is like wine to me; I can't help being clever, amusing, even brilliant, when I am with him. He thinks that is my natural state," she shook her head, sadly. "I can't make him understand, *that* is the effect he has on me; my liking a person goes to my head, not to my heart—whatever that means—and as long as he stimulates me, I will be just as clever as he wishes, but the instant he forgets to master himself he will have no mastery over me; then I shall not only dislike him, but by reflex action, I will lose my charm for him, too. You know mercury has sometimes to go down."

"Not for everyone," suggested Lorna. "You are what is termed magnetic; I felt it as soon as I saw you, yesterday."

Fay blew a kiss from her finger tips.

"You are a dear! Everyone loves your type—deep, calm, even, self-reliant, sure. But me—bah, I'm nothing but head. Lord, don't think I am proud of my brains; they are just an inheritance, exactly as my nose is—an inheritance which I can't help. I am bitterly sorry I am not 'stupid but affectionate.' It would simplify so many, many things—Gordon, for instance."

"Don't you think you will ever love him?"

"Never," cried Fay, emphatically. "As long as Plato befriends us, and keeps his mind alive, Gordon will hold me, because he is really stronger than I am. But the instant our friend, Plato, gives the reins to Cupid—" she snapped her fingers, "I am done. The sight of a strong man struggling, begging, pleading for that which makes fools of men—an hour's love, which in a day they will forget—the gratifications of the moment's passion—" she covered her face with her hands and was silent. Then, when Lorna did not speak, she raised her face, which was drawn with the tenseness of a very real emotion, and continued:

"Not but there would be a twinge; I should certainly miss something. I should miss a great deal in losing Gordon," she repeated, slowly.

"However, as long as you disclaim any bond in his personality, another clever man could make that loss good," suggested Lorna, thinking to trick Fay into a confession of feeling more than a mental attraction for Mr. Wyld.

"True," agreed the girl, "quite true. I would almost say any other clever *person*, except that most women don't exert themselves for other women. I have often thought about that contingency—the event of losing Gordon."

Lorna was struck, magnetized as it were, by the wonderful, melodious quality of Fay's voice. She made a weird little picture hunched up on the dark green couch, like a vivid blue flower, her jet black hair lying in heavy waves on her low forehead, her eyes glowing and deep, her wonderful voice still deeper—throbbing.

"I can understand men losing their heads about you," Lorna said, after a pause. "I myself feel quite under your spell just now."

Fay spread her hands wide, in a hopeless gesture. "That's just the point," she replied. "I seem to be a hypnotist as long as the spell lasts. I can concentrate on a person and be pretty sure of making him or her like me. I don't exactly feel conscious of it all the time, either; but I can make myself suit the role, which is most appealing to them, even my voice is a great asset. Oh," as Lorna started to speak, "don't imagine there are many phases of Fay Chester—her faults, virtues, shortcomings, powers, limitations, that I don't know. My peculiar position in life has made me hideously introspective. Let me repeat, I can do almost anything with anybody, *when I try*, and at the time I may not realize I am trying. But"—she leaned forward, impressively, "there comes the hour of letting

go, then I see it—I see that I am tired, have lost interest in the person, or the particular subject does not appeal to me. In that moment I am deadly prosaic and tiresome; the fire is gone; I seem only a power, as long as I burn."

"But," interrupted Lorna, "don't you think there are moments when we are all

like that—we can't always glisten, you know?"

"Yes, but the point I make is that I am only attractive, magnetic, if you like, when I try to be. When other people 'let go' there is still something in the smouldering ashes which holds the onlookers—with me there is nothing. Mrs. Corbett once told me it was because the contrast was too great. She said I taught people to expect me to sparkle, and when I did not they were bored. In Gordon's case, we are much alike—when he stops trying, I lose a certain keenness, the stimulus is gone; when he grows sentimental, I simply stop thinking, and he finds me equally as dull as I find him. We each put our best mental foot forward and build in the hours we are together; there is a charm about it all, because we are not bound together. Being bound, the other



THE LITTLE SISTER TEARFULLY FLOURISHED
A BROKEN DOLL

foot would protrude more often than agreeable, and we should look for outside material." She stopped a moment, then added: "People love you, because they can't help it—they love me because I make them. When I find a man who loves me when I don't amuse him, I will marry him, be he Hottentot or Esquimaux."

Lorna shook her head. "I can't believe that. Why if you only sat there, doing nothing, saying nothing, I should still be drawn to you."

Fay jumped lightly down from the couch and flung her arms impetuously around the other's neck.

"Dear girl," she cried, "I am indeed rich if I have made a conquest of you. Chester is the man among men to be envied. Tell me about yourself and him, Lorna; I have colored the whole of our morning's conversation with glaring vivid 'I's'. Is Chester getting on, as they say, and have you every thing to make you comfortable? I ask you bluntly because I want a blunt answer, and if you don't tell me, I can't help finding it out. Remember that I knew Chester before you did."

The pink crept into Lorna's cheeks, she tried to raise her eyes to the dark, serious ones above her, and to explain that Chester did as well as many another man, and that she believed the worst was past. She did not wish Fay to know that Chester had been satisfied, plodding dully along as he had at first, when it was hard to make suggestions to him without fear of offence.

"You need not answer," interrupted Fay, quickly. "I thought I could deduce correctly; good intentions, poor results; air castles, mud huts; half-formed resolutions, never fully carried out, and endless sacrifices—'getting used to things' from you. Oh, Lorna darling, let me help.

Lorna took one of the girl's hands quietly from around her neck and patted it mechanically. Her eyes were dewy with tears, as they looked into a past fraught with briars and rough, sharpened stones. She was conscious of a disappointment in herself, that somehow she had been unable to hide Chester's weakness from his cousin.

"Don't open sores which should be healed," she begged. "It is not Chester's fault, poor boy, and as God hears me, Fay, I am happy. My greatest trial is the realization that Chester will never be a 'success,' that he will see his friends and contemporaries

leaving him behind, and that it will probably embitter him. To answer your question, we are getting on better than we have since our marriage, and if Mr. Northrop can persuade him to let speculations alone, I do not fear for our future. Don't let us ever speak of this again—there's a good girl."

A shrill cry from the nursery came as a timely interruption, and Edward burst into the room, followed by his little sister, who savagely flourished a broken china doll. Nanny, the faithful nurse, puffed her ample form through the door, calling:

"R-r-r-un, me b'y, r-r-r-un! A good r-r-run is better than a bad battle! Excuse me interruptibility, ma'am," she apologized, "but these young scamps are just afther havin' a hospital in the nursery, and the docther there"—pointing to Edward—"amphithated the wrong soldier!"

CHAPTER IV.

THREE months slipped by, and summer was at its height. Fay frequently spoke of going south, but the Sayres would not hear of such a thing.

"It is deadly here, now," Chester said; "wait until the autumn, and get a taste of our northern climate at its best. Lorna will be quite fit by then and you two can do society."

"If the dowager who called yesterday is a sample of the elite, I would better go at once, dear cousin," answered Fay, "for I should certainly ruin Lorna's chances, if thrown often with her."

"Whom does she mean?" Chester asked his wife.

"Mrs. Jerrold Patterson did us the honor of calling yesterday, and Fay did not like her."

"Like her!" echoed the girl, "I loathed her. Insufferable creature! Don't delude yourself with the idea that you have any friend in her, Lorna. She is a friend only as long as it appeals to her quasi-religious notions of 'doing good'. Something like my father, Chester—sacrifices some one else at any cost, then salves her conscience during months of cruelty with the remembrance of some trivial good deed. She is the patronizing kind who performs a misplaced act of charity, and then gets even with herself by stinging the victim into the bargain. You can take my word for it, she will go to the next place on her visiting list and say"—

Fay mimicked the toneless voice of Mrs. Patterson perfectly—"I looked in on *that* Mrs. Sayre just now; not that I ever approve of taking up new comers until I know exactly who they are but I heard she had a young baby and thought I would tell her about the improved bottle heaters they have at Kemp's. I go out of my way, doing little things like that, of which no one ever hears, and for which I get no thanks. However, it is a duty and the voice of one's conscience must be obeyed."

Northrop, who had come in during this speech, joined in the laugh which followed, asking finally whether any of them knew that Mrs. Patterson had a grown son.

"Why, no," exclaimed both Sayre and his wife, "has she?"

Northrop nodded. "Yes, poor devil! He seems a melancholy chap, twenty-four or five, I should say, always with a tutor or companion attached to him. I often meet him in the library, where he is apparently struggling to get something new along scientific lines, and from what I can glean from his conversation with the tutor, that is hard to find—he seems to know it all. But he seems so deadened and—er—lifeless, and is, to all appearances, entirely oblivious to the existence of anyone else on the globe. They say—doesn't that condone a huge amount of scandal?—they say, his mother has never allowed him a friend; has never allowed him to read a book that she has not first read, and that he is never permitted to stir out of the tutor's sight."



HE SEEMS A MELANCHOLY CHAP, ALWAYS WITH A TUTOR ATTACHED TO HIM

"It doesn't seem possible!" cried Fay, with genuine indignation, "either that a mother would condemn her child to a living death, like the experiment of Kaspar Hauser, or that the child would suffer it. I can't see how he would not get desperate and break loose. Poor, poor boy! Why, do you know I should really like to undertake his future education. I have never had to deal with absolutely raw material. What a chance for the Potter!"

"Shame, Fay," Chester reproached her. "Take a man your own size."

The maid brought in the mail, most of which was for Sayre, but one letter she handed to Miss Chester. Fay waited until the two men had gone into the smoking room, where they wished to talk over some scheme for investment, in which Sayre had great faith, but which did not appeal particularly to Northrop, then she turned impatiently to Lorna.

"From Gordon," she said, tearing open the envelope and reading. "He wants to come here for two or three weeks."

"Well?"

"Well, I wish he would let me alone, that's all. I don't feel sharp enough to cope with him, somehow."

Lorna smiled, sagely.

"Oh, yes," Fay replied, as though in answer to a spoken remark, "I am perfectly honest with my conscience. I always am. That's the secret of my cheerfulness. When I find myself out of sorts and worried, I make a careful analysis, and put the real trouble into words. There's nothing like the effect of words upon the ear, far greater than an unspoken thought upon the mind."

"For instance?"

"Say to oneself: 'I am fretful to-day. Now why?' Say it aloud. Because—in my case, because Gordon is coming and I am neither prepared to bring matters to a head, neither am I capable of holding him long without a crisis. I don't want to marry him and I don't want to let him go. What's to be done?" She laughed merrily. "There's a clean sweep, Mrs. Sayre; don't you agree with me? And, believe me, it is much clearer that way, than if I had thought over the pros and cons for a week. When you speak, every word tells. When you think you are apt to slur over something accusing and unpleasant and go on to the next chapter, as it were."

"What an original little thing you are,"

Lorna said, laughing. Then growing serious, "I will remember that, though, and try to practice it. One of the hardest things in life is to be honest with oneself."

Fay wrote Wylde a letter urging him not to come, to which he paid no heed. He arrived at the Sayre's house one morning just as Fay was starting for a walk.

She looked carefully into a mirror, rearranged her tie and veil, and went slowly to the drawing room. Her heart beat somewhat faster than usual—not, however, from any physical excitement consequent upon seeing Wylde; rather a subconscious thought which entailed a struggle, a fight for supremacy, a knowledge that she must keep strong.

She shook hands in silence.

The man feasted his keen eyes on the trim figure before him, so full of life and energy. He held Fay's hand in a close, compelling clasp and forced her eyes to meet his.

"Gordon—the master," she said ironically, conscious of his purpose—"sometimes! Did you have a tiresome trip?"

"How banal," he jeered. "Quite unlike you. I can almost flatter myself you are embarrassed, and sparring for wind. Question, 'Why is she embarrassed?' Answer, 'Because she is overcome with joy at seeing him'. Am I right?"

"You never read me more incorrectly," declared Fay, slowly. "Truth to tell, I am not particularly glad to see you—I suppose you got my letter—and I want to be peaceful and stupid."

"Your flattery *is* subtle," laughed the man, happily. "I am already repaid for coming. You were going out; let me come too."

On the way to the park, Fay was conscious of a change in Gordon. His deference to her, always obvious, was tinged with the suggestion of a dominant force, which intruded itself upon her, unpleasantly. It was as though he were trying to impress her with his power. She fully realized that what was a mental strain to her was no effort to Wylde, and that he could endure much longer in a mental tilt than she could.

But she smiled almost contemptuously, thinking of the extent of her power over him, knowing how quickly she could make him forget his own superiority, and submerge him in a bog of sentiment and unconquerable passion.

"So you say your wits are dulled. Well.

forewarned—you know. However, don't apologize. I did not come these thousand miles to probe their keenness, but rather the temperature of that important organ, commonly known as the heart."

"It largely resembles the stock market," answered Fay.

"Fluctuates?"

She nodded.

"Par," she said, indifferently, and looked away.

Gordon sat down. "A remarkable woman got into my car," he said. "She was not a beauty, by any means, but I was struck by her poise—one so seldom sees it, nowadays."

"I am deeply interested—pray continue," Fay broke in. "Of course you managed on



FAY WISHED TO RETAIN GORDON'S FRIENDSHIP, THOUGH NOT HIS LOVE

"Let's have to-day's quotations," urged Wylde, waiting until his companion sat down on a shady bench.

The girl looked at him a moment in silence; again she was conscious that he knew his own worth, and it behooved her to be careful.

some pretext or another, to ascertain her name, residence, age, religion and favorite flower."

Wylde shook his head. "Quite the contrary—I did not speak to her—she is totally unconscious of my existence. The car stopped a few blocks from the station, and

this girl got in. She neither tripped on her skirt, nor fell into the first seat near the door. Even when the car started suddenly, she refrained from casting herself into the lap of your humble servant—nor did she step on anyone's toes as the car turned a corner, before getting to the seat she had selected. Furthermore, she impressed me as recognizing the fact that she was already fully dressed."

He stopped, evidently expecting to be prompted.

"I own to being somewhat obtuse; the point of being fully dressed is a little vague."

Gordon turned to Fay in mock surprise.

"Have you never been struck by the antics the ordinary woman performs in a car? She takes off the right glove, and after blowing in it, lays it carefully under that inevitable shopping-bag; then she removes the gold bar at the base of her false curls, and holds it in her mouth while rearranging several visible hairpins, after which she plaits—or is it gathers?—her veil into a knot, removing the bar from between pursed lips and pinning it. Finally, after keeping the conductor waiting ten minutes—for five cents—the 'dear thing' opens the first lock of the bag, takes out a small purse, being careful to lock the aforesaid bag before commencing operations on the purse. The second combination being handled successfully, there is still an inner pocket, or compartment, which needs manipulating. Inside this there are three invisible hair pins, a glove button, a programme pencil, half of a gentleman's visiting card and ten cents. The unlocking and locking necessary to the insuring of the five cents change take just as much time as the first operation, so that the minutes pass pleasantly thus, until my lady's street is reached."

Fay laughed lightly.

"It is rather good to hear you," she exclaimed, with a frank smile. "So this paragon did none of these things? Oh, I know her."

"Really?" asked Gordon.

"Yes, really. There is only one person answering to your negative description; my cousin, Mrs. Chester Sayre."

Wylde whistled.

"She must have been on her way to market," Fay continued. "Seriously, Gordon, I am reveling in my first real friendship. Lorna is the most restful companion I have ever had. Not the tiresome sort, you know,

leading one continually through pleasant fields of holy writ, and that sort of rubbish. She is alive and keen, but always gives the impression of reserving something better than that which I see. Do you follow me?"

Wylde nodded with appreciation. "Oh, yes, and while you speak, I instantly compare her with you. I compare everyone with you," he said, earnestly, "do you realize that, Fay?"

Ignoring the question, Chester's cousin took up the thread of Gordon's first remark.

"Yes, the contrast is great enough there. I am a spendthrift, an extremist, in spite of father's training. I give all or nothing. In fact, I often hoodwink people into believing there is a capital when there is nothing. You are one of the gullible ones."

"Why, little Fairy," answered the man, softly, "I know you better than you know yourself."

He had not intended to show his hand so soon, feeling a delicious consciousness of his own power. He well knew his worth among women, and until his meeting with this girl, had considered himself immune from the snares of feminine guile. Something in her very repellant attitude towards him, however, had attracted him, and to-day she appealed to every fibre of his being. He thrilled at the sound of her voice, warm with a sweet tenderness in speaking of her friend; he longed to touch her, to hold her vibrating form close to his, to gloat over his physical power. He could not reconcile with her the words which she had often spoken, expressing sentiments so much at variance from her type.

"I could forget the world in a kiss," he had said one night, looking hungrily at Fay's mouth. Gordon had hitherto been accustomed to gratify such cravings, too.

Fay laughed.

"Could you? I could not! I should either be thinking of the broken bones in my collar, or be listening to the clock ticking, or wondering whether or not there was any chance of someone suddenly appearing in the doorway."

"You should not say things like that," admonished Wylde. "They imply an absence of something sublime, which makes a woman man's superior."

"There is absolutely no superiority here, then," answered the girl, "I am as trivial and petty as an alley cat. The heights are not for me. How two people can tolerate

each other wading through an evening of maudlin sentimentality, is beyond my limited comprehension."

"Don't," Gordon begged, "you can't mean it."

"I will give you a proof," the girl persisted. "Try saying these same things to some one who does not attract you—better still, try saying them to yourself, with varying accents and intonations, and see whether you don't burst out laughing."

"Fay, you are ridiculous," said the man, impatiently. "Such a stand for a woman to take. I am going to say it now—I

(To be continued)

love you. Does that make you laugh?"

"Surely, it does. Don't do it again. I have a stereotyped answer for that, with accompanying gestures and expressions. Look!" (she assumed an air of intolerable boredom). "Et tu Brute! Now you will know what to expect."

And Gordon had been wise enough to drop the subject.

Just now he was conscious of a desire to win her, to master her, at any cost. He had never felt the same toward any other woman, they had seemed much easier prey, as it were.

ALBERTA'S RETREATING FRONTIER

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

JUST as St. Paul and Minneapolis emerged forever from the wild and woolly period a couple of decades or more ago—so Edmonton and Strathcona, their prototypes in the Last West, stand out now with naive, youthful consciousness as modern cities and peer north and west over the plains for the retreating frontier.

It is noteworthy that in the earlier history of the West on both sides of the border there was little consciousness of such evolution and still less note made of it. Chicago and St. Paul, however speedy their growth in size, made no such leaps from frontier posts to the conditions of an embryo metropolis; nor did they, to such an extent, analyze their evolution in the world's eye. In the Canadian West the introspective spirit has not been smothered by the cheery, hustling, development of commerce.

This is perhaps more apparent in Edmonton, seat of Alberta's government, than elsewhere. Probably the most conclusive factor in developing this self-conscious spirit recently has been the announcement of Premier Rutherford's railway policy. The members of his government now take it as their first duty to gridiron the province with railways. That means much, for in this epoch of state-directed immigration, it is only necessary for the steel rails to be laid in some fertile stretch of back-country:

and, presto! the whole surface-tide of civilization—steam-threshers, gramophones and Lipton limericks—sweeps in after it.

The past six months brought many portents of the speedy development of the North Country, a region as vast in extent as the aggregate area of half the old-world principalities—the last alluring land of mystery on this continent, the land from which the "Canada Fakers" reap their harvest. These omens of the future include the organization of a regular public school in the Prairie River settlement, 300 miles north and west of Edmonton; of railways and of similar schools, in what is a patch of surveyed townships on a big blank portion of the map. Likewise the new route to the Arctic by Edmonton and the Mackenzie waterways was set down with all the definiteness of a railway time-table. And finally there has been a newspaper established on the latest frontier. It was printed for several issues on manila paper and the type was sadly mixed at times, but it is quibbling to emphasize faults such as these in frontier enterprise.

The essential thing is that the North Country has a paper of its own, a public school for white children instead of mission-schools for Indians, and it is beginning to talk of projecting a tourist route to the Midnight Sun at the Arctic on the mouth of

the Mackenzie. So Edmonton may for some months continue to be the jumping-off place for railways, but it has lost the frontier and the rare, wild charm that can never cling about the new city with its modern street-cars, its bustling streets and its garish shop-windows.

Over 225 miles north and west of Athabasca Landing, where this paper is printed, are the old trading-post and mission of Lesser Slave Lake. It is between these two posts the frontier has halted, just at the end of the stage-line. Beyond these are the rich mineral-ribbed banks of the Athabasca, the superb waterways of the Mackenzie watershed (over 2,000 miles in length), and to the west the fertile, Chinook-kissed valley of the Peace River and the equally rich plains of the Liard. So it is only for the present that the frontier lies at the little hamlets of the landing and the lake.

Both of these settlements are clamoring for railways—their leisurely dreams are disturbed by the ghostly rumblings of roads-to-be; and shrewd outsiders, whose surveying parties or scouts have informed them of the immense, undeveloped riches of the north country, are planning to carry lines in there to mine these vast resources. These men are as full of fine daring and as confident of the Last West's future as were the men who thirty years ago, girdled Canada with its first through railway. The roads they plan will run west and north, and will push the frontier back still further.

For it has been abundantly proved by the construction policy of the past five years that a railway only needs to be dropped across the prairie for a thriving population to spring up beside it at intervals of stations. Fifty new towns and villages have fairly leaped into existence in Alberta during the past three years, along the main lines of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern Railway and the branch lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The first passenger train to run from Winnipeg last September over the Grand Trunk Pacific carried two hundred men from the Western States anxious to locate homesteads or buy land in the Tramping Lake district!

The transformation of a stretch of grassy prairie into wheat fields and brisk young towns with aggressive advertisements and brazen false fronts on its business-blocks has been nothing short of marvelous.

Stettler, on the Lacombe branch of the

Canadian Pacific Railway, simply did not exist when the steel rails were laid. Nine months later a live town of some hundreds had grown up there. During the past autumn the town site of Alberta's youngest village—sixty miles west of Edmonton on the Grand Trunk Pacific grade—was placed on the market. A few weeks later it counted its possessions as four stores, a livery, a hotel, several houses and a sawmill which last had been built a few months before in anticipation of the railways. At Outlook, an embryonic town on the newest Canadian Pacific Railway branch, similar development was recorded. In both cases while the town-to-be was crystallizing, the railway was only in course of construction. But a tocsin had sounded—"The railway is coming!" and therein was the magic.

Edmonton during the last year, was so self-impressed with its duty as a gateway-city to the big north country tributary to it, that the Board of Trade had definite schedules of transportation and time-tables prepared for the yearly-increasing number of travellers into the hinterland—west to the Rockies and north to the Arctic with its marvelous Midnight Sun. These schedules for steamer, stage and dog-trains, compiled by H. M. E. Evans and J. K. Cornwall, combine quaint outland names of stopping-places such as Shaginappi's and Archie's Capoo's and historic forts like Chipewyan and Simpson with the most up-to-date press-work.

The schedules, valuable for the moment, will in another decade be fit matter for city records when the more prosaic railway has replaced the alluring trails to the wilds. Already the quickening hope of the iron steed has penetrated hundreds of miles north of Edmonton. Every visitor to the north last summer came out with the news—"They are looking for railways in there soon." And small wonder when so many survey-parties have traversed the valley of the Peace, and already definite plans are being made for a line to tap the Mackenzie district.

When the first railway does reach old Fort Vermilion, over 700 miles away from Edmonton and far back from the present frontier, it will find a grist-mill operated by electricity and houses lit by it; a few steam-threshers, a pure-bred dairy herd and a small settlement of farmers who raised over 20,000 bushels of grain last season. And all out and about Vermilion and Liard and

Chipweyan are the wild virgin-lands as free of civilization's imprint as Wyoming and Nevada were when St. Paul was beginning to have civic aspirations.

It is down on the present frontier at Athabasca Landing, Edmonton's little outpost, that the "Northern Light," that first paper of the North Country is published. Its early issues were rather larger than the note-paper limitations of the first newspaper printed by Frank Oliver on the hand press he freighted in from Winnipeg in 1881 in a Red River cart, while its columns continue

as quaintly local and as generally uninforming as are those of every primitive publication.

The paper is interesting only as a frontier edition, but taking everything into consideration, the organized school-district, the paper and the survey-parties indicate that the North Country has awakened from the long slumber that has enveloped it since the days of man began. It is like some young giant awakening, slowly—heavily at first, but with a splendid consciousness at last of his own great possibilities.

THE WIDOW'S DOWER

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. A. WESTON

Great wits grow mad, and small ones only dull;
Distracting cares vex not the empty skull,
They seize on heads that think, and hearts that feel;
As flies attack the—better sort of veal.

—Charles Lamb.

THE maples around Johnston Goulder's farm were turning to gold, but the fields lay sere and brown as a group of farmers sat about the bar in the Derry Down tavern in Claybourn county.

Harry White, who had just been gazing down the deserted, hard-beaten clay road stretching southward to town, walked in behind the bar, and leaned his bare elbows upon it.

"They tell me," he said, rolling his cigar under his tongue, "that Johnston's widow will lose everything, what with the debts he has and the mortgage. It's pretty tough for her and the children, ain't it now?"

"Yes, the mortgage is being foreclosed," said stout, kindly old Duncan McVannell. "The way such sales go there is not likely to be much left for the family."

Josiah Ogletree took his cowhide boots down from the rail of the rusty bar stove, threw away the core of the apple he was eating noisily, and his grey eyes gleaming under his shaggy, red eyebrows, burst forth:

"Serves 'em right," he said, with a sneer that came easily to his face. "Probably they won't be so all fired stuck up now. They had two hundred of the finest acres in Ontario, and might a been rich. But the boys must go to college, and the girls must have

pianos and live like city big-bugs with high-collared dudes from town hanging around. They'd been better making butter than playing tennis. Johnston Goulder had a much better chance than I had, and I ain't got a mortgage on my place. But my family can't afford tennis and all sorts of high falutin'."

"That's so," said Harry White, with the least suspicion of the flicker of an eyelid at Duncan McVannell, who laughed silently below where his waist band once was.

"Mine can," promptly cut in Alexander Smith, "and I have not as much money as you, Josiah. When they wanted pianos, games, books or any other reasonable thing they got them. I gave them the chance to earn them, they value them for that reason. If we want our boys to stay on the farm, and our girls, too, we've got to make it a pleasant place for them. It was poor Johnston's bad management that put him in the hole, not his family, for he has one of the finest in the country."

The assembled farmers smiled their appreciation, all except Josiah who frowned and growled out that young people now seemed to think more of a good time than work.

"Fast horses done for Johnston," volunteered Bill Davies, who is, and always will be a hired man, full of second hand wisdom.

"You're wrong Bill," drawled Duncan McVannell, "It was horses that were just

a wee mite too slow. Johnston wanted to be a scientific farmer, but he wasn't scientific enough. He never managed to breed quite the best. It wasn't fast horses, it was slow horses, Bill, and let this be a warning to you." Whereat Duncan laughed till his fat cheeks became purple, and a neighbor smote him on the back smartly.

"Say, Josiah, how about that thoroughbred colt you sold him? It didn't turn out very well, did it?" asked Harry White, again drooping an eyelid at McVannell.

"The colt was all right. It was him didn't know how to handle it," said Josiah shortly, darting a keen glance at the solemn-faced landlord. There was a joke hidden somewhere—jokes have long lives in the country—and the laughter was so general that Josiah had to accept the landlord's broad hint, and stand drinks for the crowd. He reached down into a deep purse, and selecting a coin of just the right size laid it gently upon the bar.

"It's a wonder Johnston didn't have some insurance on his life," Alex Smith remarked after a pull at his lemonade.

"Yes," replied Duncan McVannell, "it would come in handy just now to clear off his debts."

"Oh if he'd a looked after his business there would be no debts," said Josiah. "Huskins up to town tried to get him and me to put on \$10,000. Why it'd a cost the price of a good team. I ain't paying big salaries to men like Huskins."

"And you talked that way to Johnston, who looked on you as a friend," said Alex Smith, sternly. "I guess he'd a put it on only for you, and things would be different now."

"When is the sale?" asked kindly Mc Vannell, who saw a dispute in prospect.

"What sale? Goulder's?" said a man who had just come in. "There will be no sale. I met Tom up in town. He has just got back from the West, and has fixed things up with the lawyers, so his mother will not lose the place. Fine fellow Tom's grown to be. We used to laugh at him when he was mooning around thinking more of books than his work on the farm. Say, he's got a ranch out in Alberta, and a coal mine, too. They tell me he's quite a big man in his town."

"Tom is all right, always was," said McVannell, his friend in youth. "I always told people there was more in his head than those who laughed at him 'cause he was interested in other things than what they was. I hope I'll see him."

"Can they do that by law?" asked Josiah, with his bushy eyebrows hiding his eyes.

"Of course they can," said Alex. Smith. "It was their money they wanted, not the farm."

"Were you thinking of buying the farm, Josiah?" asked McVannell, with a gentle voice and an innocent manner which caused so much laughter that Josiah left abruptly.

It was a shrewd guess. Josiah had



IN THE BAR ROOM, JOSIAH OGLETREE CRITICIZED THE GOULDERS HARSHLY, WITH THE SNEER THAT CAME SO EASILY ON HIS FACE

several thousands saved up in the bank for that very purpose. The news of Tom's return was a sad blow to his hopes, for being a gay widower Josiah hoped not only to win the farm but in time the widow. Johnston had been dead now for six months, and surely his widow could not refuse such a handsome man as himself with so much to offer for a wife.

Josiah walked down the road and up through the orchard in deep thought. The winning of the widow with an assured home of her own was, he knew, a different thing to winning her with her home gone and her children scattered. Arrived at the barn he appeared to have reached a decision. He got out the top buggy, and harnessed his favorite mare. Then having shaved and dressed in his best he drove off to town. Here he called upon Mrs. McMillan, a widow, who owned a pretty home in town and a fine farm

in the rear of his own. If a woman is as young as she looks then the widow was not old. She was shrewd-looking, but with an appearance of good nature. She was now childless, the last of her three sons having given up his life in a skirmish of outposts out in South Africa. She had not been blind to the attentions of Josiah in the past. She knew he had enemies who accused him of being close, but a provident disposition was not a crime in her eyes. She was alone in the world, and she did not like loneliness. The evening was drawing in as she ushered

Josiah into her immaculate parlor. But let us pause on the threshold, for the love of such as these is not to be exposed to prying eyes. Suffice it to say Josiah drove home through the moonlight, a happy and engaged man. He chirruped to the mare whose hoofs sounded cheerily on the hard road; and, as she slowed down in the barnyard, he looked at his watch, and said: "You've cut down the time five minutes old girl, pretty good that." Horses seemed to like Josiah's hard driving wherein they differed from his fellow-men.

Before he entered the house, for he did not indulge in the luxury of a bedroom lamp, he again looked at his gold watch, and chuckled. It was one which had been carried by the late lamented McMillan, and was a substantial love token.

As he laid himself down to rest Josiah congratulated himself on his day's work. He sighed over the loss of



LAWYER BRIMSTOW RECEIVED JOSIAH GRACIOUSLY

the widow Goulder and her fine farm, for the Josiahs envy the Goulders of the world much as they affect to despise them. But he had snatched victory from defeat like many another brave general. Not that he knew much about generals or such folk as get into books, but he did know much about dealing with other men. The widow McMillan had a good share of this world's goods, enough for both, and the subdued ticking of the watch under his pillow rather soothed the spirit of the calculating Josiah, who loved

money and the substantial, visible things money could buy.

A disturbing thought found lodgment in his mind after a time, that when she became his wife the widow would have a right to a share in his own property. "Dower right" the lawyers called it. Josiah remembered that his wife who had gone had made trouble over selling off the old homestead, which had been granted by the Crown under George IV. to his grandfather. She had silly objections to parting with the family inheritance, and signed the deed of sale, reluctantly. She seemed to value more highly the silly, sentimental associations with the old home than the money he was making. What weighed with him was his selling dear and buying better land cheap. Gradually, the puzzle took shape in his mind how to obtain possession of the widow's property without giving her any control of his own. Now Josiah was a member in good standing in his church, but he did not believe it was more blessed to give than to receive. He fell asleep at last, but his dreams were troubled. So often does the worm canker the heart of the fairest appearing fruit.

Next day he drove to town, and was closeted long with Mr. Brimstow, an attorney of note and worldly possessions, who was not held in high esteem by his fellows in the law. Through jealousy, as he would tell you, they had attempted to take away his gown, but the attempt failed—through a Scottish verdict of "not proven," said his enemies. Mr. Brimstow admired most men who got on in the world, and yet, strangely enough, had made most of his money from men who had failed to get on in the world. To the jealousy and rancour of such men he attributed the evil that was said of him.

Mr. Brimstow, who knew his financial rating accurately, received Josiah very graciously. When Josiah asked about the law as to a wife's dower rights, Mr. Brimstow answered, purposely, in a mist of words and legal phrases. He wanted to know what was in his client's mind.

"Am I right in surmising, Mr. Ogletree, that you contemplate entering into the holy state of matrimony?" he asked, washing his plump, white hands, and smiling upon Josiah. There were those who said this smile was oily and his redundancy of phrase a pose, but great men are ever misunderstood.

"That's a good guess," replied Josiah with such a knowing smile as who should say. "You know how it is, we cannot resist them, can we?"

"Ah, but you're a sly dog, Josiah. Well! Well! Allow me to congratulate you," and he insisted on shaking hands effusively.

"What did you say the lady's name was?" he asked briskly.

"I didn't say what her name was," retorted Josiah, drawing down his bushy eyebrows, and running his hand through his sleek, reddish whiskers.

The lawyer, who, despite his greatness, loved gossip, was baffled, but carried it off with an easy grace, coming down to the business in hand.

"No! You wanted to know what right of dower a wife has in her husband's property." Thereupon he explained the law with precision and clearness.

"That is the law, is it?" asked Josiah in a hesitating voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Brimstow, with decision.

"There was a long pause, and Josiah, looking keenly at the lawyer with his sharp eyes hidden by his eyebrows, remarked, "There are ways of getting around many things in your profession, aint there?"

With much circumlocution of phrase, Mr. Brimstow admitted as much, remarking that often what was called the fiction of the law could be set aside, but the process was costly. His enemies in the profession never had cause to complain of the smallness of Mr. Brimstow's charges.

Josiah kept his eyes upon the lawyer and the main point, asking abruptly, "And how could the Dower Law be set aside in my case?"

The final arrangement was that Josiah should register his property in the names of his sons, and Saturday, the thirtieth of September, was the day fixed for signing the papers.

Now these dutiful sons had attained the age of manhood, but had not been allowed to handle money of their own, for Josiah did not encourage boys in extravagance. They had made some money in horse trading, and such huxtering as was open to them, by which means the wits are sharpened but fine distinctions of honor are apt to be pushed into the background. When with great diplomacy, the situation was explained to them, they, with equal diplomacy and tact, expressed hearty approval of the scheme. Nevertheless, they took occasion

to visit Mr. Brimstow, and have the situation thoroughly explained. Having learned the thing you want badly is worth paying for, they signed a paper, and as Mr. Brimstow let them out, he said, "Yes! Yes! It is understood, the deeds will be absolute deeds of gift to each of you." Henry and James paid freely where Josiah paid grudgingly. With all his smartness, when it came to legal documents, Josiah had to trust to his legal adviser, for he could not abstract the meaning from the technicalities, and he so he signed what was set before him. And congratulated himself that he had removed the fly from the ointment of his prospective marital bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Ogletree spent the winter on a honeymoon trip to British Columbia and California, at her expense. She had sisters in these places whom she had long desired to see, and she took Josiah along and treated him with wifely pride and consideration that should have proved to him he had won a treasure greater than he had dreamed. Josiah expanded

in these sunny climes, and enjoyed life with a zest of which he had not thought he was capable, a zest that comes from living luxuriously at no expense to one's pocket.

They returned to find their own land sweet with the smell of clover and of fruit blossom and lilac, and their hearts were aglow at the home coming. If Josiah had been able to realize at any time how much of life such small things are, he might have found a degree of happiness and content where he reaped bitterness and sorrow.

"Josiah, dear," said Mrs. Ogletree, "our trip has cost us a powerful lot of money, and as Judge Gibbon writes me his family likes

my house so well they would like to rent it for another year, I think we had better rent it, and live out on the farm."

As the rent was a consideration, Josiah agreed, and, after dinner at the hotel, they drove out to the farm. As they drew near, Josiah could not realize it was the same place. The "snake rail fence was replaced by one of woven wire which set off the double row of maple trees along the front of the farm. The meadow in front had become a clipped lawn, and the house was transformed by those touches that make a house a home. Inside, someone was playing a gay air upon a piano, and as their wheels grated upon the gravel, a young woman dressed in the daintiest of muslins ran to the door.

"For the land's sake, Lucy Goulder, what are you doing here?" burst from the astonished Josiah.

"Why, I've come here to live for good," said Lucy, blushing divinely, and laughing with happiness.

"Did you not get Henry's letter? Why, we've been married for three months."

"And where is Mary?"

"Goodness gracious me! You seem to be in for surprises. Did you not get her letter either? Why she and Harry Brown were married just a week ago, and are now in Quebec city. You know she always did want to see Quebec."

"I suppose James is married, too," said Josiah with a very wan attempt at a smile.

"No; not yet, but he and my sister, Janet, hope to be married on the first of July. So you see there have been changes since you left, but do come in," she said, holding out her hand to assist Mrs. Ogletree from the buggy.



"FOR THE LAND'S SAKE, LUCY GOULDER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" BURST FROM THE ASTONISHED JOSIAH

When Henry had come in from the fields, and they had sat down to a supper in which fresh strawberries and cream figured, and Josiah found the table covered with dainty napery and set with taste, he looked around upon his old home as at a strange place. He was ill at ease, but Lucy and his wife had so much to tell each other there was little pause in the conversation.

"Where did you get the money to make all these changes?" he asked, dazedly, of Henry when they had all adjourned to the screened verandah, where the men could enjoy a smoke.

"Oh, the whole thing only cost a few hundred in money," replied Henry, lightly, but not altogether at ease. "Mostly it meant a little work, and as for the money I got that from the bank in town."

Josiah was too stunned to suitably comment on this, and Henry went on, "The improvement has added three times its cost to the value of the place, and when he found what I wanted it for the bank manager had no hesitation in lending me the money on my note."

"Where are you going to live now, father?" he asked, flicking an ash from his cigar, and giving little time for any observation his father might wish to make in his financing.

"As her house is still rented, Sarah and me was thinking we would come out here to live," he replied, but it was not the old forceful Josiah that spoke.

"I fear that would not suit our arrangements at all. You see Lucy and I are just starting our life together, and we would not care to have any one else in our house just now. You will no doubt understand how—"

"The house is mine," thundered Josiah, drawing down his brows, and darting a glance at his son before which he had quailed often. Not now, however.

"You are quite mistaken, father," he replied suavely. "The farm is mine by absolute deed of gift made by you on the thirtieth of September last. Here is a copy of the deed. I thought you might like to see it. The duplicate is registered in the County Registry Office."

The women had been listening quietly to this conversation, and gazing around on the grateful greenness of the earth, but Mrs. Ogletree awoke to the realities of life quickly.

"Let me see that deed," she said, quietly. When she had read it, she asked, "Why did you do this, Josiah?"

Josiah stumbled and stuttered but could make no reply, for he realized his wife was the stronger, mentally and morally.

"I'll tell you why you did it," she went on, quietly. "You wanted to cheat me out of my right of dower." Then the storm broke, but we will spare Josiah's feelings and refrain from repeating the denunciations poured out upon him in a flood of restrained wrath and scorn. In the end she snatched his watch from him, and remarked bitterly, "And to think I gave you the watch once worn by a man. Be off, I don't want to ever see your face again."

Josiah went off to the Derry Down tavern, and told Harry White how hard he had been used, the while tears coursed down his face, and into the strong liquor of which he took more than was usual with him, more than was good for him. Harry always had a thirst for the details of every transaction in the neighborhood, and he got them in full from Josiah.

"Say, Josh," he asked at length, "what ever prompted you to sign them deeds anyway? What was your object?"

"Do you think I wanted her to enjoy the property I worked so hard to earn? That scoundrel Brimstow! Now the boys have robbed me. She had enough for both of us, and she won't have anything to do with me no more. Everybody is against me, even you Harry," he sobbed, with alcoholic fervency.

"You've always been a smart man, Josiah," said White coldly, "but I guess this time you were too smart. You cut yourself with the razor you had honed for your wife. Off to bed you go. You've had enough," and he led the weeping Josiah to his chamber.

The girls Josiah had so contemned were his salvation. The boys yielded to their appeals to honour and decency, and retained the farms under a new contract providing for an annuity to Josiah and his wife. But in grasping at all, Josiah lost much; he lost his watch and his wife who was adamant in her determination to have no more to do with him.

Mr. Josiah Ogletree bought a ticket for the West, and it is reported has made much money in real estate. There are compensations in life. However, this fact is not mentioned as pointing the moral, if any such there be, in this tale of the love of a woman and a man who had outlived the illusions of callow but ever glorious youth.



THE GRAND STAND ATTRACTIONS ARE UNUSUALLY GOOD

WHAT THE WEST CAN SHOW

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE is living now in the West an old lady who, as a child, saw Fulton's first steamboat go up the Hudson, and afterward saw the first train make its first trip over the first rails laid on this continent. In the eighteen nineties, at an electrical

exhibition, this same old lady saw the original steam locomotive shown as a venerable relic, side by side with the latest electric car—and last year, she saw an airship. Thus in less than a single century, it was given one individual to see the be-



THE EXHIBITION OF HORSES COULD NOT BE EXCELLED



THE WEST IS BEGINNING TO MANUFACTURE ITS OWN MACHINERY

ginnings of four tremendous epochs, and the full development of three.

People who have lived but one-third that span in the western provinces may go to the Winnipeg Exhibition and see in that one place a sight having as much significance under present century conditions as all these four had in the last. Many a man who broke the prairie sod in Manitoba or else-

where on the western plains will stand before evidences of a progress that elsewhere and in other times would have taken hundreds of years. The exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, western products of the fields and of the arts that go with agrarian life, could not be excelled in quality by any of the older countries, not even in Europe. In things accomplished, it will show such



MEN WILL STAND BEFORE EVIDENCES OF A PROGRESS THAT ELSEWHERE WOULD HAVE TAKEN HUNDREDS OF YEARS



THE EXHIBITION RACES ARE ALWAYS THE PREMIER LIGHT HARNESS EVENT

mighty achievements as never before were crowded into the infancy of a wide nation. These things have come so insensibly and as matters of course that such a grouped exhibition is necessary to impress our western people with a sense of the wonders they have wrought. It will express the optimism and celebrate the prosperity that have marked the growth of the West, and will celebrate a happy year

with sports and pastimes. The exposition races always are the premier light harness events north of St. Paul and Minneapolis. This season a new track, \$27,000 in prizes, and the Selkirk Futurity in the horizon, will guarantee one of the best race meets in the country's history.

Truly, "out of the harvest there comes a day of rejoicing, of thanksgiving, and of merrymaking."



THE NAVASSAR LADIES' BAND IS A POPULAR ATTRACTION



Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell and Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, are to perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actor or actress in each production. This month we have selected "The Family," by Robert H. Davis.—THE EDITOR.

THE FAMILY

DAVID SNEED'S low shoes were elevated to reveal very loud plaid socks.

His tie cut a bright red swath across a pink and white striped shirt. From David's position on the lounge he might look through muslin-draped windows to the broken-down fence, the unkept lawn, and hollyhocks nodding at the windows. But his eyes never left the pink sheet of the newspaper in his hand while he read aloud to his father the latest race-track dope.

The mother rocked gently, a huge basket of plaid socks in her lap. "Wouldn't it be a good deal better to stop the gambling in sure things and turn a little money into the family?" she suggested at last.

"But this is so easy, mother," protested John Sneed.

"I'm getting tired of it," she continued, in the same gentle tone. "We can live and be comfortable on your salary if you'll only stop playing the horses. David is growing up with nothing on his mind but this miserable race track stuff. Neither of you ever won a bet in your lives. And it's my belief that nine-tenths of the horses mentioned in the papers don't even exist."

David sat upright. "Well, can you beat that!"

Mary threaded her needle. "You can't beat them and you'd better stop trying."

Ruth, rushing tempestuously into the room with a parcel, overturned a pile of David's cherished race-track clippings. In a moment David flared into boyish anger. Mary's soothing voice quieted him with soft reproach.

"David, you should remember always that Ruth is only a child. She is your sister, as is Madeline. We are one family, one and inseparable. We all have our weaknesses. None of us is perfect. We must stand by one another in sickness or in health, in riches or in poverty. There is no bulwark like the family. Though we are all weak separately, together we have strength. Some day you will understand these things better. Some day you will appreciate the majesty of tolerance, of forgiveness. We must cling each to each. Your father is of my heart. My children are of my blood. We must love one another."

David nodded impulsively as he sauntered out to the verandah. "I'm on!"

"Your mother's right, Dave," said John.

Mary gathered her mending together and arose. In the doorway leading to the kitchen she paused. "And, merely by way of suggestion, a little less race horse in the Sneed family may help some."

John stared in fat astonishment at her retreating form. He was still mopping his perplexed forehead when Madeline entered from the kitchen. A checked apron concealed the pretty plumpness of her figure.

"I want to talk with you, father. I'll sit here at your feet. There is so much to say to you."

"What in particular worries you now?" fondly.

"I'm tired of this town."

"Well, who isn't? I've been tired of it for thirty years."

"Yes, but you're obliged to stay here. There isn't any other place for you to go. You don't even dream about anything else. It's different with me. I hear nothing, nothing but the bees buzz, buzz, buzz, in the summer and the wind in the bare trees in the winter. The clang of the church bell across the town is a dirge. The trees even are stupid in their regular rows. I see the same faces. I hear constantly the same voices. How I loathe it all! I want to get away. I want to see something else, something new, something different!"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere," desperately.

"Who with?"

"Anybody!" recklessly.

"Madeline!" in horror.

She continued hurriedly: "I'm sick of making jams and jellies all summer. I'm disgusted with sewing and sweeping and scrubbing and slaving. What is life under such a strain? Was I made for such drudg-

ery? Am I to have no youth, no girlhood?"

Mary, entering, saw the reflection of the storm on both the flushed faces. "What has happened, father? Surely something has gone wrong. I can see it in Madeline's eyes."

"You tell her, Madge, just what you told me."

Madeline faced her mother resolutely. "I am tired of being a drudge, weary of this never-ending, thankless toil of the household. None of you seem to understand me. The past is nothing but labor, the present nothing but repetition of all that's already gone, the future is hopeless."

The mother-heart, quick to respond to every sudden need, recognized unexpected maturity in this daughter whom they all had considered a child. "Yes, I too feel something of that. I, too, lie weary upon my pillows, but there is no alternative. We come into this world of sorrows and disappointments to toil. That is the price we pay for being. Where one idles a thousand must labor. Even so, Madeline, life has its blessings."

Madeline raised her eyes hopelessly. "What are they? Where are they? When do they come to us?"

"What are they? They are our children, our hopes, our good deeds, our homes.

Where are they? They are here about us, they are in our hearts, they are in the past, they are our memories. When do they come? When we are worthy to receive them, when we are prepared to care for them, when we are able to understand. Then and then only. Not before."

Madeline turned away. "And to some they never come."

"Yes, to some they never come. But they are unworthy."

Madeline clasped her hands painfully



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

HENRY DONNELLY

As John Sneed in "The Family"

together. "Cannot they be hastened? Cannot they be brought nearer by our going to them?"

"No. Patience, my child. They may be near us when we do not know. All in good time. Only God can tell."

David burst into the room. He had been down town, investigating the new minstrel show that had arrived that day. "Say," he addressed the Family, "Paul Churchill, the main guy of the minstrels, is coming to call. His father used to know dad—maybe he'll give us some passes—he's going to lead the parade past the house—got one of those bearskin toppers on. He'll just about kill Madge when he shows up. He's a cuckoo, you bet!"

Ruth, Mary and John rushed to the windows. The approaching music of the parade began to blare in crescendo.

Madeline unfastened her apron with nervous joy. "Thank heaven," she thought, "I'll get a glimpse of some people who weren't born here!"

The minstrel parade came into view. A magnificent, six-foot drum-major led them. Immediately in front of the Sneed house he halted, and at the conclusion of the music came up the path and into the house to shake hands.

"I just dropped in to pay my respects and to invite your family to the performance to-night," he said, completely aware of the commotion his presence caused in the simple household. In a somewhat impressive manner Churchill unbuttoned his gold-braided coat and secured a pass pad from his inside pocket. "Ah! there are five in the family! And what a charming family! By the way, Miss Madeline," he looked at her in obvious admiration, "haven't you some young

gentleman friend whom you would like to include in the party?"

Madeline, wonderingly absorbing his grandeur, answered disjointedly, "No, thank you. There is no one in this town I care anything about. I'll be there myself. I'm very much obliged to you."

She dropped her gaze before his steady admiration. The band in front of the house began to play. Ruth, Mary, John and Dave moved involuntarily to the door.

Paul softly approached Madeline. "Of course I shall see you again to-night. Really I must, you know."

Madeline glanced shyly at him. "Surely you will. But we haven't known each other very long, have we?"

Paul laughed boyishly. "That's nothing. Our fathers have been friends for thirty years. Why not you and I?"

Flutteringly she changed the subject, trembling with emotions that rose responsive to the ardor in his face. "You forgot your baton." She handed it to him.

Churchill took one of Madeline's hands gently in his as he bent and kissed the other. It was over in an instant. Madeline clasped her hand over the burning imprint his lips had made. Churchill, without a backward glance, joined his band in the street.

David, at the window, blew a thin trail of smoke toward his sister, with tantalizing slowness. "Does he look good to you, Madge?"

Madge averted her face sharply: "Yes! Any new face looks good to me."

* * * * *

A marcel wave, a tailored skirt, a delicate waist, can change a pretty country girl into a stylish woman. Madeline Sneed surveyed



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MABEL BURT

As "Mother" in "The Family"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
FLORENCE FISHER
As Madeline in "The Family"

the transformation in the mirror of her bedroom at the Springfield Hotel. And yet the sight did not startle and gratify her as it had done for the past two weeks since the night she left the Family so abruptly.

In another moment Churchill would bring David and her father to the room. Churchill had promised to play his part well, to act as though the delayed marriage ceremony were already properly performed. He had forgiven her to that extent for her letter informing the Family of their whereabouts.

David entered blandly. A panama hat was stuck tight to his head, his trousers flared, his collar reached his ears. John Sneed and Churchill came together affably.

"So she married *you*!" said David. "Well, can you beat that. Say, Paul, how about the race track here? Anything doing to-day?"

"Bother the race track," cried Madge, from John's breast, where they were petting each other like children. "I haven't seen father for two weeks and I want him to spend the afternoon with me."

"Fade away, Mrs. Churchill, fade away," drawled Dave. "There she goes. Oh, my-o! You'll get yours, too, Paul. Ain't it

great the way they swell up and begin talking like a section boss just as soon as they get the handcuffs on some man? No wedding bells for me. None whatever."

"Don't you worry, Dave, you'll get bit some day," laughed John.

"Say, do I look like one of them guys? Not me. If I ever get married it will be on a bet."

John surveyed the smiling group with the comfortable importance of a man who is about to bestow the secret of complete happiness. Since Madge's letter had reached the Family and they were certain of her lawful marriage, he had been as frolicsome as a boy. "What is the most welcome piece of news that could come to you right now?"

David looked interested. "That Jeff will fight Johnson."

"Dry up." John was disgusted. "I've got a piece of news that can't be beat. Your mother is coming and by the next train."

Madeline swayed, clutched the window-frame, and stared at Paul with terror in her face. The results of her letter were accruing



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
EDITH SPARE
As Ruth in "The Family"

fast—the letter that was meant simply to assuage the Family's uncertainty. For the first time in her life she had been forced to look into her father's face and deceive him. She had thought lies and spoken lies. But she had deceived him *successfully*. In her mother's presence nothing would save her. Nothing could mar her mother's vision. In her heart, in her very soul, she would feel the truth, the terrible, accusing, unpardonable truth.

Churchill, quick to discern the emotions flitting across her face and anxious to give her an opportunity to adjust herself to the forthcoming ordeal, suggested that they two should go to the station to meet Mrs. Sneed.

"Madge don't look happy to me," said David, as the door closed behind her.

John stretched his newspaper in both hands comfortably. "She'll be allright after she sees her mother."

But it so happened that Churchill and Madge, absorbed in their difficulties, missed Mrs. Sneed at the station. Dave and John, eager to use their vacation from home to advantage, descended to the pool room. And thus it came about that when Madge returned to her room she found her mother waiting for her—alone.

Madge gave a startled cry when she saw her and hid her face in her hands.

Mary extended her loving arms. "Come!"

Madge ran to her mother and clinging to her, sobbed convulsively.

Mary patted her shoulders. "Have a good cry. And then dry your eyes and tell me everything that is in your heart. We never understood you. How could we, Madge? You seemed always to have been a little girl. But you were a woman and we did not know."

"I did not know how dear you were to me until I had gone. Will you forgive me?"

"Hush. You have our forgiveness and our blessing. It is to-day and the future that must occupy your mind—your husband. You are no longer one of five. You are the beginning of a family. The time has come for you to undertake those responsibilities. Your being has found its mate. To-day you are a bride."

Madge turned away her face guiltily. She clutched at her heart while her mother, utterly unconscious of the storm raging in Madge's bosom, continued: "Dry those tears. There is so much else for you to think about. Be brave. Some day you will be,

as I am, with the blessing of God, a mother. And your children will cling to you, as have mine, until it is destined that they shall leave you. And then you must look calmly upon it and pray for their happiness. There is no other way, Madge."

"Don't! Don't! You're killing me. You are telling me more than I should know. Let it come to me with the years. Let me stay back awhile with my illusions. Hold me near you, near the Family, *our Family*."

"It shall be as you wish. To-day you are unstrung. But the sky will clear and all will be bright and life will be beautiful."

"Oh! I should have trusted you more. The thought of my ingratitude hurts to my very heart. I received his letters. They consumed me."

"And they won you away from us. But that is life and love."

Madge raised her head from her mother's breast. "Wait, mother, hear me. And so, longing to be free, to set behind me the intolerable torture of that narrow, stuffy, hated village, I fled to him."

"And you promised to be his 'lawful wedded wife—to love, honor and obey until death'. Yes, Madge, those are the very words. 'And with this ring'——"

Madge gasped and stood as one paralyzed. Mary looked at her left hand. She caught her breath, and with a supreme effort steadied herself. "Where is it? Madge, Madge!"

Madge swayed. "Let me go. I can't look at you. Let me go. I don't want to look into your face."

Mary grasped her hand tightly. "Whose face then can you look into?"

"None. You are hurting me."

"Your wounds are not so deep as mine." She held Madge desperately. "I cannot let you go. I am your mother. You are my flesh and blood. You need me now. I shall not fail you. Come to me." She drew her closer, with physical hunger in her old face.

Madge raised her weary, miserable eyes, and for the first time looked straight into her mother's face. "Can you take me to you again? I am—not—his wife."

"Oh, my God!" For a moment her strength was overcome. Then her arms closed around Madeline who sank upon her breast. "You are still *my child*. And I am your mother. We will go home, Madge. Come. We shall all go home together."



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

JOHN WESTLY
As David Sneed in "The Family"

With keen decision of action she insisted that Madeline put on her hat at once.

While Mary waited, David entered.

Mary held out her hands in glad relief. "David, I need you, now. I am in trouble. We must take Madge home with us right now. Do you understand me, David, do you?"

"What'll Churchill say? He's her husband and you can't beat that. If he says nix, it's nix."

"Well, it isn't nix this time, David. Madge is going home with us to stay. She hasn't any other place to go."

"That's what I told Dad. These minstrel men ain't got no homes. When the season closes, I suppose we'll have Mr. Nickel-Stick boardin' with us free of charge."

"No, David," firmly. "Madge will never see him again."

"Oh, she won't. Then he has thrown her?"

Mary looked fixedly at him. In her strange, unwavering gaze he read the truth. "I'm on. I'm on. They ain't married. He's ruined her. By God, I'll kill him."

He started for the door. Mary clung to him. "No, no, no. Not that, my boy. You shan't stain your hands with human blood."

"Yes, I will. I'll shoot the dog while he's leadin' the parade. I'll take him by the throat with my naked hands and kill him in front of all the people. Then I'll beat his head into a pulp with his baton. Let me go!"

He tried to wrench himself from her.

"David," she cried, "it is me you will kill. Two wrongs don't make one right. You will only make a terrible scandal through which I cannot live. God will take care of him."

David relaxed. Boyish tears filled his eyes.

"Promise me you will do nothing. David, swear it. Give me your word of honor. Do this much for me."

"Whatever you say, ma. But it's askin' a good deal of me. The damned dirty whelp! Isn't anything goin' to happen to him? What'll Dad say?"

"He'll know in good time. I shall tell him in my own way. It must all be left to me."

Her arms closed about David's shoulders.

She raised her face as if in supplication. "Oh, my children, my children."

* * * * *

It was afternoon a week later.

David, in a flannel shirt, his arms and neck burned, was cutting the fingers from a pair of old gloves, as he stood in the sitting room near Mary. Some subtle change in the boy wrought by that bare contact with the tragic seriousness of life, gave energy and purpose to his expression.

"This lawn-mowing gag puts the blisters on your hands to beat the band. But I've cleaned up an acre of grass in the last three days—which ain't so rotten, considering I never shaved a front yard before in my life."

Mary rocked and mended. "I'm so glad, David, that you are not disappointed in your work. I didn't believe you would stick to it when you began."

"I wasn't stuck on the idea myself. But I had to begin some time. Keep your eye skinned on Dave, the grass-chopping king and you'll see the Sneed homestead begin to look like white folks lived here. I've quit clippin' dope sheets, too. Nothin' in it. Spent a lot of valuable time readin' the race track stuff when I could be doin' somethin' worth while around the yard."

He looked at Mary beamingly. "Say, I'm goin' to work Monday for Abe Cohn in the Gents' Outfittin' Emporium and Hardware Store at ten a week. He's been after me to come in behind the counter fer nearly a year. And I took him up last night."

"Did you, David?" proudly. "I am very happy to hear it. I knew that you had it in you and that at the right time it would show itself."

He pressed her shoulder with impulsive boyish fondness that burst forth only to withdraw at once to its hiding-place. "Say, ma, half of that ten-spot comes to you every week."

He turned quickly away. Headlines on the newspaper on the table caught his attention. He smoothed the sheet nervously. Then he clutched it frantically. "Damn him!" he cried. "He's got his! He's got his!"

Mary arose in quick alarm. "What's the matter, David?"

He read aloud a spectacular notice of Paul Churchill's death in a railway accident. "It's come, ma. He got it good, the yellow dog. Killed, killed, killed! He's dead."

You had it right. 'God will take care of him.' And now he's out of the way. Thank you, God! Thank you!"

Mary watched him tear the paper frenziedly into bits. Then she said steadily. "Never speak of him again, my boy. Put the whole awful thing behind you. We must look forward. He has passed."

They heard John's comfortable voice in the doorway. "You look like a candidate for County Clerk on the labor ticket. Didn't think it was in you, Dave." Then to Mary, as he sank into an easy chair, "Well, mother, seems like old times to have Madge back with us."

Dave shot a searching glance at his mother. He retreated hastily to the lawn.

Mary put the mending basket on the table. "It is much better for Madge to be here, I think."

"Why, what do you mean by that?"

"Paul will not return to us."

"Who says so? Why won't he return? She's his, isn't she? Answer me that. She's his?"

Mary took his hand. "Father, we have lived together for twenty-five years. During all that time I have never asked you to do a thing against your will. But I ask it now. Madeline is not *his*. She is *ours*."

"What was she doing those two weeks she was away? By God, you'll tell me that!"

"She was dying of shame."

"Is that why you brought her back from Springfield so hurriedly that afternoon? Then there was no mar—"

"Madeline is still ours. Just that and nothing more."

"I'll drive her from the house."

"Then you will drive me with her, John Sneed. We will go together. The blow fell

hardest upon *me*. Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone. I have forgiven her. No chiding word has crossed my lips. Not one syllable of rebuke shall I utter against her as long as I live. *I* forgive her. *You* shall forgive her. We must *all* forgive her."

John groped for Mary's hand. Suddenly he gave way and embraced her convulsively. "Mary, Mary, you are the heart of the Family. I forgive. Send her to me."

"Sh! She is coming. Take her in your arms, to your heart. Hold her there. Keep the Family together. God bless you."

Madeline entered the room happily. The fresh country air had brought back her soft, innocent expression. Quiet, deep joy glowed in her beautiful eyes.

She put her arms fondly around her father's neck. "How beautiful all the world is. How splendid to be home again with you. I could not endure to be away again."

He held her away from him a moment. She read full understanding and love in his face.

Then, with a little choking cry, she threw herself into his arms. And in that close embrace the past was set aside forever.

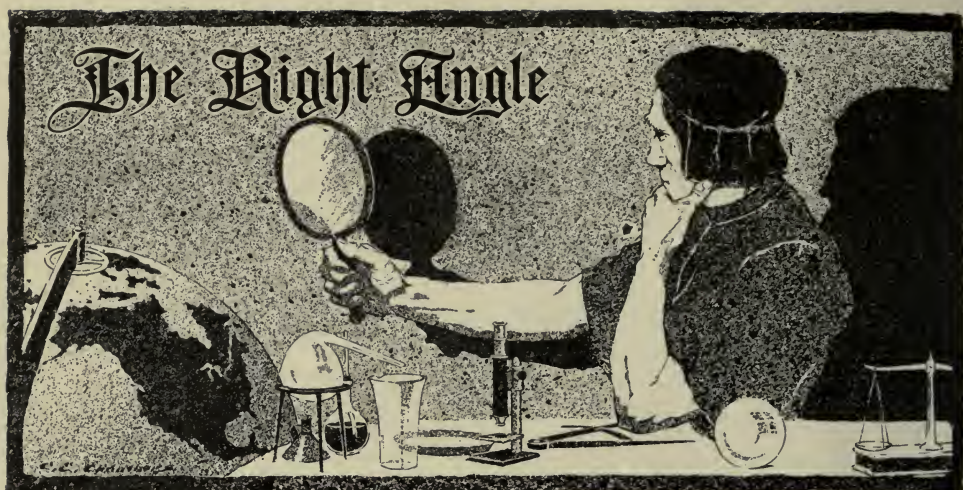
* * * * *

The broad yellow glow of the evening lamp made a cheerful circle of light for the group. The light shone on Mary's spectacles as she mended and made a pale cameo of Ruth's face upturned to absorb the fairy story Madeline was telling her. At the doorway the yellow lamp glow faintly ended. In the silver moonshine flooding the verandah sat John and Dave, rocking in unison, side by side, their feet on the verandah rail, their cigar smoke quivering upward.

AMBITION

BY EDWIN BALMER

THOUGH I could find the land where dreams come true,
And live in my great castles built in Spain,
Though sun, moon, stars and all their retinue
Of worlds were mine, would I not cry again
For something yet beyond?



AN ARISTOCRACY OF IDEALITY

IN CURIOUS distinction with the outlook of the typical railway president as he is known in the States, is the view of life and money matters expressed by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. On his way home from a meeting of directors of the Soo line, Sir Thomas stopped at Detroit, where a *Free Press* man interviewed him. Pointing out the difference in the standards of living between Canada and the United States, Sir Thomas said that, while the Canadian likes to "make money for his needs, for his luxuries even, he does not enter into it to the exclusion of every other interest, like the American money-maker. He finds time for recreation and relaxation, and for cultivating other sides of him than the money-making faculty. When he has amassed what he considers a sufficient sum he stops to enjoy his life and the fruits of his labors."

Then he touched upon the most pathetic side of newly-built-up wealth. "What I deplore most of all," said he, "is the effect that many of these huge fortunes have upon the children of those who have struggled and suffered to acquire them. I mean the self-satisfied, snobbish complacency with

which the sons of great millionaires regard life. They seem to think they owe the world nothing, and to revel in the fact of their riches, taking it for granted that they have no duties and no responsibilities other than the spending of money. Character and individuality worth anything are formed only through effort and the conquering of obstacles, but these scions of wealthy houses have no incentive to effort, and the result is lamentable."

This is the truth, plainly spoken, upon which is postulated a conclusion devoutly to be wished for, but of



J. A. MCNEIL

Dramatic editor of the Toronto "Mail and Empire", whose story "Slaves of the Wire" appears in this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

doubtful realization in the States or even in Canada, in these hurly-burly days. "I do not believe in the aristocracy of dollars. If there must be an aristocracy, let it be of brain, refinement and work. Let it be above all else an aristocracy of well-directed useful conscientious work."

south, east and west have each contributed their quota and Canada, the youngest nation of them all, has not been lacking in her representation among these great ones of the world.

We have been especially fortunate in our Canadian singers. Latest, and one of the



MISS EDITH J. MILLER

A PRIMA DONNA OF THE PLAINS

ART is not confined within geographical limits. No one country has a monopoly of the supply of the world's great artists in music, painting or literature. North and

highest among these in power, temperament, purity of tone, perfection of method and unusual vocal range, is Miss Edith J. Miller, now touring the country in concert work. Miss Miller was born at Portage la Prairie

and began her musical training in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, afterward studying under the two foremost exponents of voice culture in Europe, Madame Marchesi and Sir Paolo Tosti.

Returning to Canada to make her debut, Miss Miller was at once hailed as a new star in the firmament of music, and after a series of successful appearances here, she went back to Europe to duplicate her triumphs there. At a concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at which the King was present, His Majesty sent for Miss Miller and personally complimented her, not only upon that performance but upon the recognition she had won among the great singers and musical authorities of London. The same season Miss Miller gave a concert under the patronage of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which were present also Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, the Earl and Countess of Minto, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and Lord and Lady Strathcona. The critics throughout the entire United Kingdom and afterward in the continental capitals were warm in her praise, accepting her as one of the great artists of this new generation.

Miss Miller's voice is of that rare sort which includes full utterance of the deepest contralto tones as well as the high notes of a dramatic soprano. It is called contralto, but in reality it is a mezzo, rich in feeling and capable of the most delicate shades of meaning. Behind it lies a fine power of thought; and her control is of that absolute kind which seems unconscious of itself.

One of Miss Miller's most pronounced characteristics is her loyalty to her native land. On the continent, in the United States or at home, she is invariably billed as the "Canadian contralto" and always her preference is for the thing "made in Canada." This preference extends even to her choice of a piano, for Miss Miller uses one of the best-known Canadian instruments at all her concerts, declaring that for brilliancy of execution and the mellow richness and sympathetic, singing quality of tone so necessary to successful accompaniments, no piano can compare with this product of a little town in Ontario.

A country that synchronously advances along the whole line of material development and the heights of art shows the quality native to its people, and justifies their title in the heritage of all the ages. The farmer

and the merchant may well raise their hands from the mower and the desk, not in wonder, but in pleased salutation of this sister in the arts, whose voice rings so clear in the audit of the world.

JUMBO CATTLE FROM ALBERTA.

IF THIS is what Alberta grasses will do for steers, what would be the result with elephants? A steer raised thirty miles north of Gleichen and shown at the Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition is easily the biggest thing of its kind Western Canada has yet produced. This steer is a four-year-old, and stands six feet high. It is eleven feet two inches long, and weighs 2,680 pounds. With the easy life of an exhibit it is growing still heavier, at a rate that promises to attain 3,500 pounds by the end of the season. The owners have refused \$4,000 for it, because they intend to keep it in the show business by touring the States with it after the Exposition closes.

There is record of a shipment of fifty-one cattle from Gleichen to Dawson City last May, that averaged 1,555 pounds each. If that proportion were worked out in elephants, there would be no room for anything else.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

WHOEVER can charm a child with a story, has a gift of deeper insight and a truer touch in nature, and goes to a wider—possibly in some ways a wiser—public than the writer of novels for "grown-ups" may ever show or hope for. It is a gift so rare that the most luminous examples are about as few as they are famous. CANADA WEST is fortunate in being able to promise a series of child-stories of the kind that nobody will ever grow too old to enjoy. They were written by Mrs. Helen Clark Balmer, and like "Alice," they were addressed to a small audience of real children. There are only a half dozen of them, but each is a jewel in its way and while they do not form a connected series, they will have a united appeal. The first will appear in the August number.

"SAE LANG AT THE FAIR"

"IS your wife wi' ye?" asked the Lanarkshire man of the man frae Midlothian, when they met in Sauchiehall Street.

"Naw," said the Midlothian man, "Ah'm in Glasgie the noo for plaisir."

But other longitudes, other latitudes. Over here the view differs, and all Alberta will bring his wife and his children to the Alberta Provincial Exhibition, to be held in



THE MAIN BUILDING AT THE CALGARY FAIR

Calgary, from the fifth to the tenth of this month. There will be something for everyone, even the little ones, and many families will travel many miles by wagon to see the horses run and hear the Navassar women's band play.

It will be a big holiday, spun out through almost a week, and one of the most interesting and valuable grain and produce exhibitions ever held in the West. Live stock will be a feature strong enough to draw not only the farmers all over the province, but

breeders from the States and eastern Canada. The exhibition this year will cost \$60,000, and \$25,000 will be awarded in purses and prizes. The historical pageant is promised to excel that of last year, which was really fine. The Association has shown much energy and good judgment in arranging the program, and credit may be freely given in advance of the event, to Sheriff Van Wart, the president, and to Secretary Richardson, for their untiring energy in supervising the preparations.



THE INDIAN RACES AT THE FAIR



LINES TO AN HEIRESS

I DO not want a motor car;
 I do not want a yacht;
 I do not pine to roam afar
 And over Europe trot.
 I do not seek rare works of art.
 Beloved, it is true,
 The only object of my heart
 Is You,
 You,
 You!

For when I've got you, don't you see
 These other things will come;
 For in the line of £ s. d.
 You've got a tidy sum.
 For all these luxuries I'll wait—
 Yacht, travel, motor, too—
 Till I shall dwell in blissful state
 With You,
 You,
 You!

HIS ELECTRIC BELL

ONE day last week Mr. Jason Jerolomon, a householder in Rosedale, finding that it would cost him \$15 to have an electric door bell installed in his dwelling, decided to put it in himself and save money.

He bought his outfit at a department store, devoted the greater part of the day to locating his dry batteries, stringing his insulated wire, and fastening up the bell and bell push, carefully following the instructions given him by the salesgirl at the store.

"Now," he said, after completing the job, "I'll show you that this will work as well as anybody's electric door bell."

It did.

A NIGHTMARE

"I SAW a perfect dream of a hat to-day," said Mrs. Musthavit.

"Well, just remember that you are no sleeping beauty," replied Musthavit, who was in an ugly mood.

DISCRETION

PHOTOGRAPHER—Great Scott, man! Can't you look a little more cheerful?

Mr. H. Enpeck—No, sir! Not for this picture! I'm to send it to my wife, who is away on a visit, and if I looked too cheerful she'd take the first train for home!

A BRILLIANT ONE

THE most successful stepping stone to matrimony is a diamond.

THE BRIDGE FIEND

A MAN gets mad at his wife if she can't play whist as well as he does, but a good deal madder if she can play it better.

UNFIT FOR PUBLICATION

TOMMY—Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son.

Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward?

Tommy's Pop—I'd hate to tell you, my son.

STUNG

"DON'T you just love to see the birds soar?" asked the romantic girl.

"Yes," replied the man with the swollen cheek, "but I hate to see the bees sore."

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VI.

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No. 4

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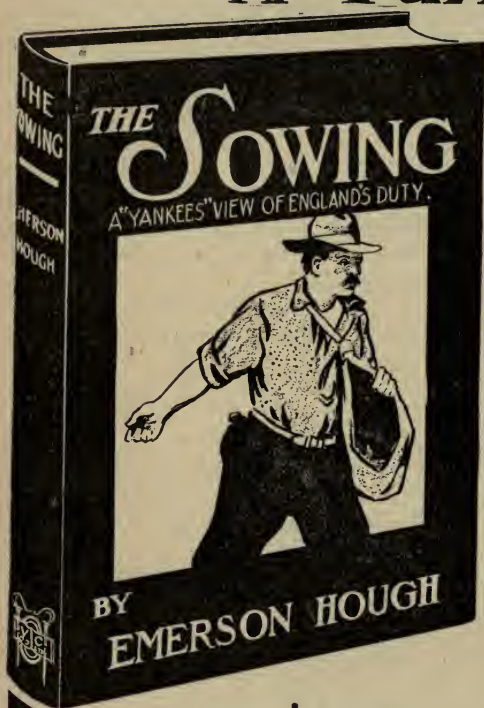
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GOD'S COUNTRY

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

When I hear the coyote there in the bluff
 Calling, at dusk, when the sun gets red,
And feel the kiss of the west'ring breeze,
 And hear the ducks' wings over my head,
And it's quiet, and big, and fresh, and free,
 I thank God I'm living in His country.

When I hear the call of the mother cow
 Out on the trail when the day is new,
And the sun comes up from 'way back east
 And quenches his thirst in the prairie dew,
When the chicken scuttles along the trail
 Where the buffalo-wallows used to be,
Why I just sort of choke, and say, I'm glad
 To be living and loving in God's Country.





Painted for Canada West Monthly by Arthur Heming

The Love Dance—see page 232

THE BEAR, COMING SUDDENLY UPON THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE, WITH A SNORT OF SURPRISE,
ROSE UPON ITS HAUNCHES

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI.

LONDON, ONT., AUGUST

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THE MEN WHO LEAD THE FARMERS

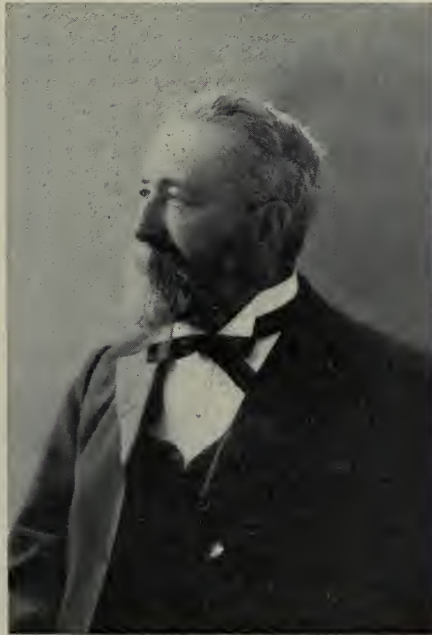
BY FRANK MANTLE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NO chapter in the history of western Canada's development is of greater interest or more significant than that dealing with the experimental farms which dot the country here and there, and with the men who have been instrumental under the Dominion government in making these farms the recognized power in agriculture they now are. Spencer A. Bedford and James Murray in Manitoba, Angus Mackay in Saskatchewan, G. H. Hutton and W. H. Fairfield in Alberta, and Thomas A. Sharpe in the valleys of southern British Columbia, are names with which to conjure among the farmers, for they stand for actual—not theoretical—success, and for scientific yet practical farming.

In 1887 the Dominion government purchased 680 acres of land adjoining the townsite of Indian Head, Saskatchewan, from the Bell farming company, and in the spring of 1888

operations were begun upon the first experimental farm in the West. Angus Mackay, a Canadian of Scotch descent and Ontario birth and training, who had been farming in the Indian Head district since 1882, was asked to become superintendent, and accepted the post. This spring the farm attained its majority, Superintendent Mackay having sown and reaped twenty-one crops on it. Before he undertook this work, while yet farming for himself, Mr. Mackay became convinced that the secret of successful



DR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, C.M.G., LL.D.
Director of Experimental Farms for Canada since 1886



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM AS IT IS TO-DAY

wheat-growing on the plains of Saskatchewan having an annual rainfall of only seventeen or eighteen inches, lay in the conservation of soil moisture; and his first and greatest contribution to the farmers of that province was a system of farming whereby moisture might be conserved, fertility restored, and weeds eradicated, yet wheat remain the staple and almost the only crop. The distinctive feature of the rotation was the "summer fallow," by which one-third of the cultivated area of a farm lies idle each year to receive one deep plowing, and surface cultivation at intervals throughout the season. This system within recent years has been extended, elaborated, and re-christened "dry-farming" by a group of men under the energetic leadership of Professor H. M. Campbell, of Lincoln, Nebraska. The root idea of Professor

Campbell's "dry-farming" system has been practised by Superintendent Angus Mackay on the plains of Indian Head for a quarter of a century.

In addition to pounding away year after year at this, the utilitarian side of his work, Superintendent Mackay has made a great contribution to the artistic and home-making aspect of farming by demonstrating that



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM AS IT WAS IN 1899

many varieties of trees, shrubs and fruits can be successfully grown on the wind-swept prairies of Saskatchewan. Between Brandon and Calgary on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Rail-

way nothing attracts the traveler's attention more than the long and varied avenues of well grown Manitoba maples, cotton woods, conifers and willows, which line the roadways and border the fields of the Indian Head farm.



THE APPLE TREES AT INDIAN HEAD EXPERIMENTAL FARM ARE VIGOROUS AND FRUITFUL

Professor James W. Robertson, Principal of the Macdonald Agricultural College at Ste. Anne Bellevue near Montreal, when he was commissioner of agriculture for the Dominion government and frequently visited the West, declared Mr. S. A. Bedford to be "the uncrowned King of Agriculture in Manitoba." Certainly any other agriculturist in the province would be as loath to question Mr. Bedford's leadership as Mr. Bedford himself would be to assert it, he being a humble and self-effacing gentleman. Real kingship, however, lies in actions rather than in titles, and Brandon Experimental farm will stand investigation. If there is to be found anywhere in the



S. A. BEDFORD
Professor of Field Husbandry at Manitoba
Agricultural College

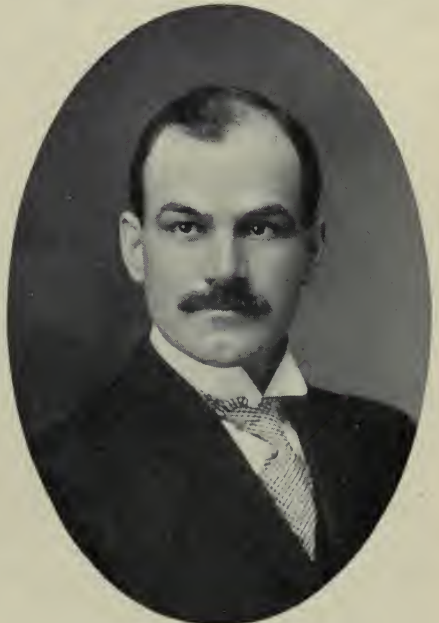
province of Manitoba a farm which can show such a record for persistent and consistent high yields of all kinds of field crops, or if there is one where so many varieties of fruit, flowers, vegetables, shrubs, and trees, attain such a profusion of growth, it has yet to be heard from.

The Brandon farm is undoubtedly the garden spot of Manitoba, and it is in no way receding from that position under the care of its present superintendent, James Murray, B.S.A.

Mr. Bedford farms as to the manner born, and one readily believes that any wilderness would blossom as the rose under the spell of his almost uncanny knowledge of plant life. It is always



JAMES MURRAY, B.S.A.
Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at
Brandon, Manitoba



G. H. HUTTON, B.S.A.
Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at
Lacombe, Alberta

refreshing to meet a man who is openly and avowedly in love with his work; and this is doubly so when that work is farming. Too many men feel it necessary to adopt an apologetic air when explaining that they are "only farmers." Ignorance of agriculture will never be laid at Mr. Bedford's door, for he comes of generations of Kent and Sussex (England) farmers, emigrated to Ontario when twelve years of age, and later homesteaded in the Darlingford district, southern Manitoba, in 1877, when the railroad was yet 350 miles from Winnipeg.

The character of the man, his passion for good farming, and his knowledge of the essentials of success in his business, are well illustrated in the manner of his securing the first seed for his homestead. One day he informed his neighbors that he was going away to locate some good seed grain.

"When will you be back?" they asked.

"I don't know; it depends upon how soon I find seed to suit me," was the reply.

One could readily excuse a young homesteader a hundred miles from a large town if his standards in this matter were not very high and he took almost any seed he could get, assuring himself that he would clean it well and hand-pick the growing crop. Such a man was not young Bedford. He walked eighty miles from farm to farm and stopping-place to stopping-place before he returned from his historic seed hunt, but he had located pure seed of high quality and bought 130 bushels of it. As a result of his tramp and subsequent skill in handling the product, while other men were laboriously hauling their crop to Emerson, sixty-five miles distant, the nearest market, Mr. Bedford was able to sell his entire crop year after year for seed purposes, and have men pay higher prices for his grain right in his own yard than he could have obtained had he teamed it to Emerson! His first crop of oats yielded eighty-four bushels to the acre and fetched—literally fetched—for farmers came and hauled them away—seventy-five cents a bushel! The only load of grain he ever hauled to Emerson

was wheat, and the price obtained after drawing it sixty-five miles was sixty-five cents!

Yet there are not lacking men who will sneeringly remark concerning the yields on experimental farms, "Any-one could do that with the government behind them; the farm doesn't have to pay its way." The point such men forget is that men don't get the care of such farms until they have made good on other farms, and if they did they couldn't hold the job two years, for no amount of money without brains and skill to direct it can make two bushels of wheat grow where most men grow but one, or make Scotch firs succeed where "wolf willow" is the natural growth.

After his homesteading experiences in southern Manitoba, Mr. Bedford moved still farther west and located in the Moose Mountain country, southern Saskatchewan. It was while here that he selected land for, and established a number of colonies sent out and equipped by British philanthropists of noble birth, among whom were Lady Burdett Coutts and Lady Gordon Cathcart. In these years Mr. Bedford spent from \$40,000 to \$50,000 annually on these colonies—large sums of money in those early days in the West.

At this time—in the early eighties—the first legislative assembly of the old North West Territories was convened, and Mr. Bedford was elected a member of it—an incident that shows the respect in which the young farmer was held by his neighbors and friends.

When the Canada North West Land Company bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway 2,500,000 acres of that road's land grant, Mr. Bedford was chosen to superintend the selection of the sections which were to comprise this immense area. When done in blocks of less than 1,000 acres, the choosing of 2,500,000 acres of land "fairly fit for settlement" is a great task, and every block was finally passed upon by Mr. Bedford after it had been reported upon by one or other of his twelve assistants. The crux of the matter lay in the words "fairly fit for settlement," and many a battle was fought between the



VIEW OF THE MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE GROUNDS FROM THE RIVER

Canadian Pacific and the representative of the land company as to their interpretation in individual cases. That the stock of this land company is now quoted at 500 is sufficient proof of the quality of the lands thus selected for it by Mr. Bedford.

This, then, was the man to whom the superintendency of the new experimental farm at Brandon, comprising some 700 acres, was offered in 1887 without any seeking on his part,

and certainly the men at Ottawa responsible for the manning of the farms were well advised and very fortunate when they secured two such men as Angus Mackay and Spencer A. Bedford to inaugurate this new and important work in the West. It was not until 1888 that Mr. Bedford obtained possession of the Brandon farm and for eighteen years following he carried on a fine work there, transforming it from an average piece of property to the



AT THE NEAREST EXPERIMENTAL FARM, THE NEW SETTLER LEARNS HOW TO TURN UNIFORM FURROWS

finest illustration in Manitoba of the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of the country.

During the last year of Mr. Bedford's superintendency he estimated that no fewer than eighteen thousand farmers and others visited the farm, and three thousand letters were dispatched, besides many hundreds of circulars. From these figures and the fact that the farm superintendents address from twelve to twenty gatherings each year, some idea of the amount of information disseminated annually from such stations may be obtained.

Before leaving the consideration of Mr. Bedford and his work at Brandon, it is fitting that mention should be made of the clerical labors of Mrs. Bedford, his wife, who, in addition to the cares of house and family, relieved him of much detail work in the recording of experiments. Those who have seen the records of those early years, before a paid assistant was allowed, state that the volume of the work was only equaled by the painstaking care of its execution.

The first arrangement of experimental farms planned was a central farm at Ottawa to serve Ontario and Quebec, one in the maritime provinces, one in Manitoba, one in the North West Territories, and one in British Columbia. Those in the east do not come within the scope of this article, so there remains to be discussed of those first established, the farm at Agassiz, British Columbia.

The superintendency of this farm was entrusted to Thomas A. Sharpe, another Manitoba pioneer, hailing from the Boissevain district, and a strong personal friend of (now) Senator Finlay M. Young. Work on this farm was not started until some time after the Indian Head and Brandon farms were in operation, and the chief line of experimental work followed has been that relating to fruit culture and the securing of varieties best suited to the climate of southern British Columbia. The topography of British Columbia does not lend itself so well to valuable experimental work as does that of the prairie provinces.

On the prairie there is a general

similarity of land and conditions over large areas, making the results obtained at the experimental farm of general service to nearly all the farmers in that half of the province which contains the farm. Cultivation in British Columbia is largely confined to a number of valleys having wide differences of soil, climate, and conditions. This has certainly detracted somewhat from the value of the work carried on at the Agassiz station, although it has been of a high character and quite in keeping with the traditions of Canadian experimental work as a whole. No matter how carefully they might be conducted nor how successful they were, many of the experiments conducted in a valley such as that in which Agassiz lies—having a humid atmosphere and an altitude of only sea-level—could not be of material service to the growers of fruit on the bench lands of the Kootenay and Okanagan valleys, having a limited rainfall and an altitude of around two thousand feet above sea-level. Recognizing this, the Dominion government now purposes establishing at least two more stations in the fruit country of southern British Columbia, that work under similar conditions to those met with by most growers may be undertaken.

In these days the superintendency of experimental farms usually goes to men trained in the agricultural colleges, and it is very fitting that this should be so. Three such young men are now engaged in this work in the West. James Murray, B.S.A., who is building on the foundations so ably laid by Mr. Bedford at Brandon, is a Canadian born, raised and educated in Ontario. He is a quiet, unassuming, courteous man, whose speeches—when he can be induced to make them—are impressive in that they contain the maximum of information and the minimum of exhortation; he gives the facts and lets his hearers draw their own inferences.

He entered Guelph Agricultural College on the same day as did Principal Black of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and the two men, widely separated in age, temperament, and characteristics, meeting for the first time, strangers in a strange place,

decided to room together as an experiment. The plan worked well and they continued it through four years—perhaps the only case on record at Guelph of two students rooming together throughout the entire college career of both. During his college days, and when only seventeen years of age, James Murray was captain of the champion tug-of-war team of the college, so it may be inferred that he is an able young man in more directions than one. He has been a government official since the day he left college, being first with the Dominion government in the east engaged in seed testing work, and later in charge of the work of the seed branch in the entire west, which work involved the introduction of such new and now successful methods of spreading the gospel of good seed as grain field competitions, seed fairs, and the work of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association. While in this work Mr. Murray attracted the notice of the new Saskatchewan government, and in the spring of 1906 entered its service as superintendent of the newly formed Department of Fairs and Institutes. In the following spring he returned to his old love and re-entered the service of the Dominion government as superintendent of the Brandon farm. Thus Mr. Murray has been actively connected with the popularizing of scientific methods of seed selection and improvement among the farmers of the West, and is recognized as a very expert grain judge. The most important addition to the work of the Brandon farm made by Mr. Murray has been the starting of a series of experiments in fattening steers in the open air during the winter months, whereby it is hoped to prove conclusively that elaborate and expensive buildings are not at all essential or even necessary to profitable steer-feeding even with such winters as the West enjoys. The growing of fodder corn for ensilage and of alfalfa for stock feeding and the rebuilding of worn out soils are other lines which, as in the past, are also receiving much attention.

Soon after the old North-West Territories were divided and the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan

formed, it was decided to establish experimental farms in Alberta. Not only is Alberta as a whole quite different in many respects from Saskatchewan, but central and southern Alberta are dissimilar in their climate; so it was necessary to establish two farms if the work done was to be of value to more than one section of the province.

That for the south was secured first and is located at Lethbridge, one of the most famous districts in the winter wheat country. W. H. Fairfield, who is in charge of this farm, is another of the younger men who bring to their work special training along various lines. Irrigation and "dry-farming" are his specialties, and he is versed in the science of producing bountiful crops on land receiving but a meagre rainfall. Hailing from Colorado, where he graduated with the degree of M.S. from the Fort Collins Agricultural college, Mr. Fairfield came to Lethbridge to superintend the demonstration farm of the Milk River Irrigation company. His work in this connection was of such a character that the Dominion government lost no time in securing his services when the experimental farm for southern Alberta was being opened up. The feature of the work at Lethbridge—in addition to the special nature of the experiments due to the climatic peculiarities of the country—is that everything is done in duplicate, one experiment being conducted on irrigated land and its counterpart on "dry-farmed" land. Of the four hundred acres comprising the farm, one hundred are irrigable and three hundred will be "dry-farmed." Interesting data as to the work of water in crop production will be available in a few years, as all the water used on the irrigated land and the quantity supplied to each crop is recorded by causing the water to flow over a weir equipped with a self-recording register. Elms, ash, Manitoba maple and cottonwood trees are plentifully set out, and a fine collection consisting of two hundred and eighty four varieties of ornamental trees and shrubs is under test, together with many varieties of apples and small fruits.

Lacombe, a point on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, some seventy miles south of Edmonton, is the site of the experimental farm for central Alberta. The work being undertaken here has special features, such as ascertaining the suitability of the north country to the production of fall wheat, alfalfa, clover, large and small fruits. The work of the soil-packer in the conservation of soil moisture is also being exhaustively studied. From its inception in 1907 this work has been in the charge of G. H. Hutton, B.S.A., another Ontario-bred Guelph graduate who first answered to the call of the West at that time. Mr. Hutton graduated in 1900, and spent the intervening years prior to his coming west in reorganizing the home farm, an occupation which is popularly supposed not to appeal to college graduates. Like the other Guelph graduates in the West, Mr. Hutton left his mark on the life of Guelph college—an institution, by the way, which has nine hundred students

in agriculture. He was president of the College Y. M. C. A., and also the champion wrestler of the institution—two honors, we make bold to say, that are seldom vested in the one individual at one and the same time!

No sketch of the development of experimental work in agriculture in western Canada would be complete without mention of the man behind the gun. Since the beginning of the work at Ottawa in 1886, Dr. William Saunders, C.M.G., LL.D., has been the active head of agricultural experimental work in Canada, holding the position of Director of Experimental Farms for the Dominion. Every year Dr. Saunders comes west, inspects the farms, and lays plans with each superintendent for the further continuance of the work, and it is said that no detail, however apparently trivial, escapes his observant eye, while every proposed new departure on the part of a superintendent is first referred to him for ratification.

THE DAWN AT HER WINDOW

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

HOW does the dawn find her window—blank to its light?
 And must it steal through the shutters, subtle as night?
 Wake her by beams of its brightening,
 Moment by moment heightening,
 Hastening on sleep's flight?

How does the dawn find her window—open to-day?
 Bearing in burdens of perfume from dew-drenched hay—
 Wake her by odors of flowering,
 Pelting her with them, and showering
 Till sleep shall drift away?

How breaks the dawn at her window—gray with the rain?
 Dashing wild tears on the lattice—in vain, in vain!
 It shall not wake her by sorrowing,
 Nor may the dawn of the morrow bring
 Aught that shall rouse her again.

The Tale of a Snake

by Irene Currie Love



ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

WE'D been wondering what had become of the drummer. He was a week overdue from his coast trip and nobody had heard from him. We were all offering bets on what had happened this time—all except the head bookkeeper who sat tight, looked wise, and said nothing.

Suddenly the door opened with a biff, closed with a bang, and entered our fat friend, hat on the side of his head, hands in his pockets, and a beatific grin on his countenance. He stood for a moment, surveying us expansively. A little look ran round the office and no one said a word. The drummer, wise to the way of offices, walked over to his desk, banged it open noisily and began to whistle aggressively "Gee, I wish I had a Girl."

Suddenly he wheeled, "Say, what the devil is the matter with this outfit, anyway? Everyone got a grouch? Or are you trying to put up a job on me?"

No answer. Nothing but a wide, deep, expressive silence.

"My, but you're the gabby bunch. What? 'Fraid this might be mistaken for a noise factory if some one murmured a welcome to a traveller returned from a far land? Nice howdy for a man just in from a six week's trip. Oh, fine!"

Still no answer. The drummer muttered an inverted blessing, got up, put on his coat and started for the door,

when the head bookkeeper drawled softly.

"Say, Fatty, who was she?"

The drummer paused, with an assumption of sublime innocence.

"She! Who?"

"The girl you met on the train, dunderhead. Cough. We're on, and you might as well get it out of your system."

The innocent one hesitated, and then said slowly:

"Fellows, I hate to tell you this. On the level, I do. Not because I was stung, though I was stung good and proper. But because she kind of put a crimp in my special hunch on the girl question. Lord knows I've been harpooned often enough before, but not by one like this.

"She blew into the train at Banff, and say, boys, she was all the candy. Talk about your peaches! Why, she had the whole orchard beat to a bunch of berries. All the lamps in the car were trimmed her way. She was a stunner, and I say it." He heaved a reminiscent sigh.

"Oh, cut the slush and get down to cases," came the unfeeling command. "Tall or short, dark or fair?"

"What did she have on?" from the stenographer.

"She wasn't any skyscraper, nor one of these dumpy sawed-offs, either. Just that nice, cuddly height, the sort

you could pick up under one arm. Her hair and her eyes were brown, a soft warm brown that made you feel like somebody was tickling the soles of your feet. She was dressed all in brown, too, a sort of yellowy brown. What do you call the color that's half dark and half not? *You know,*" to the stenographer.

"Tan," she responded.

"That's it. Tan. Thanks awfully. She had everything to match. Dress, stockings, long silk coat, hat, shoes, gloves. She was sure a joyous sight when the porter settled her in the section across from me, and I winked the other eye to myself, and pouter-pigeoned my chest and says inside of my head, 'Here's where the brave corralls the fair.'

"I should have coppered that guess. Nothing stirring at all, at all. Every time I flashed the glad eye, she came back with one of those forty-below looks that send the cold shivers up and down your spine. Every man in the car took a hand, but nobody nudged by with it. Gleeful gloats on my side, since I was in wrong myself. But that didn't boost my own game, so it was me to sit pat.

"In spite of the frost in the air, I was Joseph to the fact that the lady was really playful, for she had one of those come hither looks, and a little twist to the corner of her mouth that meant allright."

He sighed.

"I played my comealong all that day. Offered her magazines. She 'had plenty to read, thank you.' Asked her if she would like the window opened and she said with an empress of Russia in the ice-palace manner, 'There is a porter in the car, I believe.' After that I lay off until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when we were held up at a little crossroads station for an hour. Some accident on the line. Little Browneyes started down the road for a walk. Sez I to myself, sez I, 'This is where I do my fancy follow up. You *never* can tell.'

"So I trailed along in her wake.

Suddenly she let out an awful yowl, picked up her skirts and beat it my way. Just as she got to me, she fellover in a faint. That was my cue to reach out and grab her and you can bet I was there with the grab allright, I sure have the nice, fat comfy arms, and when she came to, she was being cuddled to the king's taste.

"She sat up in a hurry and chattered,

'Oh, it was the s-nake, I'm s-sure it was a r-rattler and I was so sca-red'

"I *knew* it must be a garter snake but I swelled up, and murmured in a soft, low-pedal voice, 'Cheer up, me pretty one. I am with thee. Nothing can harm thee now.' Believe me, I was having the time of my life. Brown-eyes clutched me like she thought I was a whole rescue home for fainting women and everything was lovely, until all of a sudden the train whistle



A COME HITHER LOOK IN HER EYE

blew and gee, but we did a Shimonese back to the car.

"The conductor was swearing fit to bring on an attack of clergyman's sore throat, and the porter grunted, 'Couldn't hold it a minute longer, sah. Just about to leave, sah.'" I slipped him a dollar and followed Browneyes into the car. I sure had the sensation of a lifetime on that walk down the aisle. Everyone rubbering for fair and all the other men looking sore as a big boy's stonebruise.

"I sat down beside her like I owned the road and a few branch lines, and started in to have the fine and dandy session I'd dreamed of earlier in the day. Brown-eyes was there with talk enough to put a woman's rights convention on the skallyhoot. When dinner time came, of course I asked her to feed with me. She said she'd be de-luted—if I'd let her pay for her own. I was nix on that, but she kept insisting until finally I grousched that if I couldn't eat with her

any other way, I sposed I'd have to stand for it, when suddenly she gave a little squeal and clutched me, 'Oh, I've lost my pocket book with all my jewelry and all my money. It must have been when we ran for the train. What shall I do? What *shall* I do?'

"Now, what do you know about that? The heiress had lost her boodle-bag and all her mazoom. She was sure up against it, and you know my confiding disposition. I was there with

the proposition that she could have all I'd got and then some. I staked her all the way to Winnipeg and she kept me guessing every minute of the way. By the time we got to this burg she had me so fussed I was ready to go right through to Montreal with her if she'd only say the word. She did—and I did, every minute getting more stuck on the lady, until she could have put her shoes in my trunk any old time she liked.

"But she didn't like. She wouldn't even tell me her name, but said, 'When we get to Montreal, you'll know everything about me and you'll like me just

as much then, won't you?' Like the big batty fatty I am, I purred, 'Sure I will, dearie.'

"Dearie! Wait! O, mamma!

"We scarcelly got into Montreal when a big, handsome brute grabbed my Brownie and nearly hugged her to death. I stood by, like a yap, until she came to and pretended to remember. Then she gushed, 'Oh, I want you

to meet my husband. Jack dear, this gentleman has been so kind to me on the trip. Thank him for me, won't you?'

"'Jack dear' stretched out his mitt, asked me to call, and handed me some fancy talk about my kindness to wifie, when she sozzled, 'Oh, Jack dear, I want you to see about my trunks right away,' and flashing her *pocket-book*, handed him her checks.

"Say, can you beat that! And I



WHERE I DO MY FANCY FOLLOW UP



SHE THOUGHT I WAS A RESCUE HOME FOR FAINTING WOMEN

thought she was a lady! The nerve of her, too. Right in front of my eyes, after she'd sent me along for about a hundred dollars. I just walked up to her and hissed, in one of those tragic

voices—you know when the hero scorns the adventuress and says, 'Fair but fall-sus'—I did it, jest like that. I hissed, 'Madam, when one has been cherishing a beehive in one's buzzum,



A BIG BRUTE GRABBED MY BROWNIE AND NEARLY HUGGED HER TO DEATH

one is glad to know it, to pluck the mote from one's eye and to cast it from one,' and turning from her majestic-like, I stalked down the platform to find out when I could get the next train home.

"A talking snake and a ripe apple sent Adam on the farm so it isn't any wonder that a snake and a peach bowled me over. Gee, but I'd hate to

be married to a woman who'd take money from another man. I kept offering up little paeans of joy all the way home that 'Jack dear' saw her first. When she can sting an old-timer like me, she's a good one allright. But then, nobody loves a fat man, anyway. What will you have to drink? Come. I'll buy."



MY LIFE'S LOVE

W. H. DAVIES

HOW I do love to sit and dream
Of that great passion, when I meet
That lady I will love for life:

The very thought makes my soul beat
Its wings, as though it saw that light
Silver the rims of my black night.

I see her bring that crimson mouth
To open at a kiss, and close
Again; she brings her two fair cheeks
That I may paint on each a rose;
I see her hands, like birds so white,
Fly into mine and hide from sight.

In dreams I hear her soft, sweet voice;
My eager soul, to catch her words,
Waits at the ear, with Noah's haste
To take God's message-bearing birds.
What passion she will in me move—
That lady I for life will love!

THE LOVE DANCE

BY ARTHUR HEMING

Author of "Spirit Lake"

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

PERCHED high among the upper branches of a pine, young At-tick was relieving the monotony of his drumming by occasionally chanting a love-song. At the foot of the thickly wooded hillside upon which the pine stood, the swift waters of Lonely River hurried by to lose themselves in Spirit Lake. On the bank near the river mouth was pitched Standing Wolf's camp of two lodges; but the family seemed to be absent, for the dogs were mounting guard.

Again the boy beat his drum; louder and louder he sang his love-song, until his soft, rich voice broke into a wail. Presently the door-skin of the smaller lodge was gently pushed aside, and Mi-na-ce stepped indolently forth.

It was springtime. A soft breeze from the south sighed among the tree-tops; and, though patches of snow still lingered on the shady hillside, here and there the forest carpet was flecked with splashes of golden sunlight. Tender grasses were thrusting their tiny blades from under last year's leaves, and the buds were already bursting; for spring travels fast in the Northland.

Shading her eyes with her hand, the girl gazed at the hillside, but failed to discern her lover in the tree-top. She listened awhile and then, upon hearing once more the love-song above the beating of the drum, yielded to the dictates of her heart and began to climb the hill. At-tick saw her coming, ceased his drumming, and slid down to hide behind the tree trunk.

A faintly marked woodland path led close by, and along it Mi-na-ce was advancing. As she came abreast of the tree, the boy, in fun, gave a shout, and the maid—pretending bashful alarm—took to flight.

Though fleet of foot, she suffered him to overtake her soon, to catch her by the arm, to hold her while she feigned to struggle desperately for freedom. That won, she turned away with a laugh, sat down upon a bank of wild flowers and, with shyly averted face, began plucking them. A moment later she bounded to her feet, startled by a distant sound of some one drumming.

"At-tick, what is that?" she asked eagerly. Could it be that another lover was seeking to attract her attention? At-tick divined her thought, and jealousy kept him from enlightening her.

Again the air throbbed with the sound.

"Let us go and see who it is. You'll come, won't you?" she coaxed.

With feigned reluctance At-tick consented and led the way.

As they penetrated into the wood, they heard the sound more distinctly. The source of it suddenly dawned upon Mi-na-ce, and she exclaimed with delight:

"It's the love-dance! Come! let us hurry!"

On they sped, picking their way in and out among the trees and undergrowth, and tip-toeing here and there, lest their moccasined feet should break a fallen twig and alarm the dancers. As the drumming sound increased in volume, their caution became greater. Soon they deemed it prudent to go down upon their hands and knees, and thus be more surely screened by the underbrush as they stealthily approached. Creeping on toward the sound slowly and with infinite precaution, they discovered that they were not the only ones going to the dance; for the whirr-

ing of wings frequently rustled overhead as ruffed grouse skimmed past them in rapid flight. Once Mi-na-ce felt the wind from a hawk's wing, as it swooped low from bush to bush, as though endeavoring to arrive unheralded. Twice the girl's sharp eyes caught sight of a fox silently and craftily stealing along. Once she saw a lynx—a soft, gray shadow—slinking through the underbrush ahead. It seemed as if all the forest dwellers were going to the love-dance too, and she began to feel afraid. But she was devoured with curiosity; and, besides, was not At-tick with her? Why need she fear?

When she came to the foot of a ridge, the drumming sounded very near. With utmost wariness they crawled from bush to bush, pausing every now and then, and crouching low. Then, judging the way still clear, on again they went, and finally gained the top of the ridge. With thumping hearts they rested a moment in a crouching posture, for they had at last arrived upon the scene. Slowly and breathlessly raising their heads, they peered through the leafy screen and beheld the love-dance in full swing.

On a clear, sandy opening in the wood twenty or thirty partridge hens (ruffed grouse) were dancing in a semi-circle, in the centre of which, perched upon a rotten log, a beautiful cock-partridge drummed. He was standing with his small head thrust forward upon a finely arched neck which was circled by a handsome, outstanding black ruff fully as wide as his body. His extended wings grazed his perch, while his superb tail was spread out horizontally.

"Chun—chun—chun—chun-chunn" slowly at first, but with steadily increasing rapidity. His bill was open; his bright eyes were gleaming; his wings were beating at such a rate that the forest resounded with the prolonged roll of his drumming. Again and again he shrilled his love-call, and again and again he beat his wondrous accompaniment. Every little while the whirring of swiftly moving wings was heard overhead as other hens flew down to join in the love-dance. To

and fro strutted the cock bird in all his pride of beauty—his wings trailing upon the log, his neck arched more haughtily than ever, his ruff rising above his head, and his beautiful fan-like tail extending higher still.

Meanwhile the hens, too, were strutting up and down, and in and out among their rivals; some, with wings brushing upon the ground; others, with a single wing spread out, against which they frequently kicked the nearest foot as they circled round each other. A continuous hissing was kept up, along with a shaking of heads from side to side, a ceremonious bowing, and a striking of bills upon the ground. But—though the cock was doing his best to dazzle them with the display of his charms—the hens appeared unconscious of his presence and indifferent to his advances.

At-tick and Mi-na-ce were gazing in silent admiration at the scene before them when—without the slightest warning, and as though dropped from the sky—another cock landed in the midst of the dancers. Immediately the cock of the dance rushed at the intruder and fiercely attacked him.

The newcomer was ready. Bills and wings clashed together. In a moment feathers were flying and blood was running. But the hens never paused in their love-dance. Again and again the feathered gladiators dashed at each other, only to drop apart. Then, facing each other with drooping wings, ruffled plumes, extended necks, lowered heads, and gaping bills, they would gasp for breath. A moment later they would spring into the air and strike viciously at each other with bill and wing, then separate again. The sand was soon strewn with feathers and sprinkled with blood; yet the belligerents kept renewing the deadly conflict. Unconcernedly, all the while, the stupid hens tripped to and fro in the evolutions of their love-dance.

Already the intruder's scalp was torn; the left wing of the cock of the dance was broken; and both were bleeding copiously. Evidently the combat must soon come to an end. At the next rush the intruder knocked the cock of the dance down, and, leaping

upon him, drove his bill into his skull, killing him.

After a brief rest to recover breath, the victor jumped over his late rival's body, took a short leap into the air, gave a back kick of contempt, flew up upon the log, and looked around as though seeking for female applause. But the hens, with apparently never a thought of him, still kept up their dancing. Presently he too sounded his love-call and drummed his accompaniment. Then, strutting up and down, he inspected the dancers. When he had made up his mind as to which was the belle of the ball, he made a rush for her.

At that very moment a lynx sprang through the air, seized him by the neck, and bounded off with him among the bushes just as the report of a gun was heard. Turning in the direction of the sound, At-tick and Mi-na-ce saw Standing Wolf step out from among the trees.

"My son, how dare you bring my daughter here?" demanded the angry hunter, addressing his adopted son. "Don't you know," he continued gravely, "that now an evil fate will surely mark you for this folly?"

He turned to examine the dead lynx and cried,—

"Be off, the both of you, lest ill luck pull you down before you reach home!"

Without waiting for another word, the young culprits dashed away helter-skelter through the woods until they had left their father well in the rear. Then they slowed down to a walk. At-tick was burdened with superstitious fears, and Mi-na-ce was crying by his side. With tenderness At-tick strove to comfort his companion; for he was deeply in love with her. True, he was only sixteen and she was a child of barely twelve, but their ages mattered little; for the people of the Strong Woods marry young.

All winter At-tick had urged his suit. The grandmother had favored it; in every way she had shown him that she wanted him to marry her granddaughter. But, like the hens in the love-dance, Mi-na-ce had always pretended utter indifference to him and his attentions; nay, before her

grandmother she had sometimes spurned the boy. But now she was weeping for fear of the unknown evil that was about to befall her lover through her fault. At-tick, however, did not venture to imagine that her tears were falling for him.

That night, when she and her grandmother had lain down to sleep under the hare-skin robe, she began to cry again, and, as the old woman petted her, confided to her sympathetic ear the tale of the day's adventure and the thoughts that troubled her.

"My child," said the grandmother, "there is but one way to offset the evil that will surely overtake At-tick, and that is for you to consent to sit upon the brush with him" (marry him).

On learning of a means to save her lover, the spirits of Mi-na-ce revived, and she asked why the partridges danced that way.

"My child, once in the great long-ago even before it was the custom of our people to marry, there lived an old chief who used oftentimes to go away alone into the woods and mount upon a high rock and sing his love-song and beat his drum. Since he was much in favor, many women would come and listen to his song; also, they would dance before him.

"Now, it came to pass on a certain day that a young chief of another tribe happened by chance upon that way. Hearing the drumming, he resolved to find out what it was about. Deep into the heart of the wood he followed the sound and came upon an open glade wherein were many women dancing before a huge boulder. Wondering with great admiration, the young chief gazed upon their graceful movements and comely figures, and determined to rush in and capture the most beautiful of them. Turning thought into act, he bounded in among the dancers and, to his amazement, discovered the old chief, who, at sight of him, dropped his drum, grasped his war club, and, leaping down from his rocky eminence, rushed upon the young interloper in a frenzy of jealous fury. The women made no outcry; for, like the female moose or caribou, they used to love only the victor.

So, to the accompaniment of the men's hard breathing and the clashing of their war clubs, they went unconcernedly on with their love-dance. In the end the young chief slew the older one, and departed in triumph with the women. But when the Master of Life learned what had happened, he was exceeding wroth, inasmuch that he turned the young chief and the women into partridges. That is why the partridges dance the love-dance even to this day."

In the morning Standing Wolf sent At-tick on the round of one of his furs-paths to examine the traps and to bring home whatever they might contain. As the boy left the lodge, dawn was breaking in the eastern sky, though the shadows of night still lingered in the dark aisles of the forest. Picking up the small hunting canoe, he carried it down to the bank, launched it, and kneeling in the fragile craft, paddled down Lonely River and out upon Spirit Lake. Not a ripple was astir. The trees upon the shore stood reflected topsy-turvy in the still waters.

But before the boy had paddled half-way across, the lake became veiled in a thin film of vapor that rose from its surface. Away toward the western shore he saw misty figures dancing above the water. A gentle breeze began to blow from the southwest and waft the ghostly dancers toward him. They hurried along as though eager to overtake him, and others rose from the depths and joined him. The numbers grew until the whole lake seemed covered with dismaying multitudes, and presently he was completely encircled by a misty screen. Shipping his paddle, he rested awhile. It was useless to continue on now; for the wind had shifted and he had lost his bearings. In half-an-hour's time, however, the sun peeped over the eastern trees; the mist began to disperse as rapidly as it had risen, and soon the lake was once more clear. Cheerily At-tick plied his paddle again. Skirting the eastern beach, he went ashore here and there to examine the traps that lay hidden in the forest. Others he was able to inspect without

disembarking. Then he paddled up Snake River, and continued his work until about noon, when he went ashore to visit a deadfall set for black bear. On nearing the trap he ascertained from the signs among the dry leaves that a bear had been there the night before. On further examination he saw that the bait had been disturbed, and that the syrup which Standing Wolf had rubbed on the deadfall had been licked off.

Tired and hungry, he decided to eat his lunch before re-setting the trap. So he filled his copper tea-pail with water from the river, and hung it over the fire which he had just kindled. While waiting for the water to boil, he changed his mind, and determined to re-bait the deadfall before breaking his fast. Instead of removing the up-rights at the back of the deadfall and entering from behind, as is the usual way, he lazily took advantage of the opening in front and crept in on his hands and knees. He adjusted the bait and was backing carefully out when, just as he was almost clear of the opening, the bait-stick slipped and the heavy timber, weighted with logs and stones, came down upon his left arm with crushing force, pinning him to the sill-log, and holding him there with the grip of a mighty vise. The pain was almost unbearable, but the thought of his predicament was even harder to bear; for he was held a prisoner without prospect of escape. He lay there on the point of swooning with pain, faint with hunger and parched with thirst; while just beyond his reach, to tantalize him, the water was boiling away and the caribou steak was shriveling to a crisp.

Remembering his hunting knife, he felt at his back and found it in its sheath. Hope sprang aflame in his breast; for now he could cut his way to freedom. Determinedly he set about the almost impossible task, and with the keen-edged blade began whittling at the big, dry log. At first he made fair progress, but his cramped position handicapped him seriously; for he could cut only from one angle, and so had to do much more work than would otherwise have been necessary. He

had been hacking scarcely half an hour before he found himself compelled to stop and rest. While resting, he happened to glance around and was horrified to see that the fire was spreading. In a few minutes it must reach the deadfall, set fire to its dry timbers and roast him alive. In desperation he swung his legs about, scratched the ground with his moccasin feet, and managed to scrape the leaves aside and roughen the earth to such an extent that when the fire reached the spot, it divided, passed on either side of him, and died down without doing any harm.

Again At-tick resumed his task, and again pain and fatigue compelled him to stop. So the afternoon dragged through. Dusk came on and he was laboring still, but his hand was terribly blistered, and exhaustion was overtaking him. He rested again while he watched the hares taking their evening frolic. He was listening all the while, keenly alert for the slightest sound of approaching succor. But upon reflection he would not be missed, at least until the following night. So he had little hope of being rescued in time.

Once more he set to work shaving and hacking at the dry, bone-like log that held him fast and kept him tortured. But now he made so little progress that his efforts seemed almost thrown away.

Night settled down at last and he ceased his exertions, wondering what would befall him before the daylight came. The chill air searched him through and through. His clothes became damp with the falling dew, and he shivered as he lay. About ten o'clock the full moon rose. Its long slanting rays, peering through the bare branches, cast here and there patches of silver light upon the forest's carpet of dead leaves. At every sound he strained his eyes to look, lest something dreadful should appear. Though he strove to keep awake, drowsiness came upon him, and by midnight slumber for a time gave him a happy release.

But it was not for long. While he slept, the bear that had visited the deadfall the night before, arrived in

search of more syrup and coming suddenly upon the motionless figure lying across its path, with a snort of surprise rose upon its haunches. At-tick, awakened by the sound, gave a scream, but the animal did not run away. In a frenzy of fear he screamed again and again, and the bear, as though he liked the sound, cocked his head to one side to listen as he watched the boy. Louder and louder At-tick yelled in the hope that the noise would drive the bear away, but Bruin simply squatted down, as though determined to sit the concert out, while At-tick was afraid to stop shouting, lest the bear should attack him. For hours he screamed and shouted, and it seemed to him as if daylight would never come. At last the dawn appeared, and with its coming the bear took his departure.

During the greater part of the morning At-tick toiled, but with diminishing strength and with insignificant results. His thirst was grown excruciating. To quench it, if possible, he dug into the soil in hope of finding at least a handful of earth that contained some moisture; but he could find none. He spent the day sometimes working, sometimes crying, sometimes dozing, sometimes raving. The loneliness was appalling. When a mink or a fisher or any living thing came near, he would talk to it and coax it to stay and keep him company. At times he would talk to Mi-na-ce as though she were present. During the afternoon a wol-verine crept into sight and stared at him, but he was not afraid; fear had left him now. He seemed no longer to care for freedom; for he had ceased his efforts at escape. Every moment he was expecting to hear the approaching footsteps of Standing Wolf or The Martin; but they did not come. He shouted, but no one answered.

Again dusk came through the woods; once more the hares played about until the on-coming night hid them, and the rising moon brought them into view again. The black bear, too, arrived; but this time the boy did not scream. He talked to it in a kindly way and entreated it to stay with him because he was so lonely. When he was tired of talking to it, he sang bits of hymns

and recited scraps of prayers; and the bear remained with him until nearly dawn. Soon after sunrise he became unconscious.

About noon there was a slight grating sound upon the river bank. A moment later Standing Wolf came from between the trees. As he rounded the deadfall, he stopped suddenly and gazed in horror at the sight before him. Then he sprang forward, heaved aside the stones and logs that weighted down the drop timber, released the boy's arm, and stooped down to feel his heart. It was still beating. His eye fell upon the chips and fragments of wood and bark, and he saw that the boy had almost succeeded in cutting his way to freedom; another half hour's labor would have sufficed. Picking up the limp form of the lad, Standing Wolf carried him to the river bank, and, after cutting away the middle thwarts and tilting the canoe on edge, rolled At-tick into it.

Upon Standing Wolf's arrival at camp with his sad burden, the women were greatly alarmed. Poor Mi-na-ce was convulsed with sobs at the sight of her lover still lying unconscious. When Ko-ko-hay, her mother, severely told her that it was all her fault, and that At-tick would probably die, the tender little maid felt as if her heart would break with sorrow and remorse. The boy was carefully wrapped in warm blankets and fed some broth; and then Noo-koom, the grandmother, set about dressing his wounded arm, and bathing it with the liquor of boiled juniper brush.

Next day, while the others were away at their work, Mi-na-ce watched over the boy, who was still delirious and, as she sat beside his bed, moaned aloud:

"Oh, At-tick, it is all my fault, I know; but perhaps it is not too late yet; so, if you will only live, I will promise to sit upon the brush with you."



THE OLD QUARREL

BY S. E. KISER

I CAUGHT her gloved hand and I held it;
 "Forgive me," I cried, "you were right,
 And I was a coward for saying

The things I said to you that night!"
 She thought for a moment and asked me,
 Half under her breath, half aloud:

"What was it you said? I've forgotten"—
 And then we strolled back to the crowd.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED

"Take the English farmer and the English farmer's sons; take the thrifty and industrious from the smaller towns; take the ablebodied and the courageous from the crowded cities. Segregate them on Canadian farms. You will give England what she most needs—more room; and you will give Canada good citizens." The foregoing is a conclusion of an official long connected with this colonization work. As it stands, will it serve as our answer? No. It has the old demerit of vagueness, the old failure in comprehensiveness, the old lack of definite plan worked out in actual specifications.

But, for the time, admit it as it stands. Go back to the words of the Minister of the Interior for that other abstraction, that the real function of government is *to do the most good for the world*. Then, if you please—since visualization is good as against vague discussion—let us paint for ourselves a little picture in western Canada.

There is a vast fertile tract of land, not entirely owned under any one fee. Over it are scattered many farms, built up by men who have learned the secret of wheat farming, men bred for the frontier. Around these smaller holdings are others, scattered, owned by some large philanthropist who has tired of dipping at the sink hole back in London, who has tired of settlement work and the bread line; who has learned the folly of trying to solve the city's problem so long as city folk crowd in, continually polluting the flood of that humanity which never was meant to flow always between even the most glorious city walls; who has wearied of the mockery of salving over his conscience.

This philanthropist, let us say, has taken with him into his work—a labor large enough for any Croesus with a conscience—others who have made so much money that at last there has come to them the thought that perhaps this money was not theirs after all; that what they thought belonged to them as individuals, *belonged instead to the world*. These decide now to consecrate a part of this money to the poor. They consecrate it as well to the cause of intelligence—not to Socialism, mind you, but to the very opposite of Socialism; to the cause of that individualism under whose ways they themselves won fortune.

For the sake of the greatest and most splendid game that can be played on earth, they consecrate a part of this money to the cause of *evolution*, the cause of *individualism*, to the labor of *providing opportunity* to the most valuable of all created things, the human being—the human being which has not yet had environment.

Since in the new days of the world—times having changed—opportunity has not been possible for these, they now resolve to make it possible; and that thing they do. They work with the aid and interest of the government. They work under government plan; with their own, they spend government money also.

These hard-headed idealists take these poor of the Old World or of the New, pass them through a grave and kind inspection on the gathering ground, that of a board elected by the best non-political thought of the nation. They transplant these poor, let us say, across seas into Canada. How? Thrown down like waste seed, that the thorns and thistles may spring up and choke

them? No, that is not intelligence, that is not business, that is not commonsense. That is only to employ the method of to-day, a day which soon will pass.

No, they take these poor to the ordered and appointed fields; they place them along the trellises of the strong, at the side of men who have gained opportunity by another route.

Government is back of this work, supervises it, controls it, owns part of this land. Government supports yonder great buildings of the Central Farms, where instruction may be had *not at the cost of self-respect*—a paternal enterprise not dreamed and not needed in times when men could work out their own problems; but needed now, because all this world has so swiftly changed, and *because the old ways will no longer do*.

Once government needed not be so paternal, but now it must be. Some such evolutionary plan as this must be devised, else we must see that black Satyr grown more immense;—or see arise in the streets of our city again that other and worse monster, the red spectre of the guillotine—when humanity again shall rebel and make the city streets run red.

Those are your alternatives. That is your answer. It is the answer of a *prepared environment*. *There is no other which can possibly leave Canada true to her mission of doing good for all the world*.

Several different students have arrived by other paths at this general idea of great central training stations, conducted by the Dominion government, and financed by that of England, where new-comers may remain on a semi-self-supporting basis for a year or more while learning the methods of western farming. In most parts of the country their conclusions have been laughed at as absurdities. The imagination of their critics has been staggered at the figures of cost, which really are enormous.

If we could remove from the reckoning this last element, that of cost, and show that the whole of even so large an enterprise could be made to pay for itself, would we *then* be acquitted of

the charge of chimerical interference and rattle-brained enthusiasm? Certainly of that charge we must be acquitted; for we have been free enough with the accusation that others have been over-enthusiastic and chimerical. But if we *can* reconcile the old war between head and heart, shall we stand acquitted? Shall we stand accredited with clean intention, and with a dream at least not unworthy a business man's regard? Yet all this is not impossible.

It is not *impossible*, but *easy*! This work has not been done in Canada, but it is only because we have not *done* it.

The Dominion government and Dominion corporations spend twenty-five millions of dollars at enlarging the colonial domain by irrigation. Why? To give the land to "Yankees?" The United States government is doing much more in reclamation enterprise in its own West. Why? It purposes to give the land to practical farmers. Put these two facts together, and do a brief bit of logic for yourself. The charitable societies of England have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in senseless aid to emigration. Why?

Suppose the British government, *plus* Canada, *plus* charity, *plus* private wealth with a conscience, *plus* the ancient dream that all men are indeed free and equal—should spend twenty-five millions of dollars, plus some hundreds of thousands of pounds, in *planting men and women* in the trellised fields. Suppose the Dominion in time, instead of loose-handed homesteading, established a sub-plan of homesteading, and reserved some numbers of forty-acre tracts, to be sold to new-come Englishmen on easy payments, after they had been trained to farm. What would happen then? Why should it *not* happen as much for a government as for a private enterprise?

Each spade that goes into the dirt, each furrow turned by a plow, adds definite value to every other acre near and far over a vast region around it. There comes your unearned increment, *which floats all private real estate enterprises*. The larger the work, the larger the increment. Why should it not come to a business government as much as to a business man? Why can-

not philanthropy see that you can only help a man when you help him to help himself?

If you say this cannot be, you have your right to that; but with equal right you at the same time say that to-day is yesterday; and that to-morrow also will be yesterday. Do you say that?

The human spark of hope and ambition is not dead in our new-comer. Let us go back to our settler. Let us see him laboring intelligently, with that increased determination which comes out of the soil of a new country. Now he begins to "get ahead," as the phrase goes. He and his family eat; eat all they want; but the State does not pay for their meal. Why cannot he, as well as John Johnson from Sweden, or John Smith from the States, in time pay for his *own* land; if not so soon as they, at least in *proportion with his increment*.

He *does* pay for it, in two or three, or five, or a dozen years; and he pays to a heard-headed philanthropy five per cent. to carry it as well. Our government-millionaire charitable enterprise has financed itself, after all! It has cost nothing but one large resolution. It has needed nothing but one practical administration in detail.

But where was the greatest profit? Was it that little five per cent. in money? Ah, no. It was *usury* that Canada earned, that England took,—vast, splendid, happy usury that the *world* took, when it realized that the world's conditions change from century to century, but that the *world's intent*—the *progress of humanity*—does not change at all! To do good for the *world*—that is the ambition of governments and the intention of the centuries.

Suppose this wholly visionary and

absurd thing,—which is wholly visionary and absurd because it has never been done before—and since what England has not been doing can never, to the English mind, be done at all—were mismanaged as badly as the late emigration work of the charitable societies has been mismanaged; suppose it did not pay five per cent.; that its income did not equal its outgo; suppose it sunk five million pounds a year—half as much as mismanaged charity sinks; suppose it sunk thirty millions of pounds each year—as *much as charity to the unemployed costs England annually now*;—still it would pay vast usury of profit.

Suppose it emigrated wisely only a thousand men each year, instead of a hundred thousand unwisely. A thousand men rotting in London—what do they produce? A thousand men transported to rot again in Canada—what do they produce? They produce pestilence, menace to human life and progress. They produce national decadence. But, a thousand men capitalized for one year in *opportunity*,—fed intelligently which is to say, *fed by their own hands*,—what do that thousand men produce? If they only made half their daily bread, they have left chance back in England for another thousand men; and they have purified the pestilential stream of some English city by a thousand units of apathy and crime, despair and vice.

The author knows a group of capitalists who are planting pine trees. Why? They are doing it for their grandchildren. Shall a nation be less wise and less far-seeing than a business man? The next generation—ah, there lies your usury, vast, beautiful, magnificent, splendid usury,—usury to leave an Empire rich.

To be continued



MRS. DEACON



MRS. P. C. PERRY



MRS. W. S. BEAVER

THE WOMEN OF THE TWIN CITIES

BY M. A. SLIPPER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NESTLING upon the edge of Superior's robe of mighty waters in the midst of scenery that is picturesque beyond compare, are the "Twins of Thunder Bay."

Fifty years ago the song of the voyageur resounded from the rocky shores as he guided his canoe towards the mouth of the Kaministiquia river. Thirty-seven years ago Sanford Fleming, of Ottawa, landed upon the shores of Thunder Bay and with his party began an overland survey of the country beyond.

Fort William claims a history extending far back into the dim past, when the Hudson's Bay Company

made this point their chief place of trade and barter with the redmen.

Port Arthur is proud of the fact that she received her name from the lips of the great Wolsey, while Fort William is none the less proud of her historic name and its connection with stirring events.

Trace into the past as far as we can, we are always to find the presence of women. When the Hudson's Bay Company held undisputed sway upon these shores, there were white women here, the brave wives and daughters of the men who "held the fort" for the Company.

Geographically, the position of the



MRS. W. STEVENSON



MRS. WITHROU



MRS. C. W. JARVIS



MRS. M. E. DEAN

Twin Cities makes them the social centre for east and west. Here boat meets rail, and it is the natural resting place, a break in the long journey from ocean to ocean.

The women of the Twin Cities have often been called upon to entertain distinguished and renowned visitors as they passed through the "Silver Gate," and the manner of this entertainment has justly earned for our women the reputation of hospitality.

Just here, where the east touches the westland and the border of the American Republic is so very near, there are to be found the traits of all, and the newcomer quickly notes the fact that more than half the people he meets are strangers like himself. The old resident is very easily discerned by the warm welcome and cordial hand-clasp. The Twin Cities have not as yet outgrown their interest in the stranger. As most of the natives are in the prime of life and taking active part in the upbuilding of the city, this wholesome sociability is very noticeable to those who have come from larger and more settled portions of the world.

Society as it is known east, west and south, does not as yet exist here. The principal reason is that the people are all too busy preparing the foundations for the future. Churches, libraries, hospitals and other things have to be erected and placed in running order, and who is to do all this if not the women?

So busy are our women that they have no time to study the scheme of a social standard, and certainly there seems to be no inclination as yet to put up the lines that usually divide the social world into so many *cliques*.

But our women believe in plenty of play as well as work, so there is the usual round of teas, bridge parties, dinners and luncheons, balls, dances and so forth, one may expect to find in places of the size and the commercial importance of the Twin Cities.

As nearly every church here is either building a new home, or installing an up-to-date organ, the women are all interested in providing the funds to meet the demands. When they entertain they do not forget their indebtedness to charity, and we have every week a tea, or something of that nature in aid of these many calls. All winter



MRS. W. J. RAPSEY

long our women enjoy themselves in outdoor sports, snowshoeing and skating being the most popular. Because of the good spirit that rules among all classes, we manage to get, perhaps, more real amusement to the square inch than any other women on the face of the globe.

The oldest families are, of course, to be found in Fort William. Along the banks of the beautiful Kaministiquia river these first comers built their homes, and until a year ago three of these historic houses had been left unmolested by the march of a progressive civilization. The first to be removed was the big, square, cottage-roofed home of "Governor" McIntyre, as he was affectionately called. Miss McIntyre is the only daughter now living in Fort William, and she takes an active interest in the city she has grown up with. Miss McIntyre has the distinction of being the first white child born in Fort William.

Still resting among its tall clustering trees and surrounded by smooth lawns and flower gardens is the McKellar Home, the oldest residence in Fort William. This is one of the landmarks we will all regret to see removed,



MRS. SCOTT

but there is no doubt that it, too, will soon pass away. The McKellar home is famous for its hospitality. No gathering is ever considered complete in Fort William without the presence of some member of the McKellar family who are generally beloved, and to whose loyalty and enterprise much of the advancement of the city is justly due. Miss McKellar and Mrs. Deacon are the hostesses of this home, and many delightful social events have taken place under its hospitable roof.

Mrs. F. C. Perry is a daughter of the McKellar family, and she is the most prominent philanthropic worker in the city. President of the local Council of Women of West Algoma, she has done a great deal to advance the cause of womanhood in the Twin Cities. As one of the organizers and the leader in the Relief Society, Mrs. Perry is doing a great and splendid work along charitable lines. As a hostess, Mrs. Perry is very popular, and entertains a great deal.

Mrs. McLaren is another daughter of the McKellar home who is deeply interested in all that pertains to the life of the city. Mrs. Peter McKellar came to the city a short time ago as a bride,



MRS. BOREHAM



MRS. T. S. T. SMELLIE



MRS. BYERS



MRS. F. W. YOUNG

but her winsome personality has quickly won for her a host of friends, and in her new home many smart entertainments have been given. Mrs. McKellar is greatly interested in the newly organized Historical Society.

Another well known home on the river banks, that will soon give place to the railway's needs, is that of Mr. G. A. Graham. Mrs. Graham came from the far west to live in Fort William. This lady, who is a leader in Fort William's social life, is a daughter of Mr. B. Ross, who had charge of a Hudson's Bay Company trading post on the Great Slave Lake, and Mrs. Graham is perhaps the only lady in the Twin Cities who can claim a birth place so far north.

Mrs. T. S. T. Smellie, the charming wife of Dr. Smellie, M.P. for Fort William, and her bright daughters make up one of the best known and most popular families of the two towns. Mrs. Smellie is prominent in all philanthropic movements and is the heart of all the social gatherings of the city.

The pioneer doctor, Dr. Hamilton, brought his young bride to Fort William when it was a village. Mrs. Hamilton immediately identified herself with the place and has never lost interest in its progress. It was at this handsome home that Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were entertained during their last visit here.

In thinking of the early days of



MRS. E. S. RUTLEDGE



MRS. JAMES MURPHY



MRS. T. W. RUTLEDGE



A GROUP OF PORT ARTHUR GIRLS

Fort William one must remember the name of Livingstone, for it also is identified with those historic beginnings. The only remaining members of the family now are the three Miss Livingstones. In the musical circles of the city these young ladies are prominent and their talent is ever at the disposal of the city's charitable entertainments.

Mrs. Allan McDougall is another popular hostess, and her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Dean, is one of the attractive young matrons. There is a great deal of musical talent in the city, and during the winter months several amateur opera companies have successfully staged comic operas. A unique entertainment given annually for the benefit of the hospital, is that of the "lady minstrels." The originator of this merry troupe was Mrs. F. E. Trautman, but Mrs. Stevenson became the first president and carried out the idea cleverly. Mrs. Trautman is one of the many Americans who have made a home in the West and is a well known and popular hostess, while Mrs. Stevenson is an ideal entertainer and very popular among the younger set.

The leading soloist is Mrs. McNaughton, whose lovely voice is greatly admired.

In the musical circles of Fort William, the names of Mrs. W. J. Rapsey, Mrs. Boreham and Mrs. Wayland rank as leaders, for in all things that pertain to the art, these talented ladies are authorities. Mrs. Barry is one of the pioneer musicians, and she takes a deep interest in matters musical. Mrs. Bar-

ry is a composer, having published several successful pieces.

Coming to the Twin Cities as a very little girl, and growing into sweet, lovely womanhood, Mrs. C. W. Jarvis, is perhaps one of the most popular of all our women. Her girlhood was spent in Port Arthur, but soon after her marriage she removed



MRS. SWINBURNE

to Fort William. Mrs. Jarvis is always spoken of as one of the most tactful and best loved women in the city. A leader in all that makes for municipal improvement, a lover of outdoor sports, and prominent in social doings, Mrs. Jarvis is always busy doing good.

Mrs. G. W. Brown is another prominent Fort William woman who spent her early married life in the sister city

In making a permanent home in Fort William, it was planned upon a large scale, and is considered one of our ideal homes for entertainment. Mrs. Brown is assisted in her social duties by her daughter who is very popular among the younger set.

One cannot overlook the great ranks of church workers when considering the women of the Twin Cities. Mrs. Comer is very much interested in all philanthropic endeavor, as is also Mrs. L. L. Pelletier, the popular wife of the present mayor. Mrs. Murphy, the gentle lady of the ex-mayor, is interested in hospital work, and the philanthropic women of the city have been fortunate in having the "first ladies" of the cities as friends at court, in sympathy with them in all movements connected with church and charity.

A three mile strip of "muskeg" broken by two pretty little rivers, is the only outward sign of the separation of the



MRS. BARRY

Twin Cities. This barren strip of land is banded by the rails of the street railway, over which the cars pass every fifteen minutes.

Port Arthur sits like a queen upon her terraced throne, facing the sparkling waters of Thunder Bay. As a residential city, it is unsurpassed, and the natural terraces upon which the city is built, are being rapidly secured by those who desire fine grounds and a splen-

did outlook for their homes.

Port Arthur's chief memory begins with the building of the overland route to Winnipeg, and this Dawson road began at the foot of Arthur street, from the edge of the Bay, and continue up over the hills into the forest. To-day it is known as Dawson Avenue, and for the first four miles it is one of the prettiest driveways one can imagine. As the seat of government for the district, Port Arthur is perhaps

more inclined to society doings, than is Fort William.

Prominent here in the social circles, is Mrs. James Conmee, the popular wife of our Dominion Representative. Presiding over one of the finest homes in the city, Mrs. Conmee entertains royally, but not often, and cards to these entertainments are highly prized. During the summer, Mrs. Conmee and her daughters are in the city, but when the Ottawa House begins its sessions,



MISS LAURA MUIRHEAD

the family usually fits to the Capital City.

Not far away from her parents' home, lives Mrs. James Whalen, in a big commodious house on the brow of the first terrace. Mrs. Whalen is a popular hostess and interested in all charitable works.

Everyone appreciates the beauty and grandeur of the site chosen by Mrs. Strathy for her home. Upon the shores of the bay, about a mile from the centre of the city, with an unobstructed view, this pretty house surrounded by fine grounds, is universally admired. Mrs. Strathy is an unusually popular hostess. A woman of broad sympathies, and cultured taste, she is a leader in all social events.

In a handsome white stone house, high up on the first terrace, surrounded by lovely grounds, lives the winsome wife of our provincial member, Mrs. J. J. Carrick. Mrs. Carrick possesses the satisfying distinction of being able to gather a host of congenial people together, and this happy knack makes her entertainments always enjoyable.

Speaking of Port Arthur's fine houses one thinks at once of the handsome residence over which Mrs. Louis Walsh presides. One of the prettiest sites in the city has been chosen for this home, and the grounds are ideal for summer fetes.

Surrounded by sweeping lawns and gardens, high on the



MRS. W. C. LILLIE

her interest and efforts that the splendid new general hospital was built.

Close beside the lawns of "Hillcrest" is the handsome residence of Mrs. J. C. Dobie, Mrs. Meikle's daughter. Mrs. Dobie is a great social favorite and many are the *chic* affairs given by this charming hostess.

Mrs. Seaman's fine home on the same avenue is also the scene of many smart social affairs.

Port Arthur possesses considerable musical talent. A women's musical club is in a flourishing condition at present. The women of the east, the west and the south have brought their talents and gifts into this young city, and we do not lack entertainment.

Mrs. J. W. Crooks is one of the best known musicians, and her sister, Mrs. Neil McDougall is also very talented. Miss E. Bray and Miss Hanley are two noted violinists.

The tourists who crowd our city during the summer



MRS. MCNAUGHTON



CAMPING AT SILVER ISLET

months always openly express their conviction that Port Arthur is to be congratulated for the number of attractive women found therein.

We have a number of American ladies who have settled in our midst. The fine residence now in course of construction by Mr. R. Scott, promises another place for social events, as Mrs. Scott is a popular hostess.

Mrs. G. Clark is another social favorite and is considered one of our most attractive young matrons.

Mrs. W. S. Beaver's pretty drawing-rooms are often the scene of social gatherings and Mrs. Beaver is a model hostess. In philanthropic works Mrs. Beaver is active, and as president of the King's Daughters, and president of the local W. C. T. U., her sympathies are enlisted in all that makes for the betterment of life.

Among the ladies who enjoy outdoor sport during the winter months is Mrs. W. H. Langworthy. Mrs. J. Munro also is a keen lover of the out-of-doors.

But the indoor amusement of bowling has its devotees, and the Ladies' Bowling Club is composed of our brightest women. Tuesdays are always reserved at the alleys for the ladies, and great enthusiasm is manifested by the members from both cities.

Mrs. T. H. McCauley, Mrs. McNulty, Mrs. Robarts, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. C. W. McLean are among the ladies who take an active interest in the doings of the Bowling Club, while the leaders among the younger set in this pastime, are Miss E. Vigers and Miss McLachlin.

When summer comes with all its allurements of forest and

stream, our women respond to the call and away to the various camping grounds near by. With so much water



MRS. F. E. TRAUTMAN



MRS. L. L. PELLETIER



MRS. COMER



MISS SELLIE

at the door, needless to say, the women of the Twin Cities are fond of all water sports.

Silver Islet is the favorite camping ground. The cottages here are always occupied from early June until late fall.

The most important family, during the camping season on Silver Islet, is that of Keeper Cross. Years ago the Company closed down the mine, and left everything in the care of Mr. Cross. He is faithfully keeping watch until the mine is re-opened. The keeper and his wife have grown grey in this service, their children are all grown up and have homes of their own in the Twin Cities. Still Keeper Cross and his wife keep watch over the richest silver mine the world has yet known.

The abandoned village makes an ideal summer resort, and it is inhabited half the year by the people from both of the Cities. Mrs. G. O. P. Clavet always closes her splendid residence in Port Arthur during the midsummer and spends the time at Silver Islet, where she camps in a cosy little cottage with her daughters who do not look a whit younger than their mother.

Mrs. I. L. Matthews, the wife of Port Arthur's Mayor, has a cottage at the Islet, and regularly spends the summer holidays at this pleasant resort.

Loon Lake is another camping ground, where many of our women spend the summer. Mrs. R. M. Flaherty and Mrs. McBrady both have cottages here.



MRS. ALAN MCDUGALL



MRS. MATTHESON



MRS. J. L. MEIKLE



OH ! LISTEN TO THE BAND !

VISUALIZING NATIONAL PROGRESS

BY J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Canadian National Exhibition has a story of thirty-one chapters, each complete in itself—the present one being the story of a year. It is thirty-one years since Toronto Exhibition broke away from Dominion and Provincial leading strings, and proceeded to set the pace that has made it the greatest of its kind in the whole world.

Thirty-one years ago electricity was in its infancy, the old horse car was slowly dragged to the grounds, the automobile had not come, the telephone was a toy, and Marconi would have been looked upon as an inviting subject for medical examination. Then the great West was a wilderness, the C. P. R. looked on as the limit of foolishness.

To-day Canada has commercialism in the East, and in the West the granary of the Empire. And so has Toronto Exhibition developed, first into Canada's great fair, and finally into the Canadian National Exhibition.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association was incorporated in 1879. The previous year, on a supposition that the provincial exhibition was to be held in Toronto for two successive years, various improvements had been made in the grounds. But the Ontario government understood things differently, and moved the provincial show and its accompanying grant of money to a rival city. Then Toronto, as much in anger as in wisdom, determined to run a show of her own. Discouragements never come singly, and the first bump from the province was followed by another from Toronto when a by-law providing funds for the enterprise was voted down by the property holders.

But those old directors were of the kind who don't quit, once they start. They roused the city council to action, and as a result a supplementary tax rate was levied, and the money to make the beginning was taken out of the taxes. The amount paid in prem-



THOROUGHBREDS

iums that year was \$17,407.92. No provincial exhibition had ever paid out so large a sum. The Toronto Exhibition had jumped into the lead right in the start.

In 1879 the number of people who

paid admission at the gates was 101,794, and the total receipts from all sources were \$57,296.78. In 1908 the attendance reached nearly 700,000, the total receipts ran up to \$234,137.31.

Of course the educational value of



HOW THEY MAKE THE BUTTER



IN THE HORSE RING

such an enterprise is immense, but the great mass of the public wants entertainment. The best bands on the continent and the famous military bands of the Empire furnish the music.

Great military displays and tournaments, with musical rides and artillery drives, are featured.

There is an executive committee over which George H. Gooderham,





RESTING FROM THE WHIRL OF SIGHTSEEING

M. P., presides as President of the Exhibition, and in its hands a great responsibility rests. And there is the manager, who must be a man of infinite resource and boundless energy,

for the Canadian National must never drag for a moment. That Dr. J. O. Orr is exactly such a man is evidenced by the record of his eight years at the helm.



ON PLEASURE BENT

THE MOOSE AND THE MINE

BY EDWIN BALMER

Author of "Waylaid by Wireless"

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER BARNES

"BOOTS and Paddles! The woods! Oh Boots and Paddles, I say! Get the lazy hunter up, Letitia!" Randall called to the closed compartment beyond our berths. "Oh Ethel!" he hailed the compartment at the other end more respectfully. "Oh Ethel! Morning!" Then he dove between the curtains of my berth.

His six feet and two inches were at least two inches too much for wrestling successfully in a Pullman berth—even in the generous berth space allowed in a private car. In a moment we lay panting, baring our throats to the keen cold air which swept in through the opened window at our heads.

"Whoo—oof!" a passing engine coughed into our faces. "Whoo—oof!" it shot forth its breath again as the wheels bit upon the frosty rail. Even the steam seemed to smell of the northern forests and the clear cold streams above us. The early morning hoar-frost upon the hand rails and running gear fairly reeked with the pines from which it had come.

"Temiskaming!" The white letters assured us, and told that we had left the great private railways of civilization below us and were upon the little provincial road which the province of Ontario builds north into the forest and lake country of the moose and caribou, the Algonquin and furtrader, between Nipissing and upper lake Abitibi.

"Look!" Rand pointed suddenly.

We were slipping past a siding full of freight cars. Under the tarpaulins, we saw scores of canoes and canoe-packs bolstering the canvas. Verily the paddles and portages were just ahead.

In the next cars I estimated the values of the heaped up rocks, blue with silver and cobalt, being sent down to the smelters; but Randall's exclamation called my attention to the open door of a box-car beside which we were halting.

"Moose! Bull moose! In there with those deer!" he pointed. "Wow, what a horn! But the other's broken and he's shot just over the left eye. But that's not all; look at the way the fellow had to pepper him! Fifteen shots in a dead moose's chest! What do you make of that?"

"A fresh break," I said. "That horn shows he's been fighting another moose. There's blood on it."

"He's been fighting a man!" Rand replied. "If another moose broke off that horn for him, he'd be torn up somewhere else. But he's not. Just all shot up. That's all."

"I suppose he broke off that horn, then, brushing it against the hunter?"

"No; moose do not easily brush off their horn against hunters," Rand replied pityingly. "But if, my classmate, the hunter is hunting in a thick and somewhat tumultuous Canadian forest reserve and the moose is somewhat astigmatized by a "45" bullet over the left eye and endeavors to charge human antagonist, might or might he not encounter one of the murmuring pines and hemlocks with sufficient anger to break off that horn?"

We punched each other severally. We were backing in to the station now and as Randall stared over the waiting crowd, he gave a yell.

"The Animal Assassins!" he hit me on the back.

"Where? Who?"

"Oh Ethel!" Randall stuck his head out of the curtains. "Oh Ethel Bay-
liel!" he intoned to the stateroom
beyond. "Get up! Your animal as-
sassins are here! Your dear menagerie
murderers are he—ere!"

"Thank you—ou!" Ethel intoned
back, mocking him. "I'm u—up!"

"Oh, her Eng-
lishmen!" I com-
prehended, search-
ing the crowd out-
side more intelli-
gently.

"Yes; her Eng-
lishmen," Rand
repeated. "That's
right. Say it! But
how a perfectly
peaceful, humane,
polite and provid-
ent girl like Ethel
can care for those
gaping game-gun-
ners is too unusual
for me. They've
no other idea in
life than to go
about shooting up
all the contempo-
raneous animals
extant. And when
they aren't shoot-
ing them up, or
on the way to
shoot them or tell-
ing how they've
just shot them,
they're complain-
ing because there
aren't more to
shoot. Now I'd be
the last to com-
ment if there was
anything practical
in this menagerie-
murdering mania
of his; but he's
ruining himself at
it. And to think
that pretty, peace-
ful and practical little Ethel could
want to marry him!"

"When she could so much better
marry you!" I put in. "But that's
always the way—a provision of nature!"

"A provision? I suppose you'll say

too that it's a provision that these two
Britishers had to meet us here at North
Bay this morning for breakfast rather
than at Rib Lake for lunch as they
wired. I counted on this forenoon
free from them anyway; and there
they are!"

I followed his contemptuous indica-



ABOUT US A DOZEN CLEAN, WHITE STAVES, BEARING BARRINGTON'S NAME, STUCK
FROM THE GROUND

tion successfully. I had met neither
Barrington, to whom Ethel was en-
gaged, nor his friend, Brooks. But by
combining Rand's and Ethel's des-
criptions, I made them out.

The same week in November which

had taken the ban from hunting, had born to the lower world great stories of silver finds in the same northern forests where the moose and deer ran. So a wild, rough, pushing, jamming, sweating and struggling crowd were packing and piling into the passenger coaches ahead of us to get to the newly discovered mines.

Standing disgustedly, scornfully apart from these, I saw the English—Brooks and Barrington, Randall's hated rival.

Seventeen years before, when Rand first met Ethel, he had started out correctly with her and gained considerable impetus into her affections by promptly gluing her hair to her chair in kindergarten. Later he faithfully snowballed her in winter and stole her shoes and stockings when she went wading in summer. Then he idiotically made the fatal mistake, when he returned from college, of treating her properly; and he was lost immediately in the hopeless herd of us who made that mistake from the first.

Whereupon Barrington, "mighty and cruel hunter," came along and wooed her with tales of sudden and skilful deaths he had visited upon the various beasts of the globe; and gentle little Ethel fell hopelessly in love with him.

Grayton Randall—Rand's brother—had married Letitia, Ethel's sister, with whom Ethel lived. After visiting them a month, Barrington departed to England to gather a best man and a few ushers. But before the wedding, Grayton suggested that Barrington and Brooks come back in time to annihilate a few moose in the north Canada woods.

So Grayton had procured a private car for the party.

"Kindly convene upon yourself whatever constitutes a quorum of clothes in this region," Rand now cut my scrutiny short. "For the hurrying, venal herd of miners will soon be from before their British majesties' feet and their graces will come this way. What ho, Grayt!" he called to his brother's compartment. "Seest thou not the noble Barrington without

thy portal? Ope then the portcullis of this Pullman straightway and dispatch thy Ethiopians——"

"Coming!" Ethel's voice warned before she opened her door. Rand dove quickly into his own berth. Grayton and Letitia came out. Ethel joined them and the Englishmen got aboard. We could hear, as we dressed, the echo of the meeting.

"Hear him?" Randall smiled. "Complaining already. The English, you know, think they aren't really cordial unless they acquaint you as frankly as possible with everything they find wrong--or incomprehensible, which is the same to the English. What is he fussing about now?"

"He is offended," I said, "because the persons outside are in haste to get where they're going."

"But the worst of it seems to be," Randall corrected me as he listened, "that they're not only hastening so vulgarly but for such a low purpose! Now if they were crowding each other to kill something, I think he'd forgive them. But they're hurrying just to get at some silver. But this is nothing—from Barrington. You haven't had to sit about and hear him tell Ethel——"



RANDALL STUCK HIS HEAD OUT OF
THE CURTAINS

"From what I've heard, you haven't had to, exactly."

"I said you haven't had to hear him recount his woes hunting in Africa. He positively weeps when he tells how he himself was trekking it about down there with a Canadian who passed himself off as a gentleman to Barrington when he wasn't down there to massacre gnus or zebras or walruses or—or flying-fish or anything else that that Johnnie Bull was after. Fancy, the vulgar fellow was down there for nothing but diamonds. Then there was the other heartrending tale of the chap who betrayed poor Barrington into camping with him before Barry found that he was slaying elephants with no idea whatever of sticking the tusks along his ancestral staircase. The boulder actually meant to sell them.

"And the way he used to get poor little Ethel with his 'pure sportmanship!' While I know that if he really thought he could get a mine as well as these fel-

lows outside whom he is criticising now, he'd be after it as quickly as any of them. He hasn't anything too much himself."

"If you think that," I suggested, "why don't you try him?"

"What?" Rand turned to me quickly

"They're coming!" I warned.

The train had now started; and as Grayton introduced us and led us into the dining room where breakfast was waiting, the first of the forest lakes glittered under our windows.

Randall's faithful friend "King" O'Shanagath, who supplied guides for hunting parties, had sent to us some fresh moose steaks that morning. The English at once began discussing the comparative toughness of moose-meat with the choice cuts from other hardy zoological specimens which they had procured. Rand appealed to me for aid.

"By the way, Mr. Barrington," I began. "Do you know it's not only quite a game country above here; but it's getting to be quite a mining region too?"

"Quite, did you say?" the Englishman asked. "Why one would fancy from those miner Johnnies outside that there was nothing but silver in the bally woods. I say, did you see them shoving so?"

"Just to get at some silver!" Rand ejaculated.

"And I say, Ethel," Barrington appealed, warming up a little. "I say, you know, it's not only shockingly bad sportsmanship for these—these

miner Johnnies to crowd into a game country, for silver; but actually, you know, mines spoil the region for game so! Just fancy the great gaping holes these fellows will be digging all about—and going away and leaving them unfilled too, I warrant—with nothing to prevent all the game in the country from falling in and breaking their necks, when they run about in the dark. Positive pitfalls, these mines, I say. They should be prohibited!"

"Well taken!" Rand agreed. "Just



AND STANDING DISGUSTEDLY APART, HE SAW THE ENGLISH

because a man takes a hundred thousand or so in silver from a hole doesn't prevent it from being a pit, if the game stumbles into it. Couldn't these fellows be driven out and stopped from mining under the game law?"

"I say, I'll see to that!" the Englishman enthused. "I'll see the game commission and present it to them that way. No; I'll see the Viceroy himself, that I will! Or," he substituted the last and highest appeal of the outraged British conscience, "I'll jolly well write the *Times* about it! And I'll see that——"

Rand looked across incredulously at Ethel, who was watching Barrington admiringly. Then he sadly motioned me away; and at the rear of the car, handed me a telegram which he had written.

"'Daniel O'Connell O'Shanagath,' " I read. "'Send me at once to private car at Rib Lake the best liar—white or red—attainable. Please prepare him yourself to thoroughly string two Englishmen on the best mine fake you can invent. No intent to fraud. Merely fool them; but do it! Remember they are English!'"

The train was slowing down to a little station. We swung off, sent our telegram ahead to Rib Lake; and jumped back.

All morning the blue pine branches brushed our flying car on both sides as the narrow single track wound deeper and deeper into the woods. Then at last we slowed and stopped again. Our car was shunted onto a bare little siding where a stream steamed hazily through the silent pines. The engine gave us a parting good luck toot and was gone. Our guides appeared from the lake.

"Much moose; much deer!" they promised. Grayton, Rand and I jumped down to meet them. But the English had stayed back and were looking the other way.

A half hundred miners and prospectors from the coaches which had come up with us, were tramping noisily into the woods. Barrington and Brook seemed watching them dubiously. I remembered that Randall had said they were far from rich; and for an

instant it seemed the contagion of the miners' fever had caught them. But as they caught us looking at them, they recollected themselves.

"Where are the guides?" Barrington inquired of Randall.

"Your particular guide is just coming, Barrington," Rand punched me joyously as he looked ahead. "For here comes Jimmie Pacau. He'll try your real sporting blood. He's extra, Grayton," Rand explained to his brother. "You see I wanted to give Mr. Barrington, for Ethel's sake, the best test for his sporting blood. So I wired ahead to O'Shanagath to send me his best. That's Jimmie Pacau. He's high up Algonquin—pure blood and most formal. But—hello, Jim!" he welcomed the Indian. "Big news?"

"Big news!" the Indian admitted, as he nodded solemnly about our circle. "Strange word from white man who found silver, dead from moose."

"What's that?" Barrington asked suddenly. Ethel and Letitia had now joined us.

"Me last night in canoe, Thieving-Bear lake. Find floating canoe," the Indian explained pompously. "Man in it much hurt—hurt so he die. Moose! Bottom canoe much stone, silver stone. Very heavy!"

"He had found a mine?" Barrington pressed again. "A mine and a moose killed him?"

"Yes; mine!" O'Shanagath's best lured the Englishman on.

"Mine he say make white man who hears, very rich! You make me rich too if tell?" the Indian demanded suspiciously of the Englishman.

"Yes; yes. Of course," Barrington replied impatiently. "But first, tell me quick where did you find him?"

"He very bad, but not dead when me find," the Indian continued. "He tell me this. Go into Temagami last week; go north to Lady Lake. Alone; no guide. Is lost after making portage from Lady Lake. Make many portages—not know where. Loon Lake, Eagle Lake, Whitewater Lake—he not know. Run round in ring. Maybe he cross Annina; maybe Squirrel; maybe Snare Lake, maybe Thieving Bear.

Then he find mine. Get heavy silver rock and moose kill him. Big wounded moose find and kill him."

"I see!" Barrington exclaimed. Rand held us back while the Englishman went at the Indian again. "But surely you can tell us better where it was."

"No; just rich silver place. Just find, hear mad moose coming. Mad moose runs at man. Man shoot and no kill; shoot gun again; shoot pistol. No kill. Moose hurt man very much; think he kill man, and run away. Man sense all gone. Fill canoe with heavy silver rock and paddle all. Portage canoe, portage rock, many time till I find him. Where come from, no tell. But give this paper for white man."

The Indian drew out a folded slip of paper slowly. Barrington reached his hand for it; took it and read.

"'Before I go out of my head, I tell any one finding this, rich silver mine on north shore of a lake, which I can not name, but shaped like a crescent, bowl to the north. (Signed) Boswiss.'"

Barrington handed Rand the paper, while he pondered impatiently. The message was written apparently in O'Shanagath's badly disguised hand. Certainly it was upon the back of a bill

of lading which still showed our friend's name up in one corner. But the Englishman suspected nothing.

"The moose killed the man, you say?" he was ascertaining from the Indian.

"Dead only few hour ago," the Indian nodded. "He say mine belong white man who find this paper. Make him rich."

Grayton glanced at his brother and evidently suspected something. But Barrington pressed forward more eagerly.

The Indian slowly drew a bit of ore from his clothing.

"Here some silver rock find in cance," the Indian exhibited it. It was rich, very rich, we saw.

O'Shanagath had certainly done it thoroughly and loaded Pacau with his very best ore. But the English examined it impatiently.

"This is no use," Barrington returned, "unless we know where it came from. Surely there aren't many crescent-shap-

ed lakes about here?" he appealed to Grayton.

"A good many, I'm afraid," Grayton drew a map from his pocket, "See?"

"Skittles!" Barrington ejaculated disgustedly, as he looked over the outlines of the dozens of little forest lakes. "It might be a score of places—a



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM NOW?" HE DEMANDED

dozen miles apart. But that shouldn't stop us!" He put down the map and lifted his head resolutely. "Grayton," he said directly to our host. "I hate to take any advantage over you other chaps but—ah, this was rather for me, was it not? and—ah, I say, surely the rather exceptional circumstances will excuse me if I ask for this guide here!" He touched Jimmie Pacau.

"Oh take him, of course!" Rand urged. Grayton smiled and nodded in confirmation of his brother.

The Englishmen glanced quickly at each other; shouldered their guns and disappeared, almost without a word.

"Hot-foot-to-the-ground! Look at 'em!" Rand grasped Ethel's arm and pointed after the fast disappearing form of Barrington. "At the first breath of silver *he* has a chance to get! What do you think of him now, Ethel?" he demanded.

Ethel stood a moment staring after them; and then laughed a little. "I think I want to follow after him!" she returned.

Rand dropped her arm in disgust. "Grayton," he took his brother aside then, "of course I fixed that all up to show up Barrington's true sporting blood to Ethel. But as she still wants to follow him, take her, Gray—as you love fair play—and duck her into every crescent-shaped lake south of Hudson Bay till the character of her sportsman friend soaks into her. Come!" he called royally to me, then. "Let us show them the true hunters!"

With Johnnie Huddaw to guide us, we sallied into the woods exultantly. Before long a shot answered one of ours from over a ridge, and our faithful friend, O'Shanagath, appeared beside us.

"'King!'" Rand caught him gratefully. "Old chief Pacau was part perfect! And when he pulled that note of yours on the back of that bill of lading! Wow!"

"Misther Randall!" O'Shanagath was repeating puzzled. "Why byes!" he looked from one to the other of us.

"'King,'" I asked quickly, as something made me cold. "Quick! Did you get a telegram from Rand this forenoon?"

"A telegram?"

"What?" Rand was backing away.

"Wait!" I pressed on. "'King,' you, have stuff shipped care of you pretty often, did you have some shipped for a miner recently——"

"A young chap named Boswiss?" O'Shanagath inquired.

"Wait, 'King!'" Rand appealed this time. "Did you ever give Jim Pacau samples of ore?"

"Jim Pacau samples of ore?" the Irishman repeated, honestly puzzled.

But Rand was bumping his head against a tree. He swung and caught me.

"That was the best stuff south of the Arctic Circle and I've handed it to that bloody British animal-exterminator to support him and Ethel in——"

"Postpone the rest till you've lost, Rand!" I said. "He's only a little start; and if——"

O'Shanagath was staring at us.

"Bhoys," he suggested calmly.

"There's a moose——"

"The devil with moose!"

"Not with *the* moose, Rand!" I cried. "Remember the one we saw in the car this morning. That must be the one. It was shipped from the station just above here. We can follow its back trail."

"Right! Come on!" Rand ran away without a word, Johnnie Huddaw and I following. In half an hour we came out of the woods to the little station house. Yes; the great moose had been shipped from there the night before. It had blundered, badly wounded, out of the woods. Someone had given it the final shot and shipped it down.

We found its trail and ran again through the woods. It ran directly back toward a little unnamed crescent shaped lake which is one of the smaller links which Mountain and the Thieving Bear lakes hold between them. The red-dripped trail was easy and direct. It stopped suddenly and ran into a stain upon the pine needles, all hummocked with a struggle. But over these were a set of fresher marks—of English boots.

"Two hour ago," Johnnie Huddaw determined as he examined those marks. "Maybe hour."

And about us a dozen clean, white staves, bearing Barrington's name, stuck from the ground. We kicked at the blue silver vein running fairly to the surface of the ground which he had staked out and claimed.

"He's done it!" Rand cried. "But if Ethel marries him after this!" He led us sullenly back through the forest.

As we approached the break in the woods which held our car, we suddenly saw Barrington and Brooks with Jim Pacau bearing upon a pole between them, a small deer.

"I'm glad to see he's had remorse enough," Rand grunted, "to get that deer. But if he thinks that can square him!"

"There's Ethel!" I pointed in a different direction where Grayton and Ethel and two of the guides were coming out of the woods.

"Good. Now the show down!" Rand said to me.

"Barrington," he extended his hand, as the others came within hearing. "You beat us. I must admit when it comes to a business like this, no one is in it with a 'true' sportsman. You have it and it's a beauty."

"I have it?" the Englishman repeated surprisedly. "Why, my dear chap, can't you see it's only a deer and a small one at that!"

"I must admit too that you staked it out rather cleverly," Rand proceeded severely, "for one who's taken such a superior, spurning position."

"I staked it out? I take such a superior position? Why, my dear fellow, I had no chance to stake this one out; but I assure you I would gladly, with my own hands. I have often."

"I thought so," Rand grunted. "But why do you deny this? Really, it is not so ineradicably discreditable, except from your previous point of view. You shun us on it. Admit it now!"

"I shun you—it, you mean?" the Englishman's voice rose in his perplexity. "Why, my dear fellow, I say I didn't get him at all, the great man-killing brute. Someone else had already shot and shipped him. So

the beast didn't get away. But I jolly well wish I had potted him myself, the murdering beast!"

"See here, Barrington," Rand returned, out of patience at last. "I can't make out what you're driving at. But I might as well tell you right now it's no use. We've seen your name on the stakes of the mine!"

"My name on the stakes of a *mine*?" the Englishman repeated helplessly. "I say, Ethel—I say, do you make out what he's driving at?"

"Oh please," Ethel came to his rescue. "Oh please, he didn't stake out that claim. I did. I told you I had better follow, so I got Grayton to take me. After they found the place, we followed them there and staked it out. I told Grayton to enter it in your name," Ethel explained to Barrington.

"But Ethel—I say—I say!" Barrington was stammering.

"Can—can you understand and forgive me?" Ethel appealed to him.

But Rand was leaning back against me for support.

"Wait, Ethel!" he called weakly. "Wait—please! Ask him to forgive you; that's right! But please don't try to make him understand in my presence. I'm weak enough."

"But, old playmate," he braced himself slightly. "Reassure me before I go. You knew all the time he meant merely to trace that moose and was looking for the mine only as a starting place for the moose's trail? Yes. Then strike one, Ethel; you understand him. You consequently followed and staked out the claim! Strike two; you'll be able to support him! And for that, you ask him to forgive you. Three and out! You love him! Farewell. But Barrington, don't be too hard on her for this, old chap. And *don't* try to understand what made her do it. This is one of the crises in a man's life when he must have blind faith and trust the woman he loves, no matter how black appearances are against her. Johnnie; the evening train is coming down. Deploy about the bend and wave something at it. Come, friend," he motioned to me. "Elsewhere!"

HOMEWARD

BY ZENO W. PUTNAM

BOYS, lend me your aid, if 'you're willing, and take
A place in a fond mother's prayer.

I've got a through ticket, and want you to make
The very best time that you dare.
Ah, yes, it is true, I am happy and gay
As a child. And the cause, can you guess?
I am going back home to see Mother to-day,
On your world-famous Eastern Express.

'Tis many long years since I went from her door,
How many, I scarce can recall.
What hopes and ambitions, what dreams are now o'er,
She knows; she has counted them all,
Has wet with her tears every failure and woe,
And blessed with her joy each success.
But, come I in joy or in failure, I know
Her welcome awaits the Express.

Yon fairyland visions I scarce can recall,
The beauties that Nature imparts:
For there's many a vision in life, after all,
That only is meant for our hearts.
Mine gleams far ahead, where the train's mighty roar,
Brings a smile that age cannot suppress
On the face that I love, looking out of the door
To welcome the Eastern Express.

So open the throttle a little bit wide,
And hit up the pace with your touch.
Just take the sweet face far ahead for your guide,
And don't watch your time card too much.
It's not every day such an angel as this
Attends with her prayers your success,
Awaiting her boy, with a smile and a kiss,
And a Godspeed the Eastern Express.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"I came here to tell you something," he said, in a low tone. "You are clever enough to guess it."

Fay frowned.

"Et tu—" she began.

Gordon laid his hand on hers for an instant, and pressed it hard.

"Some day you will love me," he said, with an assurance of which the girl was conscious, even though she resented it. "They say love begets love, and I believe it. I have always gotten what I wanted—if I wanted it enough—and I want you more than all the other things put together."

"How melodramatic," interrupted Fay.

Gordon took no notice.

"When you left I was not sure. Now, there is no doubt, and furthermore, I believe you too care, although you have always been mistress of yourself and can't succumb without a struggle."

Fay turned and faced him squarely.

"Gordon," she said slowly, "I admit I ran away from you, not that I was afraid of your seductive charms, but because I wanted to keep you as a

friend; trite, I know—however, it is a shade better than being a sister to you. If friendship is impossible, say so, and leave me in peace." She held out her hand impulsively, and raised her heavily-fringed, serious eyes to his. "Will you be my friend?"

In sudden passion, Wylde threw the proffered hand angrily aside, exclaiming;

"I will *not*," and turning on his heel, walked abruptly away.

CHAPTER V.

ALMOST by the time Fay reached home, there was a messenger at the door, with a note from Wylde, begging her pardon for his behavior, and declaring a truce: "I will be anything," he wrote, "if I can only be *there*."

"The morning's tiff, however, left a disagreeable impression which permeated the whole day. Even Lorna was depressed, in spite of Fay's account of Wylde's admiration for her.

Chester had decided to make the investment he had discussed, and had asked for a curtailing of household expenses in order to procure a larger amount of stock. Lorna was going to

discharge the two maids, retaining only Nanny. Necessarily, this confined the mother much more than was good for her, and the children could not get their accustomed attention.

Every day there seemed some fresh economy imposed, although to do Sayre full justice, he had absolute faith in the ultimate outcome of his venture, and the added cares forced upon Lorna distressed him, even though he had not the power of will to resist the cause which made them necessary. Fits of irritability succeeded depression and languor, until Northrop finally persuaded him to see a physician.

The verdict was hardly satisfactory, nor reassuring, and Chester was strongly advised to drop everything and rest. This he declared was impossible; the firm could not spare him just now, and by staying home he could do some work outside of office hours, which would be a small help.

Lorna never complained—she was even-tempered, calm, with an under-current of cheerfulness which was a constant source of wonder to Fay, who was as changeable as April weather. With Chester she was always tender, trying to soothe him, very much as she would the fretful baby, and in his moments of doubt as to the success of this plan, Lorna was the one whose confidence seemed a mainstay. To Northrop she was unaffectedly trusting, appealing to him in many ways which neither he nor she realized, but which Gordon saw and mentally noted.

Owing to Sayre's increasing indisposition and dislike to going out in the evenings, the four were often together, taking excursions to suburban resorts and places of amusement. Fay absolutely refusing to be left alone for any length of time with Wylde.

"I am worn out trying to be funny,"

she said one night to Lorna, after coming home from one of the roof gardens. "I say in the language of Peg Woffington, 'To amuse the public! What a sad vocation for one who thinks!' Did you ever notice how constantly men have to be diverted? Three seconds of silence is sufficient to turn their thought from the most harmless subject to a seething fever of desire, from which it takes some diplomacy to divert them. One has to keep weaning them constantly from the personal."

Lorna laughed. "It certainly must be trying to struggle with such a problem. I don't know what I should do now, under similar circumstances.

I am so out of practice. Still, Fay, I think I should be proud and happy to have won the absorbing love of such a man as Mr. Wylde."

Then, without warning, the face of Clinton Northrop rose vividly before Lorna. She caught her breath in surprise and put the image angrily from her, as the sound of Chester's hollow cough was heard.

Fay, meanwhile, shrugged her shoulders.

"He does not love me," she cried; "there

is nothing he would sacrifice for me, after he got me. He would 'get used to me' and crave a new sensation, exactly as he craved me, because," she continued, savagely, "he loves my body, not my mind."

"Fay, you are mad on that subject," protested Lorna, impatiently. "We are but human, following the prescribed laws of nature, the first being—the law of reproduction. We can't do away with that, dear girl."

"We can," cried Fay, vehemently, "we can, if we will! We can eradicate the desire for the body, like we would a bad trait in our characters; we can stem it as we would the first stages of a disease—for that is what it amounts



THE FACE OF CLINTON NORTHROP ROSE VIVIDLY BEFORE LORNA.

to—a disease, a germ, a canker——”

“There is a difference between wanton lust, and the sex appeal, which every thinking person must recognize. Where would you draw the line? For instance, would you like never to be kissed?”

“Not by a Gordon, most certainly.”

“Would you marry a man expecting to live absolutely individual lives?” asked Lorna.

“If I married him at all,” answered

the other, “which is, to me, an unnecessary step. Everyone should live absolutely separate lives until, in the ecstasy of their spiritual love, there grows the desire to reproduce. We are the product of moments of unreasoning brute instinct, not spiritual desire. If the earnest, religious, thinking people of the world to-day would make marriages of the mind—not of the body”—she

spread out her hands expressively—
“Ah, God, what a Paradise!”

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Lorna.

“I fear there would be few marriages.”

“Exactly—and so much the better.”

“Then you would have people living together illegally?”

“Lorna, Lorna,” cried the girl, “you are surely not so bigoted. Illegally—indeed! Would you condemn a woman to everlasting perdition because

she gave herself to a man without the sanction of the marriage ceremony? Let me tell you,” she continued, vehemently, her eyes glowing, her figure tense with excitement, “let me tell you, that it is the marriage *tie*, as conditions are to-day, that is responsible for the baseness of society, and so much that is illegal. Human? We are, indeed! The wearing of a yoke is galling—in many instances beyond the endurance of the victim—then comes

divorce, or deception; if not active, passive—it amounts to the same thing as far as my argument goes. How many men and women would have a deep and tender regard for one another, if they werenot married? Did you ever think of that? And it is not necessarily because they know each other well—they would probably know each other quite as well, under other conditions. It is

because they are bound by a tie, which they are taught, in decency, must not be broken.”

Lorna shook the speaker gently.

“But child, child, listen. What a state of society you would have all over the world; people living on trial with each other, then starting afresh with someone else. Think what it would mean!”

Fay laughed. “You are forgetting,” she reminded her cousin, “you are forgetting that this ideal state of mine



LORNA SHOOK FAY GENTLY, "BUT CHILD, CHILD, LISTEN"

would be entirely decent, as you call it, because people would live together in mental relations, the physical appearing only in the cases of the few."

"Granting that possible," answered Lorna, still unconvinced, and a little disturbed at Fay's bold views, "the race would soon be extinct."

"That would not be my fault, nor yours. You can't carry more than your own pack. I believe we each have our share, which is not too heavy if we do not try to assume the burdens of someone else. Surely quality is better than quantity. We would do away with over-crowded slums, tenements, that objectionable class of people in the lower strata of our social system, because not having so many people to care for, the few could be given more attention, and all would be educated and civilized. Many of us are beginning to see these things in their proper light already."

"Oh, you are a Socialist, too," Lorna almost groaned. "Still, I am unconvinced, and ask again, why do people marry?"

"God knows," the girl answered, solemnly. "I have tried to understand why serious, thinking people marry. Perhaps they think they will like being bound together—if they use their wits at all. Perhaps they think it is the only safe way to insure this everlasting companionship—which improves itself at once. But I go back to my old stand, and say the mind plays too small a part—it is subservient to what is commonly called the heart—Bah!"

Lorna sighed. "I can't see why you are so hard and bitter, dear girl, for you look so loving and affectionate."

"Oh, dear Lord, you should have been a man, Lorna," and Fay burst into a flood of passionate tears.

On the following evening, Wylde peremptorily insisted on having Fay to himself—alone.

"You have avoided me, ever since that morning in the park," he said, accusingly. "Do you not trust me?"

"I know your intentions are good," answered his companion, smiling brightly, "but I thought we might as well enjoy Lorna and Mr. Northrop."

Wylde was silent several moments, then: "Does it seem apparent to you that those two are drifting perilously near dangerous waters?"

Fay opened her lips to make an indignant denial, but at the same instant, several vivid pictures came to her mind, and she remained silent. A little scene recurred to her, to which at the time she had attached no importance. It had happened only the evening before, when Northrop had said to Lorna: "I took the liberty of putting your picture in my office this morning."

"My picture!" Lorna echoed in surprise.

And Fay remembered the tenderness, unconscious though she believed it to be, which showed plainly in the man's whole bearing as he explained that it was a copy of the famous Lorna Doone. "It is a picture I have always loved," he said, softly, "and truly, except for the hair, you might have sat for it."

Other instances too numerous to mention flooded her memory, trivial things all of them, but pregnant now with a deeper significance. It was always Northrop who considered Sayre's wife, when Chester himself was careless. It was Northrop who insisted on these little after-dinner jaunts, declaring that Lorna needed recreation, when Chester would have kept her at home with him—selfish in his love for her. And in every instance Northrop had his way, by means of his unobtrusive persistence, which perhaps neither husband nor wife saw or realized.

Fay asked herself whether he were conscious of it. In her opinion he had not the manner of a lover endeavoring to restrain his passion, and if he were not conscious of it, what would he do when the realization broke upon him? What of Lorna? Surely she had no thought of danger, for while Fay knew she could not love Chester, she also knew that Lorna had the maternal, brooding affection for her husband that a woman of her type feels for some one dependent on her. She knew that Chester was absolutely unwavering in his devotion, filling his thoughts with love for his wife, although his love for her partook more of the feminine than

of the masculine. Love was not an episode with him, it was his "whole existence." He was thoroughly miserable and unstrung if he had to be away from Lorna for twenty-four hours.

He would follow his wife from room to room, with the persistence of a dog, and yet when she sat down with some mending, he would ask her to look over his ties, or perform some service for him, necessitating a struggle to get through the work she had on hand. His affection was childish in its dependence; he must be always conscious of Lorna's willingness to serve him, and Fay could see now, looking back on past events, how keenly this had irritated Northrop, how he had stood between Sayre and his wife, trying to shoulder some of Lorna's burdens. Yes, it seemed probable that he knew—acknowledged his love, and accepted it and its consequent pain, unflinchingly.

And Lorna?

There was a naturalness in her manner which no one could simulate—even Fay herself; a sort of frank appeal to Northrop, as though he were Chester's elder brother, which Fay was disposed to consider as a safeguard. What, though, would be the result when Lorna realized that she had become dependent on some one, even as Chester leaned on her?

In love with Clinton Northrop!

With a pang very much akin to that which Mrs. Sayre had felt at meeting her husband's friend, Fay realized how much finer a man was Northrop than Chester. The bitter irony of the gods, to throw these two men in Lorna's path!

"Well, are you revolving it to your satisfaction?" interrupted Wylde, who was watching with interest the expressive changes on the girl's face. "Of course, you have seen it?"

Quite suddenly Fay's eyes filled with scalding tears, and her heart throbbed with an aching pain, which she had never felt for herself.

"You are right, Gordon," she said, unsteadily, "until now, I have been blind, taken up with my own trifling affairs, too selfish to think of anyone else. O, dear Lord, the inevitable triangle. Poor, poor, Lorna!"

"Humph, I should think you would say, 'Poor, poor Chester'," replied the man.

"With another kind of wife and friend, perhaps," agreed Fay. "But Chester is the one who will be spared the aches and pains. He will live and die in ignorance of everything except Lorna's never-failing tenderness and devotion, which will be more marked when she discovers—"

"Yes, but Northrop! *He* is flesh and blood. Even though he would not be a traitor to his friend, he might not be able to hide his love for that man's wife."

Fay thought a moment. "If I am any thing of a judge of people," she said slowly, "I will prophesy that neither Lorna nor Mr. Northrop will ever acknowledge the true state of affairs—certainly not to each other, and possibly they will struggle to deny it, even to themselves. Each will consider it a privilege to have known the other, they will vie with one another in being most loyal to Chester— Oh," she broke off abruptly, "how miserable I am! If she just could be wicked like me—just once!"

Gordon was not impressed. He could not understand a love which would stand the test of years, and still culminate in nothing but renunciation.

"There is a Something, which rules men's reason," he said tensely, struck afresh with the thought of his own lack of progress, thus far, "and that is—"

"Don't be tiresome, I beg," interrupted the girl, impatiently. This was just the trend she had not wished the conversation to take. "Some of us are possessed of a fineness, which chokes your all-powerful Something in its infancy, and rears in its stead a real love, reverence, adoration—giving all, asking nothing but the right to give—demanding nothing in return. You, my friend, will never know that."

Gordon watched the quivering mouth and listened to the low, throbbing voice, with its old unquenchable appeal to his senses. "Nor do I want to," he retorted hotly, "I believe in the divine right of the primal man and woman, coming first hand from the Maker; not these over-cultivated, stran-

gled creatures of an advanced civilization. Mere puppets they are, obsessed with the magnitude of their own importance, studying each act in its birth, and weaving about its performance an endless chain of circumstances. Impulse thwarted, natural cravings smothered, with pruning here and clipping there it is a marvel to me that we resemble in any way the free creatures we were meant to be!"

The two were sitting on the Sayre's verandah. Lorna, her husband and Northrop were out. The night was calm and moonlit, the street silent almost to oppression, the brooding stillness heavy with the mystery of things unseen, but felt. Fay was reclining in a steamer chair, her arms showing round and white behind her head, and the outline of her figure faint against the cushions of the chair. Gordon's pulses quickened as he leaned nearer her and caught the play of the moonlight on her serious face. He began speaking rapidly, tensely, passionately—saying the things his heart most longed to tell, regardless of the curb his reason imposed.

He was surprised, then irritated, by the immobility of the girl's expression. Could nothing really touch her? He stopped abruptly, and demanded: "Are you in a trance?"

Fay started, passed her hand slowly over her glossy hair, and said contritely: "I beg your pardon, Gordon, I am afraid I was not listening."

"Apparently not! May I enquire the nature of thoughts so entirely absorbing?"

Without noticing the sarcasm in Wylde's voice and manner, Fay began speaking slowly, dreamily, the heritage of her mother's passion strong in her. "I was on the ocean," she said, "alone on the vast, restless, limitless deep. From where I stood, in the bow of a boat, I looked directly into the setting sun making a flaming pathway upon which I rode. The waves, parted by the prow of the boat, rose laughingly to kiss me—salt upon my lips, then blew away in a shower of glistening pink drops. The wind raced by, mad

with the joy of its own freedom, whipping my hair loose, then drenching it with a mist of pearly-tinted spray. The boat took each wave with a leap which would, at any other time, have unbalanced me. But at the moment, I stood firm and sure, swaying easily to the dancing motion and filled with a bliss unspeakable."

She closed her eyes narrowly, looking into a picture the very vividness of which thrilled her.

"Alone, alone on the ocean! Sailing on and further on into the Heart of Things—away from the narrow, the sullied, the degrading, the trivial. Oh, the bigness of it, the strength of it, the purity of it! Just me, alone, save for a dazzling sea-gull, circling restlessly above my head."

"Fay," whispered Gordon, hotly, "for God's sake have pity! Would you wantonly drive me mad?" And before she was conscious of his purpose, he had seized her passionately, and covered her face and lips with burning kisses.

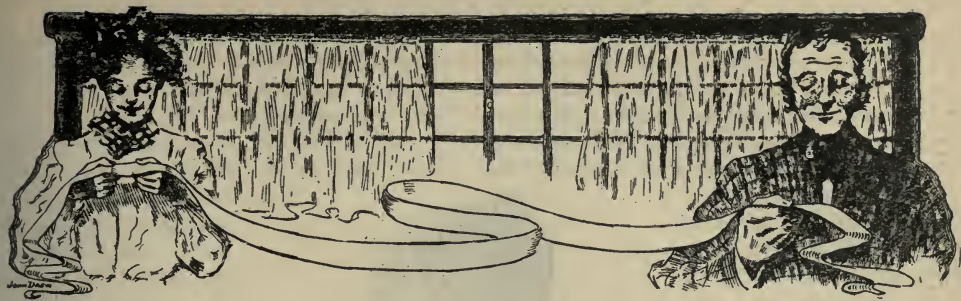
Wrenching herself free; the girl looked at him a moment in scornful silence, then: "How dare you," she cried. "You, whose very existence I had forgotten! For the moment I was free, my soul gloried in its liberty; I was beyond your reach, and you dragged me back by your selfish earthiness! Of all animals, man is most like the wolf, brutal, blood-thirsty, carrion-loving, hungry with an ever-whetted desire for its body's base cravings." She covered her face with her hands, shuddering. "Now, Gordon, go!"

"I can't," he cried brokenly. "I love you, love you, love you!"

"Bah," Fay answered scornfully. "Where is the powerful will of which you have so often boasted? Where is the self-respect you need so urgently? If you could but see yourself, sitting there a slaye to a thirst which is mastering you, a creature of broken, feeble will. Shame!" she cried, vehemently. "Shame! I should ache with mortification, if I felt that anything, *anything*, could so master me!"

Gordon raised a drawn, white face, and smiled ever so faintly.

(To be continued.)



THE SCHOPENHAUER SANITARIUM

BY J. DEQ. DONEHOO

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

IF McKennan had been twenty-five, he would have paid no attention to that advertisement, would have scorned and flouted it as something abominable; but he was forty-five and of Scotch descent, so that things were different.

The advertisement appeared in one of the leading magazines, a short notice in the neighborhood of "Learn to Write Advertisements," "Make Money Writing," and the like. It read as follows:

DON'T GET MARRIED. If you are in love, let us help you out and save you. Falling in love is now recognized by science as a *disease*. It readily yields to a form of treatment which is neither difficult nor expensive, depending mainly upon accurate diagnosis of individual cases and expert application of psychological principles. Practically no drugs used at our sanitarium, where both sexes are treated. A cure is guaranteed within thirty days, or money will be refunded. We have cured thousands and can do as much for you. Send to-day for our booklet containing testimonials and treatise on the evils of love and matrimony. Address, Schopenhauer Sanitarium, Dept. XYZ., Montreal, Que.

"By Jove," said McKennan, as he hastily sat down and dashed off a letter asking for the booklet, "there's sense in that. I believe there's something in it; at least there ought to be for humanity's sake. It's all very well to have our public schools give instruc-

tion regarding the evil effects of alcohol upon the human body, and Keeley institutes for the reformation of inebriates are commendable enough; but I believe that where whiskey slays or renders unhappy its thousands, love and marriage annually slaughter their tens of thousands. Philanthropists and societies make fuss enough about the victims of drink, yet every newspaper is full of accounts of love tragedies, divorces, domestic unhappiness and suicides or wrecked lives as their result. Yet it never seems to have occurred to any considerable number of people, either that warning to the young about this greater evil was necessary, or that the cure of those treading the downward path was possible."

And yet, at this very moment, McKennan himself was treading that same "downward path" with accelerating footsteps. He knew it, too, and would have confessed as much to any sympathetic friend. But being of Scotch descent, as before mentioned, the fact that he knew it did not prevent him from philosophizing about it freely, and dissecting minutely the warring impulses that were struggling in his breast at the time.

The fact is that Alexander J. McKennan, wealthy business man, and widower of three years' standing, was madly, hopelessly in love with little pink-cheeked, twenty-year-old Madeline Rivers.

McKenna solemnly resolved, when his wife died, that he would never think of marrying again. He had truly loved her, and had been a kind and devoted, though perhaps in later years a somewhat indifferent husband. For the last decade, he had been so absorbed in business, that imperceptibly that chasm between husband and wife which time inevitably widens unless it be constantly bridged by mutual sympathy and common interests had expanded into a very gulf. Yet McKenna was profoundly shocked and grieved when he stood by the flower-covered casket that day, and tender memories reaching back through twenty years surged through his breast.

It was partly, then, through sentimental loyalty to the memory of his bride of long ago, but mainly on account of considerations as to his own future happiness, that McKenna had firmly decided, then and there, never to form another matrimonial alliance. In later years, accompanying his great financial successes, a genial, not ill-natured cynicism had grown upon him. In his secret heart, he dubbed all marriages comparative failures at the best. His philosophy pronounced it impossible that any man and woman, mated by nature at one period of their lives, should through a series of changing years both grow, and yet each continually remain to the other what an ideal marriage demands.

That ideal was a dream, one of those beautiful fancies to which the multitude clings, but which the wise have long since discarded.

And, besides, he reasoned, what need had he to submit further to the inconveniences of marriage? He had with him still the choicest fruits that any marriage could yield, in his interesting family, two charming daughters. He had had his own little love romance in the years that were gone; its sweetness was now so idealized by time's magic, that no renewal of the marriage relationship could possibly measure up to that vision of the past. Better for him, henceforth, to cherish this memory and live the free life for which he knew now that he had really yearned in later years. A man with interests in life like his had no need for any resurrection of this love twaddle, even if it were, as the poet averred, "woman's whole existence."

Thus McKenna, like Plato, "reasoned well"—when he got his mind off Madeline. When he was with her, or got to thinking of her, which was often, philosophy entered into a period of decadence.

And philosophy had been having a terribly hard time of it lately. Madeline was a provokingly pretty girl, as well as a most accomplished and charming one. She was bosom friend to McKenna's older daughter, Agnes, and both had just returned this June, graduates of Wellington College.



SEVERAL TIMES IN HIS RAMBLES, HE MET
ONE OF THE FEMALES

It was inevitable, under these circumstances, that McKennan, who was a most kind and indulgent father to his two daughters, saw much of this young girl, also. Not only was she often at his house, but he frequently acted as escort for her and Agnes together.

It had been about a year now since first he had begun specially to notice little Madeline's attractions. He had as yet paid the girl no formal court, and no one had seriously thought of coupling their names together. But he felt well assured that little Madeline, with her fine woman's perception, had already practically guessed his secret; she knew that he was at least perilously near being in love with her. And McKennan was more flattered than he had ever been by all the past successes of his life, to know that this charming young girl undoubtedly liked him very much indeed. That she loved him already, he scarcely dared hope. But with this basis of established favor, what lay in the way of the success of his suit, if he should openly declare it? It was true that there was some disparity of age,

but that was nothing these days. He was a man in the prime of life, rich, successful, respected, a favorite in society. Madeline's family would certainly smile upon the prospective match, and encourage it by every means

in their power. McKennan was not over-confident as to the result, nor was he at all afraid to make the venture. He simply felt that by his best efforts he would surely win, just as he had, so far, won in every important undertaking of his life. But should he try? The reasons *pro* were evident; the reasons *con* were that solemn vow to himself over a dead wife's tomb, philosophy, and common sense.

But sooth to say, these latter, although putting up a pretty good fight, were getting somewhat disfigured when that booklet came from the Schopenhauer Sanitarium.

Now a booklet gotten out

by a sanitarium is not usually a very remarkable document, or one calculated to change the mind of a hard-headed business man; but this was no ordinary booklet. No wonder it rapidly gained recruits for the institution.



BUT THE INSTITUTION'S ETIQUETTE PRESCRIBED A BOW AND NOTHING MORE

First, its testimonials were conclusive as to the infallible results following the treatment. McKennan could have no further doubt that he *could* be cured of his infatuation for this young girl, if he so desired. It is doubtful, however, whether he would have summoned up resolution enough to want to be cured, if it had not been for the awful logic of the rest of the booklet, in its pitiless exposition of the evils of love and marriage. Being Scotch, McKennan could not resist logic.

The booklet's expose of the evils of marriage was conclusive and its arguments as to the higher degree of happiness to be found in the celibate state were most convincing. These conclusions were supported by the opinions of the wisest men of all ages, from St. Paul to Schopenhauer himself, after whom the institution was appropriately named. McKennan was surprised, confounded, convinced by the forcefulness and unanimity of this symposium of the wisdom of the centuries upon these subjects. From St. Paul's "it is better for the unmarried and widows to abide even as I," down to Schopenhauer's modern wail over the miseries of the married state, and his conclusion that even "love marriages, as a rule, turn out most unhappily," there was no dissentient voice. Some of the homilies of St. Jerome, St. Gregory, and other fathers of the church, which were quoted upon this subject, were enough to convince the most enamored swain that ever sighed, if he had an atom of gray brain matter left untouched by the deadly microbe love. Theodore Roosevelt and other friends of the marriage institution really ought to give this booklet their early attention in the interests of morality. It ought either to be answered conclusively, or be suppressed by law on grounds of public policy.

McKennan's mind was made up. He would escape the yawning abyss; he would leave for the sanitarium without another sight of Madeline, and be saved.

It took only a few days to make all necessary arrangements for a month's vacation, and McKennan left for Mont-

real in the best of spirits, all things considered. He had not seen Madeline from the day his resolution was taken, had, indeed, only learned that she also had left for a vacation in the East the day before he did.

The sanitarium made a favorable impression upon its latest patient. It proved to be a beautifully situated rural retreat, a few miles out of the city, up the River St. Lawrence. Embowered in the midst of grand old oaks, and surrounded by well kept lawns with flowers everywhere, McKennan, with some of the old leaven still remaining, mentally remarked that it would give an ideal setting to one of those love romances whose purpose it was to counteract.

But the personnel of the sanitarium staff and the mode of treatment soon dispelled any frivolous impressions. This latter was no joke; it was rigorously scientific, requiring the undivided attention of the patient. It depended upon psychological principles long vaguely understood, utilized indeed, by the early ascetics of the Christian church in their pursuit of the celibate life, but only in modern times scientifically formulated, and worked up into a practical system.

The fundamental idea was that of continually strengthening, by various means, the intellectual faculties of the mind, as against the emotional ones, and then bringing into play suggestion, perhaps really hypnotic in its character, as to the unworthiness and generally unlovable nature of the person loved. Ancient ascetics followed essentially the same plan in a crude, and possibly one would now say, repulsive manner. The anchorite who had a novice still troubled with visions of some fair face amidst the vanities of the world, told him to think and dwell upon that face, wrinkled and seamed by old age, or horribly disfigured and disgusting from disease. He reminded him that the wavy brown hair and adorable complexion hid a grinning skull within, that all human beauty sank into execrable rottenness beneath the touch of inevitable decay and death. Hence the skull was always found in the anchorite's retreat; the thoughts which

it brought to mind were his sovereign antidote for love.

He was beginning really to enjoy the sanitarium life, too. Not only was it a pleasant place, but he made several very congenial acquaintances among the patients. The ones he knew were all men, of course; for, whilst the institution received women, had more of them, indeed, than of the other sex, these were rigorously kept apart. They had an entirely different section of the grounds at their disposal, and were not often seen by the male contingent. But judging from the few female inmates that he had seen, McKennan arrived at the conclusion that all of them were old maids struggling

against hopeless cases of infatuation. Several times he had met some of these in his rambles around the edge of the estate, but the institution's etiquette prescribed a bow in such cases and nothing more.

One spot which McKennan loved to visit above all others was situated just on the edge of the women's domain; he was strongly attracted to this locality by the great beauty of a little glen, and often sat there on a rustic bench conning the psychological lessons that accompanied the treatment. The surroundings were as romantic as could well be conceived; the very setting for an absurd, sentimental, love story, or tragedy, as the sanitarium authorities



MCKENNAN ADVANCED CONFUSEDLY, "WHY, MADELINE; WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

would dub it. But the idea that any patient could be suspected of a desire to flirt with the female inmates at such an institution, or that any precautions to prevent this were necessary, was too preposterous to be entertained, so McKennan did not feel any misgivings about his occasional trespasses upon this lovely spot.

It was at an early morning hour on a faultless day in July that McKennan strode down the path to this favorite spot in the little glen; he would quaff one draught of its beauties before breakfast and the morning's treatment. How good the world seemed to him with all that therein was! Oh, the delight of mere living, when one is in perfect health, and life has yielded all the heart's desire; the delight of it all on such a morning as this! But the Schopenhauer Sanitarium ought to have provided special treatment for days like this amidst such surroundings. The songs of the birds, the flowers, the fragrance, the essence of life one draws with every breath on such a morning—all these are sad refutations of an ascetic philosophy! And there on a rustic bench in the glen sat Madeline! Madeline! Radiant in her perfect girlish beauty, surrounded by a witchery which he, of all men, was powerless to resist. McKennan almost reeled, and his face flushed as he advanced confusedly, and bowed, gathering himself together enough to ejaculate, "Why, Madeline! What in the world are you doing here? Certainly you are not an inmate of this institution?"

The girl blushed to a rosy tint that made her glorious in her beauty amidst such a setting. McKennan inwardly swore that he had never seen anything like it. At once, he felt his heart rise up harsh and bitter against the Sanitarium and all its works. Alas! What had he done? Lost her? And all through that accursed advertisement! Lost her! For surely he might have won, and what to the worth of her, as she sat there in her perfect girlish charm and beauty, were all those things he had set over against her? What was freedom, to such chains of love as these would have been? What was his mouldy philosophy, to the eternal

thirst of the human heart for love? But why was she here? What love affair was she too trying to forget? Fierce jealousy gripped the man, and then he grimly hoped that Madeline had had better fortune in getting cured of her infatuation for some college puppy than he had had with his love for her. But all these swiftly thronging thoughts were interrupted by the fresh young voice that answered his question. There was a note of mischief in the voice, too, for the blush had mantled back, and Madeline spoke with perfect self-possession.

"Why am I here, Mr. McKennan? Why, aren't you glad to see me here, and aren't you even going to shake hands with me? Might it not be possible that I also have some slight curiosity to know why you are here? I plead a woman's alleged curiosity and privilege, and insist that my question be answered first. Come, Mr. McKennan, you are not the only person who saw that advertisement. I'll make a fair bargain with you. You tell me first, frankly and fully, why you are here, and I'll tell you as frankly why I am here." Cunning little Madeline! *She* knew why McKennan had come!

And that miserable individual had a fearful time of it for the next few minutes, as he sat by the girl's side and floundered hopelessly around, trying to explain why he was there without really telling why. But she looked so provokingly sweet and self-possessed and mischievous that poor McKennan really grew quite desperate. Finally, discovering a look of something akin to pity in those bewitching eyes, he boldly said, "I came here for one reason, only, little Madeline, because I love you."

The dancing eyes grew grave and strangely soft as he said it, and a light shone in them which made his blood leap faster. As he drew the little head toward his breast, a very, very low voice said demurely, "So did I."

Two patients left the Schopenhauer Sanitarium that morning. But, although both carried receipted bills for the entire course, that institution has not to this day asked either of them for a testimonial.



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

MARY JANE'S PA

HIRAM PERKINS married pretty Miss Portia when she was a girl of sixteen, because she could read books and could understand his aspirations for higher things than those afforded by the little town of Medairyville, while Portia married him because he promised to take her to Niagara Falls on a honeymoon trip.

When two such irresponsible children were confronted with the stern necessities of married life, the struggle to provide a living not only for themselves but for the two children who came to them after their marriage, it is no wonder that dissensions and differences arose. Portia was practical and provident; Hiram, a dreamer who took no thought for the morrow. Bickerings were so frequent that finally Hiram

folded his tent and silently stole away, leaving Portia to fend for herself and the children as best she might.

Humiliated by the position in which she found herself, Portia exchanged the small bit of property she had in Medairyville for a printing-office in Gossport and started a village paper there.

Eleven years went by and she had grown into the belief that Hiram must be dead. She had become interested in a local lawyer, Rome Preston, and through her paper, the "Clarion," was pushing his nomination for the legislature when just at this psychological moment, Hiram returns.

Ragged and unkempt, but with an airy insouciance that grates terribly on Portia's nerves, he announces that he has come to stay, but Portia tells him that she has made this home for her-



BECHER FURNESS

Of London, Ontario, who recently married Edith Ellis Baker, author of "Mary Jane's Pa"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

HENRY E. DIXEY

As Hiram Perkins in "Mary Jane's Pa"

self and the children without his assistance, and that she does not now propose to have him step in to enjoy the fruits of her labors. She dreads, however, to send him forth into the world again, and finally she makes him this proposition. "You were always clever in the kitchen—I'll board and lodge you, give you Thursday afternoons off, and pay you ten dollars a month to do my general housework. Take it, or leave it."

Hiram stands aghast but his sense of humor overcomes his indignation, and he says, "Very well—I accept. Exit philosopher—enter factotum," and he prepares to clear the table.

Gossport is wildly excited over Mrs. Perkin's choice of a "man hired girl." The women of the town begin to snub Portia and the two children. Hiram's self-contained poise puzzles and embarrasses them. They are conscious that he is infinitely above his station in manner and attainments and they are uneasy in his presence. But Hiram goes placidly on with his work, learning day by day the lesson of love for his children, and respect for his wife.

Rome Preston's rival in the political field, Joel Skinner, urges on the women of the town and things look very blue for Portia when Hiram comes to the rescue, disconcerts Skinner and helps "Perkins, the printer," get out an issue of the "Clarion" which absolutely precludes Skinner's opportunity of gaining the nomination.

Infuriated at this, Skinner leads a mob of villagers to Portia's house, demanding that this man be given to them that they may tar and feather him, urging, as an excuse, the impropriety of his living in the house of Mrs. Perkins, a widow!

Hiram, composed as ever, says, "Why shouldn't they? They are free



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

GRETCHEN HARTMAN

As Mary Jane in "Mary Jane's Pa"

born Americans, with a constitutional government and public schools, therefore when things are a little slow, naturally they feel that they must burn or drown or kill some one—and oddly enough do it in the name of public morality. It is a feature of our nation-

Enraged at this sarcasm, the mob were about to seize him when Portia thrust herself in front of him and in the intensity of her excitement, fairly shrieked, "Stop! This man is my husband!"

Gossport morality was appeased. Her lawful wedded husband! Then



MRS. BECHER FURNESS (EDITH ELLIS BAKER)
Author of "Mary Jane's Pa"

al life and made us world-famous. I don't wish to stand in the way of these good citizens and their traditions, their little plan will give pleasure to the many and pain to few and the majority must rule."

everything was all right, and the mob melted away, leaving husband and wife alone together.

"Portia, it was fine of you to save my feelings before Preston," said Hiram, "for I *can* feel."

"Hiram," answered Portia, "you must stay. Those whom God has joined together can never be really sundered—and the gift of children is God's bond. We must act in the name of that bond if we would know peace. Since you've been here, I've seen the father in you stir. It's your awakening and mine, Hiram. It isn't *all* duty. It's my happiness I'm asking of you."

Hiram, with the consciousness of his own unworthiness that has been steadily growing on him since he joined the little household, says slowly, "It all means so much to me, dear, that I shall take you at your word. I've been working for you, Portia, and I feel the strength of the universe flowing into my brain and heart. I'm in love with you and the children, with work, with the world, with myself, with God,—Can you believe me, dear?"

Portia holds out her hand and the moon shines down on the scene of reconciliation.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

Money is the root of all evil, but if it is planted carefully, nearly all the good things of life grow from it.—Mary Jane's Pa.

THE FABLE OF THE DOLDUBS

One of the prettiest things in "Mary Jane's Pa" is the telling of the Doldub Fable by Hiram Perkins (Henry E. Dixey) to his daughter, Mary Jane (Gretchen Hartman). Hiram has discovered Rome Preston's love for his wife and, conscious of his own unworthiness, has decided that he should go away and allow her to be happy with the lawyer. The fable is given below.

"ONCE upon a time, there were some strange birds called Doldubs who lived in a wobbly old nest in an old tree. At first there were only Dippy Doldub and his mate Yappy Doldub, but one spring Dolly Doldub was born and after that, Dottie Doldub and the nest was so full of baby Doldubs that Dippy Doldub flew away to the next tree away from the little Doldubs—he was a yellow bird—and then he went off to another country and just kept on flying around any old place, for years and years. Meanwhile Yappy Doldub was getting all the bugs and

worms to feed Dotty and Dolly Doldub. And then there came along a law—a legaritis bird, a fine, generous, good bird who sang pretty songs to Yappy Doldub, so pretty that she forgot all about Dippy and his tiresome ways and her plumage grew brighter and more beautiful every day, until a terrible thing happened—Dippy Doldub came back to the nest. Then, although he was a no-account Dippy bird, still, when he saw Yappy so happy, he wanted to give her a chance to build a nest with a nice bird that wasn't so fond of flying away—and so he decided to go away again, for it doesn't make any difference to anybody what becomes of a Dippy bird."

STAGE LOVE

The difference between stage love and real love is that in the stage variety, the more you make love, the less you want to; and in real love, the less you make love, the more you want to.—Mary Jane's Pa.

THE TRAGEDY OF SUCCESS

IN Mabel Barrison you see a blighted being, a disappointed life. Yes, indeed. She says so herself, and she ought to know.

Why? Well, just because she owns two theatres, a hotel, a garage, numerous automobiles and the position of star in "The Blue Mouse," rather than ten children and a suburban home in Toronto.

One is tempted to say, "Ain't it awful, Mabel?" when she unburdens herself of such woes as these.

Yet she really is quite serious about it, difficult as it is to believe. She says, "I don't believe in stage life for a woman. I've never been infatuated with the glamor of the footlights. I went on simply and solely because of the money there is in this profession, and as soon as I have made all the money I want, I'm going to retire and build myself a house in Toronto, my home town. I've never seen a site for a home which can compare with the Hill in Toronto and in two or three more years, I'll build a place there and be happy, away from powder and



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MARY MANNERLING

Who appeared last season in "The Independent Miss Gower"

grease paint, dressing rooms and theatres.

"Yes, I've been successful. I've only been on the stage six years and things have gone well with me. I started in the chorus with Francis Wilson, but only stayed there three weeks. It wasn't very long after, that I joined the 'Babes in Toyland' company and my part there made me. I played it two years, then starred with

my husband, Joseph Howard, in *The Flower of the Ranch* for two years, afterwards going into vaudeville.

"It was while we were in vaudeville that I received this offer to star in 'The Blue Mouse.' When we began our rehearsals, we were playing two vaudeville houses in New York, giving four shows a day. We used to rehearse all morning, go to Hammerstein's early in the afternoon, play there,

then get a taxicab, and whirl up to the Alhambra, away up in Harlem, where we'd give our act again. We did the same thing at night and in between times, we'd rehearse. It was awful!

"Then 'The Blue Mouse' opened and you know how successful a run it has had. I've been working constantly, and I'm so tired. It's a tragedy to live a life you don't like and, believe me, the triumphs of the stage mean nothing to me, compared to the joys of a quiet home, with your children about you."

In reply to a remark about the slender figure round which a maid was hooking one of the bewildering variety of pretty frocks, all blue, yet all different, Miss Barrison wears in the play, she said, "This hipless figure of mine is a joke. Before I took this part, I had never worn corsets in my life nor had I ever worn a long dress on the stage. I'd always taken little girl parts. But I knew, of course, that Paulette Devine would have to be strictly up-to-date in both her frocks and her figure, so I started in to 'reduce.' I walked and rolled and dieted and did every thing under the sun to take off flesh.

"But every time I took a fresh start I put on a few pounds instead of taking them off, so finally I gave up worrying about my figure—put on the longest directoire corsets I could find and decided that if I must have hips, I'd have them and the latest hipless figure could go—where it pleased.

"But, behold me!" and the dainty little blue figure revolved for one's inspection. In truth, she was hipless, directoire-cut, and modish to a degree.

"Stop worrying and wear corsets." We might all stop worrying if we owned Miss Barrison's possessions after only six years' work.

One gave vent to this opinion and the lady who owns all these things laughed, "Oh, I'm a good business woman. I seem to invest my money well. I'm really a very serious person, you see, though nobody believes it. Mr. Fitch is writing a play for me now, which has a big emotional scene in it. In fact, I try to commit suicide. I told Mr. Shubert about it and he just laughed

and said, 'You commit suicide! Nobody would ever believe that you'd even tried.'

"So there you are. I suppose I'm doomed to play comedy roles always."

Leaving this blighted being to her star dressing room, her maid, her diamonds, hotels, motors, theatres and automobiles. one stole silently away. There are troubles too deep for words. Yes, indeed-y, too deep for words.

AN INGENUOUS INGENUE.

THE curtain had not yet gone up on the first act and the manager of "The Servant in the House" ushered the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview down to Miss Glendinning's dressing-room. She was just getting into her first-act frock, a little white lingerie thing in which she looked about sixteen, and the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview said, "Won't you let me fasten your frock for you? These blouses that do up the back are so awkward."

"Oh," came a delighted voice, "I know you're English. I just *know* you are. In the States they all say gown and shirtwaist, never frock and blouse. But, of course, you're Canadian. That's just the same as English, isn't it?" and she chatted away with all the joy of being at home again after a sojourn in a strange land.

Jessie Glendinning is almost a Canadian herself. She was born in Yorkshire, England, and went to school at Folkstone until her father, John Glendinning, who is a sterling actor, best remembered in Canada for his excellent work in Fred C. Whitney's production of Bourget's play, "Divorce," came across the water to win his place on the American stage.

Little Jessie was then sent to the convent-school of the "Sisters of St. John the Divine" in Oshawa, Ontario. There she remained for some years, making many staunch friends among her Canadian fellow-pupils.

As soon as she left school, she became a member of Amelia Bingham's company, playing the ingenue part in "The Lilac Room." She is full of girlish enthusiasm over Miss Bingham's kindness to the little beginner in stage



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MABEL BARRISON
Starring in "The Blue Mouse"

life and said, "You know, I had to sob violently in one scene and I never could do it, so every night Miss Bingham used to put a book up in front of her face and sob for me."

After her engagement with Miss Bingham terminated, Miss Glendinning became the ingenue at the Belasco Theatre, Washington and then played with Bertha Kalich in "Sappho and Phaon."

Then came the most important en-

gagement of her whole life, when she joined the company of Henry Miller, the famous Canadian actor, playing in "The Great Divide" for, ten days after she met him, she married Mr. Miller's son, who was managing the company.

"Wasn't it romantic?" said the little wife, "we'd only known each other ten days and we were married for six weeks before anyone knew a thing about it. That was just a year

and a half ago, and now we have the sweetest little baby. The only thing that worried me, was that it was a girl and I was so sure it would be a boy, that I'd planned to call him Henry, after my father-in-law, you know. He's such a dear, and so good to me. We're great chums.

"When I knew it was a girl — well, I just didn't know what to do, so I called her Dorothy. I don't know why, but I just had to call her something, you know.

"Isn't it lovely to have your husband and your father and your father-in-law and your step-mother (Jessie Milward) all in the 'business?' Yes, it's lovely but it's discouraging because they all tell you what a bad actress you are and of course you think they *must* know something about it, and it makes you feel you

really must be 'no good,' " and the little actress heaved a sigh.

"Oh, isn't it hot? Let's send out for an ice!"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

JESSIE GLENDINNING

With "The Servant in the House" A WOMAN'S TEARS

And when the lady-in-quest-of-an-interview departed, Jessie Glendinning, child-wife-mother-actress, was recovering from the joys of a chocolate ice, while her bit of sewing — a little frock for "Dorothy," was carefully put away out of the danger zone of ices or make-up.

THE WISE FLY

Once there was a Wise Fly that lit on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome; and as he gazed nine whole feet about him, he said, "My! What a great world we live in." — Mary Jane's Pa.

When a woman is past crying, she is past nearly everything that makes life worth living.—Mary Jane's Pa.



A LEGEND

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

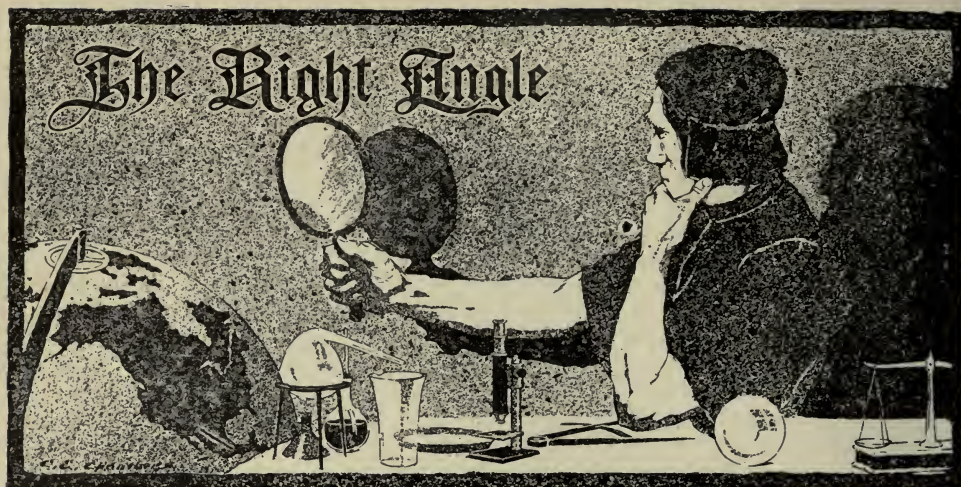
A MOUNTAIN SPRING once came a long journey from the depths of the dark old earth, and struggled through rough stones and sand to reach the light, so that she could lay her firstborn in a cosy, mossy hollow. For some time the little one slept in its fern-curtained cradle; but one day a saucy zephyr parted the delicate green draperies, and the prying sun peeped in. When he saw what a delicious drink the cool water would be for his parched lips, he began to beckon with his long fingers to the lazy, sleepy little pool to come out; and the zephyr, being an idle fellow, whispered that he knew a fine game for the three to play. At first the water wrinkled its placid face, being loth to leave the cool gloom behind the beautiful, quivering ferns; but when its mother said that it might go, very soon out came one tiny foot and then the other, shyly displaying their crystal slippers. The poor, innocent pool found itself at the top of a great hill, and it could see nothing but a great blue wall before it and the burning face of the sun. "Ha! ha!" laughed the merry fellow, "now I'll have my drink!" And the sly zephyr, which had changed itself into a mighty wind by this time, joined in with a whistle, "I'm thirsty too." (For a sad pair of rogues are the sun and the wind when they play together.)

The little brook, for that was its name now, thought that it must run for its life; and gathering all its strength it dashed bravely downhill until, gaining the level meadows, it paused for breath, while the kind clouds muffled the scorching sun, and the fickle wind went off to chase boys' hats and to disturb peaceful people generally.

The little brook began to feel swollen with pride, because it imagined that it had won the race; and meeting a few rough rocks and knobby pebbles in its path, it fretted and murmured because

they were not covered with soft, comfortable moss. When the clovers and pretty blue-eyed grasses wanted to bathe their faces in the clear water, the brook became really uncivil, chattering and fuming, as if it were made for better things than to be a posy's basin. But when the cold night came and stared down with thousands of sharp, glittering eyes, how the foolish brook wished for the broad smile of the jolly old sun to warm its shivering waters! And how glad it would have been to feel the gentle touch of the flowers in that lonely darkness!

By-and-by the morning dawned, as mornings will, and the brook was humbled enough to be on better terms with the new day. Although often finding fault with the big stones which came in its way, the brook continued to travel far into a beautiful country during the long summer and autumn. Used to moving along at its own pleasure, it was much alarmed, one night, when a flock of tiny frost-elves flew down from the far skies and touched its waters with shining wands of ice. After that the poor stream lay as cold and still as a stone. The big, warm-hearted sun really felt sorry, and tried to kiss it back to life, while the wind whispered soft promises of better treatment, if it would only run on once more. Then grim Winter came by and muffled every object in his white furs, so that the earth seemed to sleep in sympathy with the brook. Only the sun and the wind had life and motion, until, one day, the brook felt a thousand sharp pricks thrill through its cold, stiff body, while something inside seemed to crack and shiver the hard bands that held its tender form. Suddenly all the pent-up life leaped and rushed forward, tearing off the terrible shroud of ice. At last it was free; and with a sound of unutterable joy, it splashed and poured down, down a rocky steep, and so, evermore, was called "Laughing-Water."



THE FORELOPER

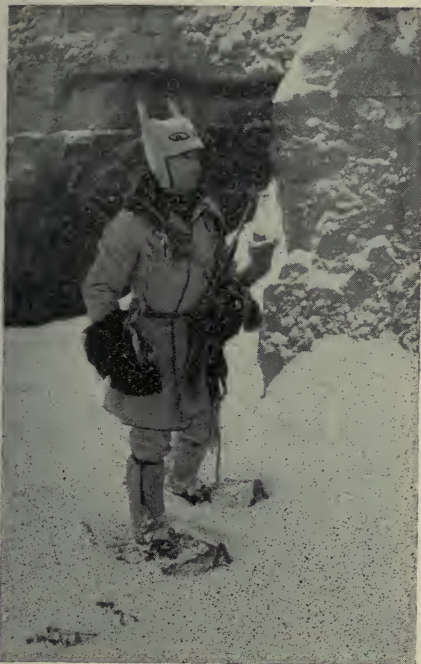
SINCE Rudyard Kipling came into his own and began to be published in editions, the world has been so thoroughly scraped for his fugacious earlier writings that all of them are supposed to have been found. The poem here following is the latest discovery. It was written while Mr. Kipling was employed as a youngster on a newspaper in India, and does not appear in any edition of his complete works. Until last year it was known in a merely fragmentary way, and Mr. Kipling himself on interrogation could only say he remembered the verse, but had no copy of it. One of his admirers ran it down recently in the scrap-book of a friend, as a clipping from an old newspaper.

"The Foreloper" voices the uneasiness that by the touch of God's finger sent out Englishmen from the ordered life of home to find new places where the appointed race should rise to greater glories, and redeem the wilderness to the uses of mankind. It epitomizes the earlier life of Canada, and denotes the spirit that moved the gentlemen adventurers to the Virginias and to Hudson Bay, that flung Lord Selkirk's pioneers across the unmapped plains, and impelled the horizon-haters who carried our English speech and law from the Ottawa to the Western sea. This is the spirit that for almost three hundred years has been laying foundations for the mightiest nations earth

has known, is laying them still, and here in Canada has opened those spaces where shall stand the mightiest of all.

The first note and the last, the descant and the bass of the tremendous harmony of England's real power and destiny, are sounded in "The Foreloper" and "The White Man's Burden." The middle and permeating tones are in the "Recessional." With "The Foreloper" found, we have the full scope of our poet-prophet's message to us, his people—a message as solemn, as bodeful of purpose and responsibility, as any that ever was thundered from the peaks of prophesy to Israel of old:

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire.
He shall fulfil God's utmost will, unknowing His desire;
And he shall see old planets pass, and alien stars arise
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadows of new skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out, and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from deserts nude, his foothold from the sand.
His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest;
He shall go forth till North and South, sullen and dispossessed.
He shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king;
And he shall come back in his own track, and by his scarce cool camp
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp;
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand,
Till on his last won wilderness an Empire's bulwarks stand.



ARTHUR HEMING

"An Empire's bulwarks stand." There is but one Empire. A good deal has been heard of late about a national anthem for Canada. If someone could take this poem and the two others mentioned—"The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden,"—and express all three in one composition whose words and music should flow together, something might result that would touch the common heart-strings, and sound in one set of chords the racial soul. An anthem such as that would echo farther down the corridors of time than any song of divisional devotion, and do more to express and advance the innate force which has given us the world, than the song of any of our nations ever would.

Dominance is easier won than held. Only ideality can hold it. Rome took by the sword, and holding by the sword, Rome fell. We took by the strength we inherited from those who in a thousand years of European isolation were enabled to consolidate a race whose genius can infuse and uplift the alien to our own safe plane. All to whom our speech is native are of our

kin and ultimate intent. Can someone, knowing this, blend the truth and unity of these three elemental poems, and give us instead of a Canadian anthem a song of the Anglo-Saxon, breathing the thought and feeling of all who hold that heritage, bland alike to the King's Majesty, the pride of the antipodes, the patriotism of the Yankee and our own strong love of Canada? We are children all of the self-same mother. Give us a hymn in which the whole family may lift up as one their hearts in tuneful praise to the God who has empowered us, and to whose exact justice we as one must render full account.

This might call for another Kipling—and as yet there is no other. But the century is young.

AN ARTIST OF THE WOODS

THE name of Arthur Heming, who contributed "The Love Dance" to this number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY stands well up toward the top of the list of those who have pictured Canada with fidelity, in scene, or prose, or verse. It will stand higher, for Mr. Heming is still a young man, in the earlier development of his power both as painter



C. L. ARMSTRONG

City Editor of the Victoria "Evening Post," whose verses "God's Country" appear on the reverse frontispiece of this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY



L. J. HERNDON

and writer; and he has done enough to show what quality that power has. His writing has virility, and tingles with life and freedom, the joy and beauty of the woods and the open. His pictures of the four-footed folk that people the wild places do for them on flat surfaces what Barye does in bronze. He is an artist, all alive, and in keen sympathy with all things that live. And he is impelled by a sense of the romantic.

Only a Canadian and an artist, to whom the north is familiar, and whose sense responds to the mysticism of the Indian, could have written "The Love Dance," or painted such a picture as our frontispiece. The tale will be found more than well worth any reader's while, and the picture is a jewel in its kind.

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE
CHANGELING."

A STORY and its pictures move together as feeling does with music, where the chords of perfect truth are touched, and the artist in lines has entered into the spirit of the artist in words. This is not stated here as an axiom merely, but in point of the illustrations that go with "The Change-

ling," Madge Macbeth's new serial, that began publication in the June number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY. The artist is a new man, L. J. Herndon. His work is not "a discovery," like the story, because he has been making pictures latterly for such prime journals as *Life*, *The Inland Printer* (one of the most beautiful magazines in all the world) and *The Pacific Monthly*, and his mural painting in oils commands a growing attention. But this is his first appearance in this magazine, wherefore a little introduction is not out of place. Mr. Herndon, being of English and Scotch derivation, comes honestly by a temperament in which solidity of judgment is tinged and graced by a fine imaginative perception of things intangible but potent. That is why he was selected to illustrate "The Changeling."

PRESIDENT TAFT'S CANADIAN
PHOTOGRAPHER

ANOTHER young Canadian has crossed to denser populations and is letting his light so shine that pretty much all men over there are seeing his good works and speaking well of them. This time it is W. P. Cooper, of London, Ontario, who learned photography in his father's studio in that city, and about five years ago took his skill and his enterprise to the States, pursuant to a professional invitation couched in terms of financial enticement. Mr. Cooper's technical equipment has an accompaniment of tact that has enabled him to get first-rate portraits of great men who have been photographed into boredom and whose time is short. His pictures of Mr. Taft, taken last year, so commended him and his way of doing things, that within a few weeks after the inauguration he was called to Washington to photograph the new President and all the members of the cabinet. In the rush of a busy day, Mr. Cooper "snapped" all of them without interrupting their work. The President was photographed while he ran over his morning mail, and Secretary Wilson while the White House cow was in range of his office windows. The group of pictures, being made by



Photograph by Moffett studio

W. P. COOPER

official order, is standard, and the several separate faces have already been freely reproduced in the newspapers. Mr. Cooper has in effect become official photographer to the administration, the place held under Mr. Roosevelt by that consummate master of the camera, Burr McIntosh, who has returned to the stage. To say this is in effect to say that Mr. Cooper, of London, has succeeded Mr. McIntosh, of New York, as the foremost photographer in the United States.

FAIR IN THE BULLSEYE

HERE is the picture of a good Canadian and son of the Empire, whose example should be emulated by all who are old enough or not too old to handle a rifle effectively. He is Lieutenant G. K. W. Watson, of the 90th regiment, Winnipeg Rifles. Last summer Lieutenant Watson attended the school of musketry at Ottawa. He is now one of the musketry instructors of his regiment. In the two competitions at the school, both open to instructors as well as to students, Lieutenant Watson secured the first prizes, using in each case a Mark II. Service Ross Rifle.

After the war in South Africa, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle inaugurated a movement to secure accurate rifle firing among the young men of England, turning a part of the grounds of his place in Surrey into a rifle-range for that purpose, his argument being for accurate aim with modern weapons under field conditions as they were developed in that war and afterwards in Manchuria. In this latter trouble, as much was gained through skilful marksmanship by the Japanese as by personal intrepidity, and this was the lesson Sir Arthur wished to drive home.

Canada's soldiers have always been good marksmen, but they never can be too good. They may never have to fire in action, but if that should come, they will need marksmanship like the Texan, who never needed a gun but once in his life, but needed it then like everything. Lieutenant Watson's peculiar distinction lies in the circumstance that, shortly before leaving the school, he made the remarkable score of 98 out of a possible 105, although he had never handled a rifle at all until three months before he attended the musketry school.



LIEUTENANT G. K. W. WATSON



A DISTINCTION

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE ladies who dance in the shows
Can take off most of all their clo'es—
That's Art.

The ladies who watch them and laugh
May only leave off about half—
That's Smart!

BAD LUCK

IT IS unlucky to be kicked on the head
by a chestnut horse on a Friday.

When picking up a lucky horseshoe
take care not to be run over. It is
better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth
guest at a dinner table which is laid for
twelve only. The proper course is to
wait for an invitation.

It is unlucky when travelling by rail
to be alone in the carriage with a
homicidal maniac.

If, at dinner, you upset the claret
three times, it is a sign that you will
not be asked again.

If, on your wedding day, the clergyman
forgets to ask you for his fee you
may consider yourself very lucky in-
deed.

HE WAS TOO COLD FOR HER

"AGNES broke her engagement to
Louis because he was too cold and
indifferent."

"He doesn't strike me that way."

"He is, though. He said as long as
they saw each other every day, he
didn't see any need of their correspond-
ing."

CONVINCED

"YOU are charged with larceny. Are
you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I
was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer,
an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

IDENTIFYING IT

"DO you think my peach-basket hat
is too extravagant?" she asked.

"That isn't a peach basket," an-
swered her husband as he grouchyly
signed another check. "That's a waste
basket."

THE DIFFERENCE

"WHAT is the difference between an
optimist and a pessimist?"

"A pessimist is always thinking of his
liabilities, while an optimist thinks only
of his assets."

RIGHT ANGLE LENSES

"HAVE you any of those cameras
that photograph out of all pro-
portion?"

"Would it be for trout or tarpon?"

ONE EXPLANATION

"I WONDER what produces that
tired feeling in spring?"

"I guess it's thinking about the
summer vacation."

HORTICULTURE

"WHO is this wizard fellow, Luther
Burbank, any way?"

"Why, he's the chap that's all the
time getting up new trimmings for
women's hats!"

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VI.

London, September, 1909

No. 5

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THE MAN IN THE SHACK

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

He is swarthy and brown from the glow of the sun
And the world does not dream of the work he has done,
For the world has its heroes of pomp and parade
Who are honored because of the waste they have made,
But this man drives the desert and wilderness back
By his brain and his brawn, does the Man in the Shack.

Where the prairie stretched bare in the summer's hot glow
Or was weary and drear in the shroud of the snow
He has builded his shack; he has pitted his toil
'Gainst the silence and space that would make him their spoil,
And our civilization is wearing a track
To the line that is set by the Man in the Shack.

He is rough, he is crude—but the world where he lives
Is but rough and but crude in the life that it gives,
With the wind sweeping down with a fury that jars
And the night with its lonely array of the stars—
Yet he does not make moan over what he may lack,
But looks out on his conquest—the Man in the Shack.

Aye, the Builder, the Doer, the Winner of Ways!
He is shaping a realm with the toil of the days,
And no hero of old had a sturdier heart
Or more nobly performed what he saw as his part;
And the future he bears on his sinewy back—
Here's a hail and a health to the Man in the Shack!

Estevan, Saskatchewan.



CHARLES HENRY DROGKAMP

Drawn by Charles Henry Drogkamp.

The Shadow Man—see page 322

THERE APPEARED, THROUGH A THIN VEIL OF CLOUD, THE SHADOWY FIGURE
OF A GIGANTIC MAN

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI.

LONDON, ONT., SEPTEMBER

NUMBER 5

WITH THE INVADING YANKEES

BY WALTER P. MCGUIRE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IRON bars held back the crowd. Beyond them a multitude of noises, magnified in the great train shed, rioted in the vaulted arches. Locomotives breathed as though exhaustion threatened them, and it sounded as if a thousand other engines, up among the beams, were mocking. Trucks piled high with luggage, expressage and the mails were drawn by bending men over the platform planks, their black shadows sliding round them as they passed the glowing arcs, and disappeared between long lines of cars; and reappeared unloaded. Uniformed men with lanterns came and went; and far down the platform, now and then, torches flamed and illumined forms of men in overalls and caps. A train drew out, the echoing puffs drowning the gentler breathing of the waiting locomotives. Then a caller's voice moved, as the man moved, among the crowd on the concourse. A gate was opened. The crowd gathered up hand-luggage and children, shuffled forward, and filed through onto the platform.

Up next the baggage car they stowed the pioneers—men in whose veins was "the hardy thrill of life," men of imagination, who had the power of forming ideal pictures, who had enjoyed

a mental change of scene and were lured by it; men whom dull content had not spoiled, far-sighted men with daring and no fear of a risk or of a test of their endurance—they and their children; pioneers all. I went with them into a new land.

* * * * *

In a maze of red and green lights, past other trains with noising engines, and clanging bells at crossing-gates, the train moved slowly; then suddenly there was an absence of all other noises, and sounded only the whirring of the wheels—on, on, with accelerated motion, the monody unbroken save by a rhythmic clicking over rail-joints, which metered the movement. They pioneer more hurriedly than did their fathers. Ties of a lifetime severed, old homes abandoned, neighbors, closer than friends, left behind;—perhaps the suddenness with which one is carried from them in this day intensifies the pang, but it also quickens its departure. This I saw.

There is something mystic about riding through the dark—an accentuated feeling of helplessness, of sole dependence upon other men and things which, in the solitude of night when customary signs of life are hid, seem



INTO THE NEW NORTHWEST—BEYOND THE RAILWAYS

preternatural. To my companions, who ride by train infrequently, the strangeness of such journeying would have been uncommonly impressive, I am sure, had they not been so occupied with the homely task of stowing away each a great giant's load of satchels, baskets, bags and boxes, and getting into unfamiliar beds. Retiring into a berth is an awkward business for the best of travelers; for these, to whom it was a new endeavor, it was almost Sisyphean. But the plaguey job was done, in time.

The clicking of the wheels and the never-ending roar were unwonted night sounds to these farmer folk, and many spent the night—as some admitted on the morrow—sleeplessly. The shades upraised, they saw the flying lights of villages and towns, and children trembled, and some cried out, when other trains roared past. Now the moon's sheen on rippled water showed a lake or river; now a light among the trees marked the home of a farmer; now the hollow rumble of the train told of the

crossing of a bridge. Through the gloom, deeper when the lights had disappeared in homes in villages and country—on, on went the wakeful pioneers.

* * * * *

Men accustomed to starting their chores at sunup cannot lie abed merely because occasion offers; nor can the women who are their mates.

"It's like a picnic," a boy's voice said in glee, and that awakened me.

"S-sh," said the mother. "Maybe some folks is sleeping yet. Don't you make so much noise."

When I poked my head between the curtains I saw that my berth was the only one not made up. It was but 6.30. I dressed in a hurry. The car smelled like a farm kitchen at breakfast time, and at one end of the car I heard things frying; it made me hungry.

"When'll we reach Canada?" was the first thing I overheard when I reached the smoking room.

"We ought to be there pretty soon, I suppose," another said.



THE FIRST HOME

"We're in it now," I volunteered.

"You—don't—say?" asked one, with incredulity in his tone.

"Yes, we are." I had made the trip before.

"Well, I de-clare," said the doubting one. He and his companions crowded to the window. One ran out into the aisle and I heard him shout:

"We're in Canada now!"

When I went back into the car all eyes were on the passing landscape.

"I wisht some-one'd told me so's I could 'a' seen th' boundary line," said a voice, which I recognized as the one that had noted the similarity between a basket breakfast on a train and a picnic lunch.

"It isn't much different from Minnesota," said a young woman. She was scarcely thirty, yet had four children; and in her face and theirs was the same bloom, the same smile.

"'Taint much different from Iowa, either, as far as I can see," said an elderly man in the next seat.

There were, indeed, no differences. Town succeeded town with the same regularity—the same towns, they might as well have been, so like were they; and between them farms with no unfamiliar aspect—houses and barns built on the same general plan, and moving among them women at their morning tasks, and in the fields men and boys engaged in accustomed employ. Dew sparkled on the grass, wetting boots

that walked in it; birds sang with matutinal rapture, as they did "back home,"—the same birds, too. Here, for some, was disillusion. The chief fault the boy found was:

"I don't see any British flags."

* * * * *

It was in the comparative seclusion of the smoking room that I obtained

the nearest view of these pioneers; rather, it was there that they revealed themselves to me most clearly. Thrown by chance into this northing tide, in one of the thousands of cars that carry men into a new West from an old one grown too small to hold them, I had unusual opportunity to see types and learn the reasons for their emigration.

An old West grown too small to hold them? Absolutely! And why? Because, as I have said, these were men who coupled imagination with business sense. A tall, angular man of forty-two years, with a prognathus face not wholly hid by a generous crop of whiskers, and small, piercing eyes that shone the brighter in the reddish copse, and an unstarched aspect

of person, gave me the first glimpse I had among these people of the impelling resentment against constraint.

"Guess I'm pretty much like my father," he said. "His folks gave him eighty acres near their farm in Indiana in 1846 and he could have settled down there and made a living. But he



MOVING TO CANADA EASIER THAN DOING CHORES

A thirteen year old boy who took two car loads of settlers' effects to the Dominion from the States

didn't. He came west to the end of the railroad line—it was Iowa City then—and walked about ninety miles farther and cut down trees at the edge of a wood and built a log house. Then he returned to Indiana and got mother—she was only sixteen then, and a year married—and they began farming. It was hard work, and they lived on nothing but corn bread and molasses one winter—I've heard 'em tell about it many a time—and for four years father hauled his grain to Des Moines, that was the nearest market and was thirty-seven miles from the farm. But they were happy there, and got pretty rich, and father always said he was glad he left Indiana.

"Now I'm leaving old Iowa, and the old farm. Father paid \$9.00 an acre for the place. I got \$108.00. But I don't think I'd have moved if I hadn't got so restless on the old place, for I was making money enough to live on quite comfortable. You ever live on a farm? Well, if you didn't you ain't got any idea how hard it is to stay cooped up on 160 acres when you've got enough machinery to farm a place several times that size, and have to let it stand idle most of the time; and when you know how fine it is to stand in your doorway and look out over a strip of this old earth and can feel that it's your own and nobody can take it away from you; and when you figure that if you only went out to some new part of the earth like your father did, you could look over a strip much bigger than that, and just as good for farming—then you'd know exactly why I've started for Canada. I mean," he added, looking out of the window, "why I've *come* to Canada. You wouldn't think, though, that you was in Canada if you didn't *know* it, would you? The same sights over again. And it's different too, from what it was in father's time. Now we've got plenty of railroads to take us there."

"Yes," said I, "and there is no further call for the prairie schooner. It's hard to get away from the railways these days, and even as it is the Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific, and the Grand Trunk Pacific are building additional branches all over western

Canada at the rate of a mile or more a day. It's easy to go out to the border of Canada now. How far west are you going?"

"My new place is between Calgary and Edmonton. My brother bought it for me; and I'm going to homestead on an adjoining quarter section, so that my kiddies will have lots of room to grow."

"Well, you'll see something different on the ride to-morrow," I assured him.

* * * * *

"The thing that kept me from making this move three or four years ago," said an older man—he was nearly sixty, from his looks—"was the thought of leaving the United States. When George here was a baby"—he pointed to a young man who sat opposite—"I got to thinking that I wasn't doing the right thing by staying on my farm in Illinois when there were such fine land bargains farther west and so many of my friends were hurrying out to get them. And in 1890 I made the break. Went to Oklahoma with the big rush, when settlements were started officially with a whoop and a hurrah. Well, in four years (after the boom busted) I was back on my old farm and mighty glad that I hadn't lost twice as much as I did.

"Still, I wasn't satisfied on the old place, but I was kept busy for several years making up for my expensive dab at Oklahoma, and didn't think much about speculating. Then one day Charley Kelso, who owned the eighty next to mine, sold out and went to Canada. The next year he got his brother-in-law, Henry Dolliff (he lived about two miles from my place) to go. What they wrote back set me to thinking again. Judging from Kelso's account, there wasn't any speculation or gamble about the deal he made. Mary—that's my wife—and I talked it over a long time. We both thought it would be a good thing to move, but we just couldn't bear to leave the United States. Then one night Mary put up the argument that her father had loved Germany as much as we loved the United States; that he had fought for the fatherland; that all of his relatives lived there; yet he left them all and

came to America merely because he thought he could do better and provide better for his children. After all, Mary said, it was our children that we ought to look out for, and it was our duty to provide for them the best we could, no matter where it took us. That decided me, and I came to Canada and picked out the land I wanted. Now we're going to it."

* * * * *

In verity, men like these are not men who take life just as it is handed out to them and do not struggle for improvement; they are not men who wait for fruit to fall, they pick it; they do not drift, they row.

* * * * *

Those aboard a railway train are more than isolated—they are insulated. One is *in* so much of the world, yet of no part of it. This separation, once sensed, is bound to be impressive. In the longest journeys the sense comes clearest. Ride through the day and night,—through the gradual, silent dawn, the hour of sunrise, when the rays are ranging and dispossessing the dark from the deepest glens; through the warmest noontime; through the evening, when shadows lengthen and grow dim and hide again in darkness; and through the sombrous hours when all the earth's obscured;—then one feels apart from what we call society. And clearer yet is this sensation when one rides across a level, almost empty land. As the minutes roll, so roll the

miles; time and space progress in perfect, easy step; and everywhere the seemingly illimitable acres. Alone—almost as much alone as a vessel on the sea—the train skims on, "far and farther than far," and the feeling grows of an aloofness from a life one knows is his.

* * * * *

We were speeding west from Winnipeg, across the Manitoban plains.

"You were right," said my friend, the angular man.

"In what?"

"In prophesying something different for to-day."

"You find it so?"

"I never dreamed the earth was so big," he said.

We stood on the rear platform, for our car had been shifted at the point where we turned west. Thousands upon thousands of acres had appeared to us, and slid on by and rolled from view over the ever-changing, ever same, horizon. Almost a wilderness in parts; yet never quite so, for when a prairie was unwound from underneath the train and grew to vastness in the fast receding east, and it seemed at last to be a manless world, a furrowed field would come in sight, and barn, and house, and men would be seen working there as in the different world that had been left behind.





WINNIPEG IS THE FIRST BIG CANADIAN CITY AT WHICH THE AMERICAN
HOMESEKERS STOP

Within the car the interest grew as the breadth and length of this yet thinly peopled land were shown. In journeying through it I had grown disregarding as the land appeared and disappeared with such slight variations. But these pilgrims—each having it in his heart to conquer a part of this wide plain, to “stand in his doorway and look over a strip of this old earth and feel that it is his own, and that nobody can take it from him,”—*they* showed no disregard. The multiplication of miles seemed to fascinate; and I thought I saw that it was more than wonder; that it was, in some at least, a yearning to own more than they then had, or had the means to buy; that they hoped (idly or seriously) to have dominion over miles of these productive prairies, to *more* than have and hold—to plant and cultivate and garner. Land-lust? Probably that’s what it was.

And it was more than my mere fancy that these new pioneers thought of such big things.

“How many men and teams d’ you think ’twould take to farm as big a piece as we can see from this window now?” I overheard one of them ask of another.

“A hundred or more, I’ll bet,” the friend replied.

“Huh! A hundred couldn’t tend what’s between them two farmhouses over there. I don’t think a thousand men and teams could work all the land we see.”

“Well, I’ll bet if I had that many I could do it.”

“Wouldn’t you like to have the chance?”

“Now *wouldn’t* I?”

* * * * *

The ride that day was like a race with the sun. Much of the time the train and sun were the only features of note below the horizon or above it; all else was brownish earth and cloudless, cobalt sky. In this immensity the two moving things pursued their separate courses as though seeking the same end. Looking at the earth near by, the traveler could see the speed the train was making, and then it seemed as though it surely would outrun the sun; but when one looked afar across the land

the train seemed standing still. The sun, however, moved, as always, at its unvarying pace; and from the hour of noon it left the train behind and reached the west, while the locomotive struggled on, with snort and lurch, to achieve a similar goal. The last hour of that imaginary contest—when the sun, the victory won, seemed to pause at the horizon and watch, with race-red face, the train tear forward when hope of everything but “place” was lost—was most thrilling to him who had the apologue in mind.

* * * * *

The train, however, should not be too severely blamed for its defeat, for it raced under disadvantage. When it had run to three o’clock, it found it was but two. An hour had been stolen from it. And those aboard had connived, or calmly acquiesced. They had won that hour, as it seemed. Some took it diffidently, and gave it no more thought than was demanded for the alteration of their watches. To others it was a real event. Several were unfeignedly surprised when they heard of it. A few had an aspect of perplexity after a patient explanation had been made of the phenomenon.

“The folks back home are having supper now,” a young man said to a companion when his watch had told them it was five o’clock. The women in the car had just begun to dip again into their abundant baskets for provisions for another meal, and the porter was replenishing the anthracite in the range.

“Seems we’re getting pretty far away when we don’t even have the same time o’ day,” the other man observed, and the eby voiced the one general effect of the alteration of watches—the accented realization of the distance they had gone.

* * * * *

I spent the evening with a friend in a Pullman up ahead, and was surprised when I returned to the tourist car at ten o’clock. Three-fourths of the pioneers had not got into their berths, but sat, most of them in twisted, uncomfortable positions, with their eyes, shaded by their hands, close to the window panes.

"Have you seen?" asked the angular man, and looked out again.

Small wonder that he was interested. It was as bright as day outside, but it was a strange, unnatural illumination. Far to the north was another of those peculiar fires. The flames, licking round a monster pile, were rising swiftly into the air, perhaps two hundred feet. The big red streaks swayed back and forth as the wind, whizzing across the plains, hit and circled the burning heap and then passed on, carrying with it huge masses of yellow smoke tumbling and tossing in the brilliant glare. Now the smoke billowed upward and rolled toward the east like enormous cumulus clouds; now, encountering an alternating current, it was blown southward with a rush that robbed it of its grace of outline and stretched it out in long flat layers across the sky, the reflection of the fire marking it at first distinctly and then following it uncertainly as it dissolved and disappeared.

As we were whirled across the prairies we could see now and again the forms of farmhouses and barns and haystacks distinctly silhouetted against the reddish distance. There, now, was a team of oxen (a team, because they are not yoked in this country) which we could distinguish by their thick bodies and low-hanging heads. On the wagon sat a driver who waved his hat frantically, presumably at us. Occasionally big, wide-winged birds would soar in great circles between us and the glowing fire.

For ten minutes the light of this blaze could be seen, and for twenty more its ruddy reflection was apparent

in the heavens. And we were going hard onto a mile a minute then! Meanwhile we passed a dozen other fires, some almost as large, others small. Around one of them, which was nearby, we descried a score of men and boys and several women dancing in the light of the flames. It was a strangely fascinating scene.

The explanation was not difficult. Perhaps the story which I told about it to the boy would serve best here:

That was the destruction of the refuse of those gigantic farms. The husbandman, having harvested his wheat and carted it to such big elevators as we had seen along the line, returned to his acres to find them littered with straw. There was the fall plowing to be done, and the fields, some of them miles square, had to be cleared. So the horses and oxen were hitched to the wide rakes and the stacking was done. Then the farmer and his family, their season's work completed, made the burning a jollification. The hundreds of fires which dotted the plains and lighted the sky were burning testimonials to a prosperous year.

* * * * *

More hungrily than before did the pioneers look at the land. There, there in that expanse—some place farther on—to-morrow morning—they would get off the train and build homes like those now seen against the reddish glow of distant strawstack fires; and next year, after they had taken in their grain, they, too, would burn their straw, and would have their neighbors in for their jollification. How could they sleep?

THE MACKENZIE BASIN

BY ABEL LLOYD

TREMENDOUS, brooding, in a northern clime,
 Dominions of the future 'twixt thy slopes.
 Hiding in vast expanse, primeval time,—
 The yet unconquered beacon of our hopes.

THE MAN WHO GROWS POTATOES

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny", etc.

TO people who are accustomed to think of the West as a great rushing new country with no past, very little present, and a great future; a country so new it still has the basting threads in it; a country that still resounds with the clamor of building, it may be of interest to hear of one quiet little spot where no change has come for thirty years.

If you will drive about three miles from one of the towns on the Pembina branch of the railway, you will see turning off from the main road, an old, old, grass-grown trail. Follow it and it will bring you into a grove of tall oak trees so high and old they do not seem like Manitoba trees at all.

Down the trail a short distance you come suddenly on a little square house. The old man sits on the little porch before the door, tenderly sorting over for the hundredth time, not a bag of shining guineas, like the old men in books, but a bag of Early Rose potatoes, or Blue Cups, or Bovies, or maybe some other kind of which you have never heard, for potatoes are the old man's dearest treasure, and the objects of his tenderest solicitude.

The old man will come stiffly over to you. The stiffness is not from lack of friendliness, but because the old man is "getting on." He is a tall, thin, pleasant-looking old Scotsman, with iron-gray hair and kindly gray eyes.

He speaks slowly, with a strange, rolling tone, and looks sharply at you as he speaks to see if you are catching the real significance of his remarks.

"Won't you come and see the garden?" he says, with fine hospitality, that no one can refuse.

In a little circle the garden is cut out of the oak bush, and is fenced neatly with thin laths. The gate, made of crossed laths, is fastened by an old

wooden latch, with wooden pegs instead of nails. It is so old it is almost falling to pieces, and when you gently shove it back on its wooden hinges the bar you have grasped crumbles in your hand.

The garden is carpeted thick with fallen leaves, undisturbed for years, for it is a garden only in name now, but at one end, brave little pansies show their purple faces, and sweet alyssums' white stars look up at you wondering at the intrusion. The old man asks you to pick them and tells you the sweet alyssum is a "cemetery plant," and a quick thought crosses your mind. You think of how old Scotch women always have their shrouds made ready, waiting!

Outside of the door is his open-air cupboard, an immense branching oak—wooden pegs have been driven in, and on them hang cups, pitchers, saucepans, pots, clean and sweet with heaven's own breezes. On another tree hangs his broom; on another his scythe; in another there is an antler, mossed over with age; he tells you he has had it quite a while, well, maybe twenty years.

"Come and see my cook-house," he says, winking humorously—he has a good joke here, and brings you under the biggest trees where a little cooking stove with two lengths of pipe sits.

"I have a splendid high ceiling in my cook-house," he laughs, waving his long arms upward to the blue sky,— "nothing stuffy about my cook-house," and you laugh too, and wonder how many times the old man has turned this over in his mind. "I made George Stevens laugh last summer when he was here," the old man chuckles, "when I showed him my cook-house."

"Now see my eave-trough," he says proudly,—and a long peeled pole

scooped into a trough standing up against a tree to season, is lovingly fingered by its maker.

On the limb of a tree is the family wash, or maybe the linen chest,—one solitary shirt, clean and well bleached, the twin brother of the one the old man is wearing.

"I was in to see the doctor one day, the summer before last," the old man says, rolling out his words, "and we got talking about potatoes and he was telling me about a fine kind they grow in Nova Scotia. I think they must be Bovies—by what he said!"

The old man can't imagine anything finer than a Bovie. And now that he has taken you around his little world and shown you all the points of interest, he settles down to enjoy himself and tells you about his potatoes. Tells you about the Red Eye that he gave to a neighbor, who carelessly sowed them on old land and "they faded, sir—the Red Eye faded, but when he put them on good, strong, new sod it came back," and the old man looks searchingly in your face to see just what manner of man you are. If there's any heart in you at all he knows that will strike you.

"Sowing potatoes on old land around burnt strawpiles," you venture, "gives very good results."

The old man looks at you in sorrow.

"If you sow your potatoes there," he says, more slowly than ever, "you will have"—he pauses and waits until

you are all attention, "you will have a perfect—crop—of—toads."

The old man has not forgotten how to laugh.

He takes you into his little house, which is clean and swept. His furniture consists of one bench, two chairs, and a table he has made himself, and a clock on a shelf. An old-fashioned oak clock with St. Paul's Cathedral on it hurriedly strikes five, and then ticks faster than ever to make up for the time it lost. It has measured off the time for him for thirty years.

He takes you into his cellar, for his choicest treasures are there in little bins, with grass bottoms. He gravely hands you an apple and as it is summer time, waits for you to ask him how he has kept them so well.

You do not disappoint him, for they are firm and well preserved.

He does not answer, but apologizes and says often he has them until August first.

When you part from him, he gives you the highest token of his regard, a Bovie—a perfect Bovie. He tells you that though he has handled in his time some few potatoes he never saw a more perfect one than this, "Never, sir."

You bring home your Bovie and plant it reverently, for somehow you keep thinking of the "cemetery plant" growing there beside the crumbling fence, and you wonder to yourself a little sadly, if it will have long to wait.

REVENGE

BY MADGE MACBETH

O'ER beetling crags, and gray-toned sea,
I saw his face peep out at me,
All smiling. In my hour of pain
I cursed at him, and swore again
To break his heart!

'Twas Cupid! And on starlit night
Athrob with love—my soul alight—
I longed for him, but cried in vain;
For tho' he came and kissed me (Ah, the pain!)
He broke my heart!

MARCEL AND THE MICE

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

JEAN MARCEL was not born for heroic things.

He was timid by nature, and the buffetings of the world made him more so.

"Poor Jean!" his mother said before she left him forever, "what will become of him now?"

But Jean had talent. That became evident even before he learned to write.

The pictures he drew on the white-washed walls of his mother's little kitchen were marvelled at by all who saw them. It was a pity, they said, that Jean could not have the benefit of good instructors.

Jean's father had never come back from the war, and his mother was poor. They had always been poor, the Marcels. That was the reason they had left France before Jean was born. It was their misfortune that genius ran in the family. Jean's father and grandfather on both sides had been artists, so poor Jean couldn't help it.

When Jean was seventeen his mother died and he was left alone in the world.

Why tell of his struggles during the next ten years? They were severe enough, and it was well that Jean had only himself to provide for. People praised his pictures, but seldom bought them. That was



THE OLD GENTLEMAN LOOKED DOWN INTO THE ALLEY

because Jean was so modest. He could not praise his own work. If he had only had a business manager, somebody to buy his food and clothes and sell his productions!

It is not to be supposed, of course, that Jean allowed people to know that he was often hungry. Jean was as proud as he was timid.

One day fortune smiled upon Jean Marcel; or, at all events, Margaret Willis did so, which, he thought, amounted to almost the same thing.

It was brought about by Jean's picture of "The Penitents". Margaret Willis went into ecstasies over it. The truth is it was the best thing Jean had ever done, and he had sold it for almost enough to buy a suit of clothes.

When Frederick Willis and his daughter called at Jean Marcel's studio, up on the top floor of a tall building, they found the door open, but the artist was not there. They went in and looked around. The little room

was littered with unmounted canvasses, most of them with pictures on both sides, and the walls were decorated with drawings in pencil and charcoal.

"I'd discharge a man that couldn't keep my stable cleaner than this," said Mr. Willis,



AND THERE WAS JEAN MARCEL, ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES

who was full-faced and outspoken. "Sh-h-h!" his daughter whispered, pointing to a dingy little screen in one corner of the place, "he may be in there."

Then the old gentleman went to an open window and looked down into the alley. There was Jean Marcel, on his hands and knees, hunting for something among the battered boxes, shreds of paper, and other rubbish that the scavengers had failed to carry away.

"Have you lost anything?" the old man called out.

Jean looked up, hurriedly put something into one of his pockets, and said:

"Yes. Yes, I have lost something. But no matter."

Poor Jean was all out of breath when he entered the studio.

"You must excuse the place," he stammered. "The woman who takes care of it is sick. It was only my palette knife."

Then, seeing his palette knife lying on the floor at the young lady's feet, he got red in the face, and said:

"I had two. That is an old—"

Jean Marcel stopped and agony filled his breast. Miss Willis was sitting upon a chair that had a habit of falling to pieces. There was only one other in the room and her father occupied that. Jean Marcel rushed over to the open window and looked out. Then he hurried back to the dingy little screen in the corner, and finally he caught up a three-legged stool from in front of his easel.

But it was too late. Margaret Willis had moved, and with a crunching noise her chair began caving in upon all sides.

Jean Marcel never before displayed such agility. With one leap he reached her side and saved her from falling.

For a moment after that all was dark to him. He looked blankly at the wall and wished he could throw himself out of the window.

Old Mr. Willis frowned and drummed on the floor with his cane, but his daughter, after taking in the situation, said;

"It's my fault, Mr. Marcel. I had no business to sit down without being invited."

Then she laughed, and Jean forgot his embarrassment.

Well! That was the beginning of some better days for Jean Marcel. He was engaged to teach Miss Willis painting. Rich people as well as geniuses have their hobbies. Frederick Willis' hobby was his daughter's talent. He had taken her abroad to receive instructions, but was not yet satisfied.

It was a pity the way he spent money to frame Margaret's pictures. Even when they did have any merit it was because her teachers had done most of the work upon them.

Miss Willis had a fine studio at home, and it was there that the lessons were given. Her father, after observing Jean's methods, was disposed to be liberal and paid him six months in advance. That was unfortunate for Jean. He bought five pairs of patent leather shoes and a fine edition of Victor Hugo's works, one that was numbered and full of etchings. Yes, Jean Marcel needed a business manager. In a month he had to go hungry again, because it took all he could get for the few pictures he sold to pay for his linen and the studio.

At Christmas Margaret received a costly Hugo, one that was numbered and full of etchings. When Jean Marcel called to give her another lesson she made him take the books back.

Jean only asked her pardon for having presumed to send them. Then he sold them for less than a third of the original price.

No wonder the Marcells had always been poor.

One day Jean almost fainted from hunger. He had tried in vain to sell a picture, and his landlord threatened to evict him unless the rent for his studio was paid at once.

Jean had a dozen times thought to ask old Mr. Willis for money, but could not do so. If it had been for someone else, he felt that it would have been easy. But for himself—well, it made no difference that the price of half a dozen lessons was due him.

At last, however, Jean Marcel became desperate, and in that plight he called upon Mr. Willis at the latter's office.

"Well, sir!" the old man said, "what can I do for you?"

Jean forgot his hunger and replied: "I was only passing, and thought I'd stop in to see you."

"Very good of you, but I was just about to start for home."

"Oh, no matter," Jean protested, "I can call again."

Then he walked out with Mr. Willis and accompanied him to the car.

When the capitalist reached home Jean Marcel was still walking along with him. Not half a dozen words had passed between them on the way. At last Jean pulled a note from his pocket and handed it to the old gentleman, saying, as he did so:

"Good-day."

"Thunder!"

ejaculated Frederick Willis, as he glanced at the note and then saw Jean Marcel hurrying away.

"There's a fellow that needs a guardian," said old Mr. Willis when he was eating

dinner that evening. Then he showed the note to his wife and daughter.

"I beg your pardon for taking this liberty," Jean Marcel had written, "but the fact is I am pressed for funds. Could I borrow a few dollars from you for a couple of days? I expect to sell a picture soon, and then I will return the money. Again I ask your pardon for taking the liberty."

"JEAN MARCEL."

"Why didn't the fool come out like a man and say he wanted me to pay him?" the old man remarked. "I'd have done it long ago if it hadn't slipped my mind."

"Poor fellow!" his wife said, "he's so timid."

Margaret tore the note into shreds and then, turning to her father, asked:

"Do you suppose there can be mice in this house?"

I've noticed lately that the loaf of bread that we used as a model in our still-life practice disappears after every lesson.

"It's the same with the apples."

"Nota sign of them is to be seen in the morning."

Old Mr. Willis was one of the deadliest enemies a mouse ever had, and that night four traps of the latest improved pattern were set in Margaret's paint-room.

Meanwhile Jean Marcel had gone home to his little hole of a studio. He had eaten nothing all day, and once, when

passing a stand, he was tempted to grab some of the fruit and run.

Then he remembered the note, and hoped old Mr. Willis would pay him in the morning.

When Jean reached his studio he met an angel. Not one with wings and a harp, but an angel with whiskers and a coal-scuttle. It was, in fact, the janitor. Yes, the same man that had told him he must get out or pay his



MARGARET LAUGHED, "IT'S MY FAULT. I HAD NO BUSINESS TO SIT DOWN WITHOUT BEING INVITED"

rent. But that was when the janitor was acting as agent for the landlord. When he took a dime from his pocket and handed it to Jean he was acting solely for himself.

The tears stood in Jean Marcel's eyes when he took the money. But ten cents will buy a loaf of bread, and a loaf of bread will drive away care.

So it must have been due to his exhilarated condition that Jean forgot to lock the door after him when he entered the studio with his loaf that night.

And how soundly he slept behind his dingy little screen! Jean Marcel was at peace with all the world.

At last he began to dream that somebody was tearing down the building, and then he awoke to hear a pounding upon the screen in front of him.

"Come now! Git up, I tell ye, because I won't go till ye pay me every cint."

Good Heavens! It was the laundress! Jean Marcel sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he reached for his pantaloons. Horrors! Now he remembered that he had thrown them across the rickety chair out in the studio.

Jean Marcel peeped over the top of the screen.

"Oh, ye thought ye'd git up, did ye? It's a fine man ye be a trying to beat a poor widow out of an honest livin'! Pay me every cint or I'll stay here till doomsday!"

"Yes, Mrs. Kelly," Jean said; "only please go out long enough for me to put on my clothes."

"Oh, ho!" the lady returned, lifting up a bundle she had in her arms, so Jean could see that it was composed of the only suit he had to his name; "it's not so aisy you'll get clear of me, Misther Marcel."

Despair and consternation filled the breast of Jean Marcel, as he pulled the two side panels of the screen around him. What if Mr. Willis should come now! Then the thought that Margaret might bring the money came over Jean, and he almost fainted.

"Please, Mrs. Kelly," he pleaded, "only let me have the pantaloons. I shall have money in an hour."

"Then I'll wait for it and keep the

britches, so's to make sure I git it," Mrs. Kelly replied.

In that moment Jean Marcel uttered his first curse against a human being.

Once or twice he thought of rushing boldly forth and tearing his pantaloons from Mrs. Kelly's grasp; but Jean was modest, and he would rather have gone through fire than to appear unclothed even before a laundress who was old enough to be his grandmother.

Several times he was half inclined to pick up his screen, back around to the window, and end his troubles by jumping.

He tried to reason with Mrs. Kelly; then he chided her, and finally he swore. Yes, uttered profane words aloud. It was the first time Jean Marcel had ever done such a thing in the presence of a woman, but the provocation was great.

At last he offered to pay half a dozen times more than the sum he owed her if the good lady would surrender his clothes. She laughed ironically and said:

"A burd in the hand is wurth two in the bush, Misther Marcel."

Poor Jean fairly jumped up and down behind his dingy little screen. It was simply unbearable.

Then there came a knock upon the door of the studio. Jean Marcel could feel his heart—yes, and his liver and lungs—drop right down. His toes tingled and there was a mist before his eyes.

The knocking was repeated louder than before. Jean breathed again. That was old Mr. Willis' cane. But what if Margaret should be with him?

Mrs. Kelly ended the suspense by saying: "Come in."

Heaven be praised! It was only the old gentleman.

"Where's Marcel?" he asked, as he adjusted his glasses and began looking around. Then he saw Jean's face above the dingy little screen, and stopped.

"Yes, that's him," Mrs. Kelly said; "ain't he a foine young man, now?"

Mr. Willis tapped the floor with his cane, looked hard at the lady, and then at the artist again.

All this time Jean Marcel was blinking as if he had been an owl suddenly thrust into the sunlight.

"What's the meaning of all this?" the old gentleman at length asked.

Jean tried to smile and bow. He could not speak.

Then Mrs. Kelly undertook to explain matters. Holding up Jean Marcel's clothes in triumph, she said:

"It's afther me ye'll have to be comin' in, sir."

After the laundress had been paid, the old gentleman caught up Jean Marcel's clothes upon the end of his cane, as if they had been contaminated, and handed them over the dingy little screen.

"So this is where you live, is it?" asked Mr. Willis, as he looked around the edge of the screen after Jean Marcel had got his pantaloons on.

"Yes," Jean said, as if he were confessing a crime.



"WOMAN!" SAID FREDERICK WILLIS, "THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! DEMMIT! AN OUTRAGE!"

Old Mr. Willis gave the floor several hard punches with his cane and demanded:

"Coming in where, and for what?"

"Mebby he'll be owin' ye somethin', too, now?" she returned.

"Woman!" said Frederick Willis; "This is an outrage! Demmit! An outrage!"

Then he pounded the floor so hard with his cane that the plastering beneath must have been knocked off.

"Well, demmit all! Why didn't you say you wanted money?"

Jean edged away from the old man and begged his pardon.

When Mr. Willis was leaving the studio, Jean Marcel ran after him.

"Well, isn't the amount all right? Do you want more?"

"No; it is not that. The amount is satisfactory. It is more than enough. Only excuse me. Will you engage another instructor?"

Frederick Willis punched the floor with his cane and looked Jean Marcel straight in the eyes.

"Nonsense! Demmit, don't be a donkey and a fool, too!"

"Then," Jean said in a trembling voice, "you will not tell Miss Willis? The humiliation would be too great".

When Frederick Willis was out in the street again he punched the pavement vigorously with his cane, and one could have almost imagined that he smiled.

So Jean paid his rent and had enough to eat for nearly a week, and during that time the mice did not bother the loaf of bread in Margaret's paint-room.

Then he got hungry again, but they had finished the still-life study, and Margaret Willis said they would try a subject that had no bread in it.

Poor Jean felt dizzy.

"But do you think you have mastered the bread?" he asked. "And the apples, too? There is still room for improvement."

"Oh, well, if you wish it, Mr. Marcel. I must obey your orders."

So a fresh loaf and some more apples were provided. When the lesson was ended, Margaret said:

"Now, Mr. Marcel, will you please help me bait the traps? I'm afraid those mice will smell this fresh bread again."

Perhaps it was because Jean was so hungry that he trembled when he touched Margaret's fingers. Miss Willis must have noticed it, too, for her cheeks were red when she looked into his face.

That night Jean Marcel slept soundly again.

"Mr. Marcel," Margaret said, after her next lesson, "I think I know where those mice come from. They must come down the chimney, and through the grate. Let us put the traps in there. Those are the cleverest mice I ever heard of. Do you know I could almost forgive them if they really need the bread?"

That evening in his studio, when Jean Marcel broke the loaf in two, he found a hollow place in it that was filled with butter and jelly. The opening had been nicely plugged up, and

could not have been found only upon the close examination.

Well! There were no mice in the traps when Margaret Willis entered her paint-room next day. But where was Jean Marcel? Margaret waited for him in vain that day and the next and the next.

Then she went to his studio. No, it was not exactly proper; but, perhaps he was ill. When one is ill, propriety is not to be thought of.

The door was open again, and Jean Marcel was not there. This time Margaret did not sit down upon the rickety chair. She shook them both, and selected the strong one.

Presently it occurred to her to look out the window. There was Jean, again, on his hands and knees, down in the alley.

Margaret watched him, because he was so busy that he did not look up. He was hunting for the old color tubes that a more fortunate artist, who had a studio in the same building, was in the habit of throwing away. Thus Jean Marcel got his paints when there was no money in his pockets.

At last Jean came up to the studio. When he saw Margaret sitting there he hung his head, and a blush of shame burned his cheeks.

"Mr. Marcel," she said, "you need money. How much is coming to you?"

Jean Marcel turned away, and said: "Nothing is coming to me."

Then for a long time all was still in Jean Marcel's studio.

Jean went and got the loaf with the butter and jelly inside, and handed it to her.

"That is why I have kept away. Oh, Miss Willis, if I were only dead! I am not fit to live!"

At last Margaret Willis went over and laid her two hands upon Jean Marcel's shoulders. Jean looked up. There were tears in Margaret's eyes, too, but she smiled when she said:

"Poor Jean! So I've caught my mouse at last."

When old Frederick Willis heard about it he punched the floor with his cane, got red in the face, and said:

"Demmit all! Why will girls go and make such fools of themselves!"



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Then you should ache now," he said. "Something certainly dominates you, now."

Fay knit her brows in perplexity. "What do you mean?"

"Contempt!"

"*Touche!*" she cried, gaily, a different person in that instant. "There's my good comrade; he begins to think! Come, we have had enough of this, and my soul's longing is compassed in the simple words, 'ice cream soda'. Comc."

* * * * *

Arriving home later than the others, Fay found Chester seriously ill. He had had a hemorrhage.

CHAPTER VI.

"CLINTON went away at eleven o'clock last night," Lorna said to Fay, the next morning. "He received a telegram from Chicago, just before meeting Chester and me, and told us nothing about it until we came back to the house, where he expected to find you to say good-by."

"Then Chester was not taken ill until after he left the house—that is, between

the time Mr. Northrop went, and I returned?"

Lorna nodded. "It was as he was undressing," she answered. "There was a little cough, and a sort of gurgle—and—and— Poor, poor boy, he was so terrified!"

"And you?" Fay's voice was full of tenderness.

"Oh, I was not wholly unprepared, although I hoped against my own reason, that I might be mistaken." She knit her brows, slightly. "Of course he should go away, at once, but this morning when the doctor proposed it, Chester became so excited that we had to give it up for the present."

The two girls were standing in the den. Lorna held the moaning baby, deaf and indifferent for once to its fretfulness. The other two children followed Nanny with hushed voices, while she did the morning work.

"Was the baby troublesome all night, too?" asked Fay, anxiously.

Lorna nodded again. She felt heavy and dull, the shock of Chester's illness had stunned her.

"If I took the other children, would

you let Nanny have the baby?" Fay laid her hand on Lorna's arm and looked up into her face, pleadingly.

"Oh, dear no!" answered the other, quietly, "really I couldn't think of such a thing! If Chester will only allow us to move him upstairs, where he can't hear the baby's crying, I can manage nicely, thank you."

"Dividing the night between the baby and Chester, running from one to the other from bedtime until daylight. A nice form of suicide!" commented the girl, ironically. "No, Lorna, he must go away. It is doing you all harm—his staying here. Send for Mr. Northrop. Perhaps he can persuade Chester."

Chester's wife shook her head. There seemed to her an unformed reason why Northrop should not be the one to urge her husband's departure, but she could not concentrate her mind to think it out, at the moment.

"If anyone can persuade him, I can," she said, "but not just now. It looks so brutal, to pack him off the instant he is down—just like the Indians, who leave their sick and wounded on the march."

"Don't be silly," retorted Fay, impatiently, "there is not an atom of similarity between the two cases. Will he see me?"

For several days following, both women tried, with infinite tact and tenderness, to prevail upon Chester to go away. His pitiable fear was the means of blinding him to his obvious duty, and his attitude toward the two women was very different. To Fay he denied any possibility of a prolonged illness, assuring her that he was already better and stronger. His affairs were in such a state that he was needed here, he said, if not able to do the actual work, at least to oversee it. Then with a break in his voice and a childishness which was pitiful, he would end:

"Besides, old girl, if there is anything in it—you know what that ass Kingston says—my only chance is here in my home. I have no one but Lorna and the kiddies, and I can't live without them. Don't connive with them to ship me off!"

"But Lorna—you must think of

her!" Fay expostulated, puzzled as to why this overgrown boy could not see what his staying meant to his family—not only the danger of infection, but the added care and work for Lorna.

The only satisfaction she could get was the pitiful prayer: "Don't urge them to send me off," so Fay would pat his hand in silence and steal away to her room to wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence.

To Lorna, Chester appealed easily—her hyper-sensitive nature making it hard for her to withstand his pleadings.

"Oh, if you want to get rid of me, of course I'll go," he said, hopelessly, "only, don't bother me with the details of making arrangements. It doesn't seem to me, though, that I am a great deal of trouble, and I am sure Nanny would not mind bringing up my tray, and there's Edward, *he* could feed me. However, if you are *afraid*, put 'unclean' signs on the house, and go off yourself. God! How that baby yells! Take him away, please."

Through these trying days, there was the haunting fear in Chester's mind that, after all, his investment had been a mistake. The promised dividend was several days overdue, and he worried himself into a feverish state of nervousness, listening for the postman's ring from morning until afternoon, and from then until the next morning.

Northrop's absence was a trial, but Lorna had to promise not to send for him or to let him know the state of affairs at home. "I will be up and about before he gets back, and he need never know anything about it," was the flimsy excuse Chester offered. To the men in the office he said he had had a nervous breakdown, and would be all right in a few weeks—even to his wife and Fay, he never specified his disease any more clearly than "with this sort of thing," or "any one with my trouble—" and it was quite impossible to prevail upon him to take any precautions.

He was hurt if Lorna followed the physician's orders to the letter, and she, who could not bear to see him suffer more than was absolutely necessary, grew very lax, laying herself open to the menace of infection.

"Why don't you get a charcoal brazier and have it burning right here, in the room?" asked Chester, one day, after his wife had carried a bundle of cloths to the furnace. "You could then burn everything, I should think, before anyone else handles it, or before a germ has the chance of jumping off, when you carry the things through the house!"

Lorna repeated this to Fay, adding: "It seems brutal to be reminding him of it all the time. I am afraid he will have to go away. I *can't* be strict with him!" To which Fay heartily agreed, for towards the end of September Chester was still confined to his bed and Lorna began to show signs of a breakdown, resulting from such constant care of her husband and her baby, the latter being in a very serious condition. Fay was tireless in her efforts at relieving her cousin, spending the long sultry afternoons in the sick room, reciting hour after hour to the invalid, while Lorna snatched a few moments sleep.

"You are a wonder," Chester said, weakly, one afternoon, after listening to the mystical beauty of Pelleas and Melisande, "a wonder. Does it take you long to memorize those lines?"

Fay smiled brightly at him.

"How many times, in our childhood days, have you asked me that same question? When you would be set to learn 'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,' and I would have 'It was the Schooner Hesperus'—I always learned both mine and yours. Don't you remember?"

Chester laughed, *carefully*.

"Stop being funny," he whispered, "you'll make me cough. Remember! Not I! I couldn't say a line of any of them. But *does* it take long?"

"I don't seem to be memorizing," answered the girl, dreamily, "I seem to be making it up." She repeated:

PELLEAS:

Oh, oh, what is this.... Your hair, your hair is coming down to me. All your hair, Melisande, all your hair has fallen down the tower.... I hold it in my hands.... I hold it in my mouth.... I hold it in my arms.... Twine it about my neck.... I shall not open my hands again this night....

MELISANDE:

Leave me, leave me.... You will make me fall!....



CLINTON HAD AN ACHING REALIZATION THAT EVEN HER HAND HAD CHANGED

PELLEAS:

No, no, no! I never saw hair like yours, Melisande.... See, see, see, it comes from so high, and yet its floods reach my heart!.... They reach my knees.... And it is soft, it is as soft as if it had fallen from heaven.... I can no longer see heaven for your hair. Do you see? Do you see?.... My two hands cannot hold it; there are even some locks on the willow branches.... They live, they live, like birds in my hands.... and they love me, they love me better than you.

"When I say that it is a part of me, and it never seems exactly the same,

twice—a different mood or something, I suppose. Nobody realizes *how many of me* there are, you know; if people think about it at all, they think I am posing, or playing a part. Why, in the same hour, I *feel* three or four different people—one minute I am the dreamy lover of nature, watching wave after wave break over the glistening pebbles on the beach, and slip back to join its kind; something will interrupt that train of thought, and I will be a hard, ambitious, pleasure-loving woman, feeling it a joy to enter the lists with competitors better equipped than I—suddenly the Pagan will whisper to me, and I am only a child again taking off my shoes and stockings, and wading knee deep in the frothy surf—” she stopped. “Are you tired?”

Chester looked at her with curiosity. “Why don’t you go on the stage?” he asked.

“Tut, tut, you are repeating yourself this afternoon, my dear boy. You know my answer well enough.”

“What?”

“In the first place, I couldn’t guarantee to act some one else for three hundred nights. There would surely come a time when instead of crying, ‘Percival, don’t leave *muh*,’ I should say—‘Get away to the other end of the earth, and don’t ever come near me again, with your disgusting leer’. In the second place, I don’t want to thrill people, as a profession. I am over-run, heaven knows, with opportunities in my prosaic, everyday life, as it stands,” she laughed. “Let’s not go into the psychological whys, this afternoon—it’s too hot.”

Chester turned restlessly and strangely a cough.

“Isn’t it time for the postman?” he asked, anxiously.

“Almost! Shall I do a bit of your old favorite—‘The Rubaiyat’?” He nodded, and closing his eyes, fell into a heavy sleep, lulled by the throbbing sweetness of Fay’s voice.

The postman came, but brought only a letter for Miss Chester—it was from Gordon.

“I am free to confess that I have made very little headway,” he wrote, “and only regret that I was weak enough to show my

hand before you were ready to look; for now, you will always view my slightest move with suspicion. That I love you with an absorbing intensity of which I never dreamed, I say once more, and I wait, certain in the knowledge that you will soon learn to know how futile is Tolstoi’s scheme of living. You would rob the world of its every beauty, by crushing love—love between the sexes, which is the mainspring of every other kind—we are taught to look for it, to know it, to feel it in every form of nature, and by killing it we would blight art, literature and music, evolving ourselves into veritable machines.

“I flatter myself that I am too honest to simulate an acceptance of your theory, which I neither feel, nor believe. As I said, I am content to wait until the God-given desire in you cries out to me—then, oh then, my darling, we will love!

“Remember me most cordially to the Sayres, and don’t grow too saintly under their influence, for after all, I can’t think of my future existence as being stimulating, basking eternally in an atmosphere redolent of unchanging sanctity. Fay remodeled would not be Fay to me. I love you because you are always new and uncertain.

“When are you coming back? I met Walter Evans yesterday morning, and marveled at his cordiality—you know he used to regard me with ill-concealed enmity because I had supplanted him in your affections.

“He told me, however, that Miss Millie Cross had partially consoled him, and having heard that she was marking her *lingerie* with ‘M. E.’, he felt himself irrevocably committed. The wedding is to take place at once. How tame he must find anyone, after knowing you!”

The letter produced the stimulating effect which contact with Gordon always brought. Fay was immediately conscious of a desire to be with him, to dissect and discuss a hundred subjects which his letter had suggested. Her afternoon with Chester had awakened the sleeping Pagan and a peculiar wildness possessed her.

“I want to run, to shout, to dance, to sing; I almost want to see Gordon!” and smiling happily, she tip-toed from the room, going downstairs to frolic with Edward and his sister, while Nanny prepared the tea.

Her high spirits infected Lorna and filtered into the sick room, so that in spite of heart aches and troubles, the evening passed almost merrily.

The first of October brought word that Northrop was on his way home, while Fay was about to leave. She had promised to be one of a house party

in November and had a visit to make in the meantime.

"If I could really help," she told her cousin, "I would gladly stay. But I feel that while you don't treat me as 'company' I am not one of you, and you only allow me to do the easy things—in other words, I am a consideration."

Both Chester and his wife denied this, but the girl shook her head and continued: "If ever you need me you have only to telegraph, and Lorna dear, there is nothing you could ask which I would not consider it a privilege to do for you—will you remember that?"

On the day of Fay's departure, Chester was strong enough to be up and the baby was less fretful, so Lorna had compensation, but the void the girl left was felt by each member of the family, and their hearts were sore.

"She is like a comet," Mrs. Sayre said to her husband, "leaving a blazing trail behind."

"I told you there was no one like her," Chester answered. "What a pity Northrop had to leave when he did; he could have given that fellow Wyld quite an uneasy time, and he is just the man to make Fay settle down."

Lorna smiled, remembering her conversation with Chester's cousin on the subject of "settling down"; "I don't believe Fay would ever care for him—nor he for her," she added, and somehow she felt happier after she had said it.

Then, without warning, Chester had a second hemorrhage. That same day the long-expected dividend was paid, and the doctor peremptorily ordered him to Saranac.

"Every hour you stay here, you are a menace to your wife and children," he said sternly.

Alone with Lorna, Sayre broke down completely. "I know I have been a coward and a brute," he said, sobbing weakly, "and I don't half deserve you or the babies. And now that I am going, I see things so clearly—those I ought to have done and so many I ought not to have done."

A fit of coughing checked him, and Lorna was too choked by tears to do more than stroke his head, as it lay against her breast.

"It seems ridiculous to say there will be no one to take care of you," he went on, presently, "for I never have done that, any way; you have taken care of me. However, I shall feel more comfortable if you put everything in Northrop's hands."

Lorna held her breath, feeling that Chester must notice the thumping of her heart. Northrop! Northrop! Must he always cross her path and be thrust between her and peace? She heard Chester saying the words:

"I hate to have you in the house alone. How would it be if I got him to come here and stay?"

"Oh, don't," Lorna interrupted, quickly, "it wouldn't do at all." Then more quietly, she said: "There is nothing for Clinton to do, dear. I can manage much better alone. Don't bother about those things—just think of getting well."

All through the long night before his departure, Chester cried aloud for strength and courage, leaning heavily on his wife, who had never failed him, and on the following day he left without the struggle Lorna had dreaded, and with a semblance of indifference which she knew he did not feel.

CHAPTER VII.

NORTHROP's distress was keen and genuine. He did not get home until the third day after Chester's departure, and was shocked by the change he found, both in Lorna and the baby. Not only was Mrs. Sayre's appearance altered, but her manner struck him as indicative of serious illness; the baby showed plainly that it would not live. A thousand torturing questions assailed him. Can she have contracted the disease already? Does she fret so greatly at Chester's going, or is it not a relief to have him removed from the other children? Is this merely a temporary letting go, or will she grow worse, and what, under heaven, what can I do to help!

He re-read a letter Sayre had left for him. It ran:

"I could not go and leave her, were it not that you are there, and that the Loan Company has commenced its payments. With such a friend as you, and material wants provided for, in even a simple manner, I

can glean some crumbs of comfort from the hideous, lonely hours here, and can try to make the brave fight I know she would have me make.

"Kingston says eight or ten months for me! Pray God they may go quickly; if I pass out, old man, it will be from missing Lorna, not from this damned curse. Write me exactly how they all are. Lorna will put everything in its best light and I shall torture myself with possibilities of what might be amiss. So tell me everything, Northrop—everything—as you are my friend."

"C. S."

The first time Clinton saw Mrs. Sayre, he reproached her bitterly for not sending him word of Chester's sudden turn for the worse. "I could at least have gone to Saranac with him," he said, deeply hurt.

Lorna sighed wearily, and passed her hand over her forehead. Everything seemed so strange and hard to feel. She could imagine this was a dream—Clinton sitting in Chester's Morris chair, turning his little finger slowly around in the bowl of his pipe, just as Chester did. She looked towards the door, quite expecting her husband to enter; or was it Chester who sat before her, and Clinton they expected? The resemblance between the two men had not been so marked of late, but now Lorna thought of her husband as he looked that first night he brought his friend to dine, and she seemed unable to separate the picture of the two.

Northrop's gaze rested on her, anxiously. When she became conscious of this, she pulled herself together with an effort and tried to remember what he had said.

"It all came at once," she told him, "and up to the last, we were not sure he would go, at all. Poor fellow, how long the time will be! And he was so bitter, too! I got a letter from him this morning," she went on, rising and moving toward a desk, "which makes me wonder whether he will ever benefit from this going away, alone. You can

hardly realize how peculiar and childish he is about some things—for instance, he would not tell the children good-by, nor see them, in fact, all that day. He would not take their photographs, nor mine, and begged me up to the last minute not to go to the station with him."

"I can understand that, in a measure," Clinton answered, thoughtfully, "though not the hopelessness which causes such a state of mind—perhaps that is part of the disease. Are you going to show me the letter?"

He took it from her, with an aching realization that even her hand had changed. How thin it looked, and how transparent! He remembered the night of his meeting Lorna, and the cool firmness of her touch, and compared it with the hot, trembling fingers which rested for a moment against his own.

"The place, itself, is not bad," Chester wrote, "but already I am tired to death of it. There is not a soul to speak to all day long—I lie here in bed and look at the mountains and listen to the shriek of the trains bringing some other luckless devil here to be incarcerated—eating out his heart with longing, and I picture you all at home, home—God, I know I shall go mad before I die. How could you send me off, this way?"

"I have changed my mind about your writing me. I don't want to hear from you—I must forget you, all of you, for they say I am not to worry, nor fret, and your letter this morning more than excited me. So it is up to you now to do your part, after sending me here. If there is any change, one of the nurses will let you know—I won't be allowed to write to you for some time.

"By the way, I find I need all the money the firm allows me, so you will have to manage with the quarterly dividend from the Loan Company. If you can't do with that, let me know, and I will see what can be done."

Northrop finished the letter and held it out to Chester's wife.

"What are you going to do?" he asked bitterly, for him.

(To be continued.)



FROM THE HILLS ONE GETS A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE QU'APPELLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

CANADA'S INDIAN UPLIFT

BY ARTHUR BOURGET AND W. M. VAN VALKENBURG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

INDIAN EXHIBITION and Industrial School! Invited to visit both and accompanied by the Reverend Father Hugonard, O.M.T., Principal of the latter, we journeyed from Regina one beautiful moonlight night. By train to Qu'Appelle, about forty miles, then twenty-three miles north-east with a splendid team, and we pulled up in front of the famous Qu'Appelle Indian Industrial School, after one of the finest drives one could wish, first on the prairie, dotted here and there with small bushes, and finally traveling through the Qu'Appelle valley, with its four lakes, its trees and its high hills. One o'clock in the morning saw us at the school, where we were made as comfortable as one could

wish by the Father and his devoted staff.

Early next morning, we were out and had the first opportunity to admire by day what we had found so enchant-

ing by moonlight. There could be no better idea of it than was given in a school composition by Miss Celina Big Sky. So here it is:

"This place is called Lebret. It is four miles east of Fort Qu'Appelle. There are lakes and high hills that shut us right in. The hills are very pretty, and everything is green. Some parts of the valley are narrow, while other parts are wide enough to have large gardens.

"On the top of one of the hills there is a big cross. The lake is calm sometimes when there is no wind, but it is quite rough sometimes. Other days it looks like a mirror, and when the sun sets it leaves a pink and blue color



WILLIAM GRAHAM ("KITCHIE-OKIMOW")
Inspector of Indian Agencies and Schools for
Southern Saskatchewan

on it, then little by little it fades away. I suppose there are other places prettier than this, but I do not know where they are."

The Fort Qu'Appelle Annual Exhibition was to take place that day. We had the honor of shaking hands with the President, Mr. A. McDonald, also Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in those parts, and an old-timer of the old-timers. We found him hale and hearty, in spite of the advancing years.

Thursday, the sun shone bright, the sky was cloudless, and everything perfect for our trip to File Hills, where the exhibition was. Four of us, including Father Hugonard, left the school about

boy? You did? Where did you get it? It means: '*Get away you sweepings!*' "

As we drove, Father Hugonard, whose mind is rich with reminiscences of days long past, dwelt on Sitting Bull's sojourn at Fort Qu'Appelle, and how, when he was but lately arrived at Lebreton Mission, where the school has now stood for twenty-five years, he had had an exciting visit from that old Sioux Chief. The Father had just had some flour, bacon and other provisions carted from civilization, and Sitting Bull had heard of this. As they had none themselves, he and about seventy braves set out to interview Father



WHEN EVERYTHING IS GREEN AT THE LEBRET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ten o'clock, and drove towards the headquarters of Mr. William M. Graham, Inspector of Indian Agencies for Southern Saskatchewan. We passed hundreds of Indians, in all kinds of vehicles. One of us thought the occasion fitting for a welcome in Cree—something he had carefully treasured up in his note-book for such a use. Out it came, not faintly, but with force and feeling! The Father, who talks Cree like a native, turned and asked him to repeat it, which was done—not so heartily, though, after a look at the Father's face.

"My goodness! Did you say that, my

Hugonard, who had only a couple of men with him. He confessed to us that his heart sank within him as he saw the cavalcade appear on the hill. Sitting Bull, by interpreter, told him he knew the mission had flour, and intimated plainly his desire to secure some. By this time the Father had recovered somewhat, and as there was no possible alternative, he thought he might as well do a stroke of business. Therefore he offered to trade. Sitting Bull, with his moonlike face and iron jaw, was prompt to accept, and throwing a splendid blanket from his shoulders, gave it for a bag of flour.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

His men did likewise, some trading their blankets, some their ponies, or other property. Among the articles of more or less value thus handed over were about a dozen gold watches, which had been taken by Sitting Bull and his men from General Custer's officers after the massacre. The only trouble with these watches was that they would not go, for the simple reason that the balance wheels had been

taken out of them to be used as earrings.

Time flew with such an interesting chaperon, and when he exclaimed, "Here we are," surprise took hold upon us. Seldom has a more picturesque view unfolded itself. On a hill the Inspector's residence, the File Hills Boarding School and the Agent's house; and to the south, down in a long valley set with three small lakes, and surrounded



ALMOST AS DIFFICULT AS THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

by thick bushes, stood more than a hundred typical Indian tepees. Here, there and everywhere, traveling to and fro, braves, squaws and papooses, in the most variegated costumes, some with paint, others without; and many old people looking askance at the work of the whites; and many graduates of the schools, clean, orderly, progressive.

Around a turn, and we beheld, in front of the Inspector's house, the dear old rag fluttering in the breeze,—that signal of welcome from Britisher to Britisher the world over. The members of the Qu'Appelle Industrial School Band, in their uniform of red coats, blue trousers with yellow stripes, and black caps, twenty strong, at the foot of the flag-pole, were enlivening the proceedings (as they did all day), by playing patriotic and other airs.

Yes, here we were, at home and welcome, as we soon found out. Mr. Inspector, Mrs. Graham and Miss Tye, their cousin, and Mr. Graham's secretary, Mr. T. P. Godfrey, were kindness itself, and they certainly had a house party, including Mr. and Mrs. C. W. and Miss Graham, of Winnipeg; Mr. Indian Agent Miller of Crooked Lakes Agency, and his son; Miss Lee of Winnipeg; Mr. Glen McDonald and Mr. A. Rooke of Fort Qu'Appelle, and Mr. Edmund Morris, the well-known artist from Toronto, who has been engaged for some time painting characteristic western Indians for one of the provincial governments of Eastern Canada. Another welcome visitor, at the Exhibition, was Rev. Mr. Claire, Presbyterian minister on Pasqua and Muscowpetung reserves.

Now a word about Mr. William M. Graham, or Kitchie-Okimow (Big Chief), as he is respectfully called by the Indians. He has been for many years in the service of the Indian department, and was appointed agent at File Hills agency some twelve years ago. Later, the agencies of File Hills and Muscowpetung were amalgamated and called the Qu'Appelle agency, with Mr. Graham in charge. He made such a success of the work and took such an unselfish interest in the welfare of the Indians that although but a young man, he was promoted to the position

which he now so well occupies of Inspector of Indian agencies and schools for Southern Saskatchewan. Many were the difficulties which he has at last overcome. When he arrived on the File Hills agency, before the amalgamation, and since then even, the Indians thought only of drawing their rations from the government stores, and passing their absolutely idle time in native dances. Now those same Indians work for their living, support their families, and get no more rations unless they are too old or weak to work. Although some of the older ones still think of dancing, the "sun dance" and their other forms of torture are eschewed, and the future is taken into more serious consideration. This splendid work is spreading its influence over the other western agencies, and one can claim that the red man is really becoming noble in a reasonable meaning of the word.

With other things begun by Mr. Graham for the benefit of the Indians must be placed the annual exhibition. The one we attended was the sixth. All the Indians of Qu'Appelle agency compete at this, and they have a fine building, fifty by thirty, for their exhibits. Here we saw skins beautifully tanned and dressed, twelve or fourteen miniature tepees—quite a few of them were sold to white people afterward,—a small Red River cart, bead work of many kinds, bread, butter, cakes, preserves, white and colored shirts, suits, wrappers, socks, rag-carpet, patchwork quilts, lace-work, dresses, even to a wedding dress of blue cashmere and an accompanying going away outfit; also supplies of vegetables, spring wheat, oats, barley, and the school display of boots, shoes, harness and horse-shoes. Horses and cattle, including many splendid yoke of oxen were judged in a ring set up for the purpose. There were enormous pigs, and even a family of wild ducks under the jealous care of a motherly domestic hen.

We met many notabilities of a stellar and still more of a minor degree. Here was Old Day Bird, a kind, inoffensive old fellow, carrying a bag made of catskin with the Lord only knows what



MR. GRAHAM TALKS OVER WITH THE INDIANS ALL AFFAIRS OF STATE

inside. Further on, young Ka-sha-wi-ye-nou of Touchwood Hills, with a red shirt and a bright face, who ran away like a deer when he saw our camera aimed at him, and six-year-old John Tow-pi-sum, on horseback, with an ornamental beadwork suit on, and a heavy fur cap in spite of eighty in the shade; the veteran Standing Buffalo, chief of his reserve—and the last

one likely to be—as Mr. Graham and the department are against the “chief” idea. This old boy gave us a polite bow that made his medals rattle. After him, with an unhappy expression on his weather-beaten face, came Mus-kow-e-quan, deposed chief of Poor Man’s reserve; and on the other side of the path, Asinee Okimow, headman of Piapot’s.



FRED DIETER, THE INDIAN WHO WON THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SHIELD LAST YEAR, HAS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION

But who in the world is this with a stove-pipe hat that seems to be made of iron, and that clings as though it were nailed on to his head? Introduced, we find that his name is Okimow (Chief), though he is only a simple gentleman. After some parleying in which he displays considerable diplomacy, he consents to pose for us with a gracious, indelible smile that looks too easy to be painful. After him, we were confronted by a real live chief in the person of Star Blanket, who lives two miles from Mr. Graham's house. Star Blanket was on horseback, beaded and painted (even to his horse), with a pipe of peace two feet long which he was trying vainly to light. After some hard cash had changed hands and had been tested by his teeth, he consented to be photographed. He was not traveling incognito, by any means. He was all there and very chatty, but our time was limited if his wasn't. He is one of the few Indians selected by Mr. Morris to be put on canvas for future generations to see. Mr. Morris has done some great work, and Star Blanket, we know, will be a valuable addition to the collection.

Here, coming along at a very slow gait, half-bent and with a sad face, we saw dear old Chee-poos-ta-tin or "Pointed Cap." Over a hundred years old, his is a kindly nature. During the rebellion of 1835, when some hot young bloods were making their way on horseback to kill the farm-instructor of their reserve, he was instrumental in saving that gentleman's life. He met the party, and for more than two hours he begged of them to listen to an old man's word and not commit a crime they would regret the rest of their days. His influence prevailed, and they went home. Had they killed the instructor at that exciting time, it would have been difficult to deal with the effect on the other Indians, who were then so near rebelling.

Another acquaintance made was that of Francois Dumont, nephew of Gabriel Dumont, the celebrated chief of staff of Louis Riel. He has a store on the reserve now, and informed us that "business she was goot."

Graduates of the schools and their

wives and children, neat, clean and bright, claimed our attention. What a difference between old and new, barbarism and civilization! The same old thing—the one practically going backward, poor but indifferent; the other ambitious, happy, and some even prosperous. And the band played on and on, and the crowd was a merry one! You only had to look at one small bunch of a hundred squaws sitting on an elevation, and listen to their unearthly chatter, to realize that they were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content,—and the ladies always lead the way, they say.

Later, there was a keenly contested foot-ball game, a couple of tugs-of-war, running, jumping, and other sports. Darkness finally drove all the twelve hundred Indians to their tepees, and three or four hundred pale-faces homeward.

The following day, prizes were awarded, and Mr. Graham had many a caller during the distribution to see him on questions affecting the Indians. When finally the shades of evening descended upon the valley, Kitchie-Okimow told them to get back to their homes as soon as they could, to resume haying and other pressing work. That night, the camp fires were seen for the last time this year, for when we awoke next morning only two or three tepees remained of the wonderful encampment that had stirred our imaginations the day before.

One of the first things we did after the fair was to visit the File Hills boarding school. This school, under the management of Miss Gillespie, has attained a high degree of efficiency. About thirty pupils are kept. A farm-instructor teaches the boys farming, and when they leave, they are ready and primed for the battle of life.

Everybody drove out to "the colony," eleven miles from Mr. Graham's residence, on the Saturday, and had luncheon in the wheat fields. The colony is the result of Mr. Graham's aim to keep the new generation away from the contaminating influences of the old one. For this, he has selected sixteen thousand acres on Pee-pee-keesis reserve and placed there graduates



REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH HUGONARD, O. M. T.
Principal of Indian Industrial School at Lebreton

of the schools, boys and girls who have married after leaving school and wished to settle down. The principals of the schools, needless to say, are firm believers in "colonial expansion" and help along by drawing the attention of their pupils to the colony. Each family or individual is given about eighty acres to start with, and if they prove worthy of the honor, they receive more as the years go by. The government helps them at first to get implements, which they repay as the money for their crops come in.

Begun in 1901, there are now twenty-five young Indians settled there, mostly married and with families, each one with a fine little home as clean as a new pin, a stable, granary, cattle, horses, oxen, implements, and other possessions. The colony own a complete threshing outfit on the co-operative plan. The first to settle there was Fred Dieter, who to give an instance of success achieved, has two hundred and fifty-one acres under cultivation this year. He it was who last year won the splendid shield presented by the

Governor-General for the best field of wheat. His Excellency has visited the colony several times, and is very much interested in its future. Mr. A. H. Miles is farm-instructor of the colony. There is a Presbyterian church on it, also a Catholic church. It is difficult to prophesy who will win the Governor-General's shield this year. There are so many admirable wheat fields that judging them will have to be the work of an expert with absolute confidence in himself.

We came back pleased to have seen another evidence of good work nobly done, and got ready to leave for the Qu'Appelle school and the Katepwa Lake Regatta.

The regatta was a fine sight and was held on Katepwa ("Who Calls") Lake, six miles from the Industrial School. Yacht, canoe, skiff, launch, blindfold canoe, hurry-scurry and gunwale canoe races, swimming, ginger ale, umbrella and cigar swimming races, water polo, and other sports, were all on the program at this third annual affair, and



"CHEEPOOSTATIN"
Said to be over a hundred years old

between three and four thousand people witnessed the events, in which competition was very keen.

Back then to the school, where we had to separate, the others returning to File Hills, including Neche Morris, who had not completed his work. Alone, we wandered through the school and outbuildings, and found everything interesting to the highest degree. The school is composed of three brick buildings, joined together by covered passages. The girls have their building on the south side, the boys on the north, and the main building is in the middle. All are four stories high, heated by steam, lighted by acetylene gas, and have a complete system of water-works. As Veronique Dumont, one of the pupils, described in a composition:

"Our class is on the top story so we can see very far off. There are hills and lakes to be seen on all sides. The hills are covered with green trees. There are new trees growing all around the lake. There is a flower garden beside the school. There are many shops where the boys learn trades, some bakers, carpenters, tinsmiths, shoemakers, painters, blacksmiths, but most of them are farmers. The girls learn how to sew, knit, mend, cook and bake. We have our vacation in July and August, when we come back we have new courage to go to school and try to learn as much as we can."

This school is one of the three first established in the Northwest and was originally built to receive thirty pupils. From time to time, additions were made to accommodate two hundred and fifty children. On the third of January, 1904, while the reverend principal was absent on recruiting business, fire entirely destroyed the buildings, which were then of wood, and when he returned it was to gaze upon the wreck of that for which he had toiled hard day in and day out for more than twenty years. His first action, instead of complaining, was to take all the staff and pupils to the church near by and sing a Te Deum, that no one had been burned in the fire. Now a new school stands where the old one was, a school containing usually over two hundred and forty pupils, happy and healthy. Yes, healthy! The complete system of ventilation, the outdoor work done by the boys on the school farm and by the

girls and boys in the vegetable and flower gardens, the regular life, all make for vigorous health. The causes of illness amongst the older people are the low roofs of the Indian houses, the dusty atmosphere, especially in gatherings, the sudden transition from heat to cold, the wearing of moccasins in wet weather, the very irregular meals, and a lack of purpose in life. None of these exist in the school. Any sick pupils are attended to immediately, taken from the midst of others, and placed in the infirmary, which is very fine and complete. These conditions have had a good effect on the new generation. The children of ex-pupils now coming to the school have better health, more life, more emulation in class, and are certainly more intelligent, than was the case with the earlier ones.

The Grey Nuns have charge of the girls, and right well do they look after them. Their superior, Sister Goulet, a sister of Roger Goulet, one of the Commissioners appointed by the government to look into the half-breed grievances after the 1885 rebellion, has now been at the school for twenty years, and has a staff of capable and devoted sisters under her. When the girls graduate, generally at the age of eighteen, they are ready to become good and able wives. They have learned to cook, to wash, to sew and knit, to keep house, as well, if not better, than many white girls. To show how the girls have ambition as well as the boys, please read this composition by Rebecca Golden Bird, sixteen years old. It was entitled "What I would like to be":

"I would like to be a dressmaker. I would always make nice dresses for the young girls and women. I will never pass a day without sewing if I am a dressmaker, and when I am finished I will go about to see who would ask me to make a dress for her. I would always make wedding dresses with laces and trimmings on them. Oh, my! Everybody would ask me to make her dress, because everyone likes to dress herself with all kinds of fashions. In order to earn my living, I would sell what I had made. I think that's what I would do if I were a dressmaker."

All the children are brought up to be scrupulously polite to everybody they meet. "Good day, sir," and off comes

the cap, and the very expression of their eyes is respectful.

The boys have two good teachers, and are under the direction of Rev. Father Ruelle, O.M.I., assistant principal and master of discipline, and it is seldom, they tell us, that discipline is needed. The Indian child, if understood and treated with common sense, will give no trouble and indeed prove to be obliging and courteous, and all at the school appeared to us to have the happy faculty of knowing how to get along famously with them.

The boots and shoes needed are made by the pupils themselves, and well made. About six or seven hundred pairs are required every year.

Indians are proficient in most games, and go in a great deal for baseball. We witnessed four different baseball games being played at the same time on the immense play-ground. Their pitchers are twirlers of more than ordinary ability, one of them being a particularly good one, with every curve in his repertoire with the possible exception of the spit-ball, and he didn't seem to need that, though the Indians, with their wonderful quickness of eye, make great batters, difficult to fan.

There are very few "Casey's at the bat" in their games.

One of the first noticeable features at the school was that all the children spoke English and nothing but English. From the very first day a pupil enters the school, he is impressed with the fact that he must learn to speak the language of the Empire as quickly and as efficiently as possible, and keep at it—which he does!

The next day saw our delightful visit come to an end, and we left for the fort, wishing good-by and God speed to all at the school, whose genial hospitality we had so much enjoyed.

At the fort, we embarked on the stage and were driven by the veteran Tom Johnstone, who every day for more than twenty years has made the trip to and from Qu'Appelle, with hardly a holiday, except when he took unto himself a wife a few months ago. But a day was all he needed even then.

That same evening we returned to the progressive capital of our mighty province, charmed beyond expression with everything we had seen, and full of a desire to cry out the story from the house tops—which we have just been trying to do.

A SONG OF THE WEST

BY CLAYTON MARLEY JONES

YOU sing a song of the Ocean

And I sing a song of the West.

You tell the tale of a trackless trail

And I of a People Blest.

Yours is a Story of Shipping

And mine is a Story of Wheat

For men may drown out there in the Sound

But the Nations of Europe must eat.

You sing a song of the Peoples

That come in these ships on the Sea

And I sing a song of the People

That come from the land of the Free.

Yours is a Story of Water and Ships

And mine is a Story of Prairie and Wheat;

For men may drown out there in the Sound

But the Nations of Europe must eat.

THE SHADOW MAN

BY PEARSE PINCH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HENRY DROGKAMP (See Frontispiece) 1

"**Z**E Shadow Man—he git yo'."

With this threat half-breed mothers, anywhere in the region of the head waters of the Athabasca in Northwest Territory, were able to enforce instant obedience from the most unruly little mongrel French and Indian about the premises. How the notion of such a being started was little understood among the scattered settlers; but from some source an awe-inspiring rumor had gone abroad, that one evening just before sunset, there had appeared through a thin veil of cloud that hung between the valley and the mountain's crest the shadowy figure of a gigantic man. As the story went, he was seen to stand upon the projecting cliff, from which he stepped off into empty space. The disturbing portent had been reported from a number of places some miles apart; and the story was affirmed so persistently by those who claimed to have received it from eye witnesses, that it gained a credence hardly less than that accorded to the teachings of the Church. There was also an air of vividness and reality to the story as I came across it here and there that convinced me that there was some basis of fact. The few who claimed to have seen the portent, when questioned about it, only stared at you wonderingly for an instant, when a look of awe would come over their faces, and they would turn away without a word. I knew that men who felt that way had certainly seen something. The thing grew uncanny, till I hated to touch it.

While camping and fishing along the Athabasca, however, I had an experience about sunset one evening that put me on the track of the awe-inspiring occurrence, whatever it was, that had left its impressive legend among the settlers. My attention was attracted

to a cloudy film that had floated between me and that same crest on which the shadowy portent had appeared some years before. I saw what seemed to be moving figures in the cloud. They were vague at first, but I soon saw that they were shaped like animals. The shadow of the cliff was there, but ill-defined, and mobile in the motion of the cloud; and then I began to see that the animals looked like the native mountain sheep, except that they were irregular in shape and enormous. Plainly here was the origin of the "Shadow Man."

But the solution only left the mystery deeper. Why was the man there? Why did he step off into the empty air? What became of him?

The whole mystery was solved a few days later when I met a surveying party, among whom was Prof. Herdman, whom I had met years before in the geological service back in the States. He was at this time in the employment, for the summer, of the Dominion. From him I received full and authentic account of the origin of the "Shadow Man" of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. I had told him of the tradition I found among the settlers, and of my recent experience, and he told me what is now made public for the first time.

It seems that he had been up in that region some years before, with an old college friend, looking up mining properties. The two had been tramping one day till almost sunset. As they were gathering up their traps preparatory to their return to camp, their attention was drawn to the strange phenomenon that became the wonder of all that region. They had just started, when Herdman's friend caught him by the arm with almost a clutch of terror. They had before noticed the shadow of

the cliff outlining itself upon the veil of cloud; and had been discussing the effects of light and shade, and unequal refractions of the air in the valleys and the warmer strata lying still in the sun. The "Shadow Man" had been for some minutes assuming form; but with the deliberation of scientific men toward strange phenomena, neither of them had mentioned his impression. But when the figure of a man loomed distinct and unmistakable, Herdman's friend could no longer repress the almost terrified interest with which he had been watching the figure, which seemed at first to advance rapidly. Then it would stop, and kneel, as if in prayer, and advance, and stop and kneel again. Then as it gained the edge of the cliff, it stood at full height, a seemingly gigantic form, scanning the sky as if watching for some heavenly portent. For a moment it seemed to stand with one foot poised beyond the mountain's edge. Then it seemed to shrink from the evident purpose. Then it seemed to gather resolution again; and throwing wide the great arms, it seemed to step from the fearful height, and whirl downward into the engulfing shadows.

The two men of science stood enchained by the vision, then turned and looked hesitatingly into each other's faces. For a moment neither spoke.

"What was it?" asked Herdman's friend.

"I don't know," said Herdman, his teeth chattering. "It makes a fellow almost believe in miracles again."

"It's certainly the weirdest thing I ever expect to see," answered the other. With a shiver, he went on: "Come! This gives me a creepy feeling all over. Let's get back to camp. I wouldn't stay out here over night for all the minerals in all Canada."

They hurried faster and faster, keeping silence for a full quarter of a mile. At last Herdman spoke:

"I believe," he said, "that this thing has some connection with that colony of pietists down there below the mountain."

"How's that?" asked his friend.

"I don't know how," said he. "All I know is that they are as wild a set of

religious fanatics as can be found outside the insane asylum. For the sin of being an evolutionist their leader pronounced an anathema on me one day, that would have made your blood run cold."

"Who are they?" asked the other.

"A conglomerate of all the recent religious eccentricities gone to seed," said Herdman. "A few of those who broke away from Mrs. Eddy at the first have joined. Some who started to follow Dowie are there. Quite a number of escaped inmates of some so-called Bible institute are among them. A few who apostatized from the honest, industrious Mennonites have joined these. But the head and front of the whole offending is in the remnants of a band of offshoots of the Young Men's Christian Association in Kansas, who started out to convert the Soudan, going without money or medicine, or anything that sane men provide when they embark in enterprises of that sort."

"Well, they certainly have assortment enough," said his friend.

"This conglomerate of cranks believe," Herdman went on to explain, "that God heals the body without any care on our part; that he intervenes in all sorts of temporal affairs; that Christ is liable to come any day; and a lot of other stuff of that sort."

"But how do you connect what we have seen with all that?"

"That is what I propose to find out. What do you say to a search party tomorrow?"

To this the friend agreed. The rest of the story simply recites what they found out and pieced together.

As Prof. Herdman already knew, the leaders of this band of fanatical believers were by no means lacking in ability. Alison Blanchard and Cassius Scofield had come out of a religious denomination to found a colony of what they believed to be primitive Christians. Scofield was a man of fierce intensity of nature. There could be nothing half-way with him. His life was, in fact, an almost frenzied reaction from a sinfulness as depraved as men often reach. Religious intensity seemed the only alternative for him.

And so, what he believed, he believed in its totality. This gave an unhesitating quality to his speech, that, with the average listener, carried all before it. He was decidedly the preacher of the colony. Blanchard, on the other hand, was a singular mixture of rationalism and mysticism. He was fearless in investigation; knew all about the higher criticism; and even believed more or less of it. But for the vein of mysticism in him he might have become a leader in the new theology. But the "inner light" was always drawing him on to see things that eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard. And so, scholarship could not lead him away from the deeper faith that has nurtured the Christian ages. Scofield was denunciatory, while Blanchard was winsome. Scofield commanded men, but Blanchard managed them. Scofield was dynamic, but Blanchard constructive. Blanchard could build the machine, while Scofield could put in the compelling force to make it go. The two made a great pair.

The followers in the movement were an earnest and an intense people. Their religion was a tremendous thing to them. How could it be otherwise? They expected to feel the palpable touch of the Almighty at any minute. His hand in their daily affairs, His healing touch upon their bodies; the Lord's return before their eyes at any moment—how could people be looking for effects like that, and not be wrought to the highest pitch of religious intensity?

These different doctrines were not held with equal emphasis by all the members of the colony. The coming of Christ, for example, did not appeal so strongly to Blanchard. He was the chief exponent of the doctrine of divine healing. He published a treatise on the subject, and his teachings there in the colony were held in great favor. Nor was his adherence to the doctrine theoretical alone. He religiously refused every form of relief known to the medical world. When his baby sickened, he suffered only as a good husband can suffer in the agonies of the wife and mother. But they devotedly let the baby die without help. The

worst wrench Blanchard's faith received in the whole affair was when he came in to find that all was over with the baby. His wife sat there, the dead baby in her lap, and she looked up and said in a cool, even quiet voice, without a tremor of emotion:

"Alison, we have killed our baby."

Blanchard bent over the baby a moment, and then turned and threw himself upon the bed in such a tumult of grief as only men of mighty nature ever feel. The bottom was out of his system; but for that he did not care. The father heart was crying for the child. The wife was beside her husband at once, and the chastening tears changed the two fanatics into natural human beings once more. It is marvelous what power there is in tears to wash away the fabric of nonsense men and women sometimes build up in the subtleties of their thinking.

This was about a week before the strange occurrences our scientific friends had determined to investigate. Scofield had felt that, in the affliction of his co-laborer, there was the possibility of defection from the movement. He was accordingly more fiercely earnest than ever. Never had such denunciation of the age fallen from the lips of man as this company had listened to from Cassius Scofield that week. The age was rotten, he declared, and nothing but the return of Christ, with the awful fires of judgment, could save even a remnant. The denunciation waxed fiercer and fiercer till that last day. Then there came a new note. Christ demanded what the preacher kept referring to as "the test of faith." Had we not been commanded to go out and meet the Bridegroom? Had not the place of meeting been designated? It had been plainly taught, the preacher reminded them, that we were to be caught up; at His coming, to "meet the Lord in the air." That was why the ages had been kept waiting. With an exultant shout he closed his sermon:

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!" With that, he started up the mountain. His followers sat awed. What did he mean to do? Like frightened sheep they sat huddled in their chapel, with the help-

less feeling that things were hastening to some catastrophe they could not avert. They had not long to wait. One of their number, whom business had taken away for the day, came in and, with hand raised in caution, told them the counterpart of what had been seen in the frightful pantomime of the cloud. Their leader had deliberately gone to the mountain's edge, and stepped off into space, with nothing between him and the rocks below.

A vast medley of emotion swept the assembly. Some leaped in wild exultation at their leader's faith, and were sure that now he had found the Scripture true; and had been caught up "to meet the Lord in the air". They were for following, and giving the same test of faith. Many would have gone had it not been for Alison Blanchard.

"Wait, brethren, and hear me," he begged. "You know that I have not been as firmly persuaded as some of the doctrine our beloved brother has gone to prove. There is proof undeniable now. If our brother has not met his Master in the air, we shall find him there below. If he has proved the doctrine, then I will go with you, and together we will "meet the test of faith".

Seeing that they still hesitated, he went on appealingly: "Come, brothers,

give me this chance to believe with you." To this they consented.

The stir of the events at the chapel had already gone abroad, and the story had reached camp before Herdman and his friend arrived. The two hastened to the chapel as soon as they had eaten, and found Blanchard guiding, comforting and explaining in as favorable light as possible the awful thing that he feared had happened. To Professor Herdman, between whom and himself there had existed a degree of attachment, he told the whole story. Herdman at once suggested that he and his friend join in the search next morning. Blanchard gratefully assented to the proposal.

Before it was fairly light the three were on their way. As the sun came above the hills, they met a sight that, to this day, comes now and then in fearful vividness before their vision. The wild beasts had been there before them; and the skeleton of Cassius Scofield, scarcely a bone displaced, lay there before them glistening in the morning light, every shred of flesh picked away, and every bone licked by the hungry creatures till it shone like polished ivory.

Within a week Alison Blanchard had returned to his place in life, to be a saner and a more useful man for these strange experiences.

IMPORTANCE

BY S. E. KISER

THE tumblebug that rolls the ball
 Along the path, no doubt
 Supposes that the heavens would fall
 And all the stars go out
 If he should cease to roll away—
 He only sees his lump of clay.

There's many a man who, in his pride,
 Thinks all the wheels would stop
 If he should some day step aside,
 Permitting things to drop;
 The man who thinks he does it all
 Is like the bug behind the ball.

THE LETTER OF A WESTERN BOY

BY W. W. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT H. ROBSON

DEAR FATHER,—In reply to your last letter, postmarked Liverpool, allow me to answer a few of your leading questions regarding the Canadian West, on which, after a five years' residence therein, I feel able to speak with some authority. Your greatest curiosity, I note, is connected with our western winters, and in one instance you question the truth of a statement to the effect that tender house plants and delicate New Year resolutions, left exposed during one of our winter nights, have been found next morning to have winged their way to the sweet henceforth where the coal bill troubleth not.

I must admit, Dad, that it does get somewhat cool here at times after the kitchen fire has gone out, but I have yet to hear of the spirits of any thermometer having sunk so low as to require excavation. In fact you can safely put down the most of what you hear in that connection as mere election rumor. Our winter weather at times is severe, I must again admit, so much so that the owner of a con-

science made utterly tender by too free participation in election contests is often compelled to wrap the same in several thicknesses of flannel to protect it from an ultra strenuous clime, but for all that, much of what you hear would not go down with an intelligent jury conversant with all the facts, and is told for the purpose of injuring the chances of that lusty young candidate for world honors—the Canadian West.

This last is one reason why the West is not spoken of with unmixed approbation on the score of climate. Another reason for the erroneous opinions expressed is found in the fact that while western press and people alike are only too ready to acquaint the outside world with the worst side of our climatic conditions—our zero weather and blizzards—they totally fail to emphasize the other side of the picture—the summer season, when nature smiles with a lavishness which she bestows on no other part of the earth. Perhaps they fail to present that side for the reason that neither pen nor tongue



HE IS DOING STUNTS AT EMPIRE BUILDING

of man can portray that wondrous, subtle smile, which makes those who come under its influence discontented when they are with out the pale.

From persons out here who have for a time been absent one invariably hears the remark that "they knew not why, but they were not content until they had returned to the West." The many will continue to ponder on that subject, wondering what strange, mystic chain binds us to the land of the setting sun, but the few know that 'tis but the smile which Nature bestows in compensation for her occasional frowns and bursts of temper.

Ample compensation is that smile to the accustomed one, when the good black earth, scarred by the ruthless hand of the plowman, reclothes her bared breast with a mantle of green, which will (to use a mixed metaphor) ultimately become the flour of the earth, a flour which will not waste its sweetness on the desert air.

You, who are accustomed to imbibing your daily allowance of atmosphere with a soup spoon, absorbing therewith the germs of rheumatism, hollow coughs and doctors' bills, would find the brisk air of the Canadian West an exorcist for many of the ills



EVEN AGENTS TRAVEL UNARMED

are not entire strangers, so if you happen to have a few pounds not actively engaged at the present time, I can offer an investment for them where moth and rust will everlastingly have to hump themselves in order to corrupt.

As I pen these affectionate lines, I gaze ever and anon from the door of my palatial shack to where a brother homesteader is engaged with his oxen

and plow in disfiguring the fair face of nature that he may reap therefrom next year the plebeian red wheat of commerce. And as he chases his wayward bovine companions up and down the half mile stretch, stopping frequently to address hasty, uncomplimentary remarks to



NOT CONTENT UNTIL THEY RETURN TO THE WEST

them, he is doing a stunt at empire building which outrivals the efforts of many who hold forth at great length within your legislative halls at Westminster. Not only he; thousands like him are to-day assisting in the transformation of this erstwhile haunt of the Indian, the buffalo and the coyote into a garden which will bloom, not as now, *with* the rose, but *as* the rose.

As my eyes wander across this level expanse of smiling prairie, I see in some places the wild flowers just springing into new life under the stimulating influence of the long hours of sunshine, in others the long stretches of blackened earth lying in readiness for the seed, and I contrast in my mind the district as I see it now with its condition five years ago. Just that time has elapsed since first I came upon this quarter of the earth, then but a wide sea of waving grass, broken only here and there by piles of freshly-cut sods left by the surveyors engaged in criss-crossing the district with section lines.

Since then the various phases of development have followed each other's heels. First appeared the white tent of the newly arrived homesteader; later, the white frame "shack" or the more homely one of sod. Slowly, very slowly at first, the virgin prairie became transformed as acre after acre of the thickly carpeted sod was turned up to the sunlight by the homesteader's plow, until finally fields of a hundred acres or more became not uncommon, and prosperous farms took the place of the former dimly defined "claims."

And now! Here are the comfortable, substantial homes, the schools and churches, graded roads in place of the old trails; even the creeks and deep coulees have been bridged. More striking than these, there is borne to the ear the shriek of the locomotive as it tears its way across the plains, while at four points visible from the door of my shack can be seen the white buildings in as many new born towns.

And here is found another instance of that optimism peculiar to the west. Every one of those four bustling little towns is destined to be a city of the future in the honest opinion of its patriotic citizens. Ask the reason of

their optimism and they will direct your attention to the country surrounding their town and will dwell with pardonable pride upon its par-excellence in the all essential matter of wheat productiveness, proof of which is to hand in the tall elevators lining the railway track.

However the world may view it, the westerner's optimism in the matter of the future of his country is not without the best of grounds, for with all the changes which a short decade has wrought in the appearance of the West, the development may be said to have only begun.

That work of development was long in commencing, but now that the world's incredulity regarding the resources of America's great hinterland has been overcome, the work will not cease until Canada, by virtue of her domain beyond the Great Lakes, ranks as one of the very greatest nations of the world; not alone because of that portion at present being developed, but also through the exploitation of that further hinterland to which the seeker after mineral wealth is just beginning to turn his attention. Even as the country which was considered by many as incapable of yielding return upon an investment in axle grease for an exploiting railway is now rapidly becoming the granary of an empire, so may the little known Northland of Canada become the source of a continent's mineral supply.

But I will not tire you further with eulogies of the above nature. Suffice it that I am content with the land of my adoption. We westerners love our adopted country with its boundless prairies and equally boundless possibilities, with a love that cannot but make for her great and glorious future.

As I write this, the weather is behaving in a most seemly manner, with the result that many of our young men have completed the sowing of their wild oats and are now in a position to settle down to the stern task connected with citizenship in a country in the making.

The gophers, I may say, wintered well this year, and are looking better than I remember having seen them

before at this season. Your query regarding these animals shows that you have been somewhat misled, as gophers never hunt in large bands, and you are wrong in supposing that they often attack human beings. On the contrary, even book and insurance agents find it comparatively safe to travel about unarmed in this country, thanks probably to the efficiency of our mounted police. Your supposition that we have to fence against the buffalo is also at fault. The only person

who really has to defend his property in that manner is the lucky possessor of a sister, and he usually finds a shot gun more to his purpose. When he has succeeded in possessing himself of some other fellow's sister he becomes less careful of his own, strange to relate.

I will now draw my long and rambling epistle to a close. Trusting that I may hear from you soon, believe me,

Your dutiful son,

BROWN JONES SMITH.

THE REFUGE FOR OLD AGE

BY FORREST CRISSEY

WHAT is a man to do who has touched three-score, is drawing into the shadows, yet still must work, to live?

A man who has been a railway president is to-day somewhere about the streets of Winnipeg looking for a job.

"I'll polish doorknobs," he declares, "if that will give me a chance to demonstrate that I'm worth too much to any man to be kept at that sort of work."

"Well,"—do I hear you ask—"What's the trouble? Does he drink? Gamble? Is he broken down? Not quite on the square?"

These are all proper and pertinent questions and any keen business man would quite naturally ask them. But to each and all of them the answer is—No!

This man is sober, steady, he does not gamble, he is hearty and unbroken, and his uprightness of character is attested by men in high positions who know him well.

Well, what is the matter then? Simply this:

He is more than sixty years old!

That's why he can't get a job to-day at the wages of an apprentice accountant.

"But," you insist, "there must be something behind this; this one fact alone will not reasonably account for his situation. There is: He put all his eggs in one basket, there was a market bump and the eggs were broken. Another way of putting it is to say that he didn't pinch out a little in the days of his prosperity and put it aside where it would stand between him and actual want in *the days past sixty*."

There is something so cruelly tragic in the figure of this man of affairs going from office to office in search of a book-keeper's job that one cannot escape the picture—any more than we can escape the fact that we will ourselves become more than sixty years old before long if we are not sooner removed from the present scene of our labors! Every man who reads this is marching on to the same point in life's journey on which the feet of the man who is "over sixty" and out of a job now stand. This is what makes his case so fearfully and personally impressive. And this, too, is why we want to know all the vital facts of his situation so that when we get to his milepost we may not be asking for a chance to polish doorknobs.

There is something of the inventor in this man; he became possessed of a big idea and from that minute he lived for to-morrow and for the whole future of to-morrows. To-day didn't count with him, except as a time for doing things which would minister to the final realization of his big idea. That was all he cared for, all he lived for—life revolved about the central idea of putting over his big scheme.

But it so happened that the road which he projected and partially built and into which he put his whole personal fortune finally went under—because it did not jibe with the plans of the masters of the American railway situation. That was all—but it wiped him off the railway map as a personal factor, at least.

He has done about everything there is to do in railroad work—installed an accounting system, had personal charge of the engineering and construction department of a big line, and as president of his short and ill-fated road he has had entire administrative oversight of all departments. But now he is out of a job. His health is as good as it ever was; he is a man of wider experience and riper judgment than when he handled the biggest task of his whole life.

Still, no one wishes to employ him because he is *more than sixty years old*! This answer generally signifies that "men do not like to give orders to a man much older than themselves";

that "a man of more than sixty hasn't many more years left in him and it isn't worth while starting in anybody at that age"; that "a man that far along in life is too set in his ideas and can't readily take suggestions; you can't put the emergency pressure on a man of sixty that you can on a younger man."

These are the objections which the former railroad president has encountered in his hunt for a position. There is more or less of logic in every one of them; certainly they will persist so long as human nature remains what it now is.

Then where are the men who have to work and who are going to reach the sixty point going to get off? What can they do about it to "break the fall?" There is just one broad and general answer; it will not apply in every case, but it will in most.

Put aside from your prosperity a farm; buy some land. Then when the day comes that you are really at your ripest in experience, judgment and real mental capacity, but are not wanted as an employee because you are "more than sixty"—most employers are drawing the line at fifty—then you will be in position to work for yourself, to draw dividends on your own abilities. A man who has a farm and who has the power to think can always hitch the two together and make a life job—and a good one! Thousands of men are right now "soaking away a farm." It's a good business.



THE DARKEST HOUR

BY B. McM. BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK A. NOTEWARE

"I'M awfully sorry about it, old chap," said the head bookkeeper to Benson, as they parted at the corner. "You're of far more use to the firm than I am, and I think they know it. I'd leave instead of you, if I were strong, but it would mean starvation for the little ones, if I gave up now. I couldn't work at anything else."

Benson shook the head bookkeeper's hand warmly. "It's all right, Graham," he said. "I'm heartily glad it's not you. I'll get work of some kind, surely."

But, as he walked the rest of the way home, the prospect looked dark. For the first time in his life, Benson was feeling the pressure of "hard times." To-night the firm had given him a week's notice, and he had no idea, at the present moment, where he could get another position. To be sure, they had been kind about it. They had told him that his work had been very satisfactory, that the position would have been permanent, had the good times continued, but they were compelled to cut down expenses. The other men were older—married men with families, and had been with them for several years. Some of their methods were not exactly up-to-date. It would be easier

for Benson to find another situation.

Benson smiled to himself, despite his despondency. The other men's methods certainly were not up-to-date. Many a time he had noticed mistakes in the reports of the travellers, the accounts of the shippers, and indeed, of the head bookkeeper himself. He had corrected them quietly, and had saved money to the firm. The head bookkeeper, indeed, was little else than a figure-head. He was a delicate man, with a family depending on him, and Benson felt sure the firm kept him only because they hated to turn him adrift. He had often taken over his work when the poor fellow seemed ready to drop from weakness. The man had been grateful, too.

Benson was naturally of a cheerful disposition, and gradually his spirits rose. He would say nothing to Mamie about it. In her delicate state of health, bad news might have a disastrous effect, and he would keep it

from her as long as possible. It seemed as if fate had decided to help along this deception of love; for, when supper was over, and Benson and his wife had drawn their chairs together, Mamie took a letter from her pocket, and handed it to her husband.

"It's from mother," she said. "It came



WHEN SUPPER WAS OVER, MAMIE HANDED A LETTER TO HER HUSBAND

this afternoon. I told her in my last letter that I wasn't feeling very well," she added, a faint flush stealing into her pale cheeks, "and she wrote at once, commanding me to come home for the summer."

"Would you like to go, little girl?" asked Benson, noting the eagerness in her eyes.

"I believe I would for a little while, Frank," she replied. "These last few weeks I've been longing so for the woods and the grass, and some of mother's home-made bread and buns."

"Only," she added, glancing anxiously at her husband, "I don't like to leave you, dear. You would be so lonely, and—and you mightn't take good enough care of yourself."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frank. "Why it's not so long since you came to take care of me, is it? I don't think I can have forgotten already."

Suddenly his mood grew serious. He leaned forward, and, taking his wife's face between his hands, he kissed it tenderly.

"If you only lose that tired look out of your eyes, little girl," he said, "and get the roses back into your cheeks again, I won't mind spending my evenings alone during the summer. My little country bird was never intended for a cage like this city flat."

"Go back to the country, sweetheart, to the fresh air, and the trees, and the flowers, and, when you are all better again, come and sing your songs in a nice little house that I'll have waiting for you."

"Frank," breathed Mamie, "you can't mean it!"

"Indeed I do. Johnson told me the other day that he had had a letter from the Grierson's, speaking for the next flat that was vacant. They were married last month, you know, and are on their wedding trip. Our time is out soon, anyway, and they can have this one. That's all a flat is good for—a newly-married couple who don't want to see anybody but each other for a year. We've passed that stage, sweetheart. We want others to share our happiness. I'll be on the lookout for a nice little house with plenty of room, so that we can have our

friends come to stay with us sometimes. We'll try to get it near the outskirts, so we can have a bit of real sunshine, and a breath of fresh air now and then. How will you like that, Mamie?"

"Oh, Frank!" was all she could say, but her eyes were shining.

After a pause, she asked, "You'll be able to spend every Sunday with me, won't you, Frank?"

"I think so, little woman," smiled her husband, "if I get through in time to catch the train on Saturday night."

Benson took his wife to the country at the end of the week, and came back on Monday morning to look for work. This he found very difficult to obtain. All the firms to which he applied seemed to be doing the same thing—turning off hands to keep down expenses. Bookkeepers were not in demand. Everywhere, he met men with misery in their eyes, and despair written large upon their faces.

The spring work was just beginning, and Benson obtained employment with a gang that was working on the road. Digging was not the most desirable occupation, but the wages were good, and it was infinitely better than being idle. He was able to take his weekly trips to the country, to give his wife a little present occasionally, and to put a little—a very little—in the bank.

Winter closed in earlier than usual, and the men were forced to discontinue their work upon the road sooner than they had expected. It was a Saturday night when they were paid off, and Benson went to his room, more gloomy and low-spirited than ever. He had absolutely nothing in view for Monday.

He decided to stay in the city over Sunday, though he knew Mamie would be looking for him. Somehow, he felt that he could not face her to-night.

When he entered his room, he saw on the table a telegram and two letters. Benson hadn't been getting telegrams lately. Instinctively he felt that this one concerned his wife. Could anything be wrong! He opened it with trembling fingers and read:

"Bouncing boy arrived this morning. Both well. Come down soon. Mother."



DIGGING WAS NOT THE MOST DESIRABLE OCCUPATION

"Thank God!" he breathed, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Swiftly following this exclamation came a groan of anguish. He was a father, but he had no home to offer his boy. No home, and no prospect of one!

Suddenly he remembered the letters. He took one up wearily, but his eyes brightened when he saw that it bore the official mark of the firm he had left in the spring. He broke the seal. The letter ran:

Dear Benson,—

Times are looking up a bit in our business; we had a better summer than we expected, and if you have not already secured a position, we shall be pleased to offer you your old one again. In justice to you, we wish to state that we have learned from different sources that you were of more value to us while you were with us than we knew at the time. Your modesty kept you from making this fact known to us. In view of this, we are glad to offer you a substantial increase in salary. Hoping to hear from you, we are,

Yours sincerely,

Green & Co.

Benson sat for a moment, as if stunned. A line of a once-familiar song darted through his mind:

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn." Truly, for him the day was breaking.

He took up the other letter. It was

from the head bookkeeper. It ran thus:

Dear Benson,—

I've had a windfall. A rich old aunt that I hadn't heard of since I was a boy, died recently, leaving me all her property, because I happen to bear the name of her late lamented husband. Think of it!

I went to the firm to-day to tender my resignation. And I took the liberty to mention to them the fact that you could do my work much better than anyone else, and that if they knew what was good for their business they would get after you, quick. They had just written, offering you your old position, but you'll hear from them again.

"Wishing you the best of luck, I am,

Your sincere friend,

J. Graham.

"Hip, Hip, Hooray!" he shouted, not caring who in the house heard him. "Three cheers for the boy, three cheers for the firm, three cheers for the head bookkeeper. Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

Then he looked at his watch, and found that he had barely time to catch the last train to the country.



"HIP, HIP, HOORAY!"

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

As the surface of the earth has been more filled, its raw resources been more developed, it has been growing richer, has grown richer faster than its people have multiplied. A few men, under one government or another, in one way or another, have taken over world-money. The money of some of the world's great multi-millionaires does not belong to them in any such quantities. Haltingly a general social unrest begins to spell that out; an unrest that does not classify as Socialism, as yet. But that black Satyr will grow amazing fast if we shall not pause to think that no man can earn such wealth as a few men to-day hold back from the world's use. That wealth—Ah, what philanthropist could ask a grander use for it than in the purchase of *human opportunity*? What labor better could repay its employment? What enterprise of profit may be mentioned in the same breath with it? And to do it is but to do it. There is more money wasted in impractical philanthropy than would be needed here if rightly used. Thirty million pounds annually to the unemployed—money burnt up, thrown away. Give one-half of that annually for twenty years, and there will arise west of Winnipeg such an empire as the world never saw. Its ruler shall be the hard head *and* the soft heart!

If this notion be called absurd, that may be in part because it is in advance of the day. It cannot long be in advance of average thought. It is only to say that men will earn more on the prairies than they can rotting in the city slums. It is only to say that charity is not philanthropy. It is only to say that philanthropy must offer a material uplift, that religion to-day must be practical.

Philanthropy which capitalizes a thousand poor at five per cent., which changes a thousand units of vice and apathy into a thousand units of opportunity and hope,—that is no more than simple merchandising; only that now you sell human opportunity; and you sell it on credit, secured by land; land which enhances in value with each spade that goes into the ground, each furrow turned by plough. A hundred greater business enterprises than this go forward all the time. The great captains of enterprises do more difficult deeds than this continually. Yet to do this enterprise of a prepared environment is to do that vaster deed of reconciling the war between the heart and the head.

When you have done that, you are in position to allow the minister of the Gospel to ponder about the religion of these new folk, and to do so with no charge of impracticality. His work will come in its own right time. This man who wants the old sentiment for Old England to obtain—it is possible for him, too, to have *his* dream. Yonder official, hard-headed and experienced, who seeks the material welfare of his country—he, too, may have *his* wish! The member of the government, with heart as warm as his head is cold—*his* dream comes true. Yonder charitable society, which has labored with no prospect of gain—it still may labor, but now with recompense; recompense which makes for the real glory of England and for the real benefit of the world.

Now we do come close to religion, religion plus business; and this is what must supplant to some extent the religion of earlier times. The earth changes, and with it must change the earth's religions, all the earth's

methods of thinking and doing, even of dreaming. A material age? Yes, but we must adjust to it or perish; because the days do not, cannot, and never can wait for us. But the dream of religion itself is best compassed in the most practical philanthropy.

If then, all this may be; if we have indeed found some theory which explains all existing phenomena; then, in the terms of science, that is the theory to accept. There was a day when we knew nothing of gravitation, when we doubted the revolution of the earth. Those things were slowly reasoned out, by theories which covered all existing phenomena.

We are not, however, in this case confined to theory alone. The subjects with which we have been engaged are of a human importance so vital and wide-reaching that the thing is, to use a popular phrase, in the air to-day. Once the writer conceived what seemed to him a happy dramatic idea. It was later worked out, but only in time to meet the same idea embodied in a drama done by quite another person, who independently had conceived that same idea. At another time precisely this same incident occurred. In both cases the ideas themselves proved valid. Such experiences as this are common in the life of every author. They are common as well in every other walk of life. A good idea is not the property of any one man. A great idea never was conceived by any one man. It is conceived by the world itself; born of the necessity of the world for precisely that thing.

Now, the plan suggested in these pages, wholly visionary as it may seem to some, and wholly theoretical as it may seem to most, is not the author's own, but was first suggested to him by an idealist in business, the same man who thought that there could be such a thing as kindness and justice in a practical business office. Should credit be given to this man for the idea? No; let us rather give credit to the world, which has developed this idea at the time it was needed. Because, so far from this being a matter of theory, it is even now a matter of fact. The problem of a practical and businesslike

philanthropy has, in at least one instance, been worked out in detail.

To make the contrast clean cut, let us go back once more across seas. In the month of September, 1908, Prince Arthur of Connaught, nephew of King Edward, visited the city of Glasgow. Prince Arthur is a manly man, a good soldier, and a just man. There is nothing in his personality which has rendered him distasteful to the people of any portion of Great Britain. Yet, when his carriage passed down the streets of Glasgow, it was mobbed by five thousand idle men. In this demonstration—which, bear in mind, took place in self-restrained Scotland—there arose often the revolutionary air of the Marseillaise! The crowd pressed about the carriage in George's Square in the most menacing manner, and there were many turbulent and deeply regrettable scenes. There was much hissing and shouting against the Prince and his people, and when the Troops' Band played "God Save the King," not a single head in the crowd was uncovered and the mob broke out with the refrain, "Keep the Red Flag Flying!" So, at least, run the despatches describing the affair. It is not to be supposed that these unemployed thousands had any personal dislike for Prince Arthur of Connaught. Their resentment was against the elaborate features provided for his entertainment, whilst they themselves were upon the point of another bread riot. Worst of all, there were ten thousand boys on parade—young men, unemployed, out of work and out of bread. This is given as a truthful picture of modern civilization in the old country in the current year. It is difficult to conceive of a picture sadder or more disturbing.

Lest it should be urged that an American writer finds pleasure in English distress, one hastens to offer a kindred instance of the current year in the city of New York. During the past summer in the more poverty-smitten portions of that great city, hundreds of school children were found to be starving, even as those of Berlin are accustomed to starve. A committee of schoolboard members found

it necessary to arrange two public kitchens at which the hungry children might be fed before they were taught. Necessarily, funds for this work were scanty enough, and the committee undertook to enlist popular interest in the kitchen fund. One of the committee states that many instances had been discovered where children were sent to school without having had food in a term of forty-eight hours. Some children fainted while they were reciting in their class rooms. This civilization in the proudest city of the proudest republic of the world. One hesitates to call such facts less horrible than yonder demonstration against government in the proudest monarchy of the world.

Opposed to pictures such as these we have the idea of a practical philanthropy; and regarding this latter we have a concrete instance showing the thing accomplished. While this has been worked out in theory in Canada, *it has been done in fact and in detail in the United States.*

The Consolidated Farm Company, of Marshfield, Wisconsin, in the fall of 1907 put into effect the idea that men of no means could be established upon farm lands, and could, so to speak, practically capitalize themselves after the initial effort. Within the year, this company had founded a colony of fifty people whose combined original capital was but \$500. In one year the work upon the land had more than doubled the original capital; because upon a face investment of \$5,000 there had been paid back \$800. The manager of the company, Mr. John P. Hume, is quoted in regard to this experiment in the following words:

"Why should we not manufacture farms as well as to manufacture iron or steel or woodenware? We take the thing in the rough and turn out a finished product. While we are doing this we furnish employment for people who want to get out on the land and have no means with which to do so; as they could not make a payment on a farm, nor build a house, nor live, until after they had raised a crop.

"No, we are not philanthropists, not

by a great deal. But we do give the settler a fair show, while at the same time we get a good return on our investment. Our plan is being considered by many big land holders in the northern part of this state who wish to dispose of their land. There are hundreds of unemployed men who want to get out on land. They have no money, or if they do have, it is little, not even enough to put up a small shed of a house if they could get the land without making the first payment. What chance have they of owning land? The idea is so staggering that they give it up and go on trying to live in the city and raise a family, generally with poor success. We sell the man a small tract of land, give him a house and cow, and then use him in clearing up more land in our process of manufacturing farms. We have thirty-five men on four hundred acres of land, and in the whole party you could not gather together \$1,000. But they all have money in their pockets and pay cash at the stores for what they purchase, and live well. We pay good wages for labor and always employ our own settlers. For their work they receive two-thirds of what they earn to support themselves, and it is paid in cash, and one-third is taken to pay for the land. As a rule, they work four months in the year for themselves, and the remainder of the time for us in clearing land. In that way they are able to pay for their land and get along, while never being anxious as to their living.

"In the old days settlers could go into the northern part of this state, take up land, and then go into the logging camps and earn money enough to support their families for the years while they worked in clearing up their land and getting it in shape for crops. But this method cannot be pursued now for the reason that the timber has been cut off and the mills and lumber camps are disappearing. Therefore, the only way that a poor man can get a chance is in some manner similar to that used by us. This is not philanthropy, but I do maintain that we are doing a good work in helping to make free citizens.

(To be continued)



MR. AND MRS. JOHN SUTHERLAND SANDERSON

MANITOBA'S FIRST HOMESTEADER

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE ancient history of Manitoba is very recent. The point of that observation, as Captain Bunsby used to say, lies in the application of it.

The application is pointed by the living presence, here to-day, of the man who took up the first Manitoba homestead, under the rules that still govern the acquisition of public land by entry, improvement and occupation. The name of this pioneer is John Sutherland Sanderson.

In speaking of him recently, Mr. W. D. Scott, Dominion superintendent of immigration, said, "Mr. J. S. Sanderson, who entered for the first homestead on Dominion lands west of Lake Superior, has attained to real success among the farmers of Portage Plains. He is now past the prime of life, but at sixty-five years of age is yet hale, hearty and active, and follows his agricultural pursuits with deep interest."

It is fitting that Sanderson's name should be of high repute in the com-

munity, for no man has in larger degree the respect of his neighbors, and he has seen them all come in, for he was there before any of them, or even their fathers. He was not the first to break the solitude, but he was the first homesteader to break the sod, and to set up on the place of breaking, a permanent abode. Rightly considered, he may be credited with being the man in advance, the farthest flung picket of the army that has overrun and holds the land.

Of course this leaves out of account Lord Selkirk's colonists, who came to Fort Garry in the eighteenth century, but went no farther, and were adjuncts to a military post. His lordship was a far-sighted man, but as with many another seer, his power of vision was truer than his forecast of time. The conditions that were to make possible the populations he foresaw were many, many years away when he brought his settlers in by way of the Hudson Bay, over that identical sea-and-land route which only now is being prepared for

general traffic and travel. Real settlement, by the actual ownership of land, legally perfected, did not come until 1872. Sanderson began it then, by making formal entry upon a homestead near Portage la Prairie.

From Preston Pans to Portage Plains is a far cry now, but it was farther when Sanderson made his flitting in the year 1867, breaking it only with one resting-spell at Fergus, in Ontario. It was long before the railway reached into the West, and Mr. Sanderson came to Manitoba by way of Duluth, traveling by ox-cart across to the Red River, and by boat down that stream to Winnipeg. It was in 1872 he first saw the place that he was thenceforth to call his own. On that same ground he lives to-day, with many years of useful life before him still, to enjoy the fruits of the work that his hands and brain have wrought.

Mr. Sanderson was born in East Lothian, the 27th of September, 1843—a Scotsman of the Scots. His earlier years were passed there, but when he had "grown" he went to Edinburgh, and afterward lived in various parts of Scotland. His attention was first drawn to Canada by a series of letters written by John McLean and published in the *Toronto Globe*, and in his twenty-ninth year the spirit of unrest and desire these letters incited took hold upon him, and carried him overseas—poor, but healthy and courageous, a perfect type of the splendid, God-fearing old-country men whose daring and endurance and hard-bitten common sense contributed so inestimably much to the foundations of new life here, with its sanity, safety and prosperity.

He had the country pretty much to himself for a time. There was no "neighbors' smoke to vex his eyes," because there were no neighbors to speak of. The shacks were monstrous distances apart, where any were at all. There was a rudimentary town at Portage la Prairie, and Mr. Sanderson went north of it and took up 160 acres near what is now known as Oakland. In 1873 he built a small house, that for several years was the only dwelling of a white man between Portage and Lake Manitoba. That year he broke

ten acres with an ox-team. From year to year he backset, until at last he had his farm in full cultivation. Four years after his arrival, he married Miss Jessie Green. With their four children, they now own 480 acres of as good land as any in that region, handsomely improved with fine buildings, and stocked with all that makes complete the farmer's life and its modern belongings. And none of them owes a cent.

Of course there were hardships not a few, but perseverance and patience prevailed against all that. The solid rule of personal government that has pulled him through Mr. Sanderson states thus, for the encouragement of others:

"If a man is willing to work and can stand a few hard knocks and keep off the drink, he can surely make his way in this country."

He had not been a farmer in Scotland, but had been in service as coachman for the Earl of Lauderdale, Sir George Southie, and others of the nobility. He had it all to learn when he took up his claim, but he learned it well, and was sober and thrifty, and lived simply and cleanly, and brought up his family by the good old rules, tempered with the liberality of a broad and free environment. So now his age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.

This generation has a short memory, it does so rapidly move in the mazes of a new time. Five years is a weary while to look back over. Ten is an age. And yet in the measurement of great events, it comes almost with a start, lifting the eye from the intense activities of the hour, to see standing there the still alert figure of the first homesteader, who came to Manitoba when all this concourse of people and all these busy things were still in the silent future—a future that has become our present, clamant, and swelling with power. The pressure has crowded the work of five generations into the lives of less than two. Has the world seen anything like it? And even yet, we have only begun.

If so much has been done in so little time, what may be looked for in as



MR. SANDERSON AND HIS FAMILY OWN FINE STOCK, WELL-FILLED BARN, AND 480 ACRES OF GOOD LAND

many more years, with this growing momentum? It is only thirty-nine years since 1872, when Mr. Sanderson set the modest pace that led to the swift race we are running now. Thirteen years short of a half century—but think what has come in the meanwhile. The telephone was a dim dream then. The perfecting press was still in the brains of the inventors. The scythe and the hay-rake were doing the work of the present mower and reaper. The man who might have said it would soon be possible to photograph objects through an opaque body would have been called ready for the *casa-locos*. Street cars were still dragged by horses. There was no wireless telegraphy. Electric light was a sputtering experiment. There were “velocipedes,” but no bicycles, let alone motor cars. As to airships, they had not yet emerged from Mother Shipton’s direful prophecy that when they should appear, “the world unto an end shall come,” and the date was misguessed at “eighteen hundred eighty one.” Farm life was a matter of daylight hours and backache, wearing out the feet as well as the hands,—and a farmer’s wife was a willing drudge.

The farmer of to-day, who does little work that he can’t do sitting in a sulky-seat under a sun-umbrella, would blanch and collapse if he were to be suddenly jumped back to the old days, and confronted by the necessity of doing things as they were done then. Yet Mr. Sanderson’s span of activity, not yet ended, has seen all this world-awakening. With his own eyes he has seen it, and with his own hands followed the changing fashions of his occupation, from the primitive emptiness of the prairie and the first furrow driven through the sod with his ox-drawn plow, to the latest thing that multiplies man-power and cuts down toil. The cheery call of the plover has given way to human voices over the fields. The horizon-filling plains whose idleness he invaded have welcomed the units of a mighty commonwealth, whose products feed the people of other lands, and whose capital looms large in the world’s catalogue of great places. It has been given to him to see much, and to have done—perhaps better than he knew—a thing so pregnant as to lead a movement out of which a nation is emerging into the full brilliance of a wonder-age.



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI.

ONE OF the most interesting phases of the life of our Yankee cousins is their devotion to politics. Next to the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar, their interest in the political game is their most pronounced characteristic.

Perhaps it is because of this national peculiarity that "A Gentleman from Mississippi" has had such a remarkably successful run in the United States, for while the play abounds with humor, sparkling dialogue and dramatic situations, it is nevertheless, essentially a drama of politics.

William H. Langdon has just been elected by the people of Mississippi to represent them in the Senate and he goes to Washington, filled with the determination that nothing shall come between him and his loyalty to his constituents. He is of the old school and he considers that it is not the act of a gentleman to make money out of the government of which he is a member.

Holding these views, it is not long before he runs against the "graft ring." Honorable himself, he is far from suspecting his fellow-senators of dishonesty, when his clever young secretary, a newspaper man, who knows the political game from a to z discovers a plot whereby lands which were

secretly held by the "ring," and which were absolutely necessary to the government, were to be sold to the government at exorbitant prices. He finds also that "his" Senator's honor is itself involved.

Then, indeed, the Senator, never forgetting that he is a "southern gentleman, suh," fights, and fights well.

"Poker was invented in Mississippi," he says, and so he tries poker methods on the Senate and, by working his game of bluff, he thoroughly scares the plotters. He tells them to be in his office at 12:30 the next day, prepared to accede to his demands or face exposure in the Chambers.

Utterly bewildered, they leave the room and as they go out, the secretary asks, "Senator, what are you going to do to-morrow at 12:30," and the Senator, throwing one arm over the boy's shoulder, replies, "Damned if I know."

But he thinks it out. "Let me go away by myself and incubate," he says, and he hatches a plot for the undoing of the gentlemen who regard politics merely as a means of obtaining "perfectly legitimate and regular commercial advantages."

His scheme is that he shall rise at his desk and tell the listening Senate and the great world outside that these

men have bought land, only to sell to the government at exactly the prices they paid for it, with the purpose of preventing the speculation of dishonest citizens who would have defrauded their country.

"And then," thunders the Senator, "when I have made you honest in spite of yourselves, will any of you dare to get up and prove himself disloyal to his country and his pledge?"

None of them dares.

"It's not practical politics," grumbles one.

"No," replies the Senator, "but it's the kind of politics we hope to have in the future."

THE CURE
THAT FAILED
THOMAS A.
WISE, co-
author and
star of "A
Gentleman
from Mississip-
pi," is, to put
it mildly, some-
what overbur-
dened with
avoir du pois.
When an agent
for an anti-fat
academy ap-
proached him,
therefore, he
was ready to
listen to the
specious argu-
ments and glit-
tering promises
held forth by
the wily gentle-
man who guar-
anteed to take
off a substan-
tial amount of
flesh in return
for a cash de-
posit of one
hundred dollars
—payable
strictly in ad-
vance. Mr.
Wise put down

his money and manfully started in to take treatment. They laid him on a marble slab, pounded him, kneaded him, punched him and slapped him, until he was bruised and sore from head to foot. After two treatments, he arose in his wrath and said, "Well, I'd rather be fat and happy than thin and sore. Keep your hundred," and he departed from the society of the "rollers" for good.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

The political game is a corking one—just as a game.



Hugh Stuart Campbell
1917

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LAURA BUTLER

Formerly with the Imperial Opera Company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto. Now playing "Mrs. Spangler" in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

In politics, we don't need parties, we need men.

Old Colonel Beverley Stoneman, of Illinois, is fighting over again with Senator Langdon, the "Battle of the Tennessee."

"And you," he said, "were the young fool who led the charge up the hill—fifty yards in advance of your regiment."

"Where in hell did you think I'd be?" asks the Senator.

It's pretty hard to make me see a thing differently when someone has made me see it—straight.

"Women must have an equal chance with men."

"Yes, an equal chance to have the same virtues, not the same vices."

Don't under-rate the fat man. Remember a heavy weight is making good as president of the United States.

—"A Gentleman from Mississippi."

PLUMPNESS AND POPULARITY

NOBODY loves a fat man" is an adage that has been quite disproved by the experience of Mr. Frank J. McIntyre, who created the name part in "The Traveling Salesman" a little over a year ago, and who has played it continuously ever since,

for Mr. McIntyre seems to be popular with every one, from manager to stage-hand behind the scenes, and from box to gallery "out front".

His success as Bob Blake has been so marked, indeed, that Mr. Harris is to star him as soon as the vogue of "The Traveling Salesman" gives signs of waning, which time does not seem very near at hand.

So many of the leading players of the American stage owe allegiance to Canada, either by birth or education, that it was no surprise to find that Mr. McIntyre had spent "five of the best years of my life" at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario.

"Yes," he said, "my father wanted me to be a priest. One of my sisters is a nun, and he thought he would like the religious element in the family to predominate. After receiving my preliminary education at Ann Arbor, where I was born, I was sent to Sand-

wich to complete my course.

"But the sanctitude of the abbey had not the appeal to me that it should have had. I had the stage bee in my bonnet although, at that time, I wanted to go into operatic work.

"So, when I left college, I went back to Ann Arbor to teach music, and among the other joys of my life there was included a German singing-class. Can you imagine a man with a "Mc"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

FRANK J. MCINTYRE

Who created the role of "Bob Blake" in "The Travelling Salesman"



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LOLA MAY

As "Hope Georgia Langdon" in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

to his name conducting a German class? It was lovely!

"I worried along there for about a year, always with this stage idea in the back of my mind, until I had saved up enough money to go to New York. Then I made the big jump and started in with Frank Keenan in the "Honorable John Grigsby". We came into New York the first year and had a Broadway appearance.

"Wasn't that luck? Fancy getting on Broadway in your first year. Of course that made me and next year I was with Bessie Tyree in "Captain Molly," then a year with Nat Goodwin, a year with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," two years with "Strongheart," and a year with "Classmates".

"Just seven years of stage work until this engagement came, and this is such a bully part, isn't it? I've had such



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RUTH SHEPLEY

As "Carolina Langdon" in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

luck, you know. My parts have made me."

Fancy such modesty from a leading man!

"You'll send me this interview when it comes out, won't you?" he went on. "You see, I like to keep all my souvenirs. I have books full of letters, photographs, newspaper clippings, and everything like that. I even keep all my costumes and wigs. I have trunks full of my stage clothes, and right now, I could dress for any part I've ever played, even to the wig.

"Sentiment? Yes, perhaps it is, but I do love the work and I love every part in all my stage experience."

The electric fan was whirling in the little dressing-room and Olaf, the Swedish valet, was utilizing a palm leaf fan as well.

"It must be pretty hard," one remarked, "to play winter scenes, wearing heavy clothes in such hot weather as this."

"It's dreadful. I have tried all sorts of schemes. I've worn rubber collars but I found that, though they did not wilt, they made me perspire so dreadfully that little rivulets of water would run from my neck down my chest and back.

"So, I discarded those and now I wear about fifteen of the ordinary



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

RICHARD CARLE

collars during one performance. I have to change every time I come off the stage. I have duplicate shirts, duplicate suits of clothes, duplicate everything, and you'll laugh when I tell you how I keep them in condition.

"My hotel is very near here, and Olaf runs over with my garments and hangs them to dry in the steam room of the

laundry over there. When they're dried out, he takes them down to the ice-plant until they're cold, then brings them over to the theatre for me to put on, all cool and ready for me.

"That's one of my patented schemes for how to be happy, though hot. Yes, I'm coming," to the call-boy, and the interview was over.

FLASHES OF FUN

"Which is Mrs. Hill?"

"The one Mr. Hill's paying no attention to."

All married women should wear blinders. They'd be happier if they did.

I never could trust a man so all-fired polite. 'Tain't natural.

My bump of locality is a dimple.

Aren't they wearing the bread thin in sandwiches this year?

Any time you're better than your job, quit it.

Girls are all different at the beginning—but they're pretty much alike at the finish.

If a drummer heaves in sight, all the old ladies yell, "Run, daughter! The Indians are in sight!" Us and the soubrettes, when we *are* on the level, who believes us?

It's pretty hard to keep a strangle hold on home ties, when you only see home twice a year.

I may not know all about women, but that crying spell looks to me like a thaw had set in and the ice was moving.

Being in love is simon pure hell.

A drunken man sees big and talks large.

Blow the Christmas season. A fellow gets feeling so blue and so lonesome, he's liable to catch anything with the pores of his heart all open.

When it comes to cuddling up to the boss to boost my own game, I'm a few chips shy.

—"The Traveling Salesman."

RICHARD CARLE

ONE of the most interesting figures on the stage to-day is that of Richard Carle, who is unique in that he combines the functions of comedian, playwright, song-writer, manager and star—all in one, and is successful in all of them.

The keynote of his success is, perhaps, best expressed in this one saying of his, "Don't be too serious. A joke may prevent a tragedy." Always, he carries out that idea. If rehearsing a chorus, he laughs when they make mistakes, instead of becoming angry, and talks to them in that inimitable Carle-ian way, until they, too, are laughing, forgetting to make mistakes, and presto, the new dance step is learned.

Worry is unknown to him. Work is a genuine delight. Money exists only to give pleasure to others. These are the three planks in the platform of his scheme of living. It's a scheme that seems to work out well.

THE DIFFERENCE

A boost travels by slow freight—a knock takes the lightning express.—Richard Carle.

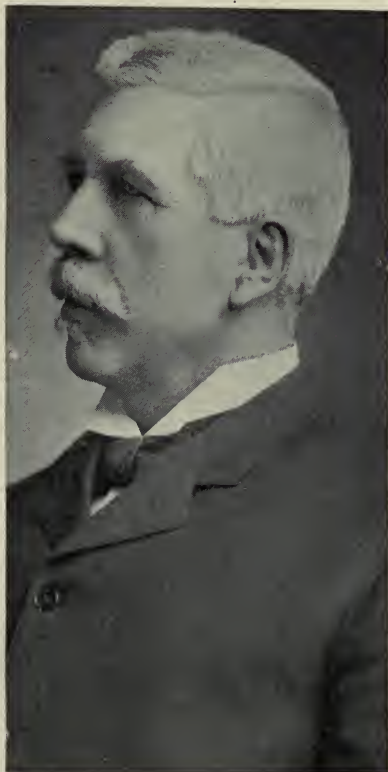


THANKS TO SENATOR ALDRICH

THE dark-brown mouse that has emerged from the mountain in labor at Washington will gnaw no strand out of the trade net that stretches along the international boundary. It is unnecessary to go into detailed consideration of the new tariff act to get a clear understanding of the main fact that it will keep Canada out of the United States market, more strictly than before—and that will be a good thing for Canada. This country was practically pushed into itself by the Washington Government at the time when its desires were all faced southward. The consequence was the development of our own resources and industries, and in that we have prospered as we never could have done through a more open trade reciprocity. Canada loses little and is slated to gain much by the new law.

THE RESPONSE TO MR. WHYTE

IT IS a long time since anything in print attracted as wide and earnest attention as that which was given to William Whyte's article in the July issue of this magazine on the conservation of natural resources. The article has been quoted or copied in full by most of the leading publications in the Dominion, and the comment upon it has been emphatic in approval. The effect is bound to be felt in the bent of public attention toward the protection of forests and the maintenance of watercourses. Mr. Whyte's arguments and statements of fact were singularly calm and lucid, as befitted a subject of such grave importance. His appeal was direct and has met fitting response.



WILLIAM WHYTE

SAFETY FROM HARD TIMES

THE one thing that operates with the greatest certainty against any set back to the prosperity of the



FREDERICK A. NOTEWARE

The cover design of this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY is from the brush of Mr. Noteware

western provinces is well and timely pointed out by Principal James Robertson of MacDonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec. It is the recently developed practice of widening the range of things produced by the farmers. Professor Robertson finds this practice especially well established in Southern Alberta. "Hard times," says he, in a recently published interview, "will never again affect that region. The interests there are so diversified that there is no possibility of pronounced depression." The interview was given out after a tour of the West, and embodies the result of wide and careful observation.

"All through Southern Alberta," adds Professor Robertson, "farmers are adopting diversified agriculture, which places them in a position of security." And then, significantly: "By reason of that very diversity, it is not possible for me to estimate the ultimate value of farm lands. That will be determined by the degree of intelligence the agriculturists themselves use in the cultivation of the soil." A safe condition, for in no part of the world is the land worked by a body of farmers more skilful and broad-

minded than those of all western Canada. This superiority is the subject of remark with all who have occasion to travel through the country and come in contact with the people.

A DIME, OR A DOLLAR?

FEAR that the activity of Ottawa Valley interests in soliciting the support of western journals for the early completion of the Georgian Bay Canal may delay work on the Hudson Bay railway, has led H. C. Beatty, secretary to the Prince Albert board of trade, to request a reply to the question, "A whole loaf for ten cents, or a half loaf for one dollar—which do you prefer?"

Ten cents' worth forever, on that basis! So far the answer is easy. But Mr. Beatty adds a complicated hypothetical case, with another question tacked to the tail of it. He puts the cost of the railway to Hudson Bay and the opening of that route to Liverpool, at ten million dollars. Then he puts the cost of the Georgian Bay canal at a hundred millions. He says "Moreover, the Hudson Bay railway will cut the equivalent cost of transportation from Fort William or Port Arthur to seaboard out of existence, while the Georgian Bay canal will at best but cut it in half." Then, says he, "Which do you want first?" The unhesitating reply is: Both. The Hudson Bay line could and should be finished first, but that need not postpone work on the Georgian Bay project.

The important thing is that all possible outlets should be prepared for the exports of the West, and so prepared that each great producing area shall have an outlet of its own near at hand. The law of cost in commercial movements, in its utterly irresistible operation, will determine the limits of the zone from which each outlet shall draw. This is a big country—a very big country, with a steadily and heavily rising tide of grain production, spreading out over regions so enormous that carrier lines for its surplus must focus at Liverpool from all directions, taking from each place of origin the shortest

way, or (which is more precise) the least costly.

You can't pour Niagara through the spout of a teakettle. The Hudson Bay route and the Georgian Bay canal are both necessary provisions for a future that is drawing near with greater rapidity than most of us realize—for a tremendously enlarged Canada, commercially and productively speaking. It is not intended to touch lightly on so serious a matter as construction costs; but those costs must be incurred in behalf of a posterity not far removed, and posterity must pay for the benefit by taking up bonds, which it will be amply able to do.

A DISCOVERY

PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, of the Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California, in the course of his work as a member of the International Fisheries Commission, visited Lake Winnipeg this summer and made a discovery. While Lake Winnipeg is not involved with any question before the Commission, it has its fishing grounds. According to Professor Jordan, its white fish are "the finest in the world". Professor Jordan certainly does know fish from fishes, in their varying qualities and kinds, but his discovery was probably more in the way of a surprise to him than it could be to any dweller along those shores.

It is curious that the fishing industry of Manitoba is so little heard of by the world outside, for it is a large one, prudently managed, and yielding revenues running into hundreds of thousands a year. Not only the firmest and most finely flavored whitefish are taken there—every whit as good if not better than the same variety taken in Lake Superior—but there are many other fishes, and a distinctly important manufacture of fish-products is being built up near the lake. For example, a caviar is being made from the sturgeon of Lake Winnipeg that an expert could not tell from the famous Russian article. Manitoba people have much to be proud of, but they are over-modest in their exploitation work, or so eminent an authority as Professor

Jordan would have heard of these things before. Professor Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, was his companion on this trip, and warmly concurred in his opinion, with a declared intention to report the opinion to the British Association.

CANADA : THE LAND OF CONTRASTS

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD, the American editor of Baedeker's guide books, called his fascinating work on the United States, "The Land of Contrasts." The name is even more appropriate for Canada. For looked at geographically, what greater contrast could be presented than that between the great lakes and the great plains, or between the "sea of mountains" and the vast sweep of prairies? Looked at socially, how wonderful is the contrast between the French and the English elements in the population of Canada, the one preserving a



WALTER P. MCGUIRE

With his wife and baby on the verandah of their home. Mr. McGuire is the author of "With the Invading Yankees" in this number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

picturesque medievalism, the other representing the last word in the rush of modern progress! Looked at historically, where, according to the popular view, could a greater contrast be found than between the centuries of conflict which Parkman described in his picturesque volumes and the slow, quiet growth of the Canadian West, which even since the Canadian Pacific Railway was built has been in the happy condition of a land without a history. But that this view, common as it is in the eastern provinces, is a mistaken one we soon learn from the book before us: "Where the Buffalo Roamed," by E. L. Marsh (Toronto, Wm. Briggs, 1909).

Yet the fascination of contrast is quite apparent in Miss Marsh's book. The very title suggests it. That these immense regions of the Canadian West over which the buffalo and wild Indians roamed should within a generation become the most progressive region in the whole world is one of the marvels of our marvelous age. That the buffalos themselves should have passed away almost as completely as the aurochs of early Europe, who could have anticipated? That these barren regions, as they were supposed to be, should prove to be the granary of the British Empire, the El Dorado of progressive Americans, and the happy home of foreigners from every clime, is the happening of the unexpected in a rare degree. That one of these new provinces should be calling for tenders for a million dollars worth of university buildings is perhaps the best sign of all that this progress will not be merely material, but will be guided by the stored-up wisdom of the centuries of human effort that lie behind us in the history of the race. It argues well for the success of a book that deserves to succeed, that the author should have been able to suggest to the mind all these wonderful contrasts in a single compact phrase.

The longer one contemplates this subject the more one feels convinced that a great future is in reserve for Canada. As this whole continent was kept for the development in new conditions, untrammelled by the traditions

of the past, of the ideas that sprang from the renaissance, that New Birth of the sixteenth century, so the Canadian West seems destined to be at once the seeding-ground and the forcing house for the propagation of the new ideas that are stirring in this quick forge and working-house of thought, the twentieth century.

It is fitting that as the early colonists of North America were apparently chosen vessels, so the first settlers of the Canadian West were of a heroic type. Their qualities are not sufficiently known in the land of their adoption, but their virtues appear in the most interesting light in Miss Marsh's account of the early explorers and the Selkirk settlement. It should make all Canadians, whether immigrant or native born, proud of their country, to read the stories that have been so well retold in these chapters from the life of the past.

Among the happy chances of those early days not the least fortunate for the historian was the fact that a discreet and discriminating artist, Paul Kane, made a special study of the manners and customs of the Indians, thus doing for Canada with his brush, what Schoolcraft did for the United States with his pen. It will be of interest to know that these paintings, now the property of Mr. E. B. Osler, of Toronto, have been for some years loaned by him to the University of Toronto. Here they adorn the two fine examination halls in the main building which, since the fire of 1890, have preserved the memory of the old library and museum of University College, where so many distinguished westerners passed part of their student days. By the kindness of the owner, Miss Marsh has been able to secure copies of some of these paintings for her book, which will serve as a kind of Baedeker to the collection, and may also help to draw visitors to it from the West.

This book, while intended for youthful readers, will be found very interesting by their elders, and for the reasons already given deserves a careful reading both in the east and in the west. It might serve very well as an introductory text-book of history in the schools of

the west, or for supplementary reading in the older provinces, whose children should now begin to learn something of the early history of the Greater Dominion beyond the lakes. Better still, it might serve as a gift-book for our new citizens to send back to the "Old Country" or to the "States" as an evidence that their new home has its worthy historical traditions, making appeal to the highest principles of patriotism.

DAVID R. KEYS.

WAYLAID BY WIRELESS

EDWIN BALMER is out with a new book, "Waylaid by Wireless" (Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.50) that will catch and hold public interest by its ingenuity of plot and the deft manner of its narration. Mr. Balmer is the especial celebrant of aerial telegraphy. He was the first to see its possibilities in romance and the most assiduous in using them. The scheme and part of the narrative recall the English scenes in Stevenson's "Wreckers" with a parallel of adventure and rascality—to say which is not to criticise Mr. Balmer, but to pay him a compliment. The story follows the fortunes of a gentleman adventurer who tours the cathedral towns of England and adroitly separates certain opulent tourists from their cash and jewelry. But it is a love tale, and



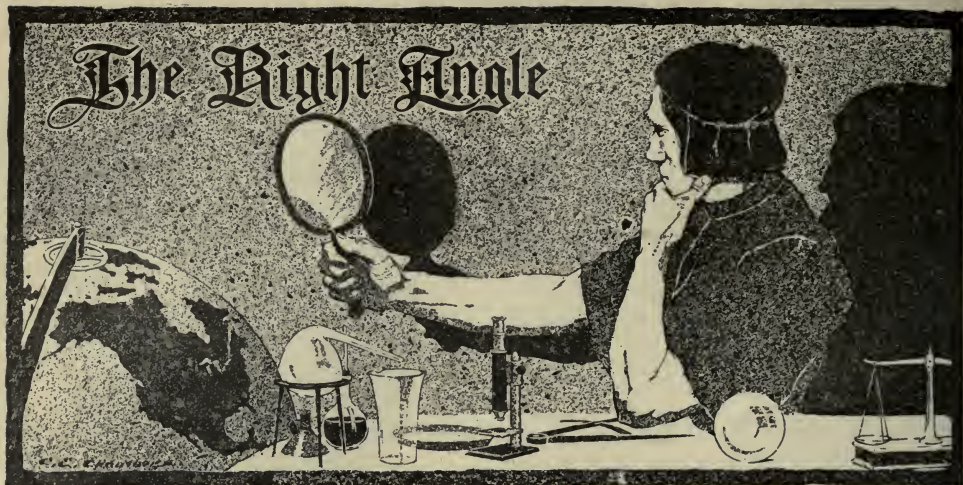
EDWIN BALMER

this adroit person is not the hero, but only the fountain of action. By a clever manipulation of the "wireless," he fastens the guilt for his thefts upon a young American, called Preston, who is extricated from an apparently impossible situation with the assistance of Ethel Varris, a clever American girl.

Mr. Balmer has approached his story with a sense of humor and keen delight in his subject that give the book a delightful freshness and charm. It is not only excellent reading, but a good travelogue as well.

J. ARBUTHNOTTE





A REAL BOY

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy—
Just a romping, reckless tyke
That the whole world round must like;
Freckled, awkward, lank and slim,
Hat that's minus band and brim,
With a trailing dog, or pup
That betimes will trip him up.

In the morning out and gone
At the bugles of the dawn,
Finding wondrous games to play
In each nook along the way,
Wading brooks and climbing trees,
Pestering the honeybees
Till they sting him in despair—
But what does a real boy care?

In at noon to bolt his lunch,
Then a run to join the "bunch";
Shouts and yells and battle-call
Over strife with bat and ball,
Or a make-believe affray
With the pirates in his play;
Blisters, stone-bruise on his heel,
Scratches that his baths reveal.

Crooning in a sing-song twang,
Horrifying by his slang,
Giving everyone the shakes
By his chumminess with snakes,
Naming with a careless shrug
Every beetle, bird and bug,
Ruminant upon the grass
Watching all the clouds that pass.

Coming home at fall of night,
Grimed and marred from play and fight,
Braggadocio, weary—Yes,
With a wondrous weariness,
Dreaming on with smiles and sighs
After sleep has closed his eyes—
There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy!

A BLIGHTED CAREER

"IN me, mum," says the weary way-
farer who is applying for a lunch,
"you see a victim of medicine."

"What kind of medicine?" asks the
woman at the door.

"Hair tonic, mum. I used to be
perfectly bald, but was induced to try
a hair renewer, which grew this head
of hair for me, and I lost my job as
nest egg on an ostrich farm."

"SAY IT QUICK."

"WHY is a man who rises at eight
in the morning a vegetable time-
piece?"

"Because he's up at 8 o'clock."

(Bing)!

IN MEMORIAM

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

De Rimer was a Poet whom the
Editors abhorred
He had a Bear, named Laurie—a feroci-
ous beast when bored,
And poor De Rimer bored him—I weep
to pen his fate,
But now he is the Poet Laurie ate.

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VI.

London, October, 1909

No. 6

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(Sketch from life of Hazel Beatrice Sullivan)

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THE PRAIRIE WOMAN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

One hand upheld to shield her eyes,
She gazes far into the west,
Where rosily the daylight dies
And singing breezes croon of rest,
The stillness of the prairie lands
Creeps in across the endless miles,
And statuelike the woman stands
And dreams, perchance, of other whiles.

The plains, as level as a sea,
With wind-blown billows dip and rise;
No wide outspreading, friendly tree
Shows anywhere beneath the skies.
No good broad highway skirts the yard,
No neighbor is within her call;
Her fortune some would tell as hard,
Yet she—she minds it not at all.

What dreams come to her of the days
When she moved in a world of life,
Of fashions, shops and teas and plays
And petty joy and petty strife?
No dreams that are not overborne
By this vast vision that is hers
Of prairie land that night and morn
With newer being breathes and stirs.

O, Prairie Woman! Brave and lone,
You are the boldest pioneer,
God send you come into your own
And reap reward of peace and cheer.

* * * * *

One hand upheld to shield her eyes
She gazes far into the west,
Where rosily the daylight dies
And singing breezes croon of rest.



Drawn by L. J. Herndon

The Widow and the Wolves—see page 367

A GREAT, GREY, WHITE-FANGED MOUNTAIN OF RED-MOUTHED THINGS SEEKING FOOD

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI.

LONDON, OCTOBER

NUMBER 6



BIG JOHN AND PARTY

SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS

CAP'N
BATTEN,



RAPIDS
PILOT

BY C. F. CARTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A LONG the St. Lawrence they haven't got done talking yet about how Cap'n George Batten took the *Montreal* down the rapids. It isn't likely they will tire of the tale any sooner than they do of that twin classic which relates how Sally Picard ran the Long Sault at night. They have been telling that story for forty years, but it has lost none of its zest yet.

The St. Lawrence exerts upon all who approach it a fascination unknown to quieter streams. It has drawn experienced boatmen to deaths they must have known were inevitable. It has tempted men in the prime of life to forsake all that wealth and position could give for a plunge into the white crested waves that never give up a victim. It has even lured bridegrooms on their wedding journeys from the



"RAPIDS KING" IN LACHINE RAPIDS

sides of their brides to its cold embrace. Although benignant fortune long since placed Captain Batten beyond any need of further steamboating, nothing could tempt him from the river. Running the rapids is to him a recreation rather than a vocation. Since it is a fad that no other man can cultivate, its pursuit surely must be happiness.

The call of the river lured George Batten from school when he was but thirteen. One season as a cabin boy earned promotion to the more responsible position of watchman. Part of the time he should have devoted to sleep, the boy spent in the pilot house of the famous old rapids boat, the *Corsican*, wheedling Pat Tierney, wheelman, into teaching him to steer. That determined his career. He would be a rapids pilot.

Not that Pat could teach him anything about the rapids. Between a rapids pilot and a wheelman competent to steer anywhere else on the St. Lawrence is a great gulf. Almost anyone can be made into a respectable wheelman. Most wheelmen in the course of time may even be trusted to run the Galops, the Rapids du Plat and perhaps the Long Sault. But those who have the gift of interpreting the river's vagaries, the quick intuition, the keen eye, the steady nerve, the swift hand required to guide a steamboat into the

jaws of death and safely out again through Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock, Cascade and Lachine Rapids are born rarely as poets. No one generation has produced more than four or five rapids pilots. At the present time there are but two men alive competent to take a large steamboat down, and no more are in training. Running the rapids of the St. Lawrence is in danger of becoming a lost art.

No, Joe Rhenfret, who lost his nerve when the *Grecian*, with four hundred passengers on board, struck in Split Rock Rapids and ran out of the pilot house, leaving the boat to her fate; and "Sally" Picard, who immortalized himself by running the Long Sault at night, though he didn't do it on purpose, being inadvertently carried past the head of the Cornwall Canal in the darkness; and Ed. Ouillette, who had a son to inherit his knowledge of the rapids, did not worry over anything. Pat Tierney could teach the boy.

But when they noticed that he made a point of being around when the *Corsican* was about to enter the rapids they decided on a little detective work. After watching the boy keenly one day, Sally Picard, with his most ingratiating smile, inquired:

"Parlez-vous Francais?"

Now, George Batten had not lived in French Canada for nothing. But there



"CORSICAN" IN LACHINE RAPIDS

was something in the pilot's expression that warned him not to be boastful of his linguistic accomplishments. So he merely ventured a non-committal "Huh?"

Not yet satisfied, Sally watched the boy out of the corner of his eye while he made remarks in French to the wheelman calculated to rouse young George's curiosity. But Batten only stared at the river. That settled it. There could be no objection to the English boy becoming a regular wheelman, since he could understand no river secrets the Frenchmen might discuss in their own language in his presence. He was particularly well muscled for his age, and muscle was in demand in the pilot house before steam steering gear was invented.

In the five years he was mate and pilot—mates on the *St. Lawrence* being required to qualify as pilots on the river, excepting the rapids, of course—young Batten never allowed himself to be betrayed into showing that he understood French. But he kept his eyes and ears very wide open, and every fragment of information he acquired he conned over and over until it was burned ineffaceably into his memory.

Captain Howard saw something of this and guessed more. But like Batten, Captain Howard understood the art of keeping his mouth shut. One day Gildersleeve, the general manager,

went up the river with Captain Howard.

"I suppose you know our pilots are getting old, and the company isn't making any new ones?" remarked the captain.

"Yes. Have you any promising wheelmen?"

"Well, young Batten ain't letting anything get away from him."

"M-m-m-m-m," said the general manager.

Early in the next season Mate Batten at Prescott received a telegram from the General Manager, reading:

"Picard sick. Go to Cornwall and take charge of the *Bohemian* as rapids pilot."

Pilot Ed. Ouillette, who had heard what was in the wind, also sent a telegram. It was addressed to Sally Picard and it read:

"Don't let Batten into the pilot house."

But Picard was piqued because Ouillette received \$200 a year more than he did. Besides, he was too sick to care whether school kept or not.

As soon as the French crew learned that the young Englishman was actually going to try to run the rapids, there was something akin to a mutiny on board. Chief Engineer Matte headed a deputation to the pilot house.

"Do you sink eet ees r'right to take M'sieur Picard's place?" he asked.

"I think it is right to obey orders."

"But you are Anglaise, and eet takes a Frenchman to run ze rapeds."

"This time it is going to take an Englishman to run them, and don't you forget it."

Clearly, nothing was to be gained by expostulation, so after much talk among themselves and more gesticulation the deputation filed below.

In the days of hand-steering gear a pilot and three wheelmen were required to steer through the rapids. If the wheelmen felt called upon to protect the French monopoly in navigation they had the strength and the opportunity to ruin his prospects in life together with the *Bohemian*. There was one wheelman, Rhenshaw, with whom he had long been good friends that Batten felt he could trust, so he placed him at the front wheel beside himself and left the rest to Fate.

The French crew, however, meant to take no chances. As the steamer neared Coteau Rapids, the first below Cornwall, they packed their carpetbags and carried them up on the hurricane deck. Realizing that with a young Englishman at the wheel disaster was inevitable, they determined that Father St. Lawrence should not claim his victims without a struggle.

Captain Baker was an interested spectator, but he said nothing. It might be as well to find out at once whether the young man had nerve or not. If he were disconcerted at the sight of the crew lined up on the hurricane deck with their carpetbags as a

testimonial to their lack of faith in his skill he never would make a pilot.

They might as well have been in Timbuctoo for all the attention Batten paid to them. He slowed the engines as he swung in toward Coteau Island, skirted the rush bed along its edge, then brought the wheel spinning hard astern as soon as the wheelhouse was abreast of the last rush, and went around the next island with the *Bohemian* careening until her guards dipped into the water. Then hard to starboard and through the choppy waves of Coteau Rapids at twenty-five miles an hour. Sally Picard himself could not have done it better. When it was all over a concerted sigh went up from the crew. Chief Engineer Matte elevated his shoulders, threw up both hands with outstretched palms, and exclaimed:

"Ah! But wait until we get to Split Rock Rapids. You will hear bump, bump, bump!"

But as the *Bohemian* went down Split Rock without any "bump, bump, bump," the crew held an indignation meeting presided over by the bartender to protest against the audacity of the young Englishman in presuming to pilot a steamboat where all the piloting ever done had been done by Frenchmen. Once more Chief Engineer Matte headed a deputation to the pilot house.

The spokesman had hardly opened his mouth when Batten turned the wheel over to Rhenshaw, and stepping out, exclaimed:

"See here, Matte, you go below and



"PASSPORT" IN LONG SAULT



SPLIT ROCK

HELL'S



RAPIDS

HOLE

answer your bells and leave me to run this end of the boat, and go damned quick."

There was something in the glitter of the young pilot's cold gray eye even more expressive than his words. The departure of the deputation might almost be termed precipitate. With the discharge of sixteen men, including the bartender, the chief engineer and two wheelmen as soon as the *Bohemian* was tied up at Montreal, the incident was closed. No one ever again expressed any doubts of Batten's ability to run the rapids.

On the contrary, the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company developed so much confidence in him that in 1892 he was sent to Philadelphia to inspect their new steamboat, the *Columbian*, and bring her up to Montreal. Finding that the builders were putting in manila rope for steering gear he protested, saying that it should be wire rope or chain, since a boat running the rapids would have her wheel jammed hard over oftener in one trip than a sea-going vessel would in a lifetime. The protest being ignored, he wrote to President Connolly, of the Richelieu and Ontario Company, about it. He was told by return mail that John

Roach had been building ships long enough to know as much about the business as any mere pilot; and if Roach put in rope, why rope was all right. Batten filed a copy of his letter carefully away for future reference and took the *Columbian* home.

On the fourth trip down the river that manila tiller rope broke just as the *Columbian* was entering "The Gate," in Cedar Rapids, leaving her without a rudder. Soon after entering the Gate, an opening in a reef, the steamboat channel makes a sharp turn to port at nearly right angles, and after a short tangent bears several points further to port, while a large part of the water goes straight ahead to plunge over a ledge in a sheer fall of twenty-five feet into "Hell's Hole," a great pit two hundred feet wide, whose contents are lashed by the torrents pouring in from above, battling with other torrents toppling in from either side into the most fearsome spot on the St. Lawrence. A steamboat left to itself would be swept on the ledge, to be broken into bits and tumbled into Hell's Hole, or else topple bodily into that awful abyss.

As the *Columbian* was making twenty-five miles an hour in the terrific current and the distance was short, a

delay of even a fraction of a second meant disaster.

Instantly Captain Batten, who was at the wheel, rang for full speed ahead on the starboard wheel and full speed back on the port wheel. Then he called down the speaking tube to the engineer:

"Be lively, now, in answering your bells. Whatever you do don't stop if you feel her strike unless you get the bell. The steering gear has carried away."

By dexterous use of the twin screws the *Columbian* was turned short about and sent across the narrow channel and brought up on a shoal with bow up stream. Antoine Sauve, a Frenchman, was on the island beyond the shoal gathering wood. Batten blew the whistle to attract the Frenchman's attention. Sauve ran down to the beach in time to haul in a line and make it fast. That was a lucky job for Sauve. It has earned for him a soft place as lock tender on the Soulanges Canal, where he is passing his declining years in comfort.

Other lines followed the first so quickly that it was all over, and the 170 passengers were safe before it occurred to a young lady on the hurricane deck talking with President Connolly to inquire:

"Aren't we going very close to that island?"

A boat that was sent ashore attempted to pass under a line from above. The line was so low that four of the crew felt called upon to take hold of it to pass it over their heads. In a flash the current swept the boat from under them, leaving them dangling in space over water that outran the proverbial mill race. To let go was to drop into the river and be carried into the rapids; so they breasted the line

while they kicked and yelled as only terrified Frenchmen can yell.

Their rescue caused so much delay that only a little more than half the passengers could be landed that day. First they had to be ferried across the narrow strip of water to the island. Then there was a quarter of a mile march through Scotch thistles higher than a man's head to reach a channel 150 yards wide which had to be crossed to another island half a mile wide. Then there was another channel 800 yards wide, an island and a final channel 600 yards wide, before the main land was reached. In each channel

the current was very swift. As an incentive to do their best the oarsmen could see that they would be swept into the rapids if they didn't.

Getting the *Columbian* out of her predicament was a much more formidable task than landing the passengers. In making preparations for this Captain Batten had the narrowest escape of his life. There was an eddy just below the island which was to play an important part in the rescue of the *Columbian*, once she was afloat again. General Manager Chabotte was very curious about the depth of this eddy. Captain Batten knew all about that eddy he wanted to know and said so; but finally he

allowed himself to be persuaded to go out with Chabotte and sound it.

Taking a raft boat, a craft with both ends pointed and carried up very high, Captain Batten handled the oars while the general manager steered and helped out with a paddle. So tremendous was the current that in spite of all they could do they were swept past the eddy out into the steamboat channel and down toward the white-topped, choppy waves of the rapids, in which no boat and no swimmer could live.



FRED OUILLETTE

"Pull, Batten! Pull, Batten!" gasped Chabotte at every stroke of his paddle. Batten dared not exert all his enormous strength for fear of breaking the oars; but he needed no urging to pull quite up to the limit of safety. At the speed with which they were being swept down stream Batten realized that they could not reach the lower island. But glancing over his shoulder he saw a tree near the lower end of the island just above the first big wave which had fallen straight out across the water, and not more than two feet above the surface. It was their only hope.

Cautiously he put a little extra strain upon the oars. No, they would miss the tree. Chabotte's hat fell off and his hair stood erect, as men's hair often does in comic pictures, but rarely in real life. He was an expert canoeist and he threw all his hope of life into a final stroke of his paddle as he panted once more:

"Pull, Batten!"

Those oars would never be needed again, so Batten, pulling in unison with Chabotte's paddle, made a spurt that carried the boat far enough into the fallen tree for both to grasp its branches. In a twinkling the boat shot from under their feet, was caught upon the crest of a wave, and then hurled to the bottom of the St. Lawrence.

The two men crawled along the trunk of the tree to the island, where they sank exhausted upon the beach. Batten recovered first. Turning to his companion with a grin, he asked:

"Well, Chabotte, is your curiosity about that eddy satisfied?"

A gang of Caughnawaga Indians, who had been used to the river all their lives, were sent for to build a dam just below the *Columbian* to back the water up enough to float her. A pier was built up opposite her bow. On timbers braced against this pier jackscrews were placed with which the bow was slowly forced out into the channel.

Five weeks after she had been run aground all was ready to float the *Columbian*. If she was to be turned around in that narrow channel and swift current, it would be necessary to let her float down to the upper end of

the eddy that had interested the general manager, and as close to the island as possible. Captain Batten placed his most trustworthy man aft on the hurricane deck with instructions to lift his cap as a signal when the stern reached a certain spot. Then he took his position in the pilot house and gave the word for the final turn of the jackscrews.

The instant the *Columbian's* bow caught the full force of the current she spun around and started broadside down stream. President Connolly, General Manager Chabotte, and half a dozen directors of the company were on the hurricane deck. As the *Columbian* swung out every one of them began yelling conflicting orders at the top of his voice. President Connolly, apoplectic with excitement, danced toward the pilot house, waving both fists in the air and screaming:

"Come ahead on her! Come ahead on her! You'll have her on the island again!"

Captain Batten, quietly ignoring the frantic president and directors, looked over their heads at the man he had posted aft. Presently a cap was lifted high above the bedlam on the hurricane deck. Captain Batten rang for full speed ahead, while the wheelmen threw their souls into an effort to get the wheel hard over. The *Columbian*, aided by the eddy, carrying her stern up stream, turned short in her own length, and in a twinkling was on her right course and off down the rapids. When she was safe at her dock in Montreal, President Connolly approached the pilot and said:

"Well, Batten, I'll admit that you know more about the rapids than I do."

"Yes, pilots usually handle their boats without assistance. In fact, I never heard you give any orders. I didn't even know you were on board."

"I guess that's so. But you know you put her on the island. Of course we'll have to have an official investigation."

"You need not look farther than this," said Captain Batten, pulling out the copy of his letter of protest against the manila tiller rope.

"Um-m-m-m-m!" remarked Con-

nolly, as he fumbled the letter. And that was the end of the investigation.

One incident of which Captain Batten admits being a trifle proud was his gift of a steamboat valued at \$110,000 to the company that has employed him all the thirty-seven years he has followed the river. True, it was the company's own boat, or had been until she was hopelessly lost in Lachine, the wickedest rapids on the river.

It was on June 30, 1900, that the *Spartan*, with Fred. Ouillette at the wheel, approached Lachine Rapids on her regular trip down the river. As Ouillette attempted to port the wheel to straighten the *Spartan* up for the plunge through "The Gate" at the head of the rapids, a link in the tiller chain snapped. Once through The Gate a steamboat without steering gear could not escape destruction with the loss of all hands. In a second she would be too near the Gate to turn back.

Finding the wheel would still work to starboard Ouillette brought it hard over as fast as his hands could move, and laid the *Spartan* gently ashore with her bow up stream. Captain Grange dropped both anchors and got all his lines out as soon as she touched, then went among the passengers to quiet them. Next day all hands were taken ashore without one passenger so much as getting a foot wet.

With the exception of the broken tiller chain the *Spartan* was unharmed, but her position seemed utterly hopeless. Twenty feet beyond her outer guards the current tore along at fifteen miles an hour, gathering speed for the plunge through the worst rapids that ever were navigated. There was no room to do anything. O'Brien, the veteran foreman of the Calvin Wrecking Company, Amie Garioux, who has made a fortune piloting rafts down the river, Dufour, the pilot who runs Lachine with a tiny steamboat during the excursion season, all came and looked at the *Spartan* and shrugged their shoulders and went away. The directors came and looked and sighed, then returned to the office and debited the *Spartan* to profit and loss.

Captain Batten wanted to see what could be done. The *Frontenac* and *Parthia* were moored above the *Spartan* to use their winches together with a powerful windlass on shore in an effort to pull the stranded steamer upstream into an eddy where she could be turned around.

A heavy strain was put on the lines, then the wreckers sat down to wait for a strong southwest wind, which would raise the water in the river. When the wind came Captain Batten ran past the *Spartan* as close as he could with the *Bohemian*, in order that the suction from the latter might loosen up the *Spartan* and put her afloat once more while he continued down the rapids. As he looked back he saw that the stranded boat had been drawn upstream twice her length. As soon as the *Bohemian* was at her dock he telephoned the General Manager that the *Spartan* was afloat. Together they drove to the scene.

Captain Batten wanted to get the *Spartan* as far as possible up into the eddy before attempting to turn out into the river, for there was no room to spare at best. But he could not tell how far he dared go. Water seen from shore looks very different from what it does when viewed from the pilot house of a steamboat in the channel. He was obliged to go out in a small boat, sound the eddy, and mark the limit of safety with buoys.

"When you get the bell to go ahead," said he to the engineer, "give her all the steam she can possibly take and do it almighty quick. As the boat is hopelessly lost now you need not be afraid of smashing things. If ever we get her out of here we've all got to work quicker 'n chain lightning."

With Captain Johnson to handle the bells and three wheelmen to help work the hand steering gear, Captain Batten gave the word to cast off. With engines at slow speed the *Spartan* drifted gingerly up to the buoys. The safety valve roared out a noisy testimonial to the zeal with which the engineer was following instructions as the *Spartan's* bow swung slowly out. As the current caught her the engines were

stopped while the current swept the bow down and the eddy carried the stern upstream.

"Give it to her," said Captain Batten to Captain Johnson at last. A gong clanged in the engine room. Instantly every timber in the *Spartan* quivered as her engines surged ahead in the mightiest effort they have ever made.

"Over, over, hard over, quick," said the same quiet voice to the straining wheelmen, "and then stand clear. If the rudder strikes a rock as the stern sweeps over that shoal, you will all be thrown into the river."

The *Spartan* swung around as if she was hung on a pivot and poked her nose into the Gate, the only place she could go and live, with not a foot to spare. Once through the Gate the run down the rapids was no different from any other trip. Next day the *Spartan*, being found to be absolutely undamaged, resumed her regular run and continued in service two years before she was dry docked.

The fact that he had to buoy that eddy mortified Captain Batten, for it demonstrated that after thirty years of steamboating, however familiar he might be with the main channel and all its cranks and crotchets as seen from the pilot house, there were still some things about the St. Lawrence he did not know. Such a condition was not to be tolerated. Taking a raft boat equipped with an anchor on a hundred fathoms of line and a square block of stone on another hundred fathoms and a man to help him, he set out to sound the rapids, a feat that no one else has ever dared attempt.

For weeks he poked and prodded into the innermost vitals of the wickedest waters on the river with a sounding pole, since a lead line was of no use in the swift currents, letting the boat carefully down with the anchor when it would hold and with the stone block when it would not, until the rapids of the St. Lawrence and the shoals and reefs above and below them no longer hid any secrets from him.

The intimate knowledge thus acquired was destined soon to enable Captain Batten to accomplish the most

extraordinary feat in the history of inland navigation.

The *Montreal*, which was to run between Montreal and Quebec, where there was water enough to float sea-going steamships, was being built at Toronto. As she would be much too large when completed either to go through the canal locks or to run the rapids it was planned to build the hull in two sections and tow them to Montreal, where the pieces were to be put together and the upper works built on.

But as July 1, 1902, the time specified in the contract for the delivery of the *Montreal*, drew near, the builders saw they could not finish the boat. There was a heavy penalty for every day's delay after July 1st. If they could only complete the vessel at their own yards in Toronto the builders hoped the delivery might still be made on time. So they sent for Captain Batten.

The *Montreal* was to be 340 feet long, which was 100 feet longer than the longest vessel thought capable of making the sharp turns in the rapids, and 75 feet 6 inches wide over the guards, which was 30 feet wider than any boat that ever attempted to make the run. And finally her normal light draught called for a good deal more water than there was in the rapids.

Under these circumstances, did Captain Batten think there was one chance in ten of running the rapids? And would a fee of one thousand dollars induce him to take that one chance in ten?

Yes, if they kept her draught down to six feet three inches, since about seven feet was all the water that could be counted on with certainty in some places, and if they were ready for the trip as soon as the ice was out and the river was at its highest for the year.

On the basis, then, of one chance in ten the Bertram Ship and Engine Company set to work to finish the *Montreal* at Toronto as the only hope of getting out whole on a *four hundred thousand dollar* contract. But it was the end of May instead of early in April before the *Montreal* was ready, and she was drawing *seven feet nine inches*, a foot and a

half more than the limit Captain Batten had set, and about that much more water than there seemed any reasonable hope of finding in the worst rapids.

Although the odds were now a hundred to one, instead of ten to one, against success there was no alternative but to accept the conditions and go ahead. Captain Batten selected his crew with extreme care. He wanted only men he knew from experience could be depended upon to do exactly what they were told, no more and no less, and do it instantly. A. R. Milne, an engineer who had been running the river for half a century, was chosen to take charge of the engines. Capt. Henry Esford, a lake commander, was to handle the bells, for a pilot in the rapids has so much use for his hands that he can't waste them on bell pulls. Captain Booth, another veteran, was placed over two gangs of men, one gang standing ready at each anchor, with instructions to drop them on signal from the whistle if the occasion arose; while two carpenters with an assistant were stationed in each compartment of the hold, equipped with oakum and tools and planks and timbers, ready to cope instantly with any form of leak if the *Montreal* should strike the rocks. The side-wheel tug *Chieftain*, with Fred Ouillette at the wheel, led the way to help the *Montreal* around the short turns. Two men with axes in their hands and a third axe ready in case one should break, stood at the tug's stern to cut the towline if necessary.

Those axes were not idle long. Upon entering the Long Sault, the first of the big rapids and the most spectacular, but the easiest to navigate, in which there is a descent of sixty-seven feet, the terrific current seemed to pick up the *Montreal* and hurl her bodily at the *Chieftain*. The steamer seemed to travel three feet to the tug's one. The hawser slacked until it dragged on the river bottom, where it caught on the rocks, pinioning the tug for the *coup de grace*. It all happened so swiftly there was scarcely time to think, much less to act.

When the *Montreal* was within seventy-five feet of the *Chieftain*, her whistle sounded the hoarse command to

cut the towline. Both men struck for their lives. While the axes were in the air, Ouillette was working the steam steering gear with one hand and ringing for full speed ahead with the other. The *Chieftain* sprang aside like a grasshopper getting from under a horse's descending hoof. It was such a close shave that the *Montreal's* guard grazed the *Chieftain's* quarter as she shot by.

Soon the *Montreal* was in trouble herself. In the Long Sault the river sweeps to the right in a curve of some seventy-five degrees, then doubles back to the left around a point. For an instant it looked as if the huge steamer could not round the point. But by desperate work of the pilot she made it and that was all.

Captain Batten had ordered a "salmon tail" six feet square put on the rudder. A "salmon tail" is a sort of extension often attached to the rudders of barges and hung on a pivot with a rope by which it can be lifted up out of the way when not needed. But Ankstrom, the designer of the *Montreal*, who was more gifted as a marine architect than as a rapids pilot, could not see the necessity for it, so it had been omitted.

"How about that salmon tail?" asked Captain Batten, after the *Montreal* had reached quiet water below the troublesome point.

"You were right."

A stop was made at Coteau du Lac while the salmon tail was attached. Before entering Coteau Rapids, in which a turn almost at right angles must be made in a very narrow channel, the builders, against the advice of Captain Batten, engaged the little tug *Mary King* to put a line on the stern of the *Montreal*, to help hold her back while the *Chieftain* got a chance to pull the big steamboat around. Then the *Mary King* was to cut her line and run for safety, for if she ever got started down the rapids stern foremost, it would be all up with her. Theoretically, the plan was admirable. If there had only been some way to make the current stand still while it was being executed, no doubt it could have been carried out with entire success. Lacking any such miraculous control of the St. Lawrence, the regular crew of the

tug refused point blank to have anything to do with it.

A volunteer crew was picked up, and the little *Mary King* trailed off after the *Montreal*. The instant the line tightened the little tug was yanked over on her beam ends. In the quiver of an eyelash she would have turned turtle into that swift current where certain death awaited her crew, had not Captain Robineau, her owner, been standing by with ready axe. He cut the line when the tug was so nearly over that she seemed to balance on her beam ends for an instant, uncertain which way to go. But she righted at last, and crowding on all steam, Captain Robineau got out of that dangerous neighborhood as fast as possible.

Meanwhile the *Chieftain* had gotten into nearly as tight a box ahead of the *Montreal*, and had also to cut her line and run for it. The *Montreal* was thus left to her own resources.

Captain Batten had anticipated exactly such a situation and was ready for it, for he had no faith in the tugs. The channel was so narrow that if the *Montreal* poked her nose too far to starboard she would run it into the island; if she swung too far the other way she would run on a shoal. In either case the current would then swing the enormous steamer athwart the channels, blocking it until the weight of water broke her in two and carried her piecemeal down the rapids.

There was a gravel shoal jutting out from the north side of the channel into the elbow of the bend. Captain Batten rounded the *Montreal* gently amidships on this point so that she hung as on a pivot with both bow and stern clear. Then by careful work with rudder and engines, he seesawed the big steamboat back and forth until her bow pointed downstream at the right angle to make the turn, then rang for full speed ahead. The current helped the *Montreal* clear of the shoal as readily as it had placed her there, and on she went as neatly as any craft of half her size could have done.

"Well, by —," began Captain Esford, drawing a long breath. "Say, George!"

"What?"

"What's the use of following the

river down? Let's throw a bucket of water on the ground and cut across lots!"

Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock and Cascade Rapids are all compressed into eleven miles of river, in which the total descent is eighty-four feet. A trip through that part of the St. Lawrence is more like shooting the chutes than steamboating. It is easy to imagine, therefore, how useful a tug would be there. Although the channel is extremely crooked the *Montreal* had to depend upon the skill of her pilot in the use of the rudder with its salmon-tail extension and the engines. And these would have been of no avail but for his accurate and certain knowledge of every square yard of the river's bottom.

Being landsmen, the builders still clung to the idea that the tug was necessary. All their lives they had seen tugs helping large vessels around sharp turns. So below Coteau Rapids the *Montreal* stopped and picked up the tug once more. But at the first turn in Cedar Rapids, the swiftest in the river, which is usually run at full speed, the line had to be cut again, while the *Montreal* was darting down the toboggan slide at twenty-five miles an hour. If the tug didn't get out of the way in time to enable her to make the turn just right in a channel so narrow there was not fifty feet leeway on either side—well, there was Hell's Hole just below, capable of swallowing the *Montreal* at one gulp.

In Split Rock Rapids, less formidable in appearance, but in reality more difficult for the *Montreal* to negotiate, since there was less water, there was a gentle bump just aft of the engines that sent a little tremor through the *Montreal's* frame and nearly caused the representatives of the builders to choke on their own hearts. Milne, the veteran of half a hundred seasons on those treacherous waters, felt it and smiled grimly.

"George's luck has turned at last," he muttered to himself.

But it had done nothing of the sort; for the *Montreal* immediately thought better of it and went on around the short bend of more than ninety degrees, past the hull of the *Grecian* where Joe

Rhenfret had basely deserted her forty years before, past the treacherous "Haystacks," lurking just below the surface, and on to smooth water. Soon after the rising east wind blowing the water out of the shallow channel forced the *Montreal* to anchor for two days.

Only one more rapid was yet to be run, but this was the formidable Lachine, in which the descent is fifty-seven feet. The steamboat *El Reno* struck a rock in Lachine twenty-five years ago, ripping a huge hole in her side, hung on the rock just long enough to allow the passengers and crew to escape, then bumped along over the bottom until she plunged off into the fathomless abyss at the foot of the rapids. Half a dozen years later the *St. Francis* met a similar fate in the same spot.

Devil's Island, which is merely a low rock, stands so far out into the navigable channel on the left about halfway down the rapids that there is barely room for a medium-sized boat to pass between it and the reef which juts out on the other side. There certainly was not room for the *Montreal*, so Captain Batten stopped a day at Lachine village and had the buckets on the port wheel raised so it would roll safely over Devil's Island.

The whole Canadian metropolis was talking of the coming attempt to run the terrible Lachine Rapids with a steamboat twice as large as had ever ventured there before. When the time for the event drew near, crowds lined the river bank to witness what must be either a brilliant triumph or an unmitigated disaster. This multitude watched in silence as the *Montreal*, led by the *Chieftain*, came sweeping majestically down the river and entered

the Gate with engines slowed down.

When Devil's Island was eclipsed, as the broad guards swept over it, a cheer rolled along the bank like a wavelet on the river as it was taken up by one group after another, until it died away in the distance. Perhaps if the spectators could have had a closer view of what was going on in the rapids the cheers might have been reserved.

As usual, the *Chieftain* got into trouble the moment she struck rough water with the line tightened. But by this time the axemen had become adepts at cutting towlines and the peril was over in an instant. As the *Chieftain* staggered on out of harm's way, Captain Batten registered a solemn vow never again to have anything to do with tugs in the rapids.

But the danger was not all past even yet. Three minutes' sail from Victoria Wharf, St. Lambert's Reef lies in wait for unwary steamboats. There was still a possibility that the costly craft might meet disaster at the very end of her journey.

Watching river men held their breaths as the *Montreal* with engines at slow speed crept cautiously over the reef. Then the faint tinkle of the engine-room bell calling for full speed ahead floated across the water as the welcome sight of the twin towers of Notre Dame opening into view behind the elevator told the pilot that the last peril was safely past.

Whistles from every craft in the harbor, every switch engine, mill and elevator along the water front, bellowed a discordant obligato to the cheers that went up from the watching thousands who with hats and flags and handkerchiefs waved a welcome to the *Montreal*.





THE WIDOW AND THE WOLVES



BY STANLEY WATERLOO

ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. HERNDON

A MORE honest and reliable man than John Murlane, so all his friends said—and who should know so well as friends?—did not have being in the city of Toronto. Honest he was, despite the fact that he was mightily ambitious and infatuated with a woman who needed money.

Murlane's father was a retired grocer, living in Rosedale and exceedingly well-to-do, but that did not help his son at all. The old gentleman had given John an education and that, with a moderate start in life, he announced as enough. He had gotten along without assistance in his own struggling days, and if his son could not do the same, why then his son might go to the dogs! He, Murlane the elder, proposed to spend the money he had made and have, at last, a little fun in life. He was a widower, and that made his life programme simple and gave greater promise of exuberant rounding out. Murlane the elder was what is popularly known as "a bird." Murlane the younger was far more circumspect and of the type to be a model for the rising generation. There were many things about his father of which he by no means approved, particularly his relations with the widow Garfeeld.

The widow Garfeeld was young, that is, for a widow, and was decidedly pleasing to the eye. She was somewhat haughty of mien, but her air was tempered by a certain brightness, and

she exhibited always a keen perception which enabled her to conform her demeanor to the particular individual with whom she might come in contact. She impressed and flattered those upon whom she smiled. She was, very decidedly, a woman of the world. She was not a widow of the crepe variety, but one full-blooded and quite in the swim with other dashing lady fishes. That such a woman as she would marry again seemed a matter of course. The only question was as to who the man would be. And here comes in the whole ghastliness of the situation. At this particular time it appeared almost a certainty that the choice would fall upon either Murlane the elder or Murlane the younger. There was an outlook for you!

It has already been intimated that Murlane the elder, while more than thrifty, was also more than frisky. He had cast eyes upon the charming widow and had appreciated her. He was sixty-five, it is true, but what difference should that make? He was well preserved and in good health, despite a somewhat broad abandonment of care as to diet and things of that sort. In his own eyes he was just the husband for such a woman as Mrs. Garfeeld, she of the faultless figure and winning way, and so he went in to win.

Meanwhile, John had also gone in to win. He had wooed the widow most persistently, and, it seemed to him, with

a fair degree of aptitude. He felt "in his bones" that she was not altogether indifferent to him. This, to a man as determined as John Murlane, was about sufficient. He recognized the fact that in the older man he had a rival not to be despised, but he relied upon his own sagacity in the matter. He was handicapped to some extent by the fact that his more or less honored parent had the start, for the elder it was who had first discovered Mrs. Garfield, and in an incautious moment introduced his son,—and was also handicapped, though he did not as yet fully realize the magnitude of the burden, by the fact that his father could produce a hundred dollars to his one. John knew that the widow liked him. He resolved to put the issue to the test. Not an over-modest man was John Murlane.

He called upon the widow one evening in June, an evening the soft and balmy quality of which he was destined to remember, and to compare in the immediate future with the Siberian climate of another neighborhood. The first part of the call passed pleasantly. The atmosphere was of just the sort for the development and encouragement of the softer emotions, and the widow's cheeks were red, her smile inviting and her dark eyes apparently almost dewy. Impassive as was John under ordinary circumstances, the force of the sensuous environment was upon him and but confirmed him in his purpose. Sitting close beside the widow, he broke out warmly:

"I want you to marry me. I love you devotedly. I am doing well. The number of my clients is increasing steadily, and I can give you some of the luxuries of life, not to speak of ordinary comforts. Will you not become my wife?" and his face glowed with confidence and a fair degree of earnestness and passion.

The widow smiled upon him kindly. "I believe you, John," she said, "and I want you to believe me when I say that I care for you. I like your force of character and determination in accomplishing whatever you set out to do. I am myself, as you know, not without a degree of resolution and decision. If it were not so I could not talk to you as

unreservedly as I feel I must. I am going to be very candid with you."

John felt in his soul, that the widow was talking too calmly and too much for anyone in the grasp of such feeling as he owned, but he did not flinch.

"Do you know that your father has also proposed to me?" the widow continued.

"I had inferred as much," he answered, "but surely——"

The widow interrupted him:

"Do not express yourself, please, until you have heard me through. I know you well enough to know that you will understand my position. It is embarrassing enough, certainly. As I have already said, I am very fond of you——"

"Then, why won't you consent to marry me?" was the immediate interjection, but the widow was unaffected. "You must not interrupt me," she declared, "I have much to say. Let us be reasonable. Whatever may be the depth of your emotions at the present moment, I know you to be, ordinarily, a very practical man, one who can see things as they are and conduct himself accordingly. That is one of the traits I admire in you, and it is one which I hope will induce, or at least allow, you to agree patiently with what I have to say. Do you think you will be equal to the situation?" and she smiled in a manner which might have been called indulgent, but which had about it no weakening dimple.

Murlane's face had by this time assumed an expression far removed from that of the confidence it had shown at the beginning of the interview. He realized that the course of true love might not run smoothly in his case, but that, worse than that, it might terminate at something like a stone wall. He pulled himself together and answered as calmly as he could.

"I'll be as patient as I can, certainly, but do you not realize that with so much—with all my happiness at stake—it is not an easy task?"

"I understand," responded the widow, cheerfully, "and I give you credit for all earnestness, but it is that which impels me to the utmost candor. It is hard, and not for you alone, but I

am going to outline the situation, and then ask you to answer frankly and honestly, a question which I shall put to you. Will you do that?"

He could not but assent. He settled back and grasped the arms of the easy chair, as if bracing himself for a physical shock.

The widow spoke calmly, and as Murlane felt, fatefully. "Here, then, is our dilemma for dilemma it is according to my view. I have admitted that I care for you. You wish me to marry you. Your father wishes me to marry him. He is possessed of far more money than you. I am a loving woman, it may be, but I am also, as you know, a woman of the world, and my experience, not too pleasant at all times, has taught me the value of money in making life worth living. You may call me frivolous or selfish—perhaps I am both—but without the comforts and refinements of life, I do not feel that I could look forward to the future with equanimity, even with you. So I have decided—for of course I knew you would propose to me—that I would make a proposition. I will put your father on probation for two years, on some excuse, and will wait for you and will marry you at the end of that time if by then you have added to your possessions the sum of fifty thousand dollars. That is not an enormous sum, in these days, and I have the greatest confidence in your ability. Do you accept the conditions, John?"

Murlane was, for the moment, stunned. This was by no means what he had expected. He had anticipated a degree of reluctance, but a final yielding. Now he realized the utter

present hopelessness of his case. He knew the widow's decision to be unalterable. But he was a man of purpose. He answered resolutely, though somewhat bitterly:

"I accept, as a matter of course. I have no alternative."

The widow's eyes flashed. No woman but must have been affected at such evidence of devotion. She wished him all success, and even allowed him the privilege of her blooming cheek before they parted. Nearly a year had passed before he saw her again.

Alone in his office, John Murlane sat and pondered. It may be an unusual

adverb for the verb, but it might be said that he pondered violently. There was need for it. His law practice he well knew would afford no solution of his problem.

Two years comprise only twenty-four months, and a law practice does not develop to gigantic proportions within that time. His course must be abnormal to secure that fifty thousand dollars before the second recurring anniversary. There must be prompt and daring exploitation somewhere. Where was the field?

He pondered long, but no light came to him, and he

leaned back in his chair somewhat dejectedly. Upon his desk there chanced to be lying a copy of a sporting magazine, "The Nimrod." He picked it up and turned over its leaves listlessly. One of the illustrations, the grinning face of a wolf, attracted his attention and he read enough of the accompanying text to become most interested. It told of the great sums paid out by the United States government in the western states and territories to professional



THE WIDOW GARFIELD WAS DECIDEDLY
PLEASING TO THE EYE

wolf hunters, those who made wolf-killing their occupation for the sake of the bounties paid. In some localities, he noticed, the bounties were paid for wolf scalps, in others for wolf tails. He noticed, too, from the reports, that certain enterprising hunters had collected in one place for the tails, and in another for the scalps of the same wolves. He smiled in admiration of so much wisdom. "I wish I owned an island full of wolves," he muttered. "I'd solve my problem."

He thought more definitely, now, and before him opened a vista which was wonderful. He was looking down a vast avenue through a snow-clad forest, and the way was lined on either side by thousands and thousands of gaunt, grinning, waiting wolves; but, far down, the nature of the vista changed, and instead of winter and terror all was spring and peace, and, at the end, there stood the widow Garfeeld, beckoning to him and smiling. "Through wolves to Her," he thought, and then he fell into reverie again. His look was tense, but gradually his expression changed, his face cleared and his eyes sparkled. "I have it!" he said, and that was all.

For weeks after this no busier man than John Murlane existed. He was all over Toronto. He was out King Street East, Queen Street West, Toronto Junction and Deer Park. He was everywhere, and his consultations with the big firms which shipped galvanized iron houses to the Transvaal and to other distant places, with gun store proprietors and with supply houses of one kind or another were frequent and altogether purposeful. Before November he had disappeared, after various investments and the purchase of transportation from Toronto to St. Petersburg.

About the middle of November, a resolute young man attracted the attention of the authorities at St. Petersburg by his active preparations for a trip into the interior of the country. The secret police were promptly earnest in their surveillance, and learned that his destination was the site of a village abandoned because of the ravages of the hordes of wolves infesting the dense, interminable forests

of its vicinity. The story of this village was a tragic one. There were reasonably fertile stretches of open land about the village and its people had prospered after a certain mean fashion until there had come a winter of excessive severity—and then the descent of the great pack, famished and fearless in its invasion. The raid had been terrible. All the domestic animals had been destroyed, human beings, men and women and children, venturing from the protection of the huts, had been devoured, and, at last, the remaining people of the hamlet had been literally besieged in their homes. A few daring men had ventured forth, reached the nearest station, and through their efforts troops had been sent to escort the famished, terrified and hopeless villagers to a region of safety.

It was at the railway station nearest the site of this deserted and isolated village that Murlane disembarked with four *mujiks*, two burdened sledges, two pairs of good horses, six worthless ones, two houses of galvanized iron, big, single-room affairs in sections ready to be put up hurriedly, and a great supply of food, arms and ammunition. Upon the same train with him had come two secret service officers, whose mission it was to report finally his destination and ultimate object in the strange adventure.

When he had unloaded his stores from the train the officers had already gained an idea of what he was about. They now talked with him frankly, and he, in turn, explained himself and his plans with the utmost freedom. He had read of the ravages of the wolves in certain parts of Russia, and his heart had throbbed with sympathy for the suffering peasants. He was a philanthropist, naturally, and he was blessed with wealth. He had come to Russia resolved, in the name of humanity, to do what he could, in a small way, to relieve one region of the afflicted country from its scourge. The officials went away delighted and impressed, and later made their report to St. Petersburg. The authorities were delighted and impressed as well. It was true they thought that the Canadian philanthropist would probably be eaten

by wolves, but philanthropists are accustomed to hardships, and what, indeed, could they expect in a world like this? Murlane received a flattering letter of thanks from a Great Personage, and the medal inscribed to Ivan Murlane, which was bestowed upon him by the Imperial Humane Society, is to-day one of the possessions he delights to exhibit to his friends.

The unloading at the station in the forest went on well, and it was but a little after noon—the train had arrived in the morning—when Murlane and his caravan were ready to depart for the silent village by the forest. The *mujiks* were nervous and so were the horses, but the start was made, and the place, with its pitiful cluster of silent, snow-covered huts, was reached after a drive of some eight miles through a sombre forest road. The village stood in an area of perhaps a score of acres, but it was not here that the caravan came to rest. It was near the edge of the forest, fairly between two great tongues of it which extended outward menacingly toward the abandoned hamlet.

Now came hard work. The houses of galvanized iron were unloaded and set up, after much travail, meeting end to end, so that they made in reality but one long house with connecting doors. The mass of goods, the guns, ammunition, food, oil, fuel, lamps, bedding and other supplies were placed in one house and the forage stored in the loft of the other. Along one side of this second house a long trough was set up. The place was merely a horse stable, and into it all the poor relics of horseflesh brought were led, and fastened. All along the sides of each house were portholes and each had small windows at the sides and ends.

The oil stove was set up, and the household put in order, the pairs of finer horses attached again to the sleighs, and the *mujiks* prepared for the hurried race back again to the station. Even if they had been under the protection of all the saints in the Russian calendar, they would not have lingered in the vicinity nor be found upon their way when the night fell! Too well they knew the menace of the dark surrounding wood. Already, as the

lengthening afternoon deepened, had its fearful silence been broken by a long-drawn cry, so strange, so far-reaching, so sinister, and with such a death welcome in it, that the very horses shivered as they heard.

The *mujiks* leaped into the lightened sleigh, the horses broke into a run which needed not the lash, and with the disappearing sound of their hoofs on the frozen snow, John Murlane was left almost alone in the wolf-haunted Russian waste. He was not quite alone, for with him was Sergius Lifsky, the one *mujik* whom he had found bold enough to venture with him in this strange imprisonment. Lifsky had been a hunter of bears, and a life of danger had become second nature to him.

It was fast growing dark when supper had been eaten, and the arrangement of the furniture in the iron house had been attended to. Murlane spoke, thoughtfully:

"I suppose, Sergius, that we might as well begin to-night."

The Russian went about his work, stolidly. He prepared a lamp which fitted inside a reflector, hung upon a bracket and turned outward toward the window, cast, when ignited, a blaze of light upon the scene outside like that of the headlight of a locomotive. Then the two went into the adjoining house for the first grim work of the campaign. One of the horses was led outside, and the door was closed so that the remaining horses could not see nor smell. The old creature was shot, in front of the living house, and his carcass was cut, clumsily, into four great pieces. With much labor, three of the quarters were hauled, by a pulley arrangement, to the top of the stable, where they would be safe from the creatures of the wood, however frantically they might rage about the iron structure.

Then began a still more important task.

The two men attached a rope to the remaining quarter of the animal, and, with blood and entrails marking the way, strained and tugged with it through a wide circumference, the outward limit of which was at the forest's very edge and the termination of which

was where the uncanny journey started—just in front of the living-room house again. The campaign had begun!

But even that short venture to the edge of the dark forest had been full of dread. The sougning of the firs did not come to the two men as the only sound. To their strained ears there appeared to be a sub-note—it may have been only in the imagination—whining, moaning, hungry and full of dread suggestion. And just as they had reached their doorway, when the shifting wind had barely carried out into the wood the blood scent, there came another sound, more definite, one not to be mistaken. It came thrice, almost simultaneously from east and west, and then from north, far down the depths of the forest, the long, quavering, calling howl the men had heard once before in the afternoon. They hurried into their citadel and shot every iron bolt into its place.

Darkness came, though of course, not rapidly in such a latitude, but with it, nearer and nearer, converged the encircling, dreadful calls. Then suddenly came wild yelps, the fierce expression of maddening hunger and of senses alert to the presence of food and of the approaching struggle for satisfaction of the pangs of starvation. The whole blended in a wild, blood-chilling, overwhelming cataract of sound, sweeping from the throats of famishing hordes of savage creatures. The wood itself seemed some sentient thing; from it swelled such a vast, grasping, merciless, hungry whine and whimper.

They, the hard-headed Canadian and the Slav peasant-bred hunter, stood listening in their puny castle of iron. The men were not lacking in sense. They were prepared, they thought, for what should come. They expected much: They got more!

No writing of man can describe how swells the minor, long-drawn, moaning, yet threatening call of the great grey wolf. Still less can written words re-echo the wild yelp of the gathered demons close upon the quarry. And still less may be given an idea of the sound when together, the big grey wolves have closed in upon that which

they are seeking. This last sound was now what came to the ears of Murlane and Sergius, for the foremost of the horde had found the blood trail and were rushing, with an impulse from as fierce things behind them, to the mad, merciless onslaught.

The first cry, the call, the weeping hunger whine, the yelp of finding, the telling yowl of satisfaction dropped suddenly into almost silence. The circle, blood and entrail marked, was being followed to its ending now, and the gaunt, grey, hungry mass, snapping up all traces of red sustenance as they came, would soon launch themselves together upon the meat, the quarter of the horse sacrificed to lead them to their estimated end.

They came, sudden, fierce and swift, along both sides of that besmeared circle in the Siberian snow. They yelped more loudly as they strained and met, with a rush, an innumerable host of them, upon the separated portion of the horse.

The flashlight was trained on by Murlane's trembling order, and what was revealed, what was seen and heard in that desolate spot in the white, wood-bordered waste seemed but unnatural, vast and inhuman, out of a nightmare made up of a dream reminiscent from a sea of morbid stories.

There was, uprearing demoniacally, yelping, crying, whining, gasping and howling in their madness, a great grey, white-fanged mountain of red-mouthed things seeking food, and devouring the cooling but yet reeking flesh; then, in their struggle, tearing at each other's throats. The dead or wounded wolves became in an instant as had been a part of the dead horse. They were set upon and eaten. It was a pandemonium of what is the most awful spectacle on earth, the eating of one thing by a half-crazed other.

And Sergius, the *mujik*, instructed before, began to shoot from his indicated window. Each shot brought down a wolf or more than one, and these were immediately torn in pieces, food for their maddened wolf brethren. The areas in front of the little iron house became but a red altar to the spirit of devastation.

Sergius was checked in his stolid work by a weak cry. He turned and ran to Murlane. "What is it?" he muttered, bending over the cowering form of the other man.

Murlane had shrunk back from his loop-hole, and reached for a gun. He moved slowly, for his senses had received such a shock that his brain lagged. Then he became conscious that he could not grasp his weapon. His hands were hanging, useless, nerveless,—and what was the queer sound he heard above the snarling and snapping of the entangled demons outside? He listened vaguely to the

Outside, the leaping, snarling fiends, scenting the flesh above, hurled themselves against the iron walls, fighting, grappling, rolling over each other and making a living wall piled high against the unyielding shelter.

The *mujik* fell upon his knees before the *Icon*, which, as soon as they had unloaded the sledges, he had propped against the wall. His stolid, fate-accepting nature, and his long years of indifference to suffering, were in his favor now. While he muttered his prayers he glanced, sidewise, at Murlane. After some minutes, and in a momentary lull of the clamor outside,



MRS. MURLANE'S AUTOMOBILE, THE *Loup-Garou*, IS A GRIZZLED GRAY IN COLOR, STREAKED WITH RED

strange noise, a noise like the steady rattling of dice. The *mujik* looked curiously, apprehensively, at him. Then it slowly dawned upon the mind of Murlane that it was the rattling of his own teeth that he heard. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat—" they went, and his whole body shook as well. And now his whole consciousness was absorbed in the desire to run. Anywhere—away. Gathering all his strength, he half crawled, half groped to a seat, and cowered, with staring eyes, like a gibbering lunatic.

Sergius crawled over and, half straightening up the limp figure of his patron, took from the pocket of Murlane's coat the worn, printed clipping he had often seen the Canadian intently reading. It was the table of scalp bounties which had brought the adventurer to Russia, but the poor *mujik* had conceived, in his helpful earnestness, that the table was some devotional form that the stranger carried with him. Now, in extremity, he offered it, holding it in trembling hands, with the *Icon*, before Murlane's vacant eyes.

The fumbling of the *mujik* in his pockets, his movements, rather than what they meant, partially roused Murlane. With half unseeing eyeballs glaring, and dulled ears unhearing, the man slowly gathered himself together. He leaned back and began to breathe more deeply. As full consciousness returned, the tremors gradually ceased and a faint color came into his earth-colored face. So he fought out his hard battle with fear.

At the psychological moment Sergius gave his master, judiciously as to quantity, *vodka*. The serf of centuries instinctively ministered to the bearer of arms, although, doubtless, with misgivings as to the prowess of this half-dead-with-fear "Protector of the Poor."

Reviving, becoming a living man again, Murlane's will asserted itself at last. *Vodka* does not appeal to the taste of the half of the world to which Murlane belonged, but it does that work, in moments of exhaustion, for which all forms of alcohol may serve.

It was slow, this rehabilitation of one from Toronto, weak in the face of an outburst of savage nature, but, when revived, he was again the grim man in his office in King Street, four thousand miles away, and determined to get what he had travelled to Russia for.

"We'll kill all we can," he said.

What a slaughter it was, the extermination of the quadrupeds by the bipeds! The work went on until morning broke slowly over the forest, and finally into the opening distinctly. Then there was revealed the work of the night. The lately famished, but now full-fed legions of the wilderness had retired to the wood depths, no longer insatiate themselves, but gathering and lurking behind them were other and innumerable hordes of the hungry.

Murlane and the *mujik* dropped to the floor and slept, but their rest was brief.

Their breakfast eaten, forth they fared. They dragged the bodies of the dead wolves to the door of the house, skinned such of them as they had time for throughout the day, and of all not

too much mutilated secured the scalps and tails. There were more than two score of them.

The day passed into the night and the slaughter of wolves went on again in a business-like manner worthy of a stockyards. Night after night the work of destruction continued, and each day the harvest of skins was gathered, and packed for keeping for an indefinite time. The horses gone at last, the skinned bodies of slain wolves served for the next night's baiting.

Through all the days and nights of the winter the two men toiled on, until the lank sun streamed down into the glade with some degree of vigor and searched out all the hiding places of the forest's edge, and when the wolves drew back to their fastnesses for summer game, a way, passably safe, was opened to the railway station and so to the world beyond.

Sergius, well paid, sought his home near St. Petersburg, and John Murlane sailed for home with great boxes, as baggage, containing three thousand one hundred and twenty-five wolf scalps, as many tails, and at least a thousand wolf skins.

The journey, by sea and land, was accomplished without delay, and Murlane reached Toronto with his rich freight in good condition and had it properly and safely stored.

And here came in Murlane's business genius.

With no flourish of trumpets at all, Mr. John Murlane resumed occupancy of his office, held during his absence by an anæmic and harmless clerk. Murlane promptly hired a good stenographer, and there was a strenuous correspondence from his dictation, varied occasionally by a railroad trip West, where many conferences with shady veterans were held. Business looked up.

But why go into details? John Murlane and the former Mrs. Garfield are married and are content. Their automobile the *Loup-Garou*, is of a grizzled gray in color, streaked with red. Mrs. Murlane might possibly be deemed a shade bizarre in taste by some, but the automobile is a beauty.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUDED

"It takes considerable capital after the settler is once located, and this capital has to be supplied, *or an opportunity offered the settler to earn it himself*. Let charitably disposed people advance money at a reasonable rate of interest, on approved security, permitting the borrower to pay on the instalment through some local bank or other trustworthy source, and I will guarantee that any man who has ambition can get along and own a home of his own, and pay the loan in three years. The questions raised in this discussion are among the most important that confront the people of the United States. They are easy of adjustment if handled properly."

True, the foregoing experiment, if it can now be called such, was on a small scale, but it was made in a slashed-off pine country, where the soil requires much manual labor to prepare it for cropping. *Yet that soil, plus labor, is proving itself equal to banking interest plus a home for a family!*

This same theorem is proving itself over and over again in the densely timbered portions of the Yazoo Delta of Mississippi, one of the southern states of the American Republic. In this country many negro farmers have purchased small tracts of land, and it spite of the enormous labor of clearing up the heavy forest growth, and in spite of the heavy interest rates obtaining in that country, have succeeded in very many instances in developing farms which, compared to their former lot, leave them in independence and wealth. *The soil, plus the labor, is equal to exorbitant interest plus a home!*

Does Canada hesitate over the risk incurred in the mere *supervision* of the work of preparing her citizens-to-be?

Is it a question of returns? Cannot Canada compete in part with Australia? Australia is troubled by no such hesitancy. She goes farther. Confident of the future, she accepts her immigrants and capitalizes their hopes.

If you seek the truth, do not go to the editorial page. It is unpaid, but untruthful almost always, because almost always biased. For the truth, go to the paid pages, the advertising pages, of any journal, because there only the truth dare be told. Now, it is the advertising pages of an Australian journal that one has in hand—and what truth they tell is *the story of our idea all worked out*, not by a society, not by a company, not by an individual, but by a nation! Here is what Australia advertises:

"The government gives liberal financial assistance towards the improving of properties. Farmers may be granted £1,500 worth of land, agricultural laborers £200 worth, and workmen £100 worth, the payment being on very easy terms. The governments assists pound for pound up to £50 towards fencing and building.

"Advances are made on easy terms up to £250, repayable in twenty years for the purposes of building and effecting improvements on the land.

"Emigrants from the United Kingdom may thus count upon a warm welcome from their brothers in Victoria, Australia.

"It is but seventy-six years since the first settlement was established; now it possesses over a million and a quarter of inhabitants. The country has over 4,316 miles of railway (all owned by the government) and dotted with prosperous townships. More than ninety-seven per cent. of our Victorian population is British, or of British parentage,

and England and Great Britain are spoken of as 'home.'

"Fifty million acres available for selection in the Southwest Division, with regular and ample rainfall.

"The most liberal land laws in the world.

"Free grants of 160 acres—*additional land up to 2,000 acres of first-class land, or 5,000 acres grazing land on exceptionally easy terms, the payments extending over twenty years.*

"The *Government Agricultural Bank* makes advances on liberal terms for improvements and stocking—repayments extending over thirty years."

Repayments extending over *thirty* years! We are told that the government not only sells the land at a nominal price, with payment distributed over twenty years, free of interest, but also provides, through the Agricultural Bank, the whole of the capital required to bring virgin country to a state of productiveness. Light agricultural railways, cheap freights, the assistance of the Agricultural Bank, the importation and sale of stock, the preparing of land for settlement by ringbarking and clearing, and the provision of water supplies, constitute inducements to settlement that are just beginning to be appreciated, not only by people in other parts of the world, but by those living in the state.

Repayments extending over *thirty* years! If Australia can do that, if she can capitalize a *timberland* proposition for *thirty years*, what ought to be the case in western Canada, where good farming often pays for the prairie land in one year, and the improvements the next? A problem? Where is the problem beyond that of administration? The proof? In the name of reason what more proof is needed? We appeal to men, not children, and the destinies of Canada are in the hands of strong and able men. No nation has abler leaders.

If such leaders pause, they must pause only through conservatism, through respect for precedent. Yet what has actually been precedent? Canada has been one of the most liberal nations in the world in its promotion and its financial support of

great railway enterprises. She gave a king's ransom to her first great railway, princes' ransoms again and again to others. She is even in part a railway builder in person. For what purpose all this use of her people's money? Was it wrong? No. It was right. But for what purpose? To build a country. That is all we ask. Is a country builded without a population? Can a railway be supported in western Canada by any save a population of practical farmers? If it be right to finance a railway, is it not quite as right—is it not fundamentally, logically, and governmentally *far more* wise and desirable to *finance the planting of a practical support for that railway?* Is that not business? If it be not done, will not the danger of the American invasion continually grow? To a cold and impartial reason the corollary goes with the theorem, the aided settler with the aided railway, the one as shrewdly administered as the other; and the need for *both* as plain as the need of strong troops at a dangerous part of the line, with a supply train running back to the supporting base. We appeal to men, not children, and not faint hearts; and that appeal is in the name not of selfishness, but of good to an empire, and a world.

In the name of cold and impartial reason, let us ask once more, what is the case in western Canada, where almost nothing needs to be done in the way of preparing the land for farming—where plowing and seeding are the only operations antecedent to a crop valuable enough to pay for the entire land itself? Is it not to be supposed that there also *the soil plus even partially skilled labor, will be equal to banking interest plus a home?*

If this be true—and it is not only *theoretically* true but is proved to be *practically* true under *harder conditions*—then is it not safe to say that our problem is solved; that philanthropy and hard-headed business may go hand in hand in the solution of the greatest and most distressing problem of the day? If this be true—and *it is true*—may we not say that we have won our case herein? If this be true—and *it is true*—may not England,

Canada and the United States, all of them interested in the same problem and in the same future, each face that future not only with equanimity but with cheerfulness?

The world never was so rich and never so poor as it is to-day. The welfare of the world, the welfare of any nation, is the welfare of the *average man*. Does it not seem inevitably logical that the next great thing in the air is to be the bringing together of these extremes in the establishment of a philanthropical yet practical average? Wealth does not help poverty by charity. Charity does not upbuild humanity. But practical philanthropy as we have outlined it here, not only can, but in every likelihood will, not only help humanity but insure prosperity to more than one nation troubled with those problems which the advance of its civilization has brought home.

Now comes conservatism. Now comes England, which does not change,—and which rots because it does not change,—and says: “We never have done this thing.”

Comes religion and says: “We have never trafficked in men’s goods, but in their souls. We cannot change.”

Now come all the members of the government, and say: “This visionary absurdity would cost too much—for that it would cost our official heads to dream of it; we cannot change.”

Now comes vague philanthropy, and says: “We always have dipped at the old sink, and we cannot change.”

Lastly, comes racial sentiment, and says—what is not the truth: “We dare not change, because we love a flag.”

Very good, each and all. *Do not change!* Go on! You are perhaps wise as this writer; perhaps wiser, for that might be easy. Only, be sure of one thing. Even if you do not change, none the less the *world* will change, and its requirements with it. There is no philosophical hope for the endurance of the present state of matters in England and the United States. Be sure that it will change.

Do not change, you who are so wise. Rest secure in your wisdom. Employ your old plans, which have failed. But some day later look at two pictures. They are yours to look at now, if you like. One is a picture of a pleasant trellised field, grown high with strong plants. The other is a picture of the assembled cocksure gods, with a black, growing Satyr compelling them to dance to what sort of piping best pleases him. What does wealth wish? Which does it desire, Socialism, or Practical Philanthropy? It comes to that choice.

Ah, what fleeting, evanescent interpreters are we!

THE END.

A KIND OLD WORLD

BY S. E. KISER.

“IT’S a kind old world,” he said,

When fortune came his way;

A little child lay dead

Across the street that day;

“It’s a glad old world,” he sang,

“A good old world!” and high

Above his singing rang

A mother’s hopeless cry.

A NEW YORK WOMAN AMONG THE CANAYENS

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



MRS. JEAN BLEWETT

NOBODY is concerned about race suicide in this quaint old province of Quebec. I go into the home of a habitant farmer to ask for a drink of water from the well. A plump, dark-eyed woman of thirty-nine or

forty welcomes me, and plump dark-eyed youngsters of all ages run to cover like a brood of frightened partridge.

The woman gives me milk in a flowered bowl, with a slice of sweet rye bread, and invites me to stay and rest.

"Are all these children yours?" I ask with interest.

"Yaas, mine. Dey not all home—some boy at work, some girl at school. How many? Seex boy, an' nine girl, nice leetle familiee." This without a shade of boasting in her tones. Evidently she deems fifteen a common achievement.

Her cousin Philomel, she goes on to say, has twenty-three children of her own. The wife of one Jacques has nineteen, and Marie Laconte, in the parish below, has twenty-one.

"Is every married woman the mother of such—such armies of children?" I ask, wonderingly.

The dark-eyed person shakes her head and informs me there are families that do not number more than eight. She says it pityingly. She is no gossip, this busy woman, but when she alludes to the mothers of "not more dan eight" there is that in the shrug of her shoulders which tells you she has no

great opinion of the woman who falls so far short of the good example set her.

"You come off de States? Oui, oui. A great plaintee of girl and boy dere, I s'pose?" she says with such innocent interest that I am moved to enlighten her on this head.

"I come from New York," I begin, as I take the chair she dusts for me with the tail of her cotton frock, and beckon the least shy of the gaping throng of babies to come and make friends, "from New York, where the buildings are so high the clouds rest on them at night, so high that you have to be a contortionist to get a peek at the sun when it's right overhead."

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaims, "I lak not dat at all."

"Oh, it doesn't inconvenience us much," I go on airily, "we would rather look at the buildings, anyway. As I say, I come from New York where the women—at least the women I know, live in hotels, when they are not on yachts, or seeing Europe, or having house parties in the country. Children are not in demand. The fashionable hotels do not want them, yachts aren't built with a view to accommodating them, you couldn't travel abroad with a whole army in tow, and as for the country houses, they look immense, but they are all verandah, conservatory, court and hall. You couldn't locate a nursery in one if you were to try. So you see we are obliged to dispense with your 'plaintee girl and boy'."

She laughs merrily. "Madame will hav de joke, certainment; de roofs are not high up to de clouds, and dere be plaintee chil'ren to laugh and cry;

yaas, Madame mak de fun, dats all. It is one good joke." She evidently thinks I have told a fairy tale instead of sober truth.

A cherub, no, a cupid of four detaches himself from the group at the window, and climbs into my lap. He is a dear. To his mother's reproving "Bateese, bad boy, what for you tire de lady out, eh?" he pays not the slightest heed. He has a tale of his own to tell. Between the broken English, and a decided lisp, I miss a lot of it, but gather that he esteems me highly, that my hair is lovely like "straw in de fodder-stack," and that when he grows a man he is going to have a watch that goes tickity-tick, lickity-lick, like mine.

"How long you been marry?" breaks in his mother. "Only ten year!" The black eyes which ere this have noted the few grey hairs' showing on my temples, also the shadow of coming crows-feet, are raised to mine, and I see written in them plainly—plainly: "Now, I won'er w'y you mak de marry so late? Maybe you long time waiting for de man to ax you." With her lips she says: "I am but sixteen when I tak Louis Leclerc. An' you have how many chil'ren? You wish me to mak guess, eh! Maybe only seven—yet."

This to the woman who sets up her Lares and Penates on the steenth floor of the Waldorf Astoria!

"I have no children," I return, smiling on her in a superior way, "nor do I want any," I would like to add, if only to dispel the compassionate gloom on her kindly face, but, somehow, with Bateese sitting at ease astride my knees, bunting that dark head of his into my bosom, bestowing adoring glances on my face, my "nice straw hair," and everything about me, I cannot do it. The words stick in my throat. My grandmother was Pennsylvania Dutch, and bore my grandfather eleven sturdy olive branches. I have her blood in my veins. It takes more than one generation to obliterate that wonderful thing which some designate "animal instinct," and some "angelic wisdom," and which old time folks term motherhood. It will die out among us after a while. A learned man told me once that a faculty unused was a faculty dead. I wonder—but



"MADAME WILL HAVE DE JOKE, CERTAINMENT"



ROWS OF CABBAGES AND OF MIGNONETTE ALTERNATE IN THE HABITANT'S GARDEN

never mind. Old Omar Khayyam, I suppose was not thinking of childless women, and the regrets which grip them sometimes when he urged:

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling;
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing."

The black-eyed wife of Louis Leclerc draws her chair closer to mine. It has been the peasant woman to the lady up to this; now it is woman to woman. I am uncomfortable.

"Is it dat madame has not de good healt? Yaas, dat will be de troub', madame is an invaleed," she says in a whisper. "No?" in response to a vigorous shake of my head. "Den," her voice sinking lower yet, "she is maybe marry on old man. Angeline, de sister of me, marry on man w'at is 'gran'pere w'en he tak her before de priest. Dey have no girl an' boy at all. Too bad! Old man w'at marry on young girl might be shamed hese'f, for sure. W'at he tink dat woman

goin' [to do wit'out no familie, I lak to know."

Her sympathy vexes me for some cause. When I am vexed I am not myself. I tell her a secret which wild horses could not draw from me at another time. "My husband is a hearty, vigorous man *three years*

my junior," I say.

Silence, save for the unceasing prattle of the black-eyed brigand on my knee. Then the French woman brings into use a word so weighty it nearly chokes her. "It is one deespensation," she says



THE QUIANT OLD HOME OF THE HABITANT FARMER

solemnly, and goes on to tell me of a woman in like straits who was prayed for in the church, had the dispensation lifted, and afterwards made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. She wants me to feel that there is still hope.

I have the reputation of being a straight woman—as women of the world go—but I do a dishonest thing now, I allow her to believe that Providence alone is to blame in the matter. It is such an easy way out of it.

Among the society women of our great republic, one olive branch is counted a plenty, two a prodigality, three an error, four a crime, more than four a disgrace to be lived down. Child-bearing is out of the fashion at present. Time may change this. The crinoline threatens to come in again, the long-shouldered tight-fitting bodice and full skirt of our grandmothers are already with us, and who shall say that the old-fashioned family circle of nine, ten, eleven, may not be revived. If so, heaven help the first arrivals. We will be so unprepared. The dressmaker and ladies' tailor do much for us when we change our costumes, but who can we turn to when it comes to changing our customs?

The athletic among us have golfed, and rowed, and walked, and mountain-climbed all the soft fullness which spells motherliness from our bodies, and the rest have lost it in heated rooms, theatres, going off in mad canters after culture. Padded hips and make-believe bosoms are not going

to stand us in good stead when it comes to carrying a child, bearing a child, and rearing a child.

But if I were to explain all this to the happy, healthy woman beside me she would not understand. It would be impossible to open her eyes to the difficulties of my position. Were I to picture that suite of rooms at the hotel she would not realize its grandeur; were I to explain that I am almost

obliged to be a member of the "Woman's Club," as a membership in its charmed circle is the same as a certificate of respectability; a member of the "Round Table" to prove my intellectuality; a member of the "Thirteen Club" to prove my superiority—to say nothing of the four or five other clubs which prove my fondness for having a pleasant time, she would only look dazed. If I were to tell her the simple truth that I have no babies of my own because I have not time, nor strength, nor money to spend on them, that most of the women of my set have no babies for the very identical reason, she wouldn't believe it. I can see her smile as she ex-

claims: "Madame will have de joke, oui, oui. Madame will mak de fun." She would think it another fairy tale told for her amusement. Decidedly it is best to let her cherish the "deespensation" idea.

* * * * *

Dr. Drummond, the poet who depicted the life and character of this peaceful prolific people to a nicety,



"ANGELINE, DE SISTER OF ME, MARRY ON MAN
WHAT IS GRAN'PERE"

makes an old habitant farmer say something. That something occurs to me as I sit in the embrace of that boldest of lovers, Bateese, and look around on that "nice leetle familee" of Louis Leclerc.

"You t'ink heaven love de Yankee man,
De Yankee woman, too.

So moch He love de Canayen?
I don' know."

* * * * *

I don't know either. I am getting notions in my head. You can hardly help getting them here in old Quebec. I must hie me back to New York—we have no time for notions there.



THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL

BY W. F. STEEDMAN

FROM the shimmering Pacific to the broad Atlantic swell,
From the ridges of the Rockies, o'er the fair Dominion's breast,
To the shores of old Acadia, where the fisher people dwell,
There's a new road in the making that will link the East and West.
Speeding swiftly o'er the metals as they glisten in the sun,
Lying straight across the country in a double band of steel,
The great steam horse of commerce will glory in its run,
And the spirit of the century will sing within the wheel.
Over mountain huge and hoary, over prairie rolling broad,
By the roar of rushing torrent and the murmur of the stream,
Through the silence of the forest, where the fir-cones strew the sod,
By the shores of mighty waters, where the summer wavelets gleam.
When the final spike is driven in the road that is to be,
And the first far-sounding whistle echoes down the iron way,
Then East and West shall be as one—and sea be joined to sea,
And the sunrise of the Future gild an Empire with its ray.



A SQUADRON, 19TH ALBERTA MOUNTED RIFLES

ALBERTA'S SOLDIERS OF THE KING

BY KATHERINE TRENT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALTHOUGH this marvellous West has forged ahead tremendously in every way, it comes as a surprise to many to find that the western provinces have several well-filled and equipped regiments, quite able to hold their own in comparison with the older military organizations of the East.

Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, has two of the best of these, the 19th Alberta Mounted Rifles and the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers.

Commanding the former of these is Lieut.-Col. R. Belcher, C. M. G. Col. Belcher is one of the pioneers of the West, having been one of the first men to join the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, with whom he saw active service in the rebellion of '85, and also in the South African war, when he had the honor of being second in command of the Strathcona Horse, under Col. S. Steele, C.B., M.V.O. Col. Belcher

possesses three medals and the C. M. G. decoration, for services in Canada and South Africa, and the history of his adventures in the early days of the West would fill a volume.

Second in command of the Alberta Mounted Rifles is Major S. S. Paton. Major Paton received his first military training in the Queen's Own Regiment, Toronto. He came to the West while

still a youngman and took up ranching, finally settling in Edmonton. He saw active service with the Strathcona Horse in South Africa, and possesses the Queen's Medal with four clasps. In 1906 he took an active part in organizing the Canadian Mounted Rifles in Edmonton—a part so active that he may truly be called the organizer of what afterwards became the Alberta Mounted Rifles. He commanded A squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles, until the formation of the present regiment



LIEUT.-COL. E. B. EDWARDS, K. C.
Commanding 101st Edmonton Fusiliers

The Adjutant of the Alberta Mounted Rifles is Lieut. H. G. Forster, who began his military service in the Tees Division, Royal Engineers, England, serving five years. During this time he also took a long course in infantry training at Richmond barracks, afterward attending the school of musketry at Hythe, and later joining the Yorkshire Hussars. When hostilities began in South Africa, he took service with the First Battalion Imperial Yeomanry,

became sergeant, then captain, organizing his own company in a rural corps, which afterwards became the city battalion of Peterboro, known as the 57th. From captain to finally commanding the battalion was the natural sequence of events with Col. Edwards, who subsequently became brigademajor at Niagara, later receiving a temporary appointment as brigadier in command of the Fifth Infantry brigade, which was followed by his receiving



OFFICERS 19TH ALBERTA MOUNTED RIFLES

Top Row—left to right—Lieutenants Tighe, Chambers, Mays, Wilken, Hardisty, Sutherland, Bucknell, Whittaker, Hayes, Boileau.
 Centre Row—left to right—Lieut. Jackson; Captains Carmichael, Norquay, Daniel; Lieut. Hislop; Captains Griesbach, Marriott, Lessard.
 Front Row—left to right—Lieut. Dechene, Lieut.-Adjutant H. G. Forster, Major de Blois Thibadeau, Major S. C. Paton, Lieut.-Col. Belcher, C.M.G., Major F. C. Jamieson, Major P. Aylen, Ven. Archdeacon Gray.

and earned the Queen's Medal with four clasps. Lieut. Forster has been connected with the Mounted Rifles in Edmonton since its organization in 1906.

The 101st, the Edmonton Fusiliers, is commanded by Lieut.-Col. E. B. Edwards, K. C., who has thirty years' untiring, painstaking efforts to his credit, beginning as a private in the Queen's Own. Three years later, he

command of the Seventh Infantry brigade.

It speaks volumes for this untiring veteran that this appointment, which is one of the highest in the Canadian militia, he relinquished in order to undertake his part in the organization of the Edmonton city corps, of which he is the enthusiastic commanding officer. It has not been Col. Edwards' good fortune to see active service; but



MAJOR W. F. W. CARSTAIRS
Edmonton Fusiliers

the fame of many men who did, both in the '85 rebellion and the South African campaign, is greatly due to the early training they received under this unassuming officer, who is doing all in his power for king and country with his military work, as well as in his private capacity as a lawyer. Anyone coming into personal relations with Col. Edwards cannot but be reminded of that good old-fashioned expression, "an officer and a gentleman".

Major W. F. W. Carstairs is another ex-Mounted Policeman, who, like Col. Belcher, saw active service in the '85 rebellion. Being ambitious for a wider military field, he sat for his examination in England, which he passed with credit, and obtained a commission in command of a native regiment in Nigeria. While in this capacity, he originated and successfully carried out many schemes for the improvement and advancement of the country, and the natives in his charge. He saw active service in the Ishan and Uli countries, and also in the Aro expedition, and possesses three medals. Major Carstairs is another untiring military worker, and has been instrumental in bringing the musketry work of the Alberta Mounted Rifles to its present satisfactory state. He is now

engaged with Col. Edwards in bringing the Edmonton Fusiliers into what promises to be a high state of efficiency. With two such officers at the head of affairs, the future of this regiment is assured.

Captain W. H. Ketchum, a son of the late Judge Ketchum, of Cobourg, is the popular adjutant of the 101st. He is well known in Edmonton, where he is a leader in all athletic and outdoor sports, especially in curling and cricket. He has had previous military experience in the Third Victoria Rifles, Montreal.

In 1906 what was then known as the Canadian Mounted Rifles was organized, being composed of three independent squadrons, A, B and C, with headquarters respectively at Edmonton, Strathcona and Fort Saskatchewan.

Major S. C. Paton was authorized to organize A squadron, composed of four troops; Major F. C. Jamieson, also a South African veteran, commanding B, and Major P. Aylen, commanding C squadrons. On June the 8th, 1906, the Canadian Mounted Rifles went under canvas for the first annual training, under command of Lieut.-Col. Mac-



LIEUT.-ADJUTANT H. G. FORSTER

Donell, who won his D. S. O. by distinguished service in South Africa. This regiment in embryo had the honor of being inspected by the Right Hon. Matthew, Lord Aylmer, then inspector general of the forces in Canada. The camp was situated in one of the most beautiful natural camping grounds anywhere in Canada, a ravine on the river bank, overlooked by Edmonton on the north and Strathcona on the south. It is now used by the Edmonton Golf Club. This lovely place was chosen for the first drilling and instruction of the troops. To Edmontonians generally, it was a decided novelty, and many were the visitors to camp.

The officers, assisted by their wives, rose to the social side of the occasion, and gave a series of very enjoyable at homes, at one of which Lord Aylmer, who completely won every one by his frank and genial manner, was present.

The first of July saw the breaking up of camp, the last day being marked by a regimental march past and other military manoeuvres, at the opening of the annual exhibition, before His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. It says much for the efficiency of the officers that although the majority of the men were totally lacking in military experience, yet the inspector general congratulated them sincerely on their recently-acquired efficiency.

In June, 1907, a cavalry brigade camp was held at Calgary, when two regiments and one independent squadron, the Fifteenth Light Horse, of Calgary, went under canvas. This regiment, which was organized on the 3rd of July, 1905, is composed of rough riders that would be hard to equal any-

where outside the West. Their mounts are native ponies, sure-footed and lightning-like in movement, as some of the uninitiated have good cause to remember. The Fifteenth is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Walker.

The second regiment was composed of three independent squadrons from northern Alberta, and a fourth from Medicine Hat, and was commanded while in camp by Major Sissons, of Medicine Hat, while the independent squadron was under command of Major Campbell.

During this camp, Military District No. 13 was organized, including Alberta and the territory of Mackenzie, which interpreted means from the United States boundary on the south to the Arctic Ocean on the north. The district officer commanding in 1907, being Col. S. B. Steele, C. B., M. V. O., succeeded in 1909 by Lieut.-Col. E. A. Cruikshanks. On February 1st, 1908, A, B, C and E squadrons, Canadian Mounted Rifles, were organized into a regiment and called the 19th Alberta Mounted Rifles, with regimental headquarters at Edmonton. As before stated,



CAPTAIN KETCHUM
Adjutant Edmonton Fusiliers

Lieut.-Col. R. Belcher assumed command, with Major S. C. Paton second in command, Captain B. J. Saunders succeeding him as major in command of A squadron. Lieutenant H. G. Forster was appointed adjutant, and the rest of the regimental staff were: Captain Carmichael, quartermaster; Captain C. Ross Palmer, paymaster; Lieutenant Hislop, medical officer; and Ven. Archdeacon Gray, chaplain. A glance into the militia list shows that for war service record, the officers of this regiment compare most favorably with that of any other corps in Canada.



THE AT HOME GIVEN BY OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES TO MEET INSPECTOR GENERAL, LORD AYLMER, WHO IS STANDING BARE-HEADED IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP. OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT SITTING IN SEMI-CIRCLE.

The latest regiment to be organized in Edmonton is the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers. It is composed of eight companies under the command of Lieut.-Col. E. B. Edwards. Although instruction in drill only began this spring, the corps makes a smart appearance. In the manner of our

kind we quietly but interestedly watch a regiment of this description parading in the streets, and we cannot but realize that these are the young men who are occupying their spare time in strengthening bone, muscle and sinew, and training the eye and hand, in order if called upon to defend the rights and



REGIMENTAL STAFF, 19TH ALBERTA MOUNTED RIFLES

Top Row—left to right—Captain Norquay, Paymaster; Captain Carmichael, Quartermaster; A. M. S. Cooper; S. M. Lee, Sergeant-Major; Sergeant Groff; Ven. Archdeacon Gray, Chaplain.

Bottom Row—left to right—Lieut. H. G. Forster, Adjutant; Lieut.-Col. R. Belcher, C.M.G., Commanding 19th A. M. R.; Col. S. Steele, C. B. M. V. O. D. O. C. Military District 10; Major S. C. Paton, Second in Command; Lieut. Hislop, Medical Officer.



BLANKET TOSSING IN THE BRIGADE CAMP AT CALGARY

privileges of their glorious heritage. Surely no mother's heart will tremble with anxiety for her boy at night when she sees that he, along with hundreds more, is benefitting both physically and morally by the routine of drill and discipline, to which he is voluntarily submitting himself. If you doubt this, watch the regiment marching down the street, observe the upright carriage, the keen clear eyes, the steady step of these men. Compare them with the street corner loafer, the frequenter of the pool-room, where you see the sunken-eyed, narrow-chested youth, who is neither a credit to himself, his home nor his country. While in the past, a soldier has been looked down upon, the day of the beer-swilling swashbuckler is gone, and a "soldier and a man" is the term we can apply to the self-reliant, clean-living volunteer of to-day.

We know what our boys have to contend with in time of war, and we know how well in the past they have

upheld the flag with honor and glory. In the training of mind and body in time of peace, the officers of the militia have a noble cause to fight for. Col. Edwards and his officers have a mission to fulfill, and a picture of the 101st, marching with rifles at the slope to a band playing an inspiring march shows how well they are fulfilling this mission.

The cry against "militarism" has been taken up by a portion of the Canadian press; but nevertheless, I believe that more regiments like the 101st, with due discretion in the choice of officers, would be money well spent, both for means of defence, and for character building.

I must not forget to mention that although at present the armouries in Edmonton are conspicuous by their absence, nevertheless a change is soon to be made, and a splendid new armoury is to be erected, which will no doubt be a further incentive to officers and men, and will help greatly in fostering the "esprit de corps."

The Awa Kening of the Little Lord

By Charles Henning Barbour

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ELLSWORTH YOUNG



FROM early youth till the day of his death—he was forty-three when that interesting event occurred, following closely upon an afternoon during which it had rained and he had walked home to supper without his rubbers—Jamie's father had been in millinery, and Jamie at eleven looked very like the enlarged crayon of him that stood on its shiny bamboo easel in the corner of the dim parlor between the what-not and Aunt Lucia's nest of tables.

(My, that's a long sentence, but it seems to parse.)

It was not so much Jamie's fault though as it was his mother's.

(She was Arabella Torrington before she married Ernest. You remember. Will Torrington's sister—he that kept the livery stable on Liberty street, between Fourth and Maynard. One of *those* Torringtons.)

Besides, you would have guessed straight off that Ernest had been in millinery. I don't know how, quite, but you would. It wasn't his ears. (The crayon was a "full face," and you could see them both in relief, as it were, against the pale clouds of background.) And it wasn't his mustache. (If you'd gone by the mustache, you'd

have guessed he was a barber.) It was more the aura, the atmosphere around the head—oh, I don't know what. Just to look at Ernest in his imitation silver-bark frame, was enough to tell you he had been in millinery.

Miss Armitage guessed it the first time she saw him on the easel.

(Everybody called him Ernie, that is, everybody but Arabella and Jamie. She never referred to him save as Ernest or m' husband', while to Jamie he was pawpuh, even after he had died and there wasn't anything of him left but the crayon, a thousand dollars' worth of insurance in the Maccabees, and a pair of plaid pants in the back closet, upstairs, over the kitchen.)

Miss Armitage went out sewing and boarded with Arabella for a few months after the bereavement, and when she first came to the house to arrange about it—being a stranger in town—she looked at the portrait on the easel, and catching Arabella's eye, nodded and wrinkled her forehead.

"Yeus," Arabella said, "that was him."

"Didn't he run a millinery store or something?" Miss Armitage asked right off.

Arabella gulped—you know how you



JAMIE LANDED ON THE BACK PORCH LIKE
A BAG OF MEAL

will—She was so surprised, and answered, “Yeus”.

“I thought so,” said Miss Armitage.

There, you see. Anybody could tell. Mother was in the dining room—she had just run over the back way to borrow a cup of C. sugar—and heard it.

It’s funny how you *could* tell, too. And it’s only when a man’s in millinery that you can, I guess. You’d never know old Eastman was a grocer, just to look at him. Pshaw! Why he looks near enough like Mr. Holton to be his brother, and Mr. Holton isn’t a grocer at all. He runs the Atlas Mill. ‘Course anybody would know what *he* was, because his clothes are all white and floury. But you’d never be able to guess what anybody *else* in our town did—except Ernie Wadleigh.

He just *looked* like a milliner, and he talked like you’d think a milliner ought to talk.

(“Oh, Missus Morton! Don’t you like ut? Why, I think ut looks perfectly lovluh on you! And see how the chiffon matches your hair *and* complexion!”)

And Jamie, his son—and Arabella’s—looked just like him in little, with a promise that he’d be his exact dupli-

cate in forty years. And in all probability he would have been if it hadn’t happened; what I’m going to tell you about, I mean.

You see Jamie had the misfortune to be eight years old when “Little Lord Fauntleroy” came out, and one day Ernie brought the book home. He’d read a notice of it in *The Morning Enquirer*, written by Miss Galbraith—Jim Galbraith’s sister, you remember, she that was “society editor” of *The Enquirer* so long—and it opened up a new vista to him. He read it to Arabella nights, after Jamie had gone to bed, and it seemed to open up a new vista to her, too.

Anyway, it wasn’t any more than a couple of weeks later that Jamie sprung himself on the town—or, rather, his mother sprung him. All alone, Jamie wouldn’t have dared.

If it hadn’t been for his squirrel teeth and his large ears and his pale blue eyes and pug nose, he’d have looked just exactly like the pictures of the little lord in the book, for he had the clothes, all right. You remember what *they* were—patent leather pumps, and long black stockings, and tight velvet panties, and a velvet blouse with a wide sash around it and a deep white collar. Jamie had them. It took quite a while for the curls to grow out, but in time he had them, too.

And that wasn’t all. Ah-hah! Far from it! He had the patter also. Arabella taught it to him. Trust her! I don’t know how long it took, but he had it all, finally. Used to call her “dearust,” just like the real little lord, and he called Ernie “pawpuh,” right out in front of people too.

Once mother was down at Ernie’s Emporium (that was the name of his store, in gold letters on the window), seeing about having her bonnet fixed over, and Arabella came in with Jamie. Mother hadn’t seen him in them before, but Mrs. Morton had told her about them, so she was prepared.

“Howdy do? Jamie,” mother said.

Jamie grinned and gave his paw as nice as could be.

“Taking a little walk with mamma?” mother asked, trying to lead him on.

“No’m,” he replied.

"Why, what are you doing then?" mother inquired.

"Taking a little walk with Dearust," he told her, right out of the book, and then mother said he sort of dodged, as if he thought she was going to hit him. She didn't, though.

You remember in the story there was a grocer by the name of Hobbs—"Mr. Hobbs"—that liked the little lord ever so much and used to tell him fairy tales. So to make Jamie fit the part exactly Arabella would send him on foolish errands down to Eastman's, and tell him not to hurry home, just so he'd loaf around there and be more like the model in the book. Old Eastman, though, wasn't quite like Mr. Hobbs. He didn't seem nearly so much attached to Jamie as Mr. Hobbs had been to the real little lord, and I don't believe he ever told him any stories to speak of. He stood his hanging around the



"TAKING A LITTLE WALK WITH DEARUST," HE TOLD HER

cheese case as long as he could, and then one day, after Jamie had picked the tenth prune out of the box leaning against the counter, he gathered him up, all of a sudden, muttering under his breath, and carried him out in front where George—he drove the wagon for old Eastman—was getting ready to start off on his afternoon delivery.

"George," old Eastman said, "just throw this package on Wadleigh's back stoop as you drive by, will yeh?"

And with that he tossed Jamie—

velvet panties, sash, collar, curls, and all—into the wagon. Jamie was too scared even to cry. He just sat there, all the way up the street, shivering, and George, who never failed to do what he was told, didn't fail now. He drove right up to the Wadleigh's back gate, whoaed the horse, and jumping down, snaked Jamie out from among the flour and vegetables. He carried him a little way into the yard and getting a good grip swung him a couple of times, then let go. Jamie landed on the back

porch like a bag of meal. Mrs. Mason saw the whole thing from her front window across the street. It like to have broken Jamie's legs and arms, but it didn't. At first Ernie was for suing old Eastman, but he finally decided not to. But the Wadleighs always traded at Harrison's afterwards, and Ernie would never so much as look at old Eastman when he passed around the collection

plate in church on Sundays.

When mother told father about it that same night after supper—Mrs. Morton had told *her*—I thought father would die laughing.

"Good for Eastman," he said, and laughed some more. That was just like father. He never took much stock in Jamie either, but he always smoothed down whatever he said about him, by adding: "But you know his father runs a pom-pom store down town and trims hats." Jamie's full name was James

M. Wadleigh, and father always said the M stood for Myrtle.

But the worst of all was the way Will Torrington carried on; Arabella's brother, you know; the one that kept the livery stable.

Of course, keeping a livery stable like he did, Will couldn't have been expected to be as refined and sensitive as Ernie. There's a lot of difference between horses and aigrettes—almost as much as there is between ostlers and trimmers—but, after all, Will was Jamie's uncle, and that ought to have meant something. It didn't though, or if it did, it meant *more*.

and always wore rubber boots, even on the hottest days in summer. At first—after the vista had opened—Will and the others didn't pay any attention to Jamie at all, didn't even speak to him. But Jamie kept hanging around, just the same, begging old Ben to take him up on the seat with him when he drove down to the depot to meet the 9.18 or the 3.20. But old Ben never seemed to hear. He'd climb up on the box without a word, cluck to the horses, and drive out, leaving Jamie standing in the doorway and looking after him till he turned the corner by the Catholic church and disappeared.



SKINNY WOULD POKE JAMIE'S FACE DEEPER INTO THE MUD, "YOU WILL BE A GEN'LEMAN, WILL YEH, AND WEAR VELVET PANTS?"

Before that new vista was opened up to Arabella and Ernie, Will didn't seem to care how much Jamie hung around the stable, but after the velvet pants came his feelings underwent a great change. And it was the same with the help at the barn, from old Ben Cleaver who's driven a hack in Hampstead since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, as I heard father say once, down to Pickle Towsley, the nigger boy that washed the carriages

You'd think Jamie would have known, wouldn't you? He didn't, though.

And then they began to rag him. One hot August afternoon—Jamie would be ten in September—Will and old Ben and Pickle were sitting out in front of the stable in their shirt sleeves cooling off, and not saying much it was so hot. Jamie was sitting by himself on the step of the little office at one side of the big, wide carriage door.

All of a sudden old Ben brought his feet down and slapped his leg and said:

"By golly, I just knew I'd forgotten something!"

"What you forgot now?" Will asked him.

"To fix them tugs on the off hack harness," old Ben told him, "and there ain't a hole around the barn't I can use."

Will saw through it then.

"Ain't they?" he said, "what'd yeh do with 'em?"

Old Ben wrinkled up his forehead like a frost-bitten apple.

"Le-me-see," he said. "Oh, yes, now I know. I let Billy Greene, up t' Huber's take 'em day 'fore yesterday." He opened his big silver watch. "And the 3.20'll whistle in half an hour," he went on.

Sitting on the step Jamie had heard every word, and something inside him told him that now was the chance he'd been waiting for, to do a favor for old Ben so he'd just *have* to let him ride up on the seat again. So he said:

"Can't I run over and get them for you, Mister Cleaver?"

(Think of anybody calling old Ben "Mister"!)

"Well now, Jamie," he said, winking at Pickle, "'I'd be ever so much obliged if you would."

(Remember how the little lord in the story was always doing errands and nice things for old people who had the rheumatism and couldn't get around so very well?)

Jamie was actually fretting to start.

"What is it you want, Mister Cleaver?" he asked.

"Listen herè"—old Ben leaned over and laid a forefinger that looked like a sausage in the palm of his other hand—"you run up to Huber's and tell Billy Greene you want them four three-eighths holes I let him take day before yesterday. Got it straight? Tell him Ben Cleaver wants 'em. And hurry back."

"Yessir," Jamie said.

The sun was blazing down, and there wasn't a soul on the street except those that had to be, it was so awful hot, but Jamie ran.

Pickle Tousley said:

"Ben Cleavah, yo' oughta be hung. Dat chile gitter sun-stroke fo' shuah."

But old Ben only chuckled, wondering what Greene would give Jamie to bring back, and Will said: "Aw lettin'," just like that, and he his uncle, too.

Huber's hardware store was 'way up Main street, half a mile away, at least, and there in the shade sat those three—Will and old Ben, and Pickle—waiting for Jamie. Two or three times old Ben looked at his watch, and every time he did he chuckled.

"Mebbe he's totin' a stove," Will said.

It lacked ten minutes of train time, and old Ben was just climbing up on the hack when Jamie came. He had lost his velvet tam-o'-shanter and the sweat had taken out all his curls. There was a hole in the knee of one stocking and his white collar was twisted and rumped. In his arms, clasping them close to the front of his velvet blouse, he carried four old window weights that must have weighed all of ten pounds apiece.

Will had to get up and go inside and Pickle laid right down there alongside the driveway and dug the toes of his rubber boots in the gravel.

"Were'll I put them?" Jamie asked.

Old Ben climbed down again and took the weights and shoved them under a seat in the hack.

"I'm much obliged," he said, but he didn't ask Jamie to ride with him after all, so Jamie started back up the street, dusting the rust off the front of his blouse, to look for his hat.

"The next time," Will said to Pickle, "we'll send him up to your house and maybe he'll fall off the bridge."

Which shows how Will had changed all on account of Jamie's curls and sash and velvet panties, for he had seemed to like him real well before.

Right along about here is where Skinny Pickett comes in. He was just one of the kids and it hasn't been really necessary to mention him till now. Folks used to say: "There's a chip of the old block for you," when anybody mentioned Skinny's name, for you see when his father was his age all the deviltry that happened in Hampstead

was blamed on him, and rightly too, I guess. And Skinny was just like his father, the same as Jamie was like *his*, only Bill Pickett wasn't at all like Ernie. Well, I should say not!

One day Skinny caught on old Ben's hack coming back from the 3.20, and Jamie saw him from the sidewalk. He made a motion, and old Ben whipped behind. Skinny let right loose and went home with a welt on his cheek like the "self-stitching" on the back of your glove. If Jamie'd only thought, probably he wouldn't have done it, but you see he was all for making himself solid with old Ben and thought snitching would help, which of course it wouldn't, for it never does.

Well, Skinny swore he'd get even—on old Ben and the livery. One day he had the chance and he took it. He sneaked through the alley door of the stable when there wasn't anybody looking and stuck three or four stiff cockle-burrs under the collar of one of the hack horses. On the way to the train the team ran away, threw old Ben off the seat, almost broke his collar bone, and smashed one wheel. And Will found the burrs.

All of a sudden he remembered Jamie had been fooling around in the harness room just before the 3.20. It was circumstantial evidence of course, but it was good enough for Will. As for Jamie, he had no idea what was coming, so he didn't even run. But if ever a little lord in velvet pants and a wide collar and a sash got a whaling from his Uncle Will, Jamie Wadleigh got one that afternoon. Folks 'way up on west Main street by the Congregational church said afterwards that they heard him yell, but thought somebody was moving a house over east.

(You know how the windlass sort of yelps and shrieks when the rope winds around it, and the building squeaks along, inch by inch, on the big wooden rollers.)

And when Will was all through he tossed his velvet nephew out through the back door on the old bedding there as if he were a forkful of straw.

"Yeh snivelling, squirrel-faced, fan-eared rat," he yelled, "hike. And if

you ever so much as stick your nose in this place again, I'll bust yeh wide open!"

But Jamie didn't hear all he said, for by the time Will was half through his apostrophe, velvet panties, and oakum curls and what was left of the sash were splitting the weather up Eighth street yelling:

"Dearust! Dearust!! Dearust!!!"
at the top of his lungs.

And that very same night Will went up to the house to have a few words with Arabella, and Ernie also, if he happened to be in. He was.

Father heard every breath of it, for it was right after supper, and he'd stepped over to see Ernie about engaging his man to clean up our cellar before he put the winter coal in. He stood on the side porch while Will let out, "rivetted to the spot," as he told mother afterwards.

Will must have said some awful things. He didn't give Arabella or Ernie a chance to put a word in edge-wise, but father said there was no mistaking his opinion of either of them for bringing up Jamie in velvet. He called Jamie all the names he could lay his tongue to, and father said they didn't need a lamp in the room at all for Will lit it up as bright as day with his language.

Once Ernie managed to say: "Stop! Stop! Or leave my house! Right away!"

Then Will opened up on him. (A hack wheel costs money, I can tell you, and besides there was old Ben with his collar bone nearly broken). But not once did Will tell them what it was all about. He didn't so much as mention the cockle-burrs. Father knew because somebody down town had told him, but he said Arabella and Ernie were completely dazed.

"And the next time that little he-tabby-cat of yours comes around my barn," Will yelled, "I'll give him a worse wollopin' than I did this afternoon!"

With that he stamped out of the house and slammed the screen door so hard it broke one of the hinges.

When he had gone father said Ara-

bella went to the foot of the stairs and called Jamie, and down he came as meek as a kitten.

"Jamie Wadleigh," Arabella said, terrible stern, "you told Dearust a story. You told her a dog chased you this afternoon and it was your Uncle Will."

Then she began to cry, and Ernie went to the window and looked out.

Then Jamie grinned and said: "Don't cry, Dearust, it *was* a dog—Uncle Will was only playing."

Father came unriveted then and decided he'd better wait till morning to see Ernie, and came home the back way.

When he had told mother all about it, he said: "And the little cuss never let on what had really happened at all. What do you think of that?"

Mother didn't know what to think, and I didn't either—then. But that was the last of Jamie at the livery stable, and whenever old Ben saw him from his seat up on the hack and shook his whip at him and made as if he was coming right down to whale him, by the time his foot touched the tire Jamie wasn't anywhere in sight, only 'way up the street maybe there'd be a yard of silk sash standing straight out in the air stiff and rigid. Then old Ben would settle back on the seat and tuck the blanket under his legs and chuckle.

You understand, of course, that all this took place during vacation, which made it especially hard for Jamie, as none of the other boys would have anything to do with him except to poke faces at him and call him "siss-cat". You know how boys will.

So, mostly, he stopped at home with "Dearust" and learned to do tatting and knitting on a spool with pins stuck in it.

The boys used to see him in the window when they passed the Wadleigh's on the way to the river to go in swimming, but Jamie never came out. His mother used to tell him, so the people said, that she wanted her little lord to be a gentleman, and that gentlemen never even so much as *wanted* to play with great, rough boys. I remember father came home one night laughing, and when mother asked him what was

the matter, he said he'd seen Jamie at the window, and the only thing in the world he could think of was the wax flowers Aunt Lucia used to have under a glass globe on the table in the corner of her parlor.

But as far as that was concerned, there was only one of the boys that really wanted Jamie to come out. I mean Skinny Pickett. The fact of the matter was Skinny's mother would have had him wearing velvet pants and a sash if it hadn't been for Skinny himself and his father.

(Every time I think of Skinny Pickett's father in velvet panties I have to laugh, even if my lip is cracked.)

You see she was what you've heard called "a mild little party," and how Mr. Pickett—the backs of his hands were all covered with freckles, and when he laughed his stomach shook like lemon jelly—ever came to marry her nobody in Hampstead could tell. She was just as nice as she could be but—oh, well, you know—So if she couldn't dress Skinny like Arabella did Jamie—because of Skinny and Mr. Pickett—she did the next best thing. She tried to make him *act* like the little lord. Whenever Skinny came in all covered with mud, Mrs. Pickett would clasp her hands and say: "Oh, Wilfred, why *can't* you keep neat and clean like little Jamie Wadleigh?"

(That was his name, you know—Wilfred—but nobody but his mother ever called him anything but Skinny.)

Or, when he'd throw a piece of meat at the cat during supper and make Mr. Pickett laugh, Mrs. Pickett would say: "Wilfred, *can't* you behave? Why don't you act like Jamie Wadleigh at the table?"

And all such talk, you know, enough to make a boy wish he'd never been born. Day in, day out, that's all Skinny ever heard from his mother: "Why can't you walk like Jamie Wadleigh and not slouch along so?"—"Why can't you talk right up like Jamie Wadleigh and not mumble your words that way?"—"Why can't you behave like Jamie Wadleigh and not make everybody uncomfortable when you're around?" Just as the angel in the book was Arabella's model for Jamie,

so was Jamie Mrs. Pickett's model for Skinny, only some way the one worked and the other didn't. Mr. Pickett seemed to realize it never would, so he didn't interfere—just listened to Mrs. Pickett, and winked at Skinny and let his stomach shake.

Well, Skinny stood it just as long as he could, and then he began to plot and plan. Finally, when he had everything decided, he told another one of the fellows, and he agreed to help. For three days the pair of them laid in wait for Jamie in the alley just before you get to Harrison's grocery store on Liberty street. Sooner or later they knew Jamie's mother would send him down for half-a-pound of chipped beef, or a can of salmon, or some starch or something, and sure enough, on the fourth day she did. It was starch.

Skinny and the other fellow waited till he'd got it and come out of the store, then the other fellow went to the mouth of the alley and called to him.

"Jamie, oh, Jamie, come on in here a minute, I want to tell you something." And Jamie came, the bag of starch under his arm. The other fellow was very secretive about it, and led him around the turn in the alley where the mud was the deepest and a lot of old soap-boxes and barrels, and packing cases always stood. "Now I'm going to tell you," the other fellow said. That was Skinny's cue. He jumped out from behind a barrel, yelling: "Lemme git at him! Lemme git at him!" There wasn't anything left for the other fellow to do at all. Skinny did everything. And for the next six minutes that alley was full of red hair and yellow curls and silk sashes and broken suspenders and velvet panties and overalls. They knocked against boxes and barrels and scratched and gouged and then Jamie went to mud, face down with Skinny on top of him.

"You will behave, will yeh?" And Skinny would poke Jamie's face deeper into the mud. "You will be a gen'l-man, will yeh, and wear velvet pants?" And he'd lam him on one side of the head. "You will wear a sash and curls, will yeh, and look like a sissy?" And he'd lam him on the other side. Then, just to make the job complete, he

rubbed the starch into the mud that was plastered all over Jamie, and let him up. Jamie didn't blubber much. He couldn't. He had too much mud in his mouth. But you never saw a kid get out of an alley any quicker than he did. As for Skinny and the other fellow, they dropped over the fence and legged it for home.

Now right here begins the most curious part of the whole thing. Listen.

Jamie's mother wasn't at home when he got there. She had run over to our house to borrow a little baking soda, so she didn't see him till maybe twenty minutes later. She didn't know he'd come, even, till she heard him upstairs. She went to the foot and called him, and because he didn't answer she ran up.

I was out in the kitchen with mother when she shrieked—Arabella, I mean. And the next minute the Wadleigh kitchen screen-door flew open, and Arabella fairly shot across the back yard, and up the steps and into our kitchen, where she flopped right down into the nearest chair, and throwing her apron up over her head, rocked back and forth and moaned.

"For the land's sake, Belle Torrington, what ails you?" mother screamed, and she shook her by the shoulder, but Arabella only mumbled something nobody could have understood and moaned harder.

"What's that you said?" mother asked her, right sharp, for she was considerable excited, too.

"It's Jamie, my darling Jamie; he's lost his mind," Arabella sobbed.

Then mother calmed right down and said: "I wouldn't worry 'bout *him* losing his mind if I was you."

(She told father that night the words fairly jumped out of her mouth, but there was no harm done. Arabella was too wrought up to understand what *anybody* said to her then.)

Well, by and by, mother got her quieted down enough to tell what had happened. She wasn't any too lucid, but mother managed to make out that Jamie was at home doing something that nobody would ever have suspected him of doing. It seems when Arabella

opened the door of his room after calling to him from the foot of the stairs without getting any answer, she saw him sitting in his under-drawers in the middle of the floor. In one hand he had the butcher knife and in the other a big pair of gardener's shears that Ernie had bought to trim the hedge with. His velvet suit was covered with mud and a white stuff that looked like plaster (it was starch though), but what nearly killed Arabella on the spot was to see what he had done to the suit. He had cut it all to shreds, just strings and tatters, and was beginning on his curls. Arabella just naturally lost her senses then and ran over to our house. "But where'd he get the mud on him in the first place?" mother asked her.

"He said he fell down," Arabella wailed.

(Not a word about Skinny, and the alley back of Harrison's and the other fellow, mind you.)

And would you believe it, Arabella wouldn't stir a step back to her house unless mother would go with her. So mother went. During Arabella's absence Jamie had taken time by the forelock, also himself. He was snipping off the last curl as they opened the door, mother first, Arabella after her, clinging to her skirt and sobbing. Jamie turned and grinned, showing all his squirrel teeth, and wiggling his ears, which looked larger than ever now that his curls were gone. There they lay, strewn all about him on the floor like pine shavings, and in the midst of them, like a Phoenix in the ashes—Jamie—in his under-drawers, for he had cut up the long stockings, too, and shredded the pumps.

Mother gasped. And then she laughed. That was one of the nicest things about mother. She always knew when to laugh.

"Now, Belle," she said, "you just go down stairs and let me talk to Jamie." Arabella was too far gone to argue, so she went.

What mother said to Jamie I don't know, but after a few minutes she ran back to our house and got an old pair of my overalls and a shirt-waist with horse shoes on it and a band—you know the kind, you button your pants

on the band—and a pair of my shoes. You see, Arabella didn't have a thing in the house for Jamie to put on but another suit of the velvet regalia, and—oh, well, it was as plain as the nose on your face that she might as well give *that* away then as later, that is, unless she wanted to keep it—like rosemary—for remembrance, which I think was what she did.

And then mother made her promise she wouldn't scold Jamie, or let Ernie speak harshly to him—(Ernie couldn't do more than speak harshly, for it wasn't in him)—and that she'd take him down town in the morning and let Gus Weinburg shingle his hair. Arabella struggled a little, but finally she gave in and promised. Then mother came home and we had biscuits for supper.

After supper a lot of the kids gathered under the electric light down on the corner, the same as they always had. There was Skinny Pickett, and Chubb Letson, and Bumble Snodgrass, and Doc. Thornton and two or three other fellows. Somehow the news of Jamie's awakening had gotten out—for it was just that—an awakening. For you see, 'way down deep in him he was just a kid after all. The siss-cat part was only on top, like the velvet, and he'd never realized till Skinny drove his face into the mud behind Harrison's grocery and *told* him, just why it was, and how, that he was different. Well, the fellows there under the electric light were talking it over when down the street came Jamie in my clothes, and his hair looking like it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse.

"Ullo, fellers," he said just as if he'd always been one of us.

Then he made direct for Skinny, grinning and showing his squirrel teeth.

"Ullo, Skinny," he said, holding out his hand, "want a napple?"

Skinny gulped. "Ullo, Jim," kind o' dazed, and took the apple.

That was all; just the best Jamie—I mean Jim—could do by way of showing Skinny how much he appreciated what he'd done.

Where do I come in? Oh, never mind about me.

How long ago? Hum—hum—let

me see—nine—ten—Jim's father died the next year, and there were those in town who said it was the shock that killed him—twelve—sixteen years ago—yes, that's it, sixteen years ago this summer.

What became of who? Oh, Jim? See that sign over there? No, not there, on the window with the bathtub

in it? Can't you see that far? You'd better get some glasses— Well, it says:

WADLEIGH & PICKETT
PLUMBERS

There's Jim—in the door now—in his shirt sleeves. How are you, Jim? What's that? The girl? His wife; who'd you think it was. Been married almost a year— What?

AT THE SCREECHER CAMP

BY JOHN V. BORNE

Author of "The Father of Innisfree," "The Port," etc.

THE Screecher is miles and miles from any regular habitation of civilized man. Its peculiar name indicates nothing peculiar about its aspect, although the main building of the camp is said to be right over the tomb of the Caduskah giant. It is not finally proved that there was a Caduskah giant, so his place of sepulture has, mainly, a traditional interest.

I could not learn exactly why the camp is called the Screecher; any more than I could discover why one of the lakes we passed through on the way to Indian Gardens is called the Hopper. They talked about Wildcat Point, and Bear Island, and Sixth Lake and Cegemecaga; and gave some believable account of why these features of Rossignol geography were so nominated. It is impossible to sift things down to historical certainties during one expedition around a chain of island-filled lakes. What you do learn excites your curiosity and makes you want to come back to get really acquainted with a country of so much fascination as the region of Lake Rossignol.

The Caduskah giant was a Micmac Indian who performed prodigies of amorous valour; who was chased by the relatives of damsels who surrendered themselves to his robust

beauty; until, at last, he was defeated beside the brook which connects Fourth Lake with Third Lake, and was buried where he fell. The chronicle of his times was not written by any veracious contemporary. When you go to Caledonia and find your way to the Lake of many lakes, that goes by the map name of Rossignol, you may get a new complete story of the Caduskah Goliath. At the Screecher you may be shown the spot whence, before the Screecher was built, long thigh bones were disinterred, with other bones, none of which were like unto the jawbone of an ass.

The Screecher location is favorable enough ground for bringing a giant to his end. Third Lake and Fourth Lake connect by a rock-filled brook, which, when the water is high enough, can be navigated by an unloaded boat. Three hundred yards away is the sixty-foot portage,—in Nova Scotia a portage is a "carry," wherein is no tribute to the French who were the earliest exploiters of this outskirts of long-vanished Acadie. Brook or carry, the passage from lake to lake is surrounded by trees, and the Giant, camping, canoeing or carrying, could as easily be brought down here as anywhere.

The Screecher was built because,

besides being a good place in itself, it is the most convenient base for fishing and moose hunting. That a New Yorker recently bought the camp is some extra-positive proof of the wisdom of the builder of the Screecher, and sure sign that as the news about Rossignol spreads, its solitudes will give place to nature students, sun-baskers, fishermen, boat-users,—to all the company of holiday-makers who know where to find the Good Things.

* * * * *

We were crossing Fourth Lake on the way to a choice stretch of moose country, back of Fifth Lake. Smart and Banks were in a canvas craft, and I with old Jim Sherriffs in his own substantial boat. Jim was born in a hunting camp, or in a boat, I think. The water was low, and more than once we were rockbound. To me the water looked black and more than commonly dangerous. When we could not wriggle the boat off the rock, Jim just emitted an assuring groan, stood up as easily as though he were in the Alton Hotel, put a foot into the water till it touched the boat's resting place, pushed her till she was afloat, and resumed his rowing,—I believe he could cross any of the eight lakes in his sleep, rest on every rock, and resume locomotion without waking.

Jim throws in a varied amount of talk with the service you buy for two dollars a day and his board. His speech is low and slow, as if, between words, he might hear the saw of a bull's horn against the birches. He reserves most of his laughter for a victorious moment in camp, when he and his partner have won more tricks than modest players really care to bother with. He has killed so many moose that the pursuit of them does not excite him to enthusiasm. His only avowed emotion is regret when his employer's just anticipations have been disappointed,—for more moose are missed by excited men than the records confess.

I have a friend who dedicated his admirable book on the ouananiche to a true sportsman whom he described as "A friend of the ouananiche;" his amity towards the Quebec fighting

fish being attested by the number he had killed. In the same sense. Jim Sherriffs is a friend of the moose,—his admirer in life and death; chiefly in death. I had heard of the rifle which had been the main expression of his regard for the otherwise friendless moose; and drew him to speak of it without repeating what I had been told.

"I have an old rifle some place," he said, "that I used a good deal at one time. She was an Enfield-Snider, and I got her through an English officer at Halifax, who came out with me two or three years. Are them fellers much ahead of us? Their boat's lighter than this and you're a pretty big man. How much do you weigh?"

"They're not far," said I, "and I don't weigh much. Do you use that rifle now?"

"Oh, the rifle. No, I can't say I do. She's at home, played out, I guess. But the British Government stopped making ammunition about the time I quit using her. The bore wasn't much good then. But I did very well with her. I didn't owe her nothing. She did a good deal for me. They ain't got to the brook, have they? The landing's a little to the right of a big pine standing out of the bush by itself; do you see it?"

"No," I replied, "they are a long way from the pine, and we're gaining on them."

"Are we," asked Jim, and looked around to see. "Maybe I don't row as fast as I used to. I mind coming across here one night just before sundown to a camp a little east from where the Screecher is now,—in twenty minutes. We saw a little too much smoke close to the carry, and thought some fool had come along and set our camp afire. We found an Englishman lately sent to the garrison at Halifax, who had caught some trout and was trying to smoke them for supper."

I looked at Jim, hitherto unsuspected of inventing tales about the British. His face had no more expression than you would look for in a man reading an epitaph. He had already forgotten more about the English as a sportsman, than I had ever known.

"Can you see a point of land just east of the nose of the next island?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There's a bunch of poplars among the birch, and they're yellow already."

"Well, just in there I got the biggest moose I ever killed. All by luck too. I was over there with my wife, picking cranberries. She had come to the tent by the shore, to get lunch ready, leaving me in the bog about fifty yards from the shore. While I was picking I heard something in the bushes, and at first I thought it was my wife. But when I looked I could see a birch sapling waving pretty hard, from a moose rubbing his horn on it. I slipped away to the tent, for the rifle, and when I got back he was walking off. The first shot hit him too far behind the shoulder. The next downed him, and I went up to see him die. He wasn't dead and when he saw me he got up, in about as ugly a temper as ever I'd seen anything of his kind. I'd only brought two cartridges, and hustled back for more. But I didn't need them, for he was dead when I came again. Are they at the landing yet?"

"Yes," I said, "they've got the boat half through the brook. What did you make of that moose? You say he was the biggest you ever killed?"

"Oh, yes, a dandy. He weighed nine hundred pounds, dressed meat. The horns weren't the biggest, but the evenest I ever saw. I had the meat, and sold the head to a gentleman from Connecticut for thirty dollars.

I never had such luck cranberry picking, before or since."

"Was it the army rifle that did it?"

"Yes, the Enfield-Snider."

"How many had you killed up to that time?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you know how many moose you've killed?"

"No sir, not exactly. I put a notch on the stock of that rifle every time I killed a moose with it."

"And how many notches are there?"

"Sixty-seven."

"That's the most interesting thing you've said. Why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Why didn't you ask me, sir? I wasn't thinking about it. Ain't they at the landing yet?"

I cared nothing about the landing and told him I was more interested in his moose stories.

"I forget most of them," said Jim. "I've been at the killing of a hundred and ninety-seven,—most of them for other people. You couldn't make some people kill a moose if he was tied to a tree. As a rule, the bigger greenhorn a man is, the bigger the moose and the closer he comes. I'm told they're putting moose-hunting stories in the magazines now. But it's them they leave out that are the best. The way some people hunt would make you laugh if it wasn't so damned exasperating."

We bumped against a rock.

"And that," said Jim, "is what comes of talking instead of tending to business. I didn't think the landing was so close."

WHERE THEY PASS

BY S. E. KISER

MEN are as breezes and as storms that blow:
A million, like the zephyrs, gently sweep
Along and leave no trace,—where great ones go
The wreckage lies in many a tangled heap.



Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Of course he was Chester's friend. He realized, with something like irritability, that had their relations not been what they were—however, nothing could be gained by following a futile "if". He found it impossible to understand the phase of Sayre's character which allowed him to throw the burden of misery on Lorna, not only asking her to share his suffering, but to assume the greater part of it. Northrop realized keenly how she would be haunted by the thought that perhaps Chester blamed her for insisting on his going, and he wondered just how possible it would be for him to sit passive, and watch her torturing herself. Being so strong himself, it was difficult for him to understand the sort of weakness which is dependent on a woman's strength.

To some men the knowledge of strength in a dearly-loved woman stimulates them to greater efforts, and they try at least to equal, if not surpass her, building on the basis of the nobility she has inspired. Northrop was one of these. But in Chester, the certainty that his wife was so much his superior,

bred a dependence, thoughtless in its childishness and amounting almost to laziness. He was unable to forego the sweetness of being cared for, and gave himself up to it with absolute abandon.

Northrop wondered first how much Lorna wished this, and then how much was thrust upon her.

He repeated his question.

"What am I going to do?" Lorna asked, absently. "Just listen to the baby coughing—" She rose: "I will tell—"

"Don't go," begged Clinton, laying his hand on her arm. "Nanny is there, and really, Lorna, you have the rest of us—them, to think of. I suppose you don't know how ill you look," he finished, lamely, conscious that he could not say what he wished.

Lorna sank down again and closed her eyes for an instant, deliciously thrilled by the thought that *she* was being cared for.

They talked but little, these two—there was no need of words; each understood the undercurrent of the other's thoughts, each of them put Chester first, and neither of them looked beyond the present.

On leaving, Northrop asked for the papers of the Loan Company, that he might at least take charge of them for Lorna, and she gave them to him, little guessing what her surrender of them would mean.

"I will see that all Chester's mail is forwarded," he said, "that is, all that I can't personally attend to; and as these payments are made, I will return the receipts and put the money to your credit."

Although Lorna said nothing, her sensitive nature shrank from the thought of Northrop's handling her money, and she feared too that he would ascertain in some way the depleted state of her finances.

With the other serious troubles she had on her mind was this additional one: the impossibility of managing to get through the winter with what money she had; and the problem of devising a means of making some was never out of her mind. She tried to rent the spare room, but after a week of suspense she discovered that the few people who had answered her advertisement learned facts about Chester's illness which frightened them away, and at last she gave it up. She tried to do a little fancy work, but that did not pay—the baby took so much of her time that a piece of work was wanted before it was half finished. There seemed nothing to do but trust in Providence, and hope.

"Mother," asked Edward one day, "when can we go to see Daddy?"

"Perhaps he will be back, before you miss him too much," answered his mother, evasively.

"Oh no, mother; I miss him now, more than you think, and Phoebe and I want to spend the day with him. We could take the baby, too, so you and Nanny would have a rest, mother; and we could take our own spoons—and oh, mother, you could make us aprons like Nanny's with stems on them, so we will keep our clothes nice and clean, will you, mother?"

Lorna kissed the child fondly. "Darling, it costs a great deal of money to go where Daddy is; you know tickets would be needed—to give the conductor, on the train, and we need all the

money we have to send to father to make him comfortable; it would be selfish to use it for our pleasure, little son."

"Do conductors always take tickets, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you need a ticket to go *anywhere*?"

"Anywhere that you can't walk," answered the mother, absently, pitying the little child who seemed so young to learn of the hardships he must suffer.

The boy sighed and went slowly back to the nursery, to explain the situation to Phoebe, who was packing her doll's trunk, in preparation for the journey.

When the doctor came that night, he found a change in the baby, and toward morning the little fellow was mercifully relieved of a life of pain. As Lorna watched the fluttering soul struggle for freedom, she was able to look the Angel of Death in the face without bitterness, and say:

"Take him—he is better off with you than with me— My baby!"

Then for the moment she gave way and laying her head down beside the tiny, quiet one, shook with dry, choking sobs. There seemed so many kinds of pain to fight—there was Chester living, the baby dead—there was the haunting certainty of want ahead, the struggle for sufficiency in the present. And yet they say the back is fitted for the burden!

It was not in Lorna to give up for long. Responsibility had made her too strong for that, and even in the first hours of pain, she struggled for calmness and courage, gaining much by the thought that she must be an example to both Nanny and Edward, in their grief.

She turned with relief to Northrop—even his presence was helpful, and the knowledge that he could be relied upon to do everything necessary at this time was a great comfort to Lorna.

He came to the house in the early morning and found her sitting quietly beside her baby—a look of divine peace on her face. He stood motionless in the doorway an instant, awed; she seemed unearthly—unreal.

Looking up she smiled bravely, and

held out her hand. "Thank you for coming," she said, "I knew you would."

"Lorna!" the cry was one of pain.

"Don't," she answered, "I am all right—it is all right. Now, somehow I feel as though I have known all along he was only to be mine for a little while—a loving thought, lent to me during a time of trial," she said dreamily, meaning the time of Chester's going.

"Lorna," Northrop whispered again, unsteadily. "What can I do?"

"Would you mind telling Edward?" she asked. "I know it seems queer for me to shrink from that, but"—her voice quivered—"he loved the baby so!"

Alone with the little boy, Northrop found his task a hard one. Lorna's white face, pitiful in its very bravery, was keen, stabbing pain to the man who gave all and asked nothing; he could much more easily have borne the sight of uncontrolled grief. The realization that she could not bear

the sight of Edward's suffering, made him too dread to tell the child.

"Edward," he said finally, stroking the boy's head, "Edward, you know the baby has not been well, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know," was the prompt answer. "He must have taken pepper, like Daddy, but Nanny didn't give him any—I asked her. Nanny only gave him milk. Do cows milk pepper, Mr. Northrop?"

There was an interruption for a discussion on the merits of cow's milk with or without pepper, before the man gathered sufficient courage to go on.

"The little fellow will not cough any more," he said at last, "God has taken him to heaven."

"By himself?" asked the child, astonished. "Why, we did not say good-bye to him—we didn't know he was going." He thought a moment. "Mr. Northrop, does God take tickets when you go to heaven?"

"No, boy."

"Can you walk?"

"No, dear."

"Well, mother said everywhere you couldn't walk, you had to give a ticket to the conductor," persisted the child.

"That is when you are here, little

man—alive, you know," Northrop began to flounder, under the direct serious gaze of Edward's big eyes—reminding him so potently of Lorna. "But when you die,—you go—"

"Die? Is the baby dead?"

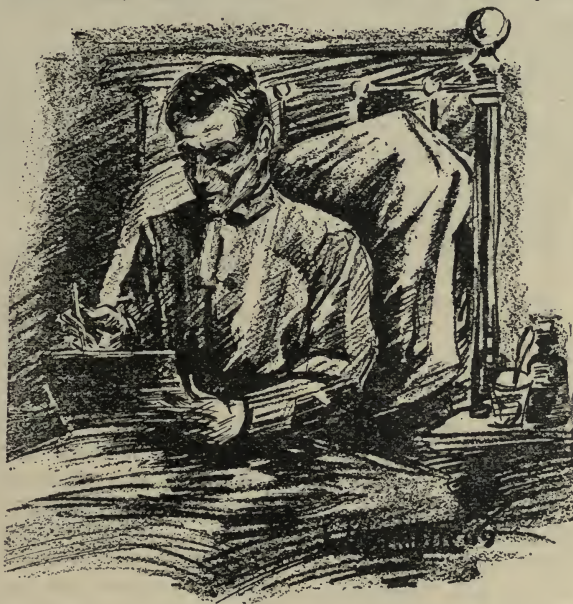
Silently the man bowed his head, waiting in dread for the storm of grief he expected to follow these words. Instead

the child slid down from his lap, saying solemnly:

"I must go and see Nanny at once then, please, for you know," he whispered, confidently, looking up into his friend's face, "we will have to see about his blanket," and walked quickly from the room.

In a few moments, Nanny burst through the door, her apron over her honest face, sobbing with all the abandon of her loyal, loving heart.

"Oh, me bairn, me bairn," she wailed. "Excuse me interruptibility, yer honor, but the dear lamb; he'll be afther breakin' his poor mother's heart.



CHESTER GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE SWEETNESS OF BEING CARED FOR

'Who'll make his blanket?' he says to me, that serious like, I hadn't words to answer him!"

She rocked to and fro, calling incoherently on all the saints to bless and preserve them, then, as suddenly as she had entered, she ran from the room, crying:

"A blanket indade! He'll be afther breakin' his poor mother's heart, that he will!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. JERROLD PATTERSON had reached the time of life when she wore two pairs of suspender garters and combed her hair low over her brow—too high a forehead did not suit her. All her days she had believed that she bore a striking resemblance to Queen Louise, and had cultivated a regally frigid manner, compatible with her appearance.

She was the Mrs. Jellaby type of woman, whose absorbing interests were always centered in things farthest removed from her immediate surroundings. She would go any length to cure a cold in some lazy vagabond of the slums, spending hours with him, while her husband lay in agony, alone, suffering from pneumonia. She would read for hours to a class of ragamuffins, while her son's soul withered and shriveled under the care of his tutor.

She married Mr. Patterson, who was rather a good sort until he was obliged to have his ties and socks chosen for him, then he sank into harmless nonentity, moving along the lines of least resistance, and was generally known as 'Mrs. Patterson's husband'.

The child was an unwelcome addition to the Patterson ménage, being the result of a slight indiscretion on the part of Jerrold Patterson, which he was never allowed to forget until the day of his death.

As a matter of fact, the infant Robert became a great boon to his mother; he was the cloak under which she secreted many sins, and when his father died, the boy reluctantly furnished material for unhampered maternal experiments.

"There are some women who are not intended for mothers," Mrs. Patterson

said belligerently to her husband. "Their field of labor seems to be outside the home, giving others, less gifted, the benefit of their research. However, let no one say of me that I shirk a responsibility or duty. The child shall be my first consideration always, and you may rest assured that his training shall be along the most approved and scientific lines—supervised personally by me. I will bring up my child."

Not feeling at liberty to express himself frankly on the subject, Patterson père remained silent.

"You have nothing to say, as usual," his wife continued, scornfully, "which means that you have not troubled to think of your responsibility at all, in the matter. Very well, Mr. Patterson, I beg, then, that you leave everything to me; do me the kindness not to interfere! For, although I can never forgive you, I will let no one say I ever refused a care or duty, no matter how distasteful or irksome."

And the regal lady sailed majestically to her room, where, after a few hours, she was congratulated by Sir Mortimer Cheeseborough upon the possession of a son.

From that day real happiness came to Mrs. Patterson, although she did not know it. We often do not recognize it, calling it by some other name, as Responsibility, Sacrifice, Duty, Work, etc.

To have some one belonging to her, and over whom she had absolute control—upon whom to work out experiments of various kinds—Mrs. Patterson never really understood how much Robert had meant to her!

She gloated over the rigid lines laid down for his upbringing and education—she personally supervised them, though it is doubtful whether she ever held the child longer than ten minutes in her arms, in all his babyhood.

She reveled in the idea that she was a living monument to self-sacrificing maternal females; and she was a daily reproach to her husband. Any new theory connected with the management of children was first tried on Robert, then enthusiastically explained and recommended to the toil-hardened



LAYING HER HEAD DOWN BESIDE THE TINY, QUIET ONE, LORNA SHOOK WITH DRY, CHOKING SOBS

mothers of the "west side," Mrs. Patterson's favorite field of labor; and the strangest part of this tale is, that the boy survived.

Young Robert's life dated for him from the day he was five years old. It was then that he slapped his cousin in the face—and the same evening Mr. Canfrey arrived.

(Mrs. Patterson, by the way, always arose, and retired, arrived, departed and returned. She insisted upon the members of her household doing likewise.)

Mr. Canfrey was an Englishman—let no one bear him a grudge upon that score; it was a simple accident of birth. Let them, rather, deplore his prolonged term of service with Mrs. Patterson; his warped, dwarfed and cringing nature, which made these years a possibility.

On the morning following his arrival, he was closeted with his patroness four uninterrupted hours. What plans were made then, only Robert knew, but not until many years had passed. During those hours a boy's childhood

and youth were usurped, budding manhood stunted—and Mr. Canfrey was made to understand quite plainly he was merely a negative quantity—he must suggest, advise nothing, merely see that Robert carried out the maternal edicts, strictly to the letter.

Each month Mrs. Patterson gave the tutor a plan of study and its complementary line of thought; each month Mr. Canfrey had to give her notes taken *verbatim* from his pupil; and remarks digressing from the prescribed course had to be sternly and scientifically dealt with—Robert had to think by rule.

Physically he was perfect. Regular hours, plenty of exercise and plain food made a splendidly healthy boy of him, and when quite young he far excelled his tutor in every kind of athletics. The mornings were spent in study—the afternoons in walking, boating, playing tennis or golf; in the winter, skating and snow-shoeing. Promptly at five the boy was brought home to have tea with his mother (when she was there) or with Mr. Canfrey in the library; from

then until dinner time he was allowed to go to his room and read—books carefully selected and marked by his mother. The evenings were spent dully over a chess board, or playing cribbage with Mr. Canfrey.

At half-past nine pupil and tutor said good-night, and went to their adjoining rooms.

It would seem impossible to imagine a boy, a man, with no friends, no interests, no thoughts even, except second-hand ones,—merely a handsome automaton—did that man not have Mrs. Patterson for a mother and Mr. Canfrey for an inseparable companion.

From the day of the birthday party, Robert's only relatives had never crossed the Patterson threshold; it could never be satisfactorily settled between the two mothers which child had been in the wrong.

Mrs. Patterson could not be truthfully said to have hosts of friends. To use her own words: "I don't believe in or encourage intimacy, and won't allow my son to associate with children who are brought up by nurses. A child," she argued, "should only want food, fresh air and sleep. This desire to play and be amused is foreign to the nature, something fostered by nurses or lazy mothers to rid themselves of children and be allowed more time to themselves. Train a child to quiet meditation."

But there was a time when Robert almost lived.

Five years after Mr. Canfrey's advent into the Patterson household, a family of children moved next door. There was a boy Robert's age, who looked with mingled curiosity and pity at the little fellow dressed in Eton suits.

"He looks old and quiet, like a man, mother," the child said, "only his hands and feet are small like mine, and he can't smile, mother—shall I teach him?"

The mother kissed her son's earnest face and replied that he must always *help*, wherever he found help needed.

So the next day, Robert Patterson received a letter, the first and last for many years, which read:

"To the little boy-man, who lives next door: if you can bild a sno house, come in my back yard after school this Pe—Em—Yours truly,—GEO. HARRIS."

This note was slipped into Robert's hand as he started for his walk with Mr. Canfrey. He deciphered it with a total lack of enthusiasm which did his mentors credit.

"Am I to go, Mr. Canfrey?" he asked. "I can't build a snow house, you know."

Mr. Canfrey cleared his throat before replying—deliberation was one of his strong points.

"We will refer the matter to your estimable mother," he finally said.

Mrs. Patterson was deeply engrossed in preparing a paper on "Modern Homes, and Their Corruptions," when the matter was laid before her.

"You may go this once," she decided after some thought, "this once!" She was secretly pleased by the indifferent way Robert received permission; if he had evinced the slightest keenness to go, it is certain that his mother would have kept him at home—just as a matter of discipline.

"I don't know the people at all," she went on, "and heartily disapprove of taking up new-comers, but as a kindness to the boy (whose mother probably neglects him), for which I shall never get any thanks, you may go. Mr. Canfrey will tell you just what to say to the child," she added, turning back to her work.

"Just so, exactly," murmured the tutor, after the prescribed time for reflection had passed.

For several days Robert played with George Harris, learning more of interest from the child in those hours than from his tutor during their years of intercourse. Yet so thoroughly had Mrs. Patterson and her hireling done their work, it never occurred to Robert to rebel and try to fashion his life after that delightful existence of his friend—he merely considered it a coincidence that he should live one way, and the Harris boy another.

At the end of four weeks' acquaintance between the children, Mrs. Patterson called on Mrs. Harris, *in the morn-*

ing. To the untutored mind this does not seem extraordinary, but when Mr. Canfrey saw his patroness tread majestically up the few steps to the next house, he knew of a sure something was in the wind.

Mrs. Harris was at home.

The maid asked Mrs. Patterson to wait, during which moments the matutinal visitor had time to note the tasteful simplicity of the drawing room.

She was conscious of a slight change in the plan of campaign she had rehearsed, and was just formulating another course when Mrs. Harris entered.

Her sweet womanly manner showed only a polite interest in the nature of her neighbour's visit, and she sat down on a low chair, with an air of expectancy.

"I have called," began Mrs. Patterson, stiffly, "in perfect kindness, I assure you. Were our positions reversed I should consider you in the light of a friend—a benefactress, indeed! Though what I am going to say has pained me, and I know will hurt you, I wish to say again, I bear you no ill-will."

She stopped a moment.

Mrs. Harris puckered her brows in perplexity.

"Yes?" she questioned.

"I speak of your son, George," the lady continued, tonelessly. "He—" she paused, effectively—"he swears!"

The faintest suggestion of a smile crossed Mrs. Harris' face.

"Only in fun," she said. "He certainly should not do it, but after all, when not in anger, I don't consider it a serious offence. Boys learn these things mysteriously, you know; he has not been taught it as an accomplishment, I assure you."

Mrs. Patterson's manner became even more haughty and majestic.



MRS. PATTERSON CULTIVATED A REGALLY FRIGID MANNER

"I consider it a crime," she sternly interrupted, "for such language to be used by any one, under any conditions; I am at present conducting a campaign against these low workmen who—swear. Last week I had fourteen discharged, and this week nearly double that number. Every mother should be untiring in her efforts to weed out this dreadful canker worm, eating into the morals of mankind."

Mrs. Harris asked, smilingly, "Just what course do *you* pursue, in eradicating this tendency in your son?"

For a moment the enormity of the question rendered Robert's mother speechless.

"My son," she repeated. "My son?"

"Why, certainly; he and George are equally proficient—"

"It is not true! You say that to shield your boy," she gasped, "I don't believe you!"

In the light of what had been said

concerning their reversed positions, Mrs. Harris was slightly unprepared for this burst of indignation. She rose and touched the bell.

"Maggie," she said to the servant who answered its summons, "please tell Mrs. Patterson what you heard Robert calling George, yesterday."

Maggie, thus addressed, moistened her lips noisily, before answering:

"He told Master Georgie that he was a damned son of hell, mum, he did."

"They were playing at being draymen, I believe," suggested Mrs. Harris, quietly, "and this was part of the realistic performance. George explained they had often heard men who drive coal carts, speak that way to their horses."

Mrs. Patterson left the house in a rage which made her dizzy—not at Robert—oh, no—Robert's mouth and soul were unstained by such a crime. But the insufferable insolence of these people who classed him with their degenerate boy!

She opened the door of the study and stood for a moment on the threshold. The sight which met her eye momentarily calmed her—Mr. Canfrey bending over Robert's chair, explaining in a sing-song voice the progress of a certain planet; Robert quietly attentive. Irreproachable Robert!

Both teacher and pupil looked up in surprise. This hour of the day was sacred to the quest for learning—they had never been interrupted before; and the look on Mrs. Patterson's usually expressionless face made the tutor vaguely uneasy. Had he fallen short in any way of the required standard?

"Robert," began the mother, in a voice which trembled slightly, "Robert, I have first to ask your pardon for this interruption—yours and Mr. Canfrey's," bowing stiffly to the tutor, "and then to mention a circumstance, merely to satisfy myself, you under-

stand, which has just recently come under my observation."

Robert looked indifferently at his mother.

"I have heard the child next door—the boy George—with whom, in my reprehensible short-sightedness, I have allowed you to associate, using the most criminal—I use the word advisedly—language!" The lady paused, obviously for self-control. "This morning, from motives of pure kindness, I set aside one of my strictest rules—that of never taking strangers into my recognition—and called upon his mother, to warn her of the path her son was following. She heard me with an incredible amount of indifference, then—then," Mrs. Patterson's breath came fast and labored, "she accused *you* of using oaths, Robert, oaths, which you could never possibly have heard! I am free to confess I am greatly upset," another slight inclination toward Mr. Canfrey, "and merely wish to hear you say that the woman spoke what was not true."

"What did she tell you I said, mother?" Robert's face showed a little interest.

His mother opened her lips to speak, closed her eyes, then covered her face with her hands.

"I could not repeat it," she said.

"Did she tell you we were playing draymen?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"And that we called our horses damned sons of hell?"

"*Robert!*" Mrs. Patterson screamed, and Mr. Canfrey absent-mindedly dipped his pince-nez in the ink well, "Robert, how *dare* you repeat that boy's words in my presence?"

"I am not repeating them, mother," answered young Patterson, proudly, "*I said them first!*"

"You lie," shouted the mother, beside herself with fury, "you lie to shield him! Tell me you lie," she commanded.

(To be continued)



A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.]

THE CLIMAX

ONE of the most interesting plays that has been produced this season is *The Climax*, by Edward Locke, a play which is all the more remarkable in that it employs only four actors and only one stage setting throughout its three acts.

Adelina Von Hagen's mother was an Italian opera singer who considered her career and the world well lost when she married a German who disapproved of her stage work. Madly in love with him at the time of her marriage, she soon discovered that she had made a mistake.

Little Adelina determines early in life, that her career shall not be spoiled by any "love foolishness," and so, when she is left an orphan, she leaves the little village of Azalea and goes to New York to study singing under the tuition of a distant relation of her mother's, Luigi Golfanti, whose son, Pietro, is also wrapped up in music.

She lives with the Golfantis in a tiny three-roomed flat, where the most conspicuous piece of furniture is a grand piano. A small oil stove, on which they do light housekeeping, is in the same room which serves as kitchen, dining room, drawing room and studio.

Dr. John Raymond, of Azalea, who has been "in love" with Adelina since

she was a child, comes to New York to visit the girl and is shocked at the thought of her living in bachelor apartments with two unmarried men.

Adelina is disgusted at his attitude and tells him that it is characteristic of Azalea, where "there aren't more than fifty people in a population of five hundred who are broad-minded enough to say 'damn it' when they're mad."

The doctor is convinced that if it were not for the girl's stage aspirations, she would listen to his suit, and he wonders what he can do to keep her from her intention of going with an opera company, to Havana, the land where "they love divinely and hate like the devil."

His opportunity comes. Adelina has to undergo an operation on her vocal chords, and by dint of mental suggestion, the doctor persuades her that she has lost her voice. The girl's grief is terrible, but gradually, she turns to her childhood friend and finds some comfort in his love.

On the very day of their wedding, she finds that she can sing and the doctor confesses his duplicity.

Pietro, whose temperament responds to every thought, every instinct of Adelina's, picks up a dagger, but the girl interferes and tells the doctor to go.

After his departure, she turns to

Pietro, telling him to play his latest composition, "The Song of the Soul," but in the midst of her song, she bursts into tears, and the curtain goes down on her as she sobs her heart out on the old singing-master's breast.

It is impossible in a brief sketch of this sort to do justice to the real charm of the story; to the exceptionally good acting of the four members of the cast; or to the realism of the stage setting, which, in its fidelity of detail, is worthy of Belasco.

Suffice it to say, that *The Climax*, with its musical atmosphere, its purity of thought and expression, shines, amidst the waste of problem plays and musical comedies, like a good deed in a naughty world.

DANCING IS AN ART

TO FIND an actress who impresses you just as much off the stage as she does on; whose smile is just as dazzling and who is just as pretty and charming in her dressing-room as when she occupies the centre of the stage—this is the delightful surprise that awaits you when you meet Maud Fulton who, with her partner, William Rock, is being "featured" in *The Candy Shop* this season.

Miss Fulton has had an interesting career. Born in Kansas and "raised" in New Orleans, she combines the vivacity of the west with the grace of

the south. Early in life she decided to be a writer and did a great deal of newspaper and magazine work.

But there isn't much money in that sort of work, so Miss Fulton decided to try the most lucrative profession known to women, the stage, and after some experience of dramatic and stock work, she took her carefully-hoarded little "pile" and made for New York, the Mecca of all theatrical aspirants.

"I had the usual hard time of the girl who is seeking her fortune in the big city," says Miss Fulton, "and I couldn't get anything to do in dramatic work at all. Finally, a small part in musical comedy was offered me, if I could dance.

"I couldn't. I didn't know a thing about it. I'd never danced in my life. But I said I could, because oh, I did so want that part. And I discovered that I had a natural aptitude for it. Mr. Rock was my partner and I'd watch his feet, as he showed me a step, and then go over in a corner and practice it until

I could do it. Nobody ever knew that I didn't know a thing about it.

"Well, of course, that began my career as a dancer. It was just two or three years ago, and Mr. Rock and I got on so well with our dancing that we decided to go into vaudeville.

"We have danced in Canada, the United States and England, and it was



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LOUISE DONOVAN

One of the stage beauties with *The Candy Shop*



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MAUD FULTON

"Featured" in *The Candy Shop*

over there that I saw how important to the stage is the art of dancing. Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan and all the exponents of interpretative dancing are doing something of real importance to dramatic art.

"Dancing, as we know it over here in the modern musical comedy, is a degraded art. In the endeavor to be popular, we sacrifice grace, truth and beauty—because the people must laugh!

"But perhaps some day, we may be able to do the things we really care to do; when that happy time comes when 'Each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate Star,

" 'Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!' "

TOUCHES OF NATURE

"Tobacco is not bad for my voice," chuckles the old singing-master, "only bad for the other fellow's voice."

In Azalea, all they have to keep them from dry rot is minding some person else's business. In New York, or any other big city, they're so busy minding their own business that they haven't time for any one else's.

The happiest woman is the one whom all men love, and who loves all men collectively—and laughs at them individually.

Scenery and a pretty woman are always best as nature makes them.

An inspiration is something to make you dream, to idealize—never to marry.

You can keep the inspiration, even if the other fellow does get the girl.

An engagement is the promissory note:—marriage the cash, of love.

The first principle in singing is to let the wind make the tone, but do not let the tone know that the wind does it.

—*The Climax.*

"FOR MISS MARLOWE"

Helen Avery Hardy, one of the few women press agents who have made a success of that difficult calling, tells some amusing stories of her experience on the road.

Last year, when she was out in advance of Julia Marlowe, a newspaper man who disapproved of the feminine invasion of the press agency world, said rudely, "Why, if you were a man and came in here trying to get such stories in the paper, I'd throw you down stairs."

"Do," replied Mrs. Hardy, tranquilly, "I dare you to. It would make a bully good story for Miss Marlowe."

FRIVOLOUSLY
FORLORN

The wife of a well known

playwright recently remarked, "The tragedy of life is that everything you want most is either unattainable, immoral or indigestible."

THE EVENSONG

At eventime, when length'ning shadows fall,

The nightingale, from nest in leafy tree.
Doth send his mate a tender, loving call,
That meets the vesper hymn across the lea.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

WILLIAM LEWERS

As "John Raymond" in *The Climax*



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

LEONA WATSON
As "Adelina Von Hagen" in *The Climax*

"Oh, come, my love!" his notes ring
soft and low.
"I'm coming, love," she sings. "The
night is young!"

While, mingled with their melody doth
flow
The wafted tone of twilight's even-
song.

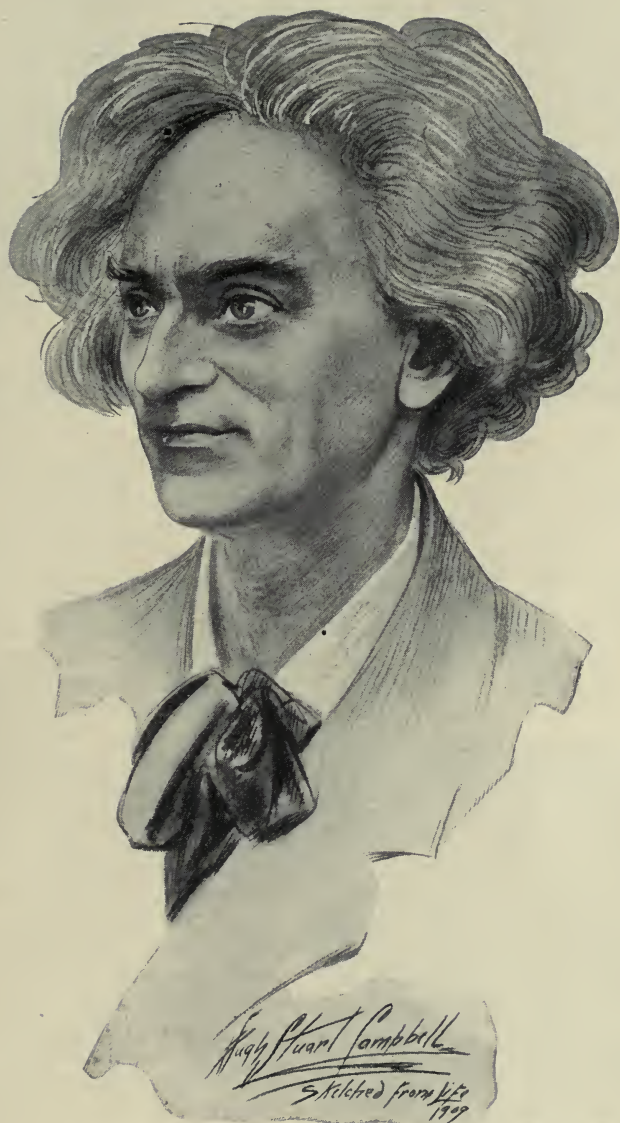


Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

EPPINGHAM PINTO
As "Pietro Golfanti" in *The Climax*

The morning of the moon hath cast its
glow,
Its mating is the mingled melody;

The birds attune their song as if they
knew,
They reach the joyous hearts of you
and me.



Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

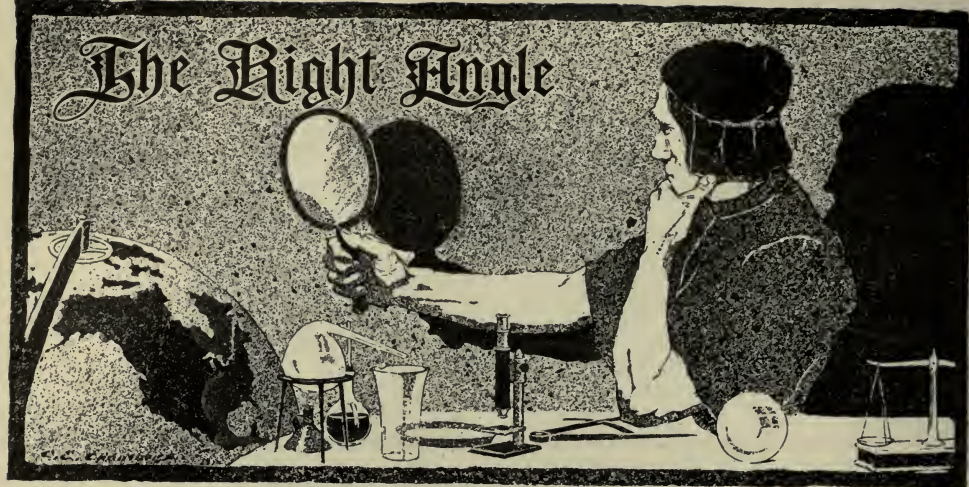
ALBERT BRUNING
As "Luigi Golfanti" in *The Climax*

"Oh! come, my love!" his notes ring
soft and low.
"I'm coming, love," she sings. "The
night is young!"

While mingled with their melody doth
flow
The wafted tones of twilight's even-
song.

—*The Climax.*

The Right Angle



THE MONTH OF GYPSIES

"LOOK!" said the Poet between puffs of his cigar. "There's the first gold of fall."

The Editor looked and glimpsed, with a little tightening at his heart, a single bunch of golden leaves hung in the soft green of the woodland, as the car shot by. He had thought it was still summer—the calendar had said summer so long—but next morning he noted with awakened eyes the signs of garnered harvest. There was the hay-field, its second growth tall and bunched; the blossoming golden-rod; the slim purple stalks of the asters; and when in the office he marked "October Canada West Monthly. Set 14½ ems" on a manuscript, he resigned himself to the inevitable.

October is the month of vagabonds and gypsies the world over. The fisherman spreads out his fly-book and fills in all the vacant spots left by that June trip. The man who likes duck-shooting hauls down his armament and discusses the relative merits of this or that gun-maker's product with his friends. The fellows who travel light speculate on the possibility of cutting down their camp-kit a pound or two more for the last trip before the snow flies. Gypsies the world over move with the wild geese.

The Editor happens to be one of the vacationless contingent, and cannot go a-gypsying at the call. Lucky are those of us who can; lucky, too, those

who know the desire, even if they must stay at home in the bondage of desk and town and telephone. From his office window the Editor sees the fluffy white clouds scud by through the high azure, catches a stray breath of the country when a load of hay goes by among the express-wagons and cabs, watches at the end of the day a ragged V of wild geese sweeping southward far above the city roofs, and turns again to his papers with a sigh.

Eh, well, "though rag and pack be on our back, we'll whistle to the King," and these cool days of fall are fine for turning out work delayed through the heat of the long summer. The gypsy trail is not free to all of us who must plod along with pen or pick or red-ruled ledger three hundred odd days out of the year.

And so the Editor glances up occasionally to nod a greeting to the serene prince of vagabonds who wrote the "Song of the Open Road," that hangs in black-letter above his desk:

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open
road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading
wherever I choose,
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I am
good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no
more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

Perhaps you, too, are a member of the vacationless contingent. Perhaps

you, too, keep some out-of-doors quotation tucked away in your waistcoat pocket, or pasted above your desk, remembering your boyhood days of adventures under green trees. And if you are, vacation or no vacation, you are happy. For yours is the priceless possession—the memory of youth, the kinship with the open, the joy of the road. With that, a man needs no more.

TWO MEETINGS

WHEN Lord Strathcona and James J. Hill met in amity at a neutral board last month in Winnipeg, there was present in the air the memory of many vast things done by each for the undoing of the other; but only the majesty of two great men, both victors, clasping hands in kindly recognition, met the eye. Canada can claim them both, and when they met, presenting in two individualities the forces that had clashed a half continent into activity, they marked a crowning point in the most significant epoch of Canadian history. It had not the romantic quality of Strathcona's welcome by Lord Mount Stephen on his first appearance in the House of Lords, for these two had started life together, poor boys both, who brought to Canada from Scotland no assets more tangible than their youth and hopes; and met again as peers of the broadest and most splendid Empire the world has known, taking their well-won honors at the hand of the greatest Queen. The most sublime fiction that ever sprung from the brain of the greatest poet offers no drama nor romance to equal the careers of these three preeminent men, nor any picture more simple or impressive than their meetings, in the afternoon of life.

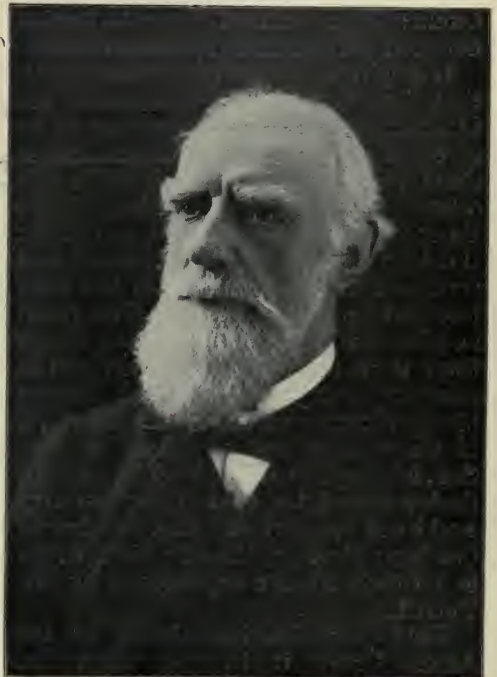
NORTHLAND AND BAY

BOOKS which combine the accuracy of scientific observation and the interest of adventure are all too rare, and when one appears it is sure of careful and widespread perusal. Such an one is a new edition of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada", from the press of William Briggs, Toronto. The first edition was

issued some time after Mr. Tyrrell's return from his canoe trip with his brother, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, from Athabasca Landing to Fort Churchill by way of the Dubawnt River, Chesterfield Inlet and the west coast of Hudson Bay.

The first edition, like the second, was mainly occupied with an account of that expedition. It also contained valuable chapters on the Musk-ox and the Eskimos, while the new edition is blest with many illustrations that have not formerly been published, and is specially enriched by a chapter on "Hudson Bay, a National Asset."

The purely scientific side of the expedition of 1893 has been given in Mr. J. B. Tyrrell's report to the Geological Survey. Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, like his brother, is a scientist, and brings to his more distinctly literary task the quality of accurate observation that is so essential to reliability in descriptions of comparatively unknown country. Perhaps "Sub-Arctics" is an unfortunate name, not because the northernmost Canadian Territories do not approach the Arctic Circle, but



LORD STRATHCONA



JOURNALISTS WHO TOURED

C. P. Reynolds, editor *Prairie Farmer*; Philip Eastman, editor *Missouri Valley Farmer* and *Nebraska Farm Journal*; Senator Peter Jansen; Herbert Vanderhoof, editor *CANADA WEST MONTHLY*; John Arthur Dixon, editor *Home Life*; Professor Edwin S. Bayard, editor *National Stockman and Farmer*; Fred Cook, Ottawa correspondent *London Times*; Herbert Quick, editor *Farm and Fireside*; Professor E. E. Faville, editor *Successful Farming*; Archdeacon Lloyd, Lloydminster; Professor Thomas Shaw, *Orange Judd Farmer*.

because of the persistence of Canada-fakers, who without malicious intent, lead people to suppose that the Arctic Circle swings perilously near the border between Canada and the United States.

It might be said with perfect truth that Mr. Tyrrell left Edmonton for Chesterfield Inlet in such a way as to give the impression that it was only a short journey from one place to the other. Similarly, in speaking of the Barren Lands, it is possible to convey the idea that nothing but storm and snow are to be discovered in the treeless regions of the North. The truth is, of course, that on the Barren Lands there is an abundance of grass, and in summer many varieties of flowers bloom throughout the long, long days. If there were not abundant vegetation, leaving nutritious food for animals during the winter, that distant country could not support the vast number of Caribou; photographs of which, taken in latitude 63, are reproduced by Mr. Tyrrell.

Musk-oxen flourish almost to the Arctic Ocean itself, and when Mr. Tyrrell speaks of seeing musk-ox robes stacked like hay cocks on the shore of

Chesterfield Inlet awaiting sale to some trader, he is not only suggesting the possibility of sport—sport being livelihood to the natives of the far north, but is also incidentally putting the limits of vegetation infinitely farther north than the public would suppose, from reading many of the stories published from time to time about the uninhabited countries of the Sub-Arctics.

Mr. Tyrrell has had unique experiences around Hudson Bay, extending, with intervals, over the period from 1885 to 1905. He has crossed the bay six times, passed four times through the Hudson Strait, spent a winter on Big Island, on the north side of the Strait, observing the currents, and has explored the Thelon River between Chesterfield Inlet and Great Slave Lake. What he says, therefore, about the prospects of the Hudson Bay Route for Western Canadian wheat, is of first importance.

His surveys of the harbor prove its depth and accessibility; and the Hudson Bay Company's records are conclusive both as to the length of time the harbor is free of ice and as to the open-



WESTERN CANADA THIS SUMMER

George D. Richards, editor *World To-day*; Henry M. Hyde, editor *Technical World*, and correspondent *Saturday Evening Post*; Robert R. Jones, managing editor *Chicago Inter-Ocean*; P. Hammond, *Chicago Post*; Bruce Barton, editor *Home Herald*; Herbert Vanderhoof, editor *CANADA WEST MONTHLY*; S. E. Kiser, author; J. S. Dennis, Canadian Pacific Railway; Wilbur D. Nesbit, editor *United Post Syndicate*; R. Marpole, Canadian Pacific Railway; P. Campbell, Esquimaux and Nanaimo Railway.

ness of the Bay during the winter. The governing element in the Hudson Bay route is the navigability of the straits. Mr. Tyrrell says the proposal to open up the route is "a wise and perfectly feasible one."

"We cannot get away from the fact that a considerable quantity of drifting field ice is likely to be encountered in the strait during the month of July, and of course, earlier; but by that time, it is found to be so broken and softened by the action of the weather and water as to be of little danger to ships which, with average steam power and suitably arranged propellers with attachable blades, will be able to force their way through. The strait can, in my opinion, be relied upon for unobstructed navigation from the 15th of July to the 1st of November with a possible extension of two weeks at either end."

MR. BUCKLEY'S ACHIEVEMENT

TO HAVE come from cattle-trading in Ireland, and during the third year of his education as a farmer to have produced wheat that brought \$1.04 a bushel in a primary market, is the record made by John C. Buckley, of Gleichen, Alberta. Mr. Buckley's wheat, sown and cultivated outside the rules of the art (as known) not only

took the top-notch price of all the world, but drew first award for quality wherever it was exhibited. This remarkable achievement and Mr. Buckley's own account of it, will be fully set out in a special article in the November number of *CANADA WEST MONTHLY*. The story will be found especially informing by all who are interested in wheat culture, that is to say by the entire population of the western provinces. The case shows in a curious but convincing way the power of western Canadian soil to furnish grain-nutrient at its best.

"THE WOMAN IN THE SHACK"

WHEN Wilbur D. Nesbit, in the September number of this magazine gave his ringing and vigorous tribute to "The Man in the Shack," he waked an echo in behalf of the woman who lives there and "never looks back." Mary I. S. Schæffer, of Field, B. C., who wrote the following lines, could never have produced them if she had not been familiar with one of the most vitally important figures in the history of settlement in the West—the woman of the prairie farm:



M. B. ALESHIRE

Who will furnish the cover design for November
CANADA WEST MONTHLY

She is brave, she is true, as the day it is long,
Her work is as endless as that of the song
The tried heart repeats to keep courage
alight,

Till she lays down her task with the coming
of night,

For she stands by the man who has builded
the shack—

His comrade, the woman who never looks
back.

At the coming of dawn she is there by his
side—

A smile, a good word, whatever betide,
Though her toils are all humble, obscure or
unseen,

She yet is his guiding-star—quiet, serene.
In courage and patience she never shows
lack—

His comrade, the woman who never looks
back.

We speak of the *man* who has opened the
door

Of the great teeming West, who has brought
to the fore

The wealth of the prairies—so vast and so
wide,

But how many think of the one at his side,
The one who has made him a *home* in the
shack—

His comrade, the woman who never looks
back?

It takes nothing away from the

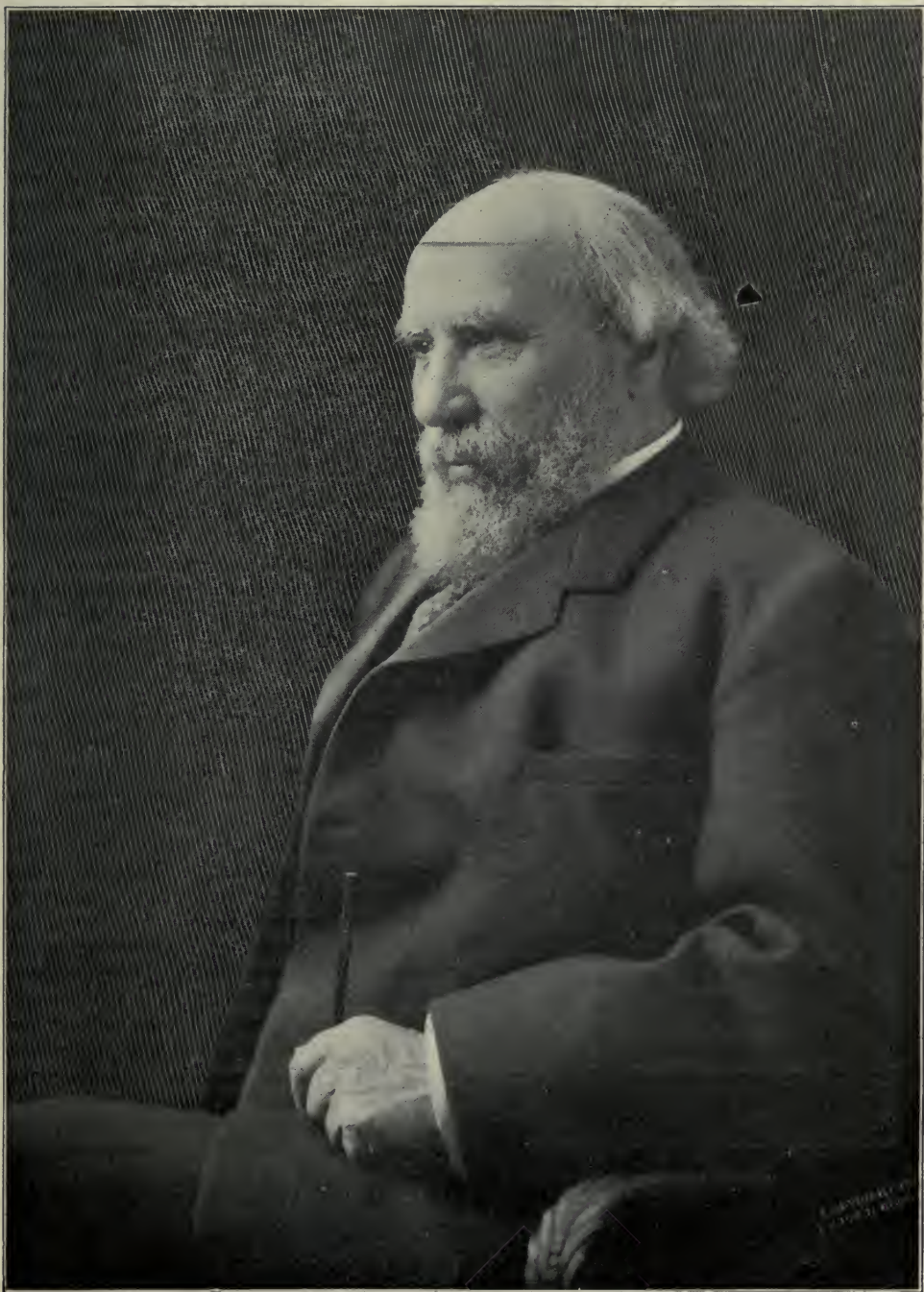
admiration that belongs to "the doer of deeds," as Mr. Nesbit calls "The Man in the Shack," to say that his deeds are made effective by the patient, silent, much-enduring woman who creates domestic conditions for him while he delves in the open and wakes the soil to fruitfulness. Her work is none the less splendid for that it is done in silence, and within walls, while his stands forth to public view. Not enough has been understood or said in her behalf, nor has she taken thought of any such thing as recognition, being bowed to her duty, and doing it for its own sake, and for the sake of her men-folk—selfless and sincere. Mrs. McClung in her "Danny" book, has given a true and touching picture of her, very appealing to those who know the real story and the real people of the West. That picture and these verses ought to go together.

THE CRADLE OF NEW FRANCE

ANYTHING from the pen of Dr. A. G. Doughty, C. M. G., concerning Quebec is worth reading. Following the Tercentenary of the founding of that city by Champlain, he has given the world the story of that historic spot, from the days when Jacques Cartier looked upon its majestic site to the unique celebration that commemorated, by speech and pageant, the glories of the most romantic city on the American continent.

The volume is a brief one of some three hundred pages, but it is packed with information and should be for all time a *vade-mecum* to the visitor to Quebec. The author has seen fit to name the volume, "The Cradle of New France." This is not an altogether happy title, for Quebec is truly the Cradle of Canada.

The story opens with the voyages of Jacques Cartier and with a rapid pen the history of Quebec down to the present hour is traced. A theme so largely dealt with in such small compass does not admit of much embellishment, but with fine artistic skill the romantic and tragic events are touched on with a power and brilliancy that rivets the attention. The accounts of the Battle of the Plains and the Battle of Sainte



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JAMES J. HILL

Foy are particularly fine pen pictures. By subtle touches Quebec, at various stages of its existence, is made a living reality, and through it all there is a patriotic pride that cannot but make the reader glory in the deeds of his ancestors and fellow-countrymen, be they French or English.

Dr. Doughty has made his book invaluable by supplementary sections giving "Notes in Quebec Chronology"; by appendices dealing with "Monuments of Quebec," "The Hospitals and Institutions," and "The Churches of Quebec." These appendices are not mere catalogues but interesting descriptions of the shrines of the city. The volume closes with a chronological list, showing contemporary rulers in France, England and New France and the Governors of Lower Canada and of the Dominion. It is abundantly illustrated. The colored reproductions of the celebrated historical sketches and paintings by such men as Lieutenant Cockburn, Lieutenant Sitwell, Bourne

and Benjamin West, are of exceptional interest.

WILDAN MCBRIDE

A CANADIAN writer of much interest is Wildan McBride, whose latest French habitant story will appear in an early issue of this magazine. Mr. McBride who was born on a farm in Peel County, Ontario, has had the education and training which has made for backbone and stood for success with so many of our strongest Canadian men.

Schools were difficult of access, and during the preliminary stages of his education the boy, athirst for knowledge, had to tramp long weary miles to the centre of learning. Books were almost equally hard to procure, and the Mechanics' Institute, a small public library supported by farmers, supplied all his reading matter. In 1890, after a course at Toronto University and a short experience in teaching school, Mr. McBride went on the staff of the Montreal Gazette and in three years won to the seat of the scornful—the city editor's desk. In 1897, he went to the old country in the interests of the Montreal Star. Returning to Canada, he spent three years in the Ottawa Press Gallery, where he was correspondent for several English and American papers.

In 1903, Mr. McBride joined the great army of Canadians in the West, about the future of which he is most enthusiastic, and now makes his home in Regina, where he is engaged in business. His business hours are spent in his garden, or over his books, and he confesses, as literary idols, Dickens, George Elliott, Thackeray, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Washington Irving, O. Henry and Kipling, a choice which proves him to be a man of broad views and catholic tastes as his stories show him to be a writer of exceptional ability.



WILDAN MCBRIDE



THE FIRST ITEM

HE had been sent by the furniture dealer to take an inventory of a flat. He had met many friends on the way, and been freely irrigated inwardly. Five hours after he had started out they sent another man to find out what delayed him. The other man found him in the flat, in a Morris chair, asleep. On his knee lay his pad, with the first item written out. It read, "One revolving carpet."

WILL IT COME, TO THIS?

WITH a determined air the man steps from his house and starts down street.

On his head is a prodigious structure, adorned with bows of ribbon, imitation fruit, artificial flowers and the like. Beneath it protrudes a lot of artificial hair, arranged in puffs, coils and knots. His shirt is cut low in the neck and the bosom is perforated. He wears no coat and his shirt sleeves end at his elbows. He wears a voluminous pair of trousers, from which his ankles, clad in dropstitch silken hose, emerge and are again concealed in a pair of high-heeled glossy slippers.

He gets about half a block from home when an officer stops him and demands the meaning of his masquerade.

"Clothes for men! Clothes for men!" he shouts, as he is dragged away to the patrol box.

Later in the day his wife is summoned from a suffragette meeting to bail him out. She expresses herself forcibly on the growing tendency of men to attempt to usurp woman's sphere.

USEFUL HINTS

TO drive red ants out of granulated sugar, place a sack of pulverized sugar near. They like the pulverized better.

Those who do not like the taste of fried cucumbers will find that a few drops of coal oil in the dish will effectively disguise the flavor.

Do not throw away your panama hat simply because you have worn it for eight or nine years. Somebody may find it and bring it back. Burn it.

A prompt diagnosis of a felon on the finger is to let it rest on a table while some one accidentally drops a heavy book upon it. If you swear promptly and fluently it is a felon.

If your back aches after an hour's weeding in the garden, take a silver dollar and talk confidentially to a stout colored man.

If the heels of your shoes run over on the outside, wear the right shoe on the left foot and vice versa for a few days. This will equalize the wear on the heels.

Several correspondents ask if there is any way of having new heads put on old matches. Probably some of our readers can give us some information on this point.

A BUSINESS HEAD

"MY boy," says the thoughtful father, "I notice that when you get a penny or a nickel you do not place it in the little savings bank Santa Claus brought for you last Christmas."

"Not always, papa," answers the bonny child.

"Ah! I believe, if I am not mistaken, that you spend your pennies and nickels at the little store around the corner."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, my boy, if you do not save your money now, what do you expect to do when you grow up?"

"I am going to run a little store around the corner, papa. Then I'll get all the pennies and nickels."

BABIES AND VOICES

"THERE is nothing like babies," says Mme. Schumann-Heink, "to improve the voice." Yea, and there is nothing like babies to increase the number of voices:

DESERVES PUNISHMENT

"SO they are going to try that minister and have him fired out of the church?" asks the first unregenerate.

"I should say so. It will go hard with him," answers the second.

"What did he do? Deny any of the dogmas?"

"No. He argued that they ought to stop taking up collections."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL GRADUATE

"SO you've just graduated from college?" snaps the head of the firm. "And I suppose you think you know enough to run my business if I give you a place?"

"I hadn't considered that phase of the matter," replies the graduate. "I called to inform you that I have combined all your rivals and am willing to let you into the combination if you will talk business."



King Edward's

MORNING CUP of

COFFEE



IT IS commonly supposed that France is the land par excellence of good coffee. This is a fallacy; the morning *café-au-lait*, as commonly served in the French provinces, is about the vilest concoction ever served to discriminating man; it is a sorry, reheated mess of half chicory, half coffee of the night before.

For a fact, among European nations, little Holland, the land half aquatic and half terrestrial, has the best coffee and has the largest per capita consumption as well.

King Edward VII., Britain's royal head, didn't get the idea of his morning cup of coffee in France, though it is to

be presumed that the quality at the Hotel Bristol—that famous Paris hotel without a bathroom where so many royalties make their headquarters—is above reproach.

King Edward's morning coffee, albeit that it is made by a French chef, is a blend of Costa Rica berry and Plantation Ceylon. The melange is made on the grey, foggy banks of the Thames in the region of the London docks, and is delivered roasted, but unground, to the royal kitchens. Ultimately it reaches the King's breakfast table served to the accompaniment of cream from the Frogmore dairy in the Windsor Home Park.—By Floyd Jones.

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